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JUNE 25¢

CLASSIC

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION



Florence Vidor



Now I Ask a Favor of the Ladies

I have a great delight—an Olive Oil Shampoo for them

V. K. CASSADY, B. S. M. S., *Chief Chemist*

Dear Madam:

YOUR husband knows me - the chief chemist at Palmolive.

I have just given him a new delight; a gentler, quicker shaving cream.

Now I have as great a joy for you. A gentle shampoo—olive oil!—that does not make hair dry and brittle, that leaves it soft and gleaming.

The favor I ask is that you try it. And then give me your opinion.

I Asked 1000 Women

Recently I asked over 1000 women what they wanted most in a shampoo.

They named but one requirement. But as yet had failed to find it:

A thorough cleanser that would take out all grime and foreign matter—yet which would not take away the life and lustre that adds so much to charm.

Scores of scalp experts agreed. They said ordinary shampoos were too harsh. And advised the oil shampoo—but made a point of *olive oil.*

So the Olive Oil Shampoo

Now I offer you the olive oil shampoo—world famous—for you to use at home.

After the ordinary harsh shampoo, results will be a revelation. You will note them in your mirror. Your friends will note them.

And then you will do as thousands have done—thank me for a new delight.

PALMOLIVE

SHAMPOO

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CLASSIC

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Vol. XVII | JUNE, 1923 | No. 4

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Painted by E. Dahl from a photograph by Witzel

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This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 12th. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the 1st of every month. SHADOWLAND appears on the 23rd of the month. BEAUTY is on the stands on the 8th.

Announcement for July

Do you recognize an anachronism when you see one?

Fred Gilbert Blakeslee has written a penetrating, and what is rarer, a constructive criticism of the so called "costume pictures" that are sweeping the country today. He has the sanest and most intelligent suggestion to offer for the prevention of historical errors and absurdities that we have yet seen. Read COSTUME RESEARCH in the July CLASSIC.



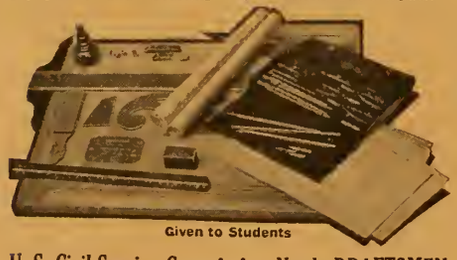
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Current Stage Plays

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference wlhese spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Ambassador.—Tessa Kosta in the musical gcm "Caroline."

Apollo.—"The God of Vengeancc." Rudolph Schildkraut in an unusual play.

Astor.—"Lady Butterfly." Slight as to plot but a charming musical comedy.

Boyes.—"Liza." Another "Shuffle Along," destined to be even more popular.

Belmont.—"You and I." H. B. Warner, Lucile Watson and star cast in the Harvard Prize Play.

Belasco.—Lenore Ulric in "Kiki," David Belasco's production of his own piquant adaptation of André Picard's French farcc. Miss Ulric scores one of the big hits of the season with her brilliant playing of a little *gamine* of thc Paris music halls. You will love Kiki as you loved Peg—but differently. A typically excellent Belasco cast.

Booth.—The "heaven" in "The Seventh Heaven" is the top floor of a Montmartre tenement in Paris. It is a story of love and regeneration with touches of humor and unreality. Helen Menken gives an excellent performance.

Broadhurst.—"Whispering Wires." One of the numerous mystery plays now trying to puzzle Broadway. This one succeeds.

Cosino.—"Wildflower," with Edith Day. The music is exquisite.

Central.—The home of Shubert vaudeville during the week. Two concerts are given on Sunday.

Century.—In "The Lady in Ermine" we have a musical comedy with a plot that it follows effectively or comes back to after each departure as if it really meant to be something more than vaudeville. The action concerns a romantic legend about an ancient European castle. Wilda Bennett as the heroine sings charmingly.

Century Roof.—"The Chauve-Souris" of Nikita Balieff and his Russian entertainers from Moscow. Fourth bill. Better than ever.

Cohan.—"The Exile." A romantic comedy by Sidncy Toler featuring Eleanor Painter and Jose Ruben.

Comedy.—"Anything Might Happen." Dclightful comedy with Estelle Winwood and Roland Young.

Cort.—Harry Leon Wilson's popular story, "Merton of the Movies," has lost none of its charm and humor in the dramatization. Glenn Hunter and Florence Nash are perfectly cast as the hero and heroine.

Earl Carroll.—"The Gingham Girl." A very tuneful, interesting musical comedy with a chorus of cight lively flappers. Hclen Ford is the gingham girl, and Eddie Buzzell furnishes the comedy. A triumph of quality over quantity.

Eltinge.—"Morphia" is a play that acts as a vchicle for Lowell Sherman to give a rcalistic portrayal of a drug fiend.

Empire.—"Zander thc Great." Alicc Brady's return to thc stage. Review later.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Sally, Irene and Mary" is a musical comedy full of the usual prctty girls, dancing and songs.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Anathema." Review later.

Forty-ninth Street.—"Give and:e." Aaron Hoffman's new play, witouis Mann and George Sidney.

Frozee.—"Barnum Was Righ An American Farce. Review later.

Gaiety.—"If Winter Comes. The stage version of Hutchinson's ular novel with Cyril Maude giving a ıdid characterizat o f Mark Sabre

Henry M.—"Romeo andiet." Jane Cowl her performance:s a remarkable prcs-sion of youtouth in love. Her ıciation of Shakare's lines is perf

Hippodr.—"Better Tim The largest co est, and most n: and prettiest of i ries. The Fan Bt of more than fchundrcd persons perhaps the st feature.

Hudson. "So This Is Lo:n!" George Coh: new English cedy, which sufficiomewhat fromxaggeration, but is a most amusing :y of clashing temperaments — the Eng and the American. Worth seeing.

Jolson's Fifty-ninth Street.—ene." Second engagement of the popularısical comedy.

Klaw.—"The Last Warning," a stery play that fairly congeals the audie with terror. Every trick is used to bu up a perfect atmosphere of horror, buning with the tarantulas that swarm r the walls of the grecn room in the fi act.

Knickerbocker.—"The Clinging/ine," a comedy with music. Clever, mud and the welcome vehicle that brings Peggy Wood back to Broadway.

Liberty.—"Little Nelly Kelly." ne of George M. Cohan's best. Quite eigh to say about a play.

Little.—"Polly Preferred." A omedy of modern business, in which Cevieve Tobin does some excellent acting.

Longacre.—"The Laughing .ady." Ethel Barrymore in Alfred Sutı play has found herself again.

Lyceum.—"The Comedian." Fturing Lionel Atwell. Review later.

Marine Elliott's.—"Rain" is ; bitter tragedy by Somerset Maugham; ; violent attack on the repressions of Punnism. Jeanne Eagels is superb in the leadş rôle.

Morosco.—"The Wasp." A playeaturing Otto Kruger, Emily Ann Vllman, and Galina Kopernak.

Music Box.—The new "Revu"—No pains have been spared in the mter of delighting the cye.

Notionol.—"The Dice of the God' The incomparable Mrs. Fiske charmıg her audience in spite of a poor play.

New Amsterdam.—"Ziegfeld Fcies of 1922." "Glorifying the Americai Girl." More gorgeous, more elaborate, ırre expensive, more distracting, and a lite funnier than usual.

New Winter Garden.—"The lancing Girl"—A musical extravanganzı with Trini, Spain's most beautiful girl.

(Continued on page 92)

Classic's List of Stage Plays and Revues in New York That You Should See

"Merton of the Movies"
"The Adding Machine"
"7th Heaven"
"Wildflower"
"The Last Warning"
"Rain"
"Romeo and Juliet"





COURSE Harold and his
fe scented trouble when
-in-law's youngsters were
with them over the week-
t they had only the merest
of what they were in for.
was Harold to know that
d have to put a nipple on
y's bottle? Why is it any-
at nipples are always three
o small, and babies' bottles
l at the bottom? And who
ell that a pet menagerie
break loose?
ble? Yes, but just look at
rling baby. Isn't he worth
trouble he costs?
ll be sure of it when you
old Lloyd in "I Do."

you've lost your funny-bone—

IF you think no motion picture in the world can make you laugh a good old-fashioned laugh again—take this prescription. It's tested and unfailing, especially compounded for just such a critical case as yours.

℞

Six Encore Pictures of Harold Lloyd.

Sig: Take one after meal time. Alone or accompanied by friend, member of family or stray child. Get into comfortable seat at motion picture theatre and—shake well!

S. Q. Lapius, M.D.

After the first treatment you will feel so much better you'll think you are cured. But don't stop with one picture. Keep the treatment up. Take all six—and you'll want to cure others!

Ask your theatre manager for this tested group of gloom-destroyers. He will be glad to give you the genuine—bearing the signature of that distinguished producer, Hal Roach.

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SOMEHOW Lloyd feels that the bathing pool of the Sultan's Harem is no longer safe. Where will he go? How can he rescue his sweetheart from the Sultan's clutches? These are only two of the perplexities which beset Harold Lloyd in "A Sailor-Made Man." When you see his uproarious adventures you'll wonder how he could cram so much hilarity into one short hour.



u think a comedian is only
lown or a buffoon you will
ely change your mind when
ve this poor timid, lovable
o learn the secret of Courage.
Mrewd, loving Grandma—
she knew what he needed. No
er "Grandma's Boy" was
among the best ten motion
ures of the year.



ROLD and Mildred find in
"Never Weaken" that true
love runs a dangerous course,
often high in the air. Lovelorn
Lloyd perched on a girder, doing
his level best to get back to solid
ground—and to his sweetheart—
may not sound funny, but it is an
uproarious spectacle.



WHEN a fellow who has never been outside his home town gets into society, and is asked to tell of his African hunting experiences—just what would the book of etiquette advise? Use his imagination, is our guess.

And in "Among Those Present," Lloyd does use his imagination—recklessly and wondrously as you can judge from the expression of his hostess.



IT doesn't seem quite fair to ask a painfully respectable, undomesticated bachelor to play chaperon to a full-of-the-mischief, four-year-old girl in a crowded Pullman. But in "Now or Never" Lloyd does find a way out of his troubles—after his own fashion.

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Root Out The Crop of Youthful Folly

You have sown a big crop of "wild oats." You have lived as you pleased without regard to your responsibilities as a man. But now you know that you are not fit to be a husband and a father. You dare not marry and pass on your acquired taints and tendencies. It surely looks dark and gloomy for you, but cheer up—I want to help you—I can help you build up your body and brain and regain those vital elements that make a man—red-blooded—magnetic—popular—successful. Come to me in full faith as you would to a brother and let me help you.

Regain Your Vital Powers

I'll show you how to conquer your weaknesses. I'll teach you how to overcome your defects and ailments such as Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Prostate Trouble, Impotency, Vital Depletion, Rupture, Rheumatism, Bad Blood and the numerous other results of Youthful Errors, Bad Habits and Excesses. I'll make a real man of you, restore your pep and power and fit you for the responsibilities of Marriage and Parenthood with

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..Rupture	..Biliousness	..Failing Hair
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..Neuritis	..Indigestion	..Heart Weakness
..Neuralgia	..Nervousness	..Poor Circulation
..Flat Chest	..Poor Memory	..Skin Disorders
..Deformity (Describe)	..Vital Losses	..Round Shoulders
	..Impotency	..Lung Troubles
..Successful Marriage	..Weak Eyes	..Stoop Shoulders
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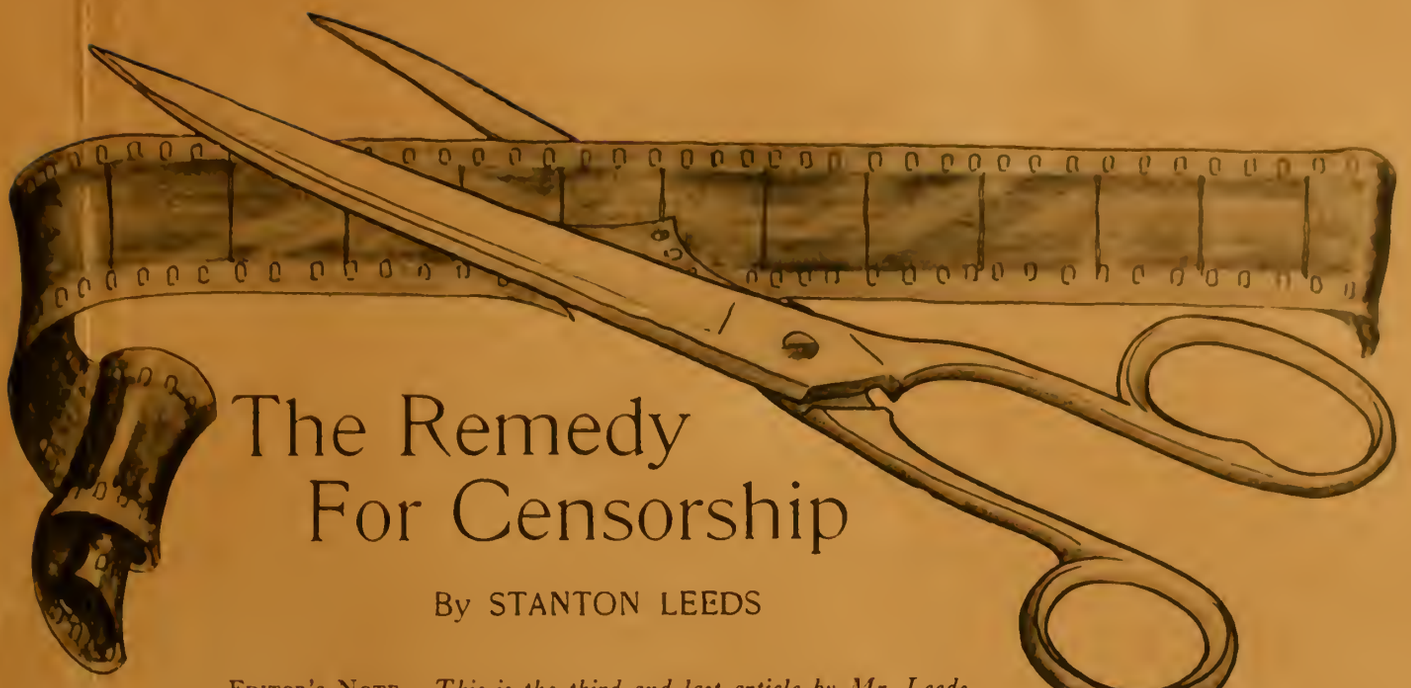
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The Remedy For Censorship

By STANTON LEEDS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the third and last article by Mr. Leeds on the cause, result and cure for censorship. We hope you will not overlook the fact that, after all, the remedy is in your hands. If there is any other phase of the moving picture industry you would like to have discussed, let us know. We'll see Mr. Leeds.*

JUST as there is a remedy for everything from spring fever to Ben Turpin's shortcomings as a romantic lead, so also there is a cure for censorship. Like all diseases, however, it requires diagnosis. Examined thoughtfully, it discloses to us, its doctors and physicians, two important aspects. It is either:

(1) A menace to entertainment; or

(2) An attempt to lessen the free spread of information, an attempt to curtail freedom of thought, and hence a thing political in its nature to be remedied by the voters of the republic.

In short, the remedy lies in your hands. If you are movie fans, you are voters, too, but politics is a matter, first, of argument, and, secondly, of organization. The argument in favor of censorship is that pictures of an unfortunate moral tone have from time to time been offered the public. That this, if it ever happened really, might not happen again, the picture producers themselves set up the Honorable Will H. Hays as a boss. That the production of pictures over which honest people may differ was usually the work of fly-by-nighters who sneaked into the game and sneaked out with their clean-up is not so generally understood.

Nor is it clear, generally speaking, that for such disagreeable occurrences there was a cure without resort to censorship. Granting that an immoral picture ever was shown in these United States of America, to end its run required only an appeal to the courts. Any citizen could go in and make that appeal and get immediate action. Citizens who do not like the movies have searched endlessly for causes to take to court. Failing to find them, they hit upon censorship as a scheme for bringing their prejudices to bear on our favorite amusement.

The point cannot be too strongly emphasized that there is everywhere in the union already a remedy for immoral pictures. Should one be produced and shown, all that is necessary is to call it to the court's attention. The judge will end it quickly, but this is not what censors want. They want to clamp down their narrow prejudices on every type of picture. For example, because of censorship:

Girls have no legs in many states.

Kisses must be so long and no longer. In Maryland you cannot kiss your wife's shoulder, in Ohio her foot.

Cigarets aren't smoked by men or women in Kansas.

In Pennsylvania babies are neither born nor expected.

Such words as "ornery," "hot doggie," "wild oats," "bright eyes," "baby lamb" and "gimme" are looked on askance.

Robert Louis Stevenson's famous children's story, "Treasure Island," is regarded as an incentive for all youngsters to become pirates and horse thieves, while Jackie Coogan breaking windows in "The Kid" is also a bad example to other kids!

In Pennsylvania doll clothes are suggestive.

Enough! Obviously, the censors' idea is not to improve our morals, but something else again. What this something else is, we may well set out to inquire, for if these playboys of the western world are allowed to continue to act like a lot of scared cats dancing the light fantastic in a pool of molasses they will slowly but surely ruin the movies as a source of entertainment.

Obviously, if they are to continue in power, no one will dare produce anything human enough to be interesting. To do so would be to invite your film's destruction, so why continue them in power, a power they seek not for the reasons they give but for the reason given by George Bernard Shaw, the playwright, when he pointed out that the movies by improved use of the sign language, a language the same in every land, could easily revolutionize the world. Taking charge of them to see that the revolution they bring about suits a narrow minded few is a purely political action.

So far it has succeeded in great states like New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Maryland, Virginia and certain Canadian provinces, but the issue was joined last fall in Massachusetts and lost by the censorship advocates. The campaign was instructive, the majority 344,921 votes against censorship. Before this, the issue had been left to governors and legislatures.

This time the people got a chance to express their minds. The total vote was 553,173 against 208,252 in favor. The majority against censorship was 136,669 votes greater than the *total* negative vote, but this happy result was brought about in anything but a haphazard fashion. It was the result, first, of argument, and, secondly, of organization.

Those opposed organized a Committee of Massachusetts Citizens Against Censorship. On this committee

(*Continued on page* 95)



This interesting youth is a charming young man about pictures. He is the hero of Mae Murray's latest photoplay "Jazzmania"

Robert Frazer



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Betty Compson

We think this is the loveliest portrait of Betty Compson that has ever come to our offices. She is working at present on "The Rustle of Silk"



Photograph by Richee

Blue-eyed and jonquil-haired like her northern ancestors, Miss Nilsson is a sight for Kleig eyes. She was charming in "Adam's Rib" and we await impatiently her next picture, also "The Rustle of Silk"

Anna Q. Nilsson



Photograph by Freulich

Mary Philbin

Sweet young girlhood is pictured here. We shall see Mary again soon—in "The Merry Go Round"



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

Lois Wilson was fortunate enough to be chosen for the heroine of "The Covered Wagon" which is having an extraordinary New York run. It has been called, "The film epic of America" and you may be sure that Lois contributes her bonny share

Lois Wilson



Photograph by Pach Brothers

Charles de Roche

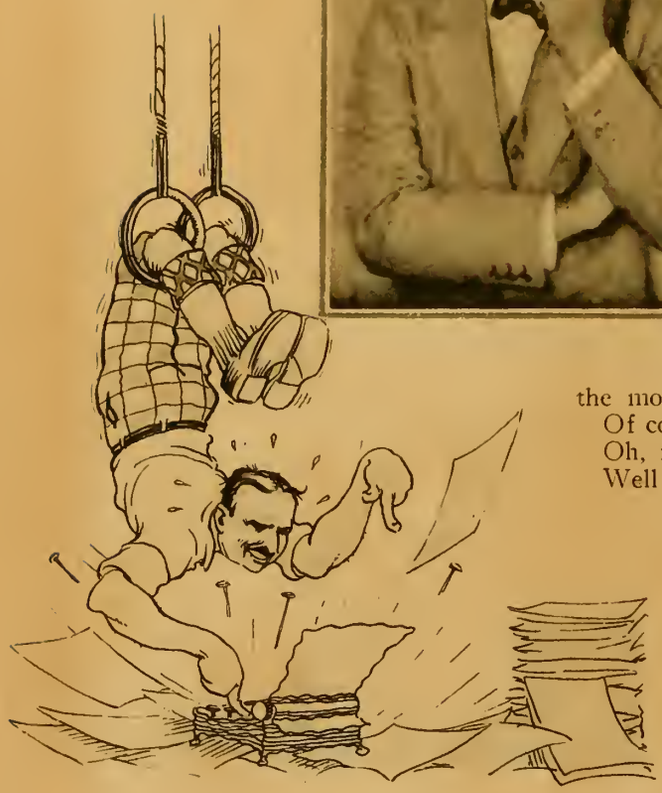
This is the romantic French actor who was brought to this country to take the place of Rodolf Valentino. Does anyone think he can do it? We shall see. . . . His first picture will be with Dorothy Dalton in "The Law of the Lawless"

Hungry Hearts

The Cinemese Tell

To HARRY





Douglas Fairbanks also yearns . . . to be a playwright . . . and the funny part of it is that Doug is quite likely to do it . . . he will get hold, some day, of the moon for which he is reaching

IN Hollywood, everybody sits around and yearns and yearns.

Every one I know in the film colony wishes she were something else. They all sit around the sets and sigh for the day when the great ambish comes true!

It goes without saying, of course, that most of them crave to be something they couldn't be—and wouldn't like if they were. Which sounds a little mixed but is true.

Here's Mary Pickford the crowned queen of motion pictures—so far above all jealousies and rivalries that no other girl dreams of disputing her absolute sway . . . rich beyond the dreams of avarice . . . the most adored and most famous woman who ever lived. . . .

Of course there is nothing that Mary could possibly yearn for . . .

Oh, isn't there?

Well . . .

Now all this fame and glory and wealth and so on doesn't mean so much to Mary. She is a lady with a crushed ambition. What



Photograph © by Strauss Peyton

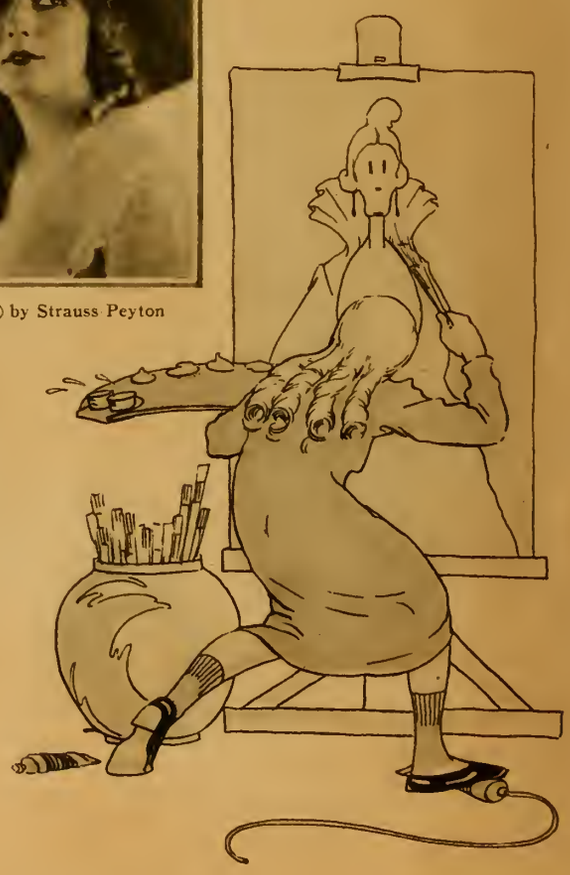


Photograph by Abbé

Dorothy Gish longs to be *anything* but an actress . . . a cook maybe in a family where they are all compelled to fast on a hot water diet

What Mary wants to be is a painter . . . with palette on one little thumb . . . and a queen sitting on the throne waiting to be painted





Mary wants to be is a painter. In her soul hunger moments she sees herself standing in front of an easel, a palette on one little thumb, perhaps her hair mussed up a little and a little smudge of paint across her face and a queen sitting on the throne to be painted. Mary also mixes her dreams a little with a yearning to be an interior decorator. She can see herself walking thru a new house with a newly

of Hollywood

Their Hearts' Desires

CARR

rich oil queen hanging on her words as she says: "I think you should have this room in yellow—with chairs or something scattered around."

Every time something goes wrong on one of her sets, when she is making picture dramas, Mary sighs and says, "I never should have tried this business. I should have followed my destiny and been a painter . . . away from all this fuss and worry . . . all these lights . . . and directors . . . and actors who cant act . . . "

Douglas Fairbanks also yearns.

His film career is well enough of course: one must not quarrel with one's bread and butter . . . that's true . . . that's true.

But if he had his way, he would be a playwright—a regular Gus Thomas . . . first nights with awed and frenzied crowds calling for the author . . . anxious producers begging to be remembered when he writes his next one . . . Shakespeare green with envy in his frames. And the funny part of it is that Douglas is quite likely to do it. Of all the actors on the screen, he probably has the most accurate and inspired knowledge of the elements of true drama. Doug can find the weak spot in a play with the sure knowledge of a magnet finding a piece of iron. It is quite likely that he will get hold, some day, of the moon for which he is reaching.







D. W. Griffith cherishes a desire to be a great orator swaying the masses . . . swaying the theater . . . the chandelier . . . and everything



In the bottom of his soul Charlie Chaplin has a hankering to be the leader of a great symphony orchestra . . . white gloves . . . a baton . . . thundering applause . . . a deprecating bow . . . savages tamed by music . . . Gosh!

Photograph © by Alb



Lillian Gish in her dreams sees herself the lady principal of a girl's college . . . telling them all about the *dative* case and the *cum* clause



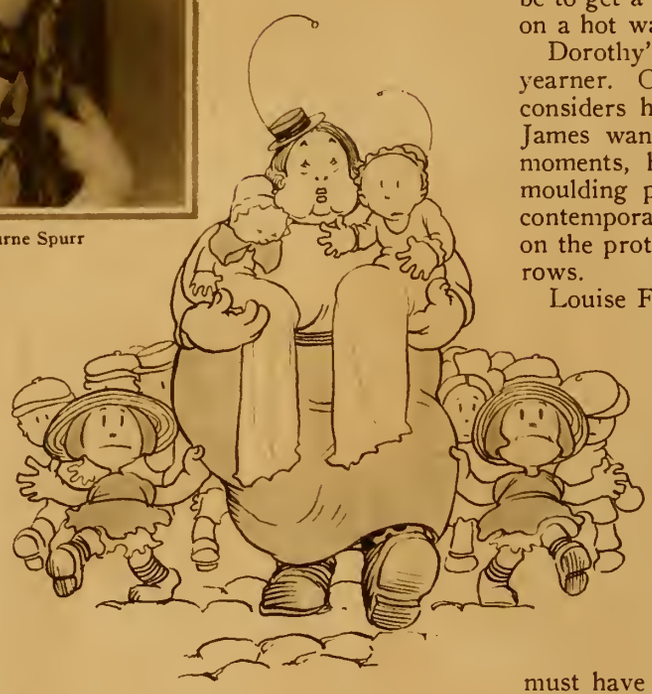
And Charlie Chaplin . . .

Perhaps you think he is satisfied; but down in the bottom of his soul Charlie has a hankering that cant be stilled. Charlie wants to be the



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

She says she will be happy when she overhears someone say: "Good Heavens! There's that fat Fazenda woman. She's had another baby!"



Louise Fazenda says it means nothing in her life to be the funniest woman an on the screen

leader of a great symphony orchestra . . . white gloves . . . a baton . . . a music rack . . . a dark look at the offending slide trombone player . . . thundering applause . . . a deprecating bow . . . uplifted masses . . . savages tamed by the divine flow of melody . . . Gosh!

D. W. Griffith has always cherished a secret ambition to be a great orator, swaying the masses by his voice. His favorite characters in all history are men like Danton who have held mobs in the hollow of their hands. The only trouble is they have always been revolutionists. If D. W. could only find something eminently respectable as befitting a Kentucky gentleman to sway them about. The only outlet he can find for swaying is putting skids under censorship. The truth is, he could do it too. Griffith has an almost hypnotic power over men. The only trouble is, in his case, the mob swaying days of the world seem to be over—for Kentucky gentlemen.

Lillian Gish has a peculiar dream that occasionally afflicts her when things go wrong in the studio. Now this is a funny one. She would like to be the lady principal of a girls' college. She can see herself standing on the platform and discoursing to a thrilled and excited group of attentive young ladies upon the peculiarities of the dative case as used by Cicero in his famous orations. And she can see herself getting letters from former pupils telling her that all their successes in life have come from the sweet lessons she imparted to them in the use of the cum clause in relation to the subjunctive mood.

Dorothy wants to be *anything* except an actress. She confesses that every time something slips the trolley during the making of a picture, she grabs up the Sunday paper and reads the "want" columns. She says she has discovered that the only thing she could do except act would be to get a job as cook in a family where they are fasting on a hot water diet.

Dorothy's husband — James Rennie — he's another yearner. One of the best juvenile actors in the world, he considers his job to be only a means to an end. What James wants to do is run a newspaper. In his dream moments, he can see himself in an editorial sanctum, moulding public opinion and just laying out the reptile contemporaries who have the audacity to dispute his views on the protective tariff—just laying them out in long cold rows.

Louise Fazenda . . . it means nothing in her life to be the funniest woman on the screen. What she wants to do is to have a ranch in California and be married to some nice man who understands pruning young orange trees and not to have worry about getting fat. She says that she will be happy when she overhears some one say (as she comes to town from her ranch) "Good heavens! There's that fat Fazenda woman. She's had another baby." Louise is quite likely to fulfil her ambition insofar as owning a ranch is concerned. A flock of ranches maybe. Louise is a miraculously successful investor. She must have all kinds of money by this time.

Harry Carey, the cowboy actor (who never was a cowboy by the way) yearns also. All his life he says he has wanted to write and act in sea stories. He wants to be a tough-rough-first-mate and buck the waves with

(*Cont'd on page* 82)





Every time Monte Blue gets out in front of a camera, his heart aches with longing to be on the other side of the instrument



THE TRAGIC MUSE

An interesting study by White Studios of Jetta Goudal, a young French actress of charm and distinction who has an important rôle in "The Bright Shawl" the last colorful Hergesheimer story to be put on the screen

The Return

Of a One-Time Idol



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Above is the latest portrait of Francis X. Bushman, the whilom idol of the screen who has come back after an absence of nearly four years. Right is his wife, Beverly Bayne and their little boy, Richard (in the dark suit). The other child is appearing with them in their picture "Modern Marriage" soon to be released, which we await with profound interest



BEVERLY BAYNE is slender and small, with little feet and tiny little white hands. She has delicate features, a tenderly curved mouth with a wistful droop, gentle brown eyes and dark curling hair. There is about her slight person an air of pensive calm, a magnificent — a tremendous serenity. One immediately senses that this girl has suffered, has been thru the mill that grinds out bitter years; but it has not destroyed her. Quite the contrary. Here for once, were the uses of adversity sweet. Hers is the peace of painfully acquired wisdom. Beverly Bayne has come thru.

Francis X. Bushman is another story, another type. He is big and blond and ruddy, bristling with good health and unbelievably fit. He is robust, vigorous, aggressive. He is like a strong clean wind blowing. He really believes that all is right with the world, but what is more remarkable, makes you think so too, no matter how deep rooted your pessimism may be. He is wholesome, with a vitality that keeps that sanity and sense he possesses in so brave a measure from ever being dull. He is the husband of Beverly Bayne and beside that tie, they are alike in mind altho they seem to have arrived at the same conclusions, the same contented, ultimately wise state, so very differently.

They were completing the

By

SUSAN ELIZABETH BRADY



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Beverly Bayne has delicate features, a tenderly curved mouth with a wistful droop, gentle brown eyes and dark curling hair. There is about her slight person an air of pensive calm, a magnificent—a tremendous serenity

last scenes of "Modern Marriage" out at the Whitman Bennett studios, when it was our privilege to talk to them. Mr. Bushman was about to throttle an attempted black-mailer, so we didn't interrupt and Beverly Bayne sat down beside us and talked; while her husband roared defiance on the set and the director megaphoned his approval; and her little son, the three year old Richard pictured here, climbed on and off her lap and got in the way of the carpenters and nearly pulled the scenery over on his small head like any other small boy; and the extras wandered around in their pathetically dull fashion. But Beverly Bayne never lost her poise or became even slightly ruffled.

"Do you find it very different?" we asked.

"Oh no," she replied, "not so very. Better photography and more acute direction. The only radical change I note is the generosity with footage. One is really given a chance now—that is—time to register an emotion. In the old days if ten feet of film was wasted the company contemplated bankruptcy. Now you can have all the footage you need. Except for that, it is very much the same. It is less than four years you know, actually."

We remembered this pair, tho it seemed longer ago than that. Francis X. Bushman had a vogue then comparable to that of Valentino's now. He was the romantic hero of the day. The unfortunate circumstances that forced them to abandon pictures for a time, are universally known. There is no need of going into that again. They went on the vaudeville stage and stuck to that, altho a little unwillingly, for nearly four years. They had tried to come back to their first love several times, but richer and richer contracts were thrust upon them and vaudeville claimed them with such a loud voice that there seemed to be no denying it. Now they are back and we shall see. The public is a fickle jade and the outcome is at best, mere speculation.

Driving home in the twilight with them, Mr. Bushman had his chance. He believes in motion pictures with all his heart. He said:

"I believe they are a great power, an incalculable

(*Continued on page 83*)

Foreign

By MAURICE



Above, Lady Diana Manners in the English production of "The Virgin Queen," surrounded by the ladies of her court. Right, some of the beautiful and authentic background for the Italian film "Messalina." Below, Henry Victor in the British photoplay, "The Prodigal Son" from a story by Hall Caine





Below, Matheson Lang, an extra and Victor Seastrom in "Fire On Board" a Swedish film directed by Victor Seastrom



ENGLAND

I AM glad to confirm what I said previously. England is awakening, is now very much awake, and I have noticed, amongst others presented during the last four weeks, three pictures of decided merit, one of which contains scenes which might even bear the signature of D. W. Griffith.

One must certainly remember that Miss Mae Marsh who plays the lead in it, is American, but the producer is British and he has succeeded in making one of the best pictures England has so far produced. The title of the picture is "Paddy-the-next-best-thing." The other two pictures are "A Royal Divorce" of which I spoke in detail in my last article, and "The Virgin Queen" the new color film directed by J. Stuart Blackton. Both are well produced and can favorably compare with the best productions of today.

Let me just mention that "The Prodigal Son" from the book by Sir Hall Caine, and which has just been presented to the Press at the Covent Garden Theatre. London, is the longest picture made in England; as the producer wished, contrary to the usual custom, to follow page by page all the incidents of the book and reproduce them on the screen. . I repeat, it is certainly the longest English picture, but the few interesting dramatic scenes are lost in the 17,000 feet of film.

FRANCE

When Henry Diamant-Berger was on location recently completing the sequel to "The Three Musketeers," he paid a visit, with some members of his company, to the great French tragedienne, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. It was then announced that she would appear in a film directed by Diamant-Berger. It will be remembered that Sarah Bernhardt appeared in two or three films made before and during the war, amongst which are "Tosca" and "The Story of Queen Elizabeth." A friend of mine who approached the secretary of the Paris Theatre belonging to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, told me that he did not think that the celebrated actress would be able to work at all for the cinema owing to her health which has given her much trouble of late. *

Among the latest important French films presented is "La Bouquetière des Innocents" which is a historical film of the time of Henry IV. A very interesting prologue begins this picture

*Since this was written the "Divine Sarah" has given up the battle with ill health and gone to her eternal rest.—EDITOR.

Films

ROSETT

during which in different pathetic scenes, we are shown one of the good acts which Henry IV used to do so often and which characterized him. This prologue is of a sentimental nature and contains some very attractive romantic scenes.

SWEDEN

Among the films made in Sweden during the last few months is "Fire on Board" directed by Victor Seastrom. The scenario is written by the well-known Swedish author Hjalma Bergman who is also well known in many other countries for his book "Love's Crucible." The action of "Fire on Board" takes place in great part on board a ship and is full of dramatic excitement. It is a story of the fight of two men for a woman. Owing to the limited space it has thru the fact that the action is going on within the rails of the ship, the picture has a fascinating grip on the spectators. The part of the film where the ship is sinking is very sensational and is likely to be unique in the history of the film. The leading artists are Matheson Lang, the well known English stage actor, Victor Seastrom, and Mrs. Jenny Hasselqvist, the latter the greatest Swedish tragedienne.

During the present year, the Svenska Filmindustri will make a considerably greater number of films than before. The staff of Swedish actors is increased and furthermore the important Russian film man Dimitri Buchowetzki, the producer of "Danton" which was shown in America under the title of "All For A Woman" has been engaged. The scenario of one of the films which Buchowetzki is going to make has been written by himself in collaboration with the Hungarian author Alfred Lekete. The name of this film will be "The Masquerade of Life" and will show the individual struggle for happiness, gold and love.



Film Gaumont Reproduction Prohibited



Above, a charming bit from the French historical photoplay "La Bouquetière des Innocents." Left, atmosphere from "Les Opprimes" showing the charming old Guild Halls of Belgium. Below, Asta Neilsen, whose "Hamlet" we know over here, in a German picture called "The Downfall"



A typically Russian group from the Russian film "Polikuschka" made from a story by Leon Tolstoï

RUSSIA

One seems to ignore what is done in Russia with respect to pictures. Since we heard of Soviet Russia, we have not heard very much about the cinema industry there. I am informed that during the months in which poverty reigned a society called "Russ" was formed and different pictures made. All of these photoplays deal more with Russian customs and habits than anything else and are consequently very characteristic. I have secured some pictures of one of these films which is called

(*Continued on page* 81)





Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

TRILBY

Andrée Lafayette is a young French cinema actress who was brought to this country by Richard Watson Tully to play the title rôle in "Trilby." Gerald Du Maurier, son of the novelist and naturally familiar with his father's conception of Trilby, has declared her the ideal type for that ill-fated heroine. She does look like the familiar Du Maurier drawings. Another claim to distinction this talented girl has is that she is a direct descendant of General Lafayette



Little Old New York

By PATRICIA DOYLE

A story of early New York days when Bowling Green was a park and lower Manhattan was a residential district; and Robert Fulton was about to launch the first steamboat; and names like John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry Brevoort and Delmonico were just beginning to mean something

"THINGS do be comin' too thick and fast for this owld mon," opined John O'Day, lifting his bent back from the peat bog from which he had been cutting poor man's fuel in big square clumps. "Whist now, Alannah, howld yer peace. I'll be wi' ze."

Dancing up and down before him in a whirl of excitement was Patsy, his daughter. Tears stained her cheeks but laughter curled her lips. She scowled and smiled with one motion. Only the Irish can do this.

"They do be taking all our things father—the sheriff and the landlord and two dirty spalpeens from up Darragh way—your great big chest, father is gone—divvle a chair to sit on or bed to sleep in will be left to us—haste father——"

"Mind yer tongue, lass," her father answered stepping swiftly toward her. "'Dirty spalpeen' and 'divvle' is divvle a word for a lady to use. But what for are ye smilin' whin such misfortune comes to yer owld father?".

"Oh this letter," Patsy answered waving a bulky envelope toward him. "It seems like good news but Pat nor me—nor I—cant understand it altogether."

And good news it was; just in time too for all sorts of reasons. John O'Day's brother had died over in America, which was no particular loss to John for they had been estranged for a great many years. But his brother was a rich man and he had left all his vast fortune to John's son Patrick; instead of leaving it to his second wife and her son who had come between the brothers long ago, and for whom old John cherished a deathless enmity. This was mighty good luck for John; for John had fallen foul of the world of wealth and ease and had spent his life in impracticable dreams of Irish freedom and Irish progress and with typically Irish sentiment had overlooked entirely his own freedom and progress. Ireland must be free, but it didn't matter so much that his children were often close to starving and cold with neglect. Patricia was a hardy youngster and had survived but Patrick who was ailing from birth was now a helpless invalid.

O'Day's household goods meagre tho they were, were to be sold at auction for his debts on this pleasant summer day in the year of Our Lord 1820. With the arrival of the letter from New York he let them go cheerfully. Lamentations were turned into rejoicing and for the first time in John O'Day's life some practical plan was set on foot for hastening them to America. They had need for haste, because by the terms of the will which provided that in the event of the non-appearance of Patrick O'Day, the money was to revert to his stepson, Larry Delavan, the time had almost elapsed for claiming the fortune. Unfortunately much valuable time had been lost while the lawyer had dug them out from their obscurity.

. . . . . .

Larry Delavan stared suspiciously at the two figures who stood somewhat dubiously before him in the hall of his spacious New York residence.



Larry Delavan stared suspiciously at the two odd figures before him. "We be John O'Day and his da— son, Pat," the old man muttered, "and we've come over the sea from Ireland to claim yer stepfather's fortune. I hev all the proofs in me coat. What's to do now?" The younger one only stared back

"We be John O'Day and his da—son, Pat," the old man muttered, "and we've come over the sea from Ireland to claim yer stepfather's fortune. I hev all the proofs here in me coat. What's to do now?"

"Good Lord! I dont know," ejaculated the young Delavan ungraciously, shaking a mental fist at this malign trick of fate's that had cheated him out of his stepfather's rich inheritance at the last minute. "I suppose you'll have to stay here. I'll have Reilly show you to a—to your room."

"Father," cried the young Pat bursting into tears when they were safely behind the door, "I can never do it. You shouldn't have asked me to— Such a handsome young man—such a fine gentleman—and it's really his money. We haven't any right to it. We——"

"Howld yer tongue," John O'Day interrupted angrily. "Is it our fault yer brother Pat died on shipboard? God rest his soul!" he added hastily blessing himself piously. "He's better off all dead than half dead, Patsy child, ye're after knowin' that. Yer uncle's yer own ain't he? Blood kin? We're entitled to his money, but even if we ain't, we be going to claim it. So now ye are Patrick O'Day, nephew to the late lamented. Whin ye git the money ye can do as it plazes ye. Come cheer up Colleen, no more tantrums and bad scran to the Delavan!"

So here was a sorry situation, not to say perilous. Unwelcome guests in an unwelcome masquerade. Unwelcome masquerade to Patricia anyway, who woman-like and characteristically Irish had complicated matters by promptly falling in love with the handsome, sulky, reckless Larry. Being a boy under the circumstances was a handicap to say the least . . . but still if she had stayed a girl she wouldn't—couldn't be near him at all, which fact somewhat compensated for the hateful trousers.

It was hard remembering tho. The impulse to snuggle against Larry was at times almost irresistible, but boys didn't do that. She spent hours brushing out her short jonquil yellow hair whose sacrifice she still wept over in secret. Boys *certainly* didn't do that. She had tried to smoke too, one of the long slender pipes the young bloods of the day were affecting; but it had made her fearfully ill and young Fitzgreen Halleck and Washington Irving, Larry's cronies had laughed at her and she had stamped her foot and run out of the room. In retrospect it hadn't seemed a particularly virile or manly performance. She must be more careful. Hang the old money anyway . . . Larry hated her for an interloper.

But when old John O'Day begrudgingly died and she was left utterly alone Larry Delavan had a change of heart. He saw in her then only a helpless forlorn lonely youngster in a foreign land, grieving for the only one who was dear to her. He was kind to her then, and Pat came so near to giving herself away that she was on the point of confessing the truth a dozen different times.

But it was wonderful to have money. It provided endless entertainment and after her first tearful grief Pat began to liven up again and be her own cheerful saucy dare devil self. Larry was her gravest care. He spent most of his time gambling and drinking, attending prize fights and balls with equal ardor. There was one mincing miss just home from London that Pat hated with all her heart. Her name was Ariana de Puyster and Larry loved her—or at least Pat thought he did. She played the piano, "Maiden's Prayer" and "Hearts and Flowers" and that sort of thing. Very sentimental. Larry seemed to like them tho. So Pat unpacked her harp that she hadn't touched since she had left the old country.

She used to sing in a sweet throaty soprano:

"The harp that once thru Tara's halls
The soul of music shed;
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As tho that soul were dead."

She really played it remarkably well and she had an inexhaustible repertoire of old Irish ballads and folk songs, plaintively melancholy, as her country and its people are at heart, for all the comic opera Irishmen one reads and hears about. Sometimes she would twang the strings suddenly and unexpectedly into one of the rollicking Irish jigs. Everyone loved Pat but no one could ever tell what she was going to do next.

Larry seemed to like her playing too. Because, once when Miss Betty Schuyler whom Pat also detested, was giving a party at her big house across the lawn from Larry's, and Ariana was playing sweetly on the piano for the assembled guests in general and Larry in particular, Larry had sneaked back across the lawn to listen to Pat playing her wistful Irish melodies and hoping he would come. She almost told him that night. He stood at the gate looking very hard at her and she trembled inside scarce daring to breathe.

"You're a queer one, Paddy," he said, "nice little kid. I'm awfully fond of you."

And "I love, love, love you." Pat's heart was sighing so loud she thought he must hear it, and blushed and ran away.

"Just like a girl!" she thought afterwards. "He's just stupid not to know it." But Pat was afraid now for the falsehoods she was involved in and held her peace as best she might.

At about this time Robert Fulton was going to launch his first steam boat. Wise heads wagged and said it couldn't be done, but the reckless foolish ones were crazy to invest their money in the venture. Larry Delavan was one of these. The only trouble was he didn't have any money to put up. Whereupon Pat gaily hoodwinked her lawyer, old John Jacob Astor into giving her ten thousand dollars, a goodly sum for those days, and promptly offered it to Larry.

To Larry's everlasting credit and Pat's intense chagrin he refused to take it. She almost wept. "Such a pretty trick I played on old Astor, to get it," she wailed. "Neat as Sunday pants. And now you go and act uppity. You're a hateful old thing and I—I——"

"Why Paddy, boy," the bewildered Larry objected, "I didn't know you felt that way about it. Tell you what I'll do. Give me five days to raise it—that is I'll borrow it for five days and——"

"You can have it to keep," said Pat, beaming again.

"No," replied Larry. "You see, Paddy, a big fight has been arranged over in the fire-house between Bully Boy Brewster and a man called the Hoboken Terror, a great beast, but still Bully Boy has training and skill on his side. I think he'll win but the heavy betting is on the other one. I'm going to bet on Bully Boy and I'll have that ten thousand sure. You're a great one just the same to offer it to me. Better give it back to Mr. Astor like

He stood at the gate looking very hard at her and she trembled inside scarce daring to breathe. "You're a queer one, Paddy," he said, "nice little kid. I'm awfully fond of you." And, "I love, love, love you!" Pat's heart was sighing so loud she thought he must hear it





With one twist he tore the flimsy silk shirt half off. "Stop!" screamed Pat, "Oh, stop! I'm a girl." "What the hell?" burst from the amazed Terror who stood stock still staring at her with his mouth hanging stupidly open

"a good boy." And he patted her affectionately on the shoulders.

"You darling, you darling," Pat's heart was saying this time but she had to be content with Larry's decision.

"Now Reilly," said Pat on the night of the big fight in her most wheedling tones, "I'll buy you a pound of your favorite tobacco if you'll do something for me."

"Shure an' I will, gossoon," old Reilly replied "whativer it may be."

"You've promised," said Pat and threw her arms around the old man's neck.

"Whist b'y," said Reilly, "another hug like that and this old man will turn up missing. Well, what divvlement is it now you're after wantin' to do?"

But he looked doubtful when Pat told him what it was, and the bribe had to be doubled, and it took all Pat's coaxing and cajoling powers, which heaven knows, were practically irresistible, before he finally gave in.

In the spacious firehouse was a mob of impatient men. A prize fight was an event in those days of comparative calm. Bowling Green was a park, lower Manhattan a residential section, the fire house a rendezvous for all the young gallants in town —Larry of course and his pals in their long tight trousers and frilled shirt fronts; farmers in their wrinkled smocks; young toughs in short black velveteen jackets handkerchiefs tied around their throats; coachmen in their coats with many little capes cracking their whips; firemen in their quaint impractical uniforms; a varied and motley throng of men.

The two fighters were at it, pounding bare flesh, punching and jabbing, responding to the cries of their various backers with fresh aggressiveness. Larry Delavan was unhappy. Brute strength was triumphing over skill. The Hoboken Terror had floored his man twice now, but Bully Boy had not taken the count either time. He was badly winded tho. Looked like a sure thing for the Terror. Bully Boy couldn't stand up under it much longer. He would give out in another round.

But there never was that other round.

Suddenly with its clanging warning the fire bell had rung out. The Terror held his hand. Bully Boy straightened up. The crowd began to scatter getting out of the way. The firemen sprang to their clumsy equipment. The fight broke up with no decision. The crowd

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

Fictionized by permission from the Cosmopolitan production of the adaptation of Luther Reed from the stage play of Rida Johnson Young. Directed by Sidney Olcott and starring Marion Davies. The cast:

Patricia O'Day	Marion Davies
John O'Day	J. M. Kerrigan
Larry Delavan	Harrison Ford
Robert Fulton	Courtenay Foote
Washington Irving	Mahlon Hamilton
Fitzgreen Halleck	Norval Keedwell
Henry Brevoort	George Barraud
Cornelius Vanderbilt	Sam Hardy
John Jacob Astor	Montagu Love
Mr. De Puyster	Riley Hatch
Reilly (Larry's servant)	Charles Kennedy
Bunny (The Night Watchman)	Spencer Charters
Bully Boy Brewster	Harry Watson
The Hoboken Terror	Louis Wolheim
Delmonico	Charles Judels
Ariana de Puyster	Gypsy O'Brien
Betty Schuyler	Mary Kennedy
Rachel Brewster	Elizabeth Murray
Chancellor Livingston	Thomas Findlay
Mrs. Schuyler	Marie R. Burke

surged to the street. Everything was ready. But there was no fire. The dazed crowd suddenly knew itself sold. It was a false alarm. But *who* had rung the bell.

"It's that —— Delavan and his crowd, I'll bet a hat!" suddenly hellowed the voice of one of the Terror's backers. "He had money on Bully Boy."

"Delavan, Delavan," the crowd began to yell, thirsting for vengeance on the man who had spoiled their sport.

"I'll horsewhip the ——," snarled the Terror, "for stealing my fight."

"To the whipping post," roared the crowd and following the burly form of the Hoboken Terror they tore down the street to Larry's house.

As for that young man he had been overcome by a terrible suspicion at the first sound of the fire bell. He hurried home, but he did not get there first.

At the sound of the terrific commotion outside the house Pat opened the front door to confront an angry mob.

"Out of the way boy," the Terror cried threateningly. "We wants young Delavan."

"What do you want him for?" said Pat standing her ground but turning pale.

"None of your damn business," answered one, and "he rang the fire bell and stopped the fight," cried a dozen voices.

"No," said Pat throwing her head back as if for air. "He didn't ring it. I did. I hid in the tower on the stairs leading up to the bell. I could see you fighting. I—I—wanted—anyway, I rang the bell."

"Of all the bloody impidence," thundered the Terror. "I'll beat the hell out o' you, you young whelp!"

He seized the terrified Pat and rushed down the street with her slender body flung over his shoulder like a sack, the crowd pounding at his heels yelling like the possessed. On the whipping block Pat was tied to a post, hands high up over her head. The Terror stripped to the waist with great drops of sweat glistening on his coarse hide, his undershot jaw thrust forward like an angry bull dog, stood beside her with a long black whip in his huge hand.

Pat closed her eyes. The long curling leather whistled thru the air and cut deep into her tender flesh. She shrieked aloud with pain. Once more the cruel thong marked its length across her back.

"Take off his shirt," bawled the crowd, blood hungry

The Terror started to obey. He untied Pat's nerveless hands and she staggered and would have fallen but he caught her and thrust her upright once more. With one twist he tore the flimsy silk shirt half off.

"Stop!" screamed Pat. "Oh, stop! I'm a girl!"

"What the hell?" burst from the amazed Terror who stood stock still for a moment his mouth hanging stupidly open.

"So much the better," he said at last. "There's other ways of dealing with a girl."

He made a grab for her and the dumfounded crowd began to rumble a dissent. Just then Larry and his friends broke thru the mass surrounding the whipping post. With one blow he knocked the surprised Terror flat and picking up Pat carried her home, while his friends laid about them with their canes with a right good will.

Larry's suspicions were well founded. He had got the details from the trembling old Reilly and had come tearing like mad to the whipping block. As long as he lived he would never forget that terror struck cry, "I'm a girl!" He looked down at the white tear stained face on his shoulder and a wave of tenderness surged up thru the man like a flood-tide. "Lord what a fool I've been," he muttered, "what a blind fool." He bent and kissed the pale curved lips. (It is *never* too late to acquire wisdom or to rectify one's mistakes.) Pat's lips trembled and grew red and warm under his. Her eyes opened.

"Well," she said in amazingly calm tones, "what are you going to do with me now?"

"Good Lord, I dont know!" answered Larry kissing her again and fairly blushing to remember how he had said the same thing once before.

But it was not what Larry intended to do with her that was serious. It was what the Town Council would decide. For the Town Council had taken the matter up. It was a serious offense to ring the fire bell. It was equally serious for a woman to masquerade as a man. Besides, a fortune had been acquired under false pretenses. Grave, very grave. The Town Council shook its heads over the affair. It was a clear case certainly. The culprit must be punished. The only drawback to the pursuit of justice was the culprit herself.

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Later, in the garden, Patricia murmured something about the luck of the Irish. "And anyway," she added, "the money is just as much mine now as tho it was really mine." Which cryptic utterance Larry seemed to understand very well



GLORIA SWANSON

A drawing by Hal Phyfe from a photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

At Lunch With Gloria

By JEFFERY CARTER

An interview with the most individually dressed woman on the screen, wherein by special request, her clothes aren't even mentioned and her undeniable brains are given a chance to air

WE stood on the curb outside the studio and debated concerning the noonday repast. The press agent had some sort of a visionary idea about a place in Hollywood where they had scrawly things painted on the wall. He was ignored with a proper measure of contempt. Some one else suggested the Writers' Club, the Athletic Club, some more clubs, a hotel frequented by movie stars, another hotel not frequented by movie stars, somebody's private house and a hot dog wagon.

Gloria stood apart, with pursed lips, as one struggling with a responsibility. Suddenly she brightened. "Oh yes," she said, "That would be nice. We'll go there. Come on."

The nice place turned out to be the Writers' Club.

A year or so ago, the literati of Hollywood and way stations bought a fine old private house on Sunset Boulevard and turned it into a most charming club. The place where you eat is a great cool room with vaulted ceilings and widely scattered tables and pattering little Filipino servants in white duck.

Gloria started to sit down, then changed her mind and moved over to a far table. From the expression on her face it was plain that somebody in the dining-room was having the most famous back in the world turned on him —or her.

"Whatever you write about me," she said, picking out the salad fork, "Dont say anything about my clothes."

"What's the matter with the clothes?"

"Nothing is the matter with my clothes," said Gloria indignantly, glancing at the fur wrap she had thrown back over her chair. "But I am tired of having people start to talk about Gloria and end by talking about clothes. Some one has called me Cecil de Mille's clothes-horse."

"Lots of girls would be glad . . ." began some one.

"True enough," said Gloria, taking the words out of his mouth. "I can remember when it would have given me a thrill to have had my clothes talked about. Last summer in Paris I was in one of those big dressmaking salons with a young regiment of designers and manikins dancing attendance. It suddenly came to me how I used to sit up nights trying to do something to my one cheap little dress to make it last another season. It made me laugh out loud."

"Are you any happier?"

Gloria considered. "What's the use," she said at last, "of thinking whether you wish you had or you wish you hadn't. When the chicken is once out of the egg, it is out of the egg. You cant return to any condition that has passed. It is futile for me to try to think whether I am happier now than I would have been if something else had happened—or hadn't happened."

Gloria savagely jabbed her salad fork into a lettuce leaf and a cruel little sneer came into her eyes . . . a look that faded into one of wistfulness. "The trouble is," she said, "that you cant succeed in the world without becoming public property. I wonder why those rotten little scandal sheets cant let me alone. If what they said were true, I wouldn't complain. But it is terrible. I haven't any private life. They tell me if I sued them for libel, they would only be worse." The look of a fighting Swede came into Gloria's eyes. "If it weren't for my baby, I would . . ."

This picture is from one of Gloria's not particularly recent photoplays but we have used it because it seems to us to represent more perfectly than we can put into words the gorgeous luxuriousness and alluring beauty of this radiant woman





Nobody found out just what she would do.

"At any rate, you wouldn't want to go back and be a Sennett bathing girl again. . . ."

Gloria looked up suddenly. "I learned a lot from being a Sennett bathing girl."

"About swimming?"

"No. About acting. Comedy is a wonderful training. You have to get the points over so clearly. You exaggerate everything; but in exaggeration, you learn just where the finished line has to go. Afterward, when you undertake another kind of acting, you can tone down your effects. It's like these artists who draw pictures with a few dabs and lines. They only learn to do that after they have mastered the art of the finished picture. The art of leaving out is the last touch you learn."

Gloria smiled at a recollection that flashed across her memory.

"I remember when I left the Sennett comedies. There was just one day too many of dodging pies and being hit with water from hoses and going around bare legged. I simply walked out. Then I came over to the Lasky studio. Mr. Cecil de Mille saw me and gave me a part in 'Male and Female.' The first thing I had to do was to take off most of my clothes and scramble into the water again. I thought I had left the frying pan for the fire."

"But you learned about acting from Cecil."

"Indeed I did. I learned that the way to act is not to act. I learned that the less you actually do, the more you convey."

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, Gloria remarked:



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes



By way of a pleasant contrast to the picture on the other page are these three informal studies. We call your attention to Gloria's remarkably large and expressive eyes. We hope you are reading this interview because Gloria's honeyed tongue has dripped words of wisdom worth anyone's attention. In her ornamental head is a brain in perfectly good working order

"I wish they would cut out the villains."

And answering some one's question, she said, "There aren't really any villains; we are all villains; it's the same thing."

"Oh yes, perfectly clear."

"Well," she laughed. "I mean no one is a villain all the time. I dare say a lot of bandits are faithful, tender husbands. We are all villains Monday morning and saints Monday afternoon. There is no such thing as a good man or bad man. There are simply men who re-act differently to different situations."

"Well, us authors must have our villains."

"It isn't the authors," said Gloria glaring back over her shoulder at a long

(*Continued on page 75*)



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

IDOL WORSHIP

Here is the beauteous—we never *can* resist putting "beauteous" in front of Betty's name—Blythe sitting on the mantel like a parlor ornament or an east Indian idol . . . well . . . we'll fall down and worship Betty any time she will let us. She has started work on her fourth Whitman Bennett production. Wish we were a Kleig light . . . or something. . . .

The Heavy

Ernest Torrence, the screen's most villainous villain tells his story

to

JANE H. LIPMAN

"One may smile and smile, and be a villain"
—SHAKESPEARE.



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

FOR, "one may smile and smile, and be a villain!" So said Billy Shakespeare long, long ago—and the words were echoed by Henry King, the successful motion picture director of "Tol'able David," and other large productions in Hollywood, as he sent for Ernest Torrence, prominent comedian of musical comedy fame in New York.

Thus a wonderfully fine comedian was submerged by the cruel and domineering heavy of "Tol'able David," and Mr. Torrence planted himself firmly in the depths of motion picture endeavors.

"It had always been my dream, my greatest desire, from the time of my arrival in America in 1911, to enter motion picture work," said Mr. Torrence as we sat in his cozy Hollywood bungalow and he explained how the speaking stage had lost a fun-maker, and the silver sheet gained a heavy.

"My constant entreaties to motion picture director friends at the Lambs Club, and in other theatrical circles, were all laughingly brushed aside. 'Entirely too tall,' said one. 'You wouldn't film well at all,' said another—but I kept nagging and urging for even an extra part, a simple film test, to prove





At the top of the page is Ernest Torrence as he really is. Above as Emilio in "Singed Wings" and left a character portrait. This man made the astounding leap from musical comedy comedian to the heaviest of screen villains. For this sort of thing he is in constant demand

either my failure or a possible chance for success. But words and prayers fell on deaf ears, and I continued to work in musical comedy on Broadway. By then I had begun to feel my constant insistence was perhaps after all, useless.

"Then came Mr. King's proposition. I was more thrilled than words can express. I was to be given a chance in pictures—not a mere extra, but a real part in what Mr. King assured me would be one of the biggest films of the year. Imagine my chagrin, my feeling of utter despair when my director friend calmly announced my rôle was to be a very heavy, dramatic one! I felt almost afraid. I was outwardly calm; however, and as many other men and women have met the great turning point in their careers, I also met mine. I feel now that my 'villain' in my first picture was a good, solid answer to any fears I may have had that my sense of comedy would overshadow the opposite emotions and passions I had to throw into the characterization.

"I was afraid my former work would hinder me," Mr. Torrence had told Director King during the filming of Tol'able David. Mr. King's answer was an expression of the firm belief that before a man can be a real actor he must have been a comedian.

"As I see it now," continued Mr. Torrence, "Comedy and Tragedy are but twin souls in the art of acting. It is only a step around the corner to go from a laugh-provoking old character into a hateful, despicable one."

Just before Tol'able David was shown at the Strand Theater in New York, Mr. Torrence, who had then returned from Hollywood, was considered for a heavy, dramatic rôle, in a film starring John Barrymore, but the director concluded that because of his unction as a comedian, he could never be a successful dramatic actor.



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Ernest Torrence in his first screen rôle, the most depraved of the unspeakable Hatburns in "Tol'able David," an extraordinarily vivid character interpretation. Below, as that endearing old good-for-nothing Mahaffy in "The Prodigal Judge." He is now playing Clopin in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"



"I hope he attended the opening performance of Tol'able David," said charming, little Mrs. Torrence, who had sat quietly during our interview. "I was actually afraid of the man Ernest seemed to be on the screen. I had always known him as such a jolly person, you know."

It is indeed hard to realize the real Ernest Torrence is the bad man we see in the films. In several pictures, however, he has portrayed rather lovable characters, as "Mahaffy," in "The Prodigal Judge," a Vitagraph picture made in New York, and "Emilio," a half-witted clown in "Singed Wings," a west coast Lasky production.

"We have just finished what I think will be the biggest picture of the year," Mr. Torrence remarked, referring to the Paramount special, "The Covered Wagon."

"In this film I am seen as a very 'hard-boiled egg,' as they say, but as I am on the

(*Continued on page 77*)





Hollywood Homes

Views of the house and gardens of the beautiful California home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray—and "Whiskers"

In the upper left hand corner is a bit of the "rest porch" in the rear, overlooking the bathing pool, the charming little tea house and the gardens. The floor is of smooth glazed tiling. Upper right, Mr. and Mrs. Ray and their inseparable companion, "Whiskers." Below is the front elevation, charming in its dignity and simplicity





Photograph by J. C. Milligan

The Bathing Pool

This lovely spot is a corner of the magnificent bathing pool which seems to be a necessary part of all these beautiful estates. The rear of the house is shown and the garage and a little glimpse of the extensive and picturesque gardens. An air of well-bred contentment broods over this picture. We cant imagine anything but charming things happening here, like lawn parties and moonlight bathing parties and graceful lolling in the sunshine and shade. We vote this view the pleasantest of all. Next month Classic will show you Norma Talmadge's new house, interiors and exteriors



A Song Of The Screen

Pictures and Verse

By DOROTHY ROSECRANS BRIGHTON

Two young birds that bill and coo
As no birds of our ken do,
Always herald love's young dream
—Upon the screen
And the sunny-curled young thing
Dances playfully in the spring
As the hero comes in view
—Upon the screen
When the young wife's sore and quits,
Baby son develops fits,
Crying "Doesn't ma love pa?"
—Upon the screen
Mothers totter, frail and white,
Reading Bibles all the night,
Waiting for the wayward son
—Upon the screen
When the villain's work is o'er
He's not wanted any more,
A violent death's the thing
—Upon the screen

Artist always wins the prize
Just before his child-wife dies
And they sail for sunny Spain,
—Upon the screen
Cast upon a desert isle
Marceled cutie spends a while
Learning butlers are real gents
—Upon the screen
Situations like these are
Much more plausible by far
Than some others you may see
—Upon the screen
And the reason, critics say
Is because draw-mah today
Is still in swaddling clothes
—Upon the screen
This may all be very well
But, poor devil, try to sell
Any movies *unlike* those
—Upon the screen.



Half Chinese and Wholly Lovely

By BARRETT CLARK

Photograph by Grenbeaux



Every once in a while, in this picture or that, you see a willowy, lovely oriental girl go slipping thru a scene like the memory of a dream. That's Etta Lee (whose name ought to be something in Chinese meaning The Breath of the Dawn)

SHE says it was her French mother who did it.

In which case I am in favor of giving Alsace back to Germany and burning down the statues of Lafayette.

For of course her name should have been something in Chinese that sounded like Limehouse Nights stories . . . something about scarlet petals and silver rivers . . . something about white almond blossoms and rose leaves. I know a dark smelly little dump down in Chinatown where the cockroaches gambol and frisk around the tables; and they call the place, "The Abode of Ten Thousand Jewels." And then they had to name this lovely peach blow half-caste girl "Etta Lee."

Well, it's discouraging.

But anyhow she can cling to the distinction of being the only Eurasian girl in the fillums. Every once in a while, in this picture or that, you see a willowy, lovely oriental girl go slipping thru a scene like the memory of a dream. That's Etta Lee (whose name ought to be something in Chinese meaning The Breath of the Dawn).

She was the Chinese girl in Katharine McDonald's "Infidel" (about the worst picture ever made in the world by the way). She had a little part in Constance Talmadge's "East Is West" and a better one with Ethel Clayton in "The Remittance Woman." They almost gave her the part of the Mandarin woman in "Java Head," but abandoned the idea because she had had so little experience.

Miss Lee lives in a cute little apartment on the opposite rim of Los Angeles from Hollywood. She burns punk sticks and somehow contrives to give the impression of old bald priests in far-off Bhudda temples out beyond the edge of the morning . . . of passion flowers growing in the walls of forgotten ruins . . . cherry trees blooming on the banks of the Chinese rivers . . . old jade . . . smoke rising in slender mauve spirals against the black recesses of old altars. . . .

But otherwise, she isn't at all Chinesey.

The sad and unromantic truth is that the fair Etta is a high brow young lady with a university degree and a teacher's certificate. She knows more about Maeterlinck than Confucius, more about lip sticks than Tao. Her father was a Chinese physician, her mother a very charming and well educated French lady. She spent her girlhood in California where they gave her a university education. Then she went to Hawaii to teach school to

(Continued on page 76)

Frank Lloyd's Jackie Coogan

By FAITH SERVICE

THE Classic editor said to me in her customary heartless fashion of a stepmother to an ugly duckling: "Go and see Frank Lloyd. In the altogether possible contingency that you dont know that he directed the Coogan 'Oliver Twist' I shall enlighten you; and I want you to find out so far as your feeble powers will permit just what he thinks of Jackie, just what he thought about him, day by day, in every way! I dont, remember, care in the least what he thinks about *you*, and assuming that he does find the time to give you a thought I shall not print one single word of it, be it flattery—or fact."

* * *

You can put any construction you please upon the above asterisks. They're often used, you know, in cases of compulsion like the one cited above. Mrs. Glyn uses, 'em 'frequent,' too . . . However, think your own thoughts . . . some of you will be right. . . .



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

A late portrait of Frank Lloyd, whose sympathetic comprehension of the genius of Jackie Coogan made possible that beautiful photoplay "Oliver Twist." Mr. Lloyd has just finished directing "Within the Law" for Norma Talmadge. He invests his productions with humanity rather than sentimentality, a rare and invaluable quality for a motion picture director to possess

* * *

"Tell me about your Jackie Coogan," I said.

Director Frank Lloyd looked as tho the subject pleased him hugely. He leaned forward, clasped his hands, and his smile was almost tender. It was a smile that was good to see. One could tell that he was thinking not only in his directorial capacity of "Oliver Twist," but also about a little boy of whom he is paternally fond, and of a great artist to whom he would seek to pay tribute.

"Jackies doesn't belong to any one person," Mr. Lloyd said, "he belongs to the world. *He has a great soul.* He is not a child prodigy. He is not precocious in the way that word is usually meant. Jackie is utterly natural, absolutely spontaneous and wholly unconscious and unforced.

"I didn't realize until we were thru with 'Oliver Twist' what a great artist Jackie really is. You dont realize it, because he is so natural. You never feel that you are directing him. You never feel that he is acting . . . he isn't, as a matter of fact, he is wholly feeling.

"Jackie's greatness is in his intuitive understanding — and in his eyes. He has the most extraordinary eyes I have ever seen. Every grief, every joy, every emotion and shade of emotion are mirrored in those great eyes. The rest of his face is just like thousands of other children.

"But put the idea out of your mind, if it is there, that Jackie is 'old.' He is thoroly a child. He prefers to play with children, and when he plays with them he plays honest-to-goodness kid games.

"He has, fortunately, the right kind of parents. They are bright, simple people, who love him to death, of course, but who keep him unspoiled and a child. They dont pamper him and they dont allow him to become impressed with his own importance. He has no conception of it at all, and I have seen him shrink away from crowds or from reporters or interviewers who approach him as Jackie Coogan, Screen Star. He is a little boy and he prefers to be met upon his own little-boyish ground.

"Jackie will go on . . and on . . . Some child 'prodigies' go so far and then stop, but Jackie, as I have said, even tho it seem paradoxical, is not a child prodigy. He is a genius and he 'has it.' There will come a time, perhaps, when for reasons of education and because he will have reached the awkward age, Jackie will leave the screen for a short while. But he will come back again and the man will fulfil the boy. I know that.

"Before we began to make 'Oliver Twist' Jackie was

crazy for an electric train and tracks. He has never had one. His father told him that if he would be a good boy during the filming of the picture and concentrate very hard that when we were finished he would give him the train. But I beat his father to it. When we were finished I bought him the train and one afternoon I invited him to my house without telling him that I had it for him. He came with his grandmother and when they arrived and he saw the tracks all spread out on the floor he thought that it belonged to my little girl with whom he often plays and that she had got one first. But when I told him it was for him he simply dropped to the floor beside it, utterly lost and absorbed. His grandmother prodded his politeness. "Jackie," she said, "what do you say to Mr. Lloyd?" Then Jackie paid me a most tremendous tribute. He looked up at his grandmother for a moment with those great and grateful eyes and said, simply, "Oh, grandma, what *can* I say?" and then turned back again.

"That is Jackie. His emotions are authentic. He never exaggerates or pretends. His small body is all child, but it houses a great soul and thru the clear, miraculous windows of his eyes that soul shines surely thru. One may spend a casual afternoon with this child and discover nothing at all remarkable about him, nothing at all that distinguishes him from any other bright youngster, no evidence of precocity; but one could not work with this malleable little bit of eager humanity for any length of time without labelling him genius. It would be to stultify one's intelligence otherwise."





Photograph by
Edwin Bower Hesser

"Jackie," says Frank Lloyd belying the title, "doesn't belong to any one person. He belongs to the world. He has a great soul. He is not a child prodigy. He is not precocious in the way the word is usually meant. He is utterly natural, absolutely spontaneous and wholly unconscious and unforced. He is a great artist"

* * *

This then is Frank Lloyd's opinion of Jackie Coogan. Frank Lloyd himself is a man of acute perception and unmistakable discernment. He has been directing pictures for a long time and has watched the progress of stars with an impartial eye. He is accustomed to weighing genius in the balance, and when he says that Jackie has it—well . . . His opinion of me, the Classic editor has refrained from printing as she promised.



Photograph © by Nelson Evans

THE TRAGIC COMEDIAN

A very serious portrait of a great screen comedian, Max Linder, who is at present in Paris amusing his countrymen

The Celluloid Critic

LAURENCE REID

Reviews the latest photoplays

A MAGNIFICENT achievement is "The Covered Wagon" (Paramount), which comes to the screen with a stirring, vigorous account of a bygone people—the hardy pioneers of '48. Here is stark, vivid drama—here is history being recorded in a gorgeous canvas of those adventurous days of the Roaring Forties. Gigantic in conception and execution this superb tapestry transports one with its swift hurricane of events. It instills in the spectator a genuine patriotism for his country. He lives over again the mighty purpose of these courageous pioneers who turned their faces toward the setting sun with a cry of "Westward Ho!" Theirs was an adventure which dwarfs into insignificance anything which had to do with the colonization of America.

One catches the true spirit of these people as they drove their covered wagons thru an unknown country. They would found an empire in the West; they would not be denied in their determination to gain sanctuary and soil in far-off Oregon. So we live over their arduous journey thru the trackless wastes—thru the prairies, over the mountains—a journey which took a year to accomplish—a journey which recorded but ten miles a day. Think of it!



Photograph by Richee

Above, Jackie Coogan plays tailor in "Daddy." Below, a long shot from "The Covered Wagon" which is breaking all records for a Broadway run

We clamber aboard Ogle's wagon or mount Kerrigan's horse; the bugle sounds; the far-flung wagons strike out and the glorious adventure is afoot. And what a journey! James Cruze, the director of this vital screen epic—an adaptation of Emerson Hough's story, pilots us thru stirring scenes fraught with romance, thrills and excitement. The suspense is terrific because we are living over the hazardous trip of these hardy tillers of the soil. Danger is everywhere. Starvation stalks in our midst. And it is staved off when the buffaloes are sighted. What an inspiring scene—this bison hunt, one which might truly be called an animated Remington.

But the biggest, individual thrill, the most stirring moment arrives when the Platte River is reached and the pioneers face the first obstacle. To see them fording this rushing river—the oxen and horses plunging into the turbulent stream and the wagons floated with logs is a sight which is as inspiring as it is exciting.

The Indians' circle of death is a



Above, Percy Marmont and Ann Forrest in one of the tense and dramatic scenes from "If Winter Comes." Below, Aileen Pringle and Jack Holt in "The Tiger's Claw"



Photograph by Les Rowley





panoramic shot of tremendous sweep—executed with accurate color and detail. But the pioneers overcome these dangers. They will not be stopped.

The picture carries a romance which balances the westward march. And its intimate scenes are cameo studies. There are adventurers, farmers, and gay vagabonds who compose the motley throng. And two of its most colorful figures are the scouts played with fine sympathy and understanding by Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall. Watching them in a little friendly play with fire-arms over their marksmanship kindles the imagination with the romance of the occasion. The entire cast is highly capable. Each player is a true representative of the type which he or she portrays. The atmosphere is rich, the settings panoramic in their scope.

In all "The Covered Wagon" makes just as vital history in the picture industry as the pioneers did in their hazardous journey. It lends a glamour of romance; it is fraught with adventure and excitement. It is a superb painting conceived on a gigantic scale—a living, breathing, accurate page from history. It carries color and movement and vital action. And it ranks with "The Birth of a Nation" in its epochal record of America in the making.

Hail to Paramount's screen epic—a reflection of the motion picture at its best.



Mabel Normand in the long looked for "Suzanna," a delightful picture of early California days. Mabel's indifferent companion is Walter McGrail

Right, is a scene from Rex Ingram's "Where the Pavement Ends" with Alice Terry and Ramon Navarro; much better than Rex's last picture. Below, Milton Sills and Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Isle of Lost Ships," a Tourneur production



WE leave the big outdoors to be introduced to the screen reproduction of A. S. M. Hutchinson's idealization of the character, Mark Sabre, in his remarkable study, "If Winter Comes," which Harry Millarde made for Fox. While the salient points of this book which brings spiritual comfort to the reader are brought forth upon the silver-sheet, it lacks the same vital, spiritual flavor. This stylist is difficult to record upon cold celluloid. Chapters — many of them — must be absorbed to catch the full meaning of his characterization. Yet Mr. Millarde has made a sincere effort to record Hutchinson's idealization of Sabre. It is a character study which embraces three distinct romances in the life of its lovable figure. He is caught in a maelstrom of tragic consequences before he finds a haven of happiness with a woman who understands him.

The picture is wordy and long-drawn out and rather episodic. But imaginative spectators will discover many moments of interest in it. Percy Marmont is a good selection for Sabre and enacts the character with a commendable spiritual flavor. As there are few dramatic opportunities the other players may be excused for interpreting their rôles with marked enthusiasm. The feature is best in its atmospheric

quality—Harry Millarde having taken his company to the exact locations in England to provide a background of the charming countryside.

REX INGRAM'S genius for fashioning a moving, colorful story is manifested again in Metro's "Where the Pavement Ends." Here is an old friend, the South Sea Islands formula, which has been treated in such an artistic way that it never becomes conventional. It suggests the director at his best because he makes an old pattern seem new.

Here we have the usual figures—the missionary, his daughter, the vicious trader and the native lover. To escape the abysmal brute the girl turns to the islander who protects her. Perfectly obvious? Yes, in cold print, but translated upon the screen its obviousness is overcome by Ingram's dramatic treatment. What a brush he uses! There is the colorful background carrying a gorgeous design and against it is enacted a compact little story acted to the queen's taste by Ramon Navarro as the native, Alice Terry as the charming daughter of the dominie, and Harry Morey as the brutal trader. It is inspiring and optically pleasing. The very title exudes romance.

Chalk another mark for Rex Ingram.





Above, Pola Negri and Conrad Nagle in "Bella Donna" an intensely thrilling and dramatic picture. The Negri is gorgeous in the title rôle

ANOTHER Metro attraction, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," furnishes proof that it occasionally pays to have a real playwright on the job. Here is James Forbes's stage play which met with unbounded success upon the stage which comes to the screen with its vital parts intact. Telling the story of the dissolution of a family thru the feminine urge to find expression, it sends forth truthful slants on life.

The wife and mother has her medals pinned on her. And success and popularity go to her head. Consequently she takes to the lecture tour and during her absence the house tumbles to pieces. The picture soars to a mighty effective climax when the mother and father realize they have sinned against their children. A desperate search is made to save the daughter from dishonor. Thru bringing her back to her senses a reconciliation is effected and harmony reigns supreme.

Good, sound philosophy and logical drama are neatly dovetailed in this very human story which is capitally acted by Myrtle Stedman as the mother who learns that her place is in the home. Marguerite de la Motte as the outrageously modern flapper daughter, lends a choice bit to a cast excellent in every respect. Fred Niblo has brought forth all its vital plot and characterization. It's a picture for thinking people.

(*Continued on page* 84)

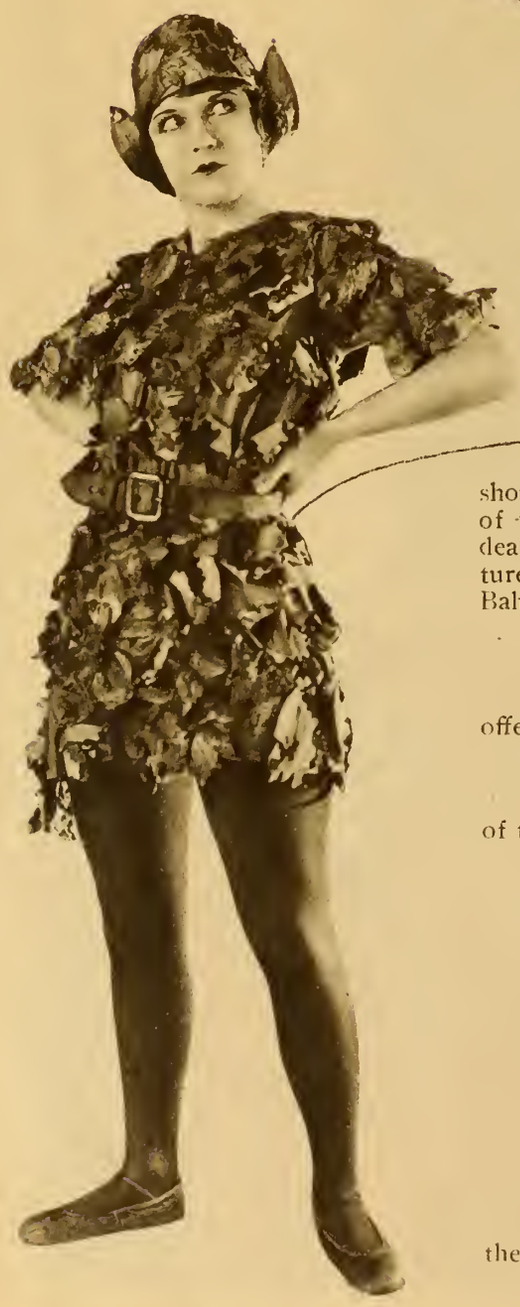
Left, Ernest Torrence, Mary Miles Minter and Antonio Moreno in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Below, Marguerite de la Motte in a modern—oh, very—beauty parlor. One of the scenes from "The Famous Mrs. Fair"



Trifles

by

H. W. Hanemann



Photograph by courtesy of Viola Dana and Metro. The little Dana makes a mischievous Puck. She just would!

Miss Dana was unanimously chosen for the elfin sprite for a special performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" given for the benefit of the Actors' Fund

IN the official bulletin of the Big Brothers and Sisters to the Motion Picture Industry, there is a criticism of "Java Head." It deplores the discrepancies between the subtitles and the subsequent scenes. "Twice or more," says the complaint, "a barouche is called for, and what turns up at the door each time is a C spring Victoria!"

Of course it's all the coachman's fault. If the subtitle had read: *James, I shall want the C spring Victoria this afternoon,* we'll bet anybody a ticket to "The Queen of Sin" that the idiot would have brought around a D or a G spring. You just can't trust them.

✢ ✢ ✢

These inaccuracies will have to stop if the motion picture industry expects ever to have a decent numerical following. "You shouldn't," so William Fox tersely has it, "make fools of all of the people all of the time." Which is only too true. We were talking to a fancy fruit dealer the other day. "Why Women Fall," said the F. F. D., "is a rotten picture. When the feller tempts the girl with an apple, he calls it a Red Astrakhan. Bah! Any boob can see it's a Newtown Pippin." So that's that.

✢ ✢ ✢

Add to the dictionary of similes: as unfortunate as the choice of seats offered by a movie usher.

✢ ✢ ✢

Follows a song to be broadcast over the radio at the very next luncheon of the A. M. P. A. It is released with a full heart. Alley—oop!

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the Cecil B. de Mille,
He is whanging out the super-stuff with all his force and will,
You wouldn't think that there could be a nickel in the till,
But his roll goes marching on.
Chorus: Glory, Glory, Glory Swanson,
His roll goes marching on.

I have seen him gild the lily—seen him gild it good and gold.
And pack each smashing episode with all that it can hold,
We know it must be Art because it knocks the public cold
And his roll goes marching on.
Chorus: Glory, Glory, Glory Swanson,
His roll goes marching on.

✢ ✢ ✢

"If—er—personality counts for anything at all, Nita Naldi is easily the most prominent actress on the silversheet today. The above sen-

(*Continued on page 96*)

The Photographer Takes the Stage



Above are Joseph Schildkraut and Louise Closser Hale in "Peer Gynt"—Schildkraut as the young Peer and Miss Hale as Mother Asë. Below, Lionel Atwill and Elsie Mackay in "The Comedian," Belasco's latest Sacha Guitry importation

Photograph by White Studios



Above is the upright Mr. Olin Howard in "Wildflower." The personable young woman so pleasantly at right angles with herself is Edith Day. Nonchalance is the keynote—whatever that means

Photograph by White Studios



Classic's Monthly Department of the Theater



Photograph by White Studios

Photograph by Francis Bruguiere





Photograph by Abbé

Top of the page, Pauline Frederick and Charles Waldron in "The Guilty One." We think Pauline is the one. Left, Ann Pennington whose dancing saves "Jack and Jill." Above, Dudley Digges as Mr. Zero in the Theater Guild's curious theatrical offering, "The Adding Machine." Looks like a horrible nightmare for Mr. Digges. Below, Josephine Stevens and a very pretty chorus in "Go Go"



Photograph by White Studios



Photograph by White Studios

Bernice Ackerman, Vihelda, and Vera Bradley in "Lady Butterfly." Wouldn't we like to be a moth miller—or whatever it is that consorts with butterflies!



Photograph by Richard Burke



Photograph by White Studios

Above is a scene from "Sandro Botticelli" and we wish the artist had made it bigger, because there are a lot of celebrities in it: Botticelli, Leonardo Da Vinci, two or three Dei Medicis, La Bella Simonetta and so on. Eva Le Gallienne plays Simonetta Vespucci and Basil Sydney plays Botticelli (center background)



Above is Louise Huff as "Mary the Third." She plays all three Marys in this new play by Rachel Crothers. We cant account for the dead men. Left is a moment from "Anything Might Happen," but the trouble is, nothing much does. Left to right: Estelle Winwood, Roland Young, Leone Morgan and Leslie Howard

Flashes From
Of the Stage
Caught by





Above is Mae Marsh in character. She is way down in southern Louisiana finishing "The White Rose" for Griffith. Center, David Belasco and Lenore Ulric in the offices of Warner Brothers, with whom they have signed an important screen contract. Below is Rex Ingram and the members of his "Where the Pavement Ends" cast. Rex doesn't seem any too well pleased. We hope he counts ten before he drops the thing

Photograph (center) by Capitol Photo Service



THE most important eastern news item of the month is that David Belasco is preparing to leave for the coast about the first of June. with Lenore Ulric, to supervise personally the production of "Tiger Rose" her first picture under Warner Brothers contract.

Belasco's capitulation to the screen is the most encouraging and significant circumstance that has ever happened to the once despised movies. Even the highbrows stand in awe of Belasco; even the intelligentsia look up to him; even the obstreperous "young intellectuals" accord him respect. This is glorious news, and Warner Brothers are to be congratulated—however did they do it?

Another important announcement is Glenn Hunter's five year contract with Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which that favored child of fortune signed last month. His first picture for them will be "This Side of Paradise," F. Scott Fitzgerald's story of insurgent youth. Fitzgerald is scarcely more than a boy himself and the two are great friends.

Mary Astor, the most promising young girl of the screen and one of our own Fame and Fortune contest winners has also signed a Famous Player-Lasky contract. She is not yet of age and all sorts of legal difficulties had to be removed before it was finally accomplished.

Gallagher and Shean, that priceless pair who have helped keep the Ziegfeld Follies going all season, are reported about to sing their song before a camera to the tune of five thousand dollars a week or thereabouts. They will make five two reel comedies and a five reel feature, each to be opened by Ed, with Al leading the orchestra, while verses from their famous song appear on the upper half of the screen. In the fall they expect to open in a musical comedy for Charles Dillingham called, "Stealing a Town."

"Four leaf clovers, Mr. Gallagher.
No, it's horseshoes, Mr. Shean."

The eastern studios are as busy as their western rivals. Mary Alden is working out at the Biograph Studios. Alma Rubens is making "Under The Red Robe" at the Tilford Studios. Gustav Seyffertitz is in the same picture, and John Charles Thomas the noted American barytone will make his screen début in the leading rôle of Gil de Berault; Richard Barthelmess has started on "The Fighting Blade" a romantic costume story. Conrad Nagel, Hope Hampton and Lew Cody are in

the Eastern Stars

On the Screen

the Editor

the midst of "Lawful Larceny" at Famous Players Long Island Studios. Bert Lytell is in New York for featured rôles with Cosmopolitan Productions. Betty Blythe is finishing her last picture for Whitman Bennett. Marion Davies has just finished "Little Old New York." Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are completing "Modern Marriage" out in Yonkers. Glenn Hunter is at the Film Guild.

———

Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee were married last month in "the little church around the corner." Their picture "Down to The Sea In Ships" has broken all records at the Cameo Theatre in New York City. Clara Bow, another Fame and Fortune Contest winner has the ingenue lead in that picture.

———

Alice Joyce, whom Neysa McMein has pronounced one of the six most beautiful women on the screen, is coming back to pictures after a long absence. She will make "The Green Goddess" with George Arliss for Distinctive Pictures Company.

———

Betty Blythe is going to Algiers. What interesting times these screen beauties do have! She will star in the Graham-Wilcox production of "Chu Chin Chow," the exteriors of which will be shot in and about Tunis. Wonderful opportunity for Betty.

———

D. W. Griffith is down in Florida and Louisiana with his company finishing his picture, "The White Rose" with Mae Marsh, Ivor Novello, Carol Dempster and others.

———

Marion Davies has had a lot of bad luck with her latest picture "Little Old New York." She narrowly escaped serious injury in one of the scenes. Louis Wolheim had to throw her over his shoulder and carry her to a whipping post with a mob of howling extras at his heels. When he reached the steps they crowded him so close in their excitement that in spite of his efforts to save her, Miss Davies fell to the platform striking her head with terrific force. She was unconscious for several minutes but when she came to, pluckily insisted upon continuing the scene. Whereupon all the extras cheered and Wolheim saluted her gallantly. When you see

(*Continued on page 73*)





Above, the inimitable Mr. Gallagher and the incomparable Mr. Shean pleasantly exhilarated by their new screen contract. Center, the work-shop of the Film Guild during the making of "The Scarecrow." The mask is Glenn Hunter. Below, a charming model of the 45th Street Theater where the "Music Box Revue" still draws crowds every night of its long run





The Madness of Youth

Told in Story Form

By

GRACE LAMB

A YOUNG man strolled thru the smoking car. He was correctly clad, casual. At one glance he appeared to have a bearing of some fierce inner spiritualness. At the next glance as equal a contradictory appearance, of shrewd sophistication. Calculatedness. At both glances he appeared to be singularly attractive. Even compelling. During the cross-country trip one man had been watching him with a species of concentration. This man was a detective.

The young man strolled thru the smoking car. He left behind him a spiral trail of elegantly scented smoke. Expensive. When the trail thinned to faint blueness the famous detective arose, also casually, and strolled after him. He thought that he would confront him in the narrow passageway between the smoker and the Pullman car. But he didn't confront him. When he emerged from the smoker into the passageway the young man had casually but completely disappeared.

Fifteen minutes later, precisely, from a ditch by the railroad bed, where, precisely fifteen minutes before the Transcontinental had sped by, a young man emerged. He was the same young man as to face—almost. He was quite another young man as to garb. His tailored clothes had given way to a costume somewhat bastardly a mixture between that of a Pacific beachcomber and a holy man of somewhat uncertain orders. He carried a long staff and over his shoulder, a bundle. He strode immediately off toward a destination of which he appeared definite and certain. In the deep depths of his eyes glowed a flame which was focal and baffling. Two spots of red burned on the pallor of his face. Except for soft corners in his mouth he was ascetic. He walked a long ways, unweariedly. . . .

. . . .

The Bannings were quarreling among themselves. They had exhausted most of the other worldly excitements, and really, as they would have told you, the spiritual had no attraction for them, even if they had thought about them, and the mental occupied their minds not at all.

Theodore P. Banning would have said of himself, in extenuation, that he had burned himself out as much as was good for a man in his fight for wealth. Well, he had obtained it. What then? During the process, he had lost his wife in death, lost his son and daughter in life, and gained three obsessions. Which is as much, all in all, as most men do who go into the cold bowels of mankind to bring back soulless gold.

His first obsession was the large iron-ribbed and steel-lined vault built just off the library of his pretentious Southern California residence. His wife had used to plead with him to bank it, but banks had failed him twice in his life, and he would have none of them. His son and daughter told him that one day he would be murdered and his safety vault looted, but he merely shrugged his shoulders. This potential catastrophe was beyond him. He wouldn't mind being murdered, he thought, if such should befall.

His next obsession had to do with his two children, Theodore Jr., called Teddy, and Nanette, his daughter. They had been nice children. Once, when his wife was living, he had been wont to hear them say their goodnight

prayers, had kist them goodnight, loving as much as he had time, the urgent clinging of their damp, small arms. But they didn't say their prayers any longer, they knew better now . . . and of course their slim, strong arms had better uses than to be about his leathery old neck. . . . But they might, he pondered in bitterness, have shown him some filial respect, after he had amassed his glittering wealth for them. They might have been at least respectful.

This third and last obsession had to do with the tenets of spiritualism. Everything else had failed him. Everyone on earth had failed him. Once they had all worn painted, alluring, laughing masks. Then they had torn the masks away, and lo, the grimacing faces that looked upon him! Even his Teddy, sensual and cynical. Even his little Nanette, petulant, defeminized, hard like a young green apple. . . . In spiritualism he was able, he thought, to talk with his dead wife. She was gentle with him. Sympathetic. She agreed with all his grievances and was sorry for him. What he was against she was against. He had to pay vast sums of money to hear her speak so to him, but it was worth it to him. He believed in her. Rich men, too, must have their toys, nor need they ever know that they are broken.

But today the Bannings were quarreling among themselves. Ted had brought home from France a young French wife. She was delicately pretty and delicately built. Ted didn't seem to care for her as he had. Almost every day he made her cry, and when he saw her crying, with two red rims etched unbecomingly about her soft dark eyes it served to make him angrier than ever. Today she was up in her room crying. Theodore P., senior, had heard her and had been remonstrating with his son, which led him, in turn, to remonstrate with his daughter. Nanette hadn't been home for a week before one or two in the morning. Theodore P. wanted to know what the devil she meant by such carrying on? What did she think she was? Nanette sulkily replied that she had been with Pete Reynolds, that Pete was their "guest," and that he couldn't be entertained sitting about this old dump like a sore finger. Theodore P. said, with some rancor, that very well, then let Pete Reynolds get out, and the sooner the better. From all he could gather Pete was nothing but a sponger on rich men's money, any way, his own father was sickened with him, and so was everyone else. Nanette sulked and flounced out of the garden. Ted followed her and they had a separate argument. "I'm tired of being bossed by that old grouch, Dad," the girl said, "Pete wants to marry me and I think I'll get away tonight. Dad'll cut us off with a shilling, but what do I care? I'm bored stiff with this stuffy atmosphere."

Ted laughed derisively. "If Dad cuts you off with a shilling," he said, "your Pete will cut you off with less. All he's after is your money, sister mine, not *you*."

"*Is* that so?"

"That *is* so!"

"And how do you get so wise?"

"You dont have to be wise to see thru Pete Reynolds. I dont hold any briefs for old Dad, but he can smell a sucker after money, and that's what Pete is. He's always living around in the homes of the wealthy, as he is now honoring us. He's always licking some gilded débutante's costly boots. Only most of them aren't such sweet asses as my own sweet sister. God, it's as plain as your skin!"

"But I thought you liked him . . ." Nanette whined her words.

"Oh, he's all right to have a drink with, or shoot pool, or go out with some girls. *I* dont have to marry him."



Javalie stood still. He heard his name called again, and the masked dancer stood before him stripping off her mask. "So you're here, Louise," he said without surprise



Javalie stood before the older man and passed his hands over the grey head. "Then sleep," he began to intone, "sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep. . . . " Banning relaxed and closed his eyes

"You're some man, aren't you, Ted?"

"You're some woman, aren't you, Nan?"

And into such a garden walked the man of uncertain orders with the light burning in the deep depths of his eyes and the gnarled staff in his long and slender hands.

Theodore P. removed his expensive cigar from his mouth. He sat up in his chair, straighter than the heat of the day rendered perfectly comfortable. "Well," he said, "who in hell are you? Where do you come from?"

"I am from Everywhere," said the Stranger, "from the mountains, from the desert and the sea. From the high places and out of the low I am a symbol of that beneficent power that heals the wounds of the soul."

"Oh, you *are,* are you?"

"My name is Jaca Javalie. There is hatred and trouble in this house. Vipers coil and stir in a nest of brooding beauty. Father is armed against son, in his soul, and son against daughter. Why this has been revealed to me, I do not know. I want nothing. I do not take. I give. I give peace."

This was spiritualistic stuff. Theodore P. sat more erect. He wanted to hear more. His spirit was sore disturbed and the strange man's singular words were like fresh waters. "So," he said, "you think we're in difficulties here, do you?"

"Yes," said the Stranger simply.

"And you think you can help us. How?"

"By remaining with you for a few long hours. For a day or so. Simply by remaining with you. I can sleep in the open field and eat with the help in the outer places. My bed is beneath the stars as well as beneath silken coverings."

"You'll sleep indoors if you stay at all."

"That shall be as you will it. I come to bring peace."

"Well, you've come none too soon," Theodore P., already more peaceful, perhaps because momentarily arrested, lay back again in his long chair; "we're very unhappy here," he said. The stranger inclined his head. He seemed to be like a deep, cool well drawing from the air about him all that was poisonous and restless. Theodore P. found himself talking to the stranger, telling him things. . . . After awhile he rose and insisted upon his strange guest accompanying him to the house. They entered the library in the midst of which stood Ted and his sister, still disputing a point which had, by now, become wholly obscured from its source.

They stopped with the effect of clockwork when they saw their father with the stranger. "Where did you come from?" Nanette broke out, with her characteristic audacity. "Mars?"

"Great Scott, Dad," laughed Ted, "what new curiosity have you unearthed?"

Theodore P. introduced Jaca Javalie, and the man spoke a few words to them. Suddenly, for the first time in many months, Ted felt adolescent and awkward. Like he had used to feel. And for the first time in even more months Nanette felt distinctly silly, and like making amends. The two young Bannings turned suddenly gracious.

Ted bethought himself of poor, little Jeanne, crying alone in her room. He ran up to get her down. While she was powdering her face and rearranging her hair Ted kist the back of her neck, impulsively. He hadn't done that in many months, either. Jeanne felt a little stab of a come-back happiness.

THE MADNESS OF YOUTH

Fictionized by permission from the Fox Film of the scenario of Joseph Franklin Poland of the story by George F. Worts. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast:

Jaca Javalie	Jack Gilbert
Nanette Banning	Billie Dove
Theodore P. Banning	Wilton Taylor
Ted Banning	Geo. K. Arthur
Jeanne	Ruth Boyd
Louise	Dorothy Manners
Peter Reynolds	Donald Hatswell
Mason	Luke Lucas

Dinner in the Banning home that night was the first peaceful one for as far back as any of the family could remember. The stranger talked in a low voice of pleasant places he had been, of his beliefs, practical tinged with mysticism, his dark burning eyes ranged with a sort of splendid impartiality over the faces of his host, Ted, Madame Jeanne and the rose-colored Nanette. Nanette once thought that his eyes rested longer on her, and her heart gave an inexplicable leap into a curiously high place. Pete Reynolds was the only one who did not seem to come under the stranger's spell. Nanette rather despised him for this. He didn't seem so attractive to her as he had done that afternoon. *He* didn't go about the world working miracles, as did Jaca Javalie. What a name . . . Jaca Javalie . . . Nanette kept rolling the syllable under her tongue. After awhile she heard them echoing in her heart . . . Jaca Javalie . . .

In the morning of the following day Nanette talked with him in the garden. He talked to her about the flowers. But now she was defiant. She felt drawn toward him, but she felt resentful, too, a little dubious. Was he "spoofing" them all? One did do much spoofing nowadays. Pete Reynolds, for instance, with his illy adjusted lover's mask.

That night the Bannings were giving a fancy dress ball. Javalie had said that he would watch from the balcony. There, radiant, late in the evening, Nanette came to him, alone. She was spiritually lovely except for her hard young eyes. "You can fool Dad," she said, without preamble, "with your supernatural stuff. But you cant fool me."

"But I dont want to fool you," Jaca Javalie said. And somehow in the moonlight his words ran with a clear conviction. No, Nanette knew, he didn't want to fool her.

"You dont want to fool me," Nanette answered him, still with a vein of mockery, "because you're human . . . not spiritual. Because I'm a woman and you're a man. That's why you dont want to 'fool' me. Isn't it? *Isn't it?*"

Jaca Javalie looked down on her and the light in his eyes burned more deeply, if less strangely. "That may be it," he said, "who can tell?"

After Nanette had pirouetted away Javalie put his hand to his forehead. *He tried to sneer which was his habitual smile when alone*, but was somehow unsuccessful. "Steady, old man," he muttered to himself. "Steady, there! Remember that you are here for loot, not love."

A soft hand touched his arm and he looked down at the little, lonely Madame Jeanne, in a strange land and with a lover who, like his country, had proven alien and strange to her. In the moonlight her large dark eyes were misted with moon-tears. She was not so lovely as Nanette, the man thought, but she was sadder, more wistful. Just now, she touched him. . . . Down in the garden, where the supper was being served, a masked dancer had stepped lightly from a mammoth cake . . . Jazz shook the night with ribaldry. Madame Jeanne murmured in his ear, like the falling of a light rain. . . "They say," she said, pointing down to where the dancer was flinging white arms to the music's strains, "they say she can have any man she wants. They say that men have killed themselves for love of her. Oh, holy man, she wants my Ted . . . and he has grown so weak and strange . . . since we came back from France. Wont you please save him from her? I know that you can . . ." Madame Jeanne stood on tip-toe until her soft mouth was level with Javalie's ear. She whispered a few words to him. "Please help me," she finished, helplessly.

Down in the garden Nanette was calling him. He went down and walked with her down one of the winding paths. Suddenly she turned to him and threw her arms about him. "Kiss me . . . *holy man*," she commanded, mockingly. Javalie took her in his arms. The thing that had been stirring within him broke and he crushed her against him. When he released her she stood back and the mockery of her words was broken by the passion of her voice. "I knew that you were human," she said. And she ran away. Javalie stood still. He heard his name called again, and the masked dancer stood before

(*Continued on page 78*)



Javalie raised her hand and kist it, and was still. They had their right to judge him . . . these people whom he had saved . . . and would have robbed

Classic Considers—



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

OLGA PRINTZLAU

Because she's so young and so clever; because she is head of the Department of Adaptations of Preferred Pictures at the age of twenty-six and at an almost incredible salary; because she looks like the younger sister of her own child who is twelve years old; because in spite of youth, beauty, brains, and talent she resists the call of the screen and sticks to her desk. She was scenarist for William De Mille when B. P. Schulberg signed her. She is still piling up her list of successful adaptations



HARRY KEMP

With thankfulness for his fascinating autobiography, "Tramping On Life," the frankest and most interesting self-revelations since Jean Jacques Rousseau and Marie Bashkirtseff. Not because he was called "The Tramp Poet" but because he *was* that. Because he has crowded into one short life, all the beauty and romance of poetry, all the flame and daring of adventure, all the poignant wisdom of bitter lessons learned; and because he has crystallized this experience into a beautiful prose poem for all who run to read



FONTAINE FOX

In consideration of the fact that the odd little whimsies of his brain and pen have now become household words. Who is there who does not know the Powerful Katrinka, the Toonerville Trolley that meets all the trains, and the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bangs? His cartoons are not only syndicated in hundreds of papers all over the United States, but an enterprising toy merchant is now manufacturing them as toys and a farsighted motion picture producer has made a movie of these familiar comics. In the picture with Mr. Fox is Dan Mason as the skipper of the Toonerville Trolley



Photograph by Russel Ball

THE HEIR TO THE THRONE

Only it happens to be an heiress! We herewith present the first picture of young Miss Barthelmess ever taken. Mary Hay Barthelmess is her name and she has only a few weeks to her credit—but just look at the beaming parents. Dick's hair is long, he wished it explained, for the sake of his next picture, "The Fighting Blade"

The Hollywood

Transcribed by



Lew Cody and Erich von Stroheim exchange mustaches — or something like that

KING Tut-ankh-Amen seems to have staged the grandest comeback in all history. And he's dragged all Egypt into the movies.

William P. S. Earle, brother of the celebrated Ferdinand Pinney, is putting King Tut bodily into the screen drama. For eight months, he has been making preparations for the play which is now being filmed at the Hollywood Studios, with Carmel Myers, June Elvidge, Malcolm MacGregor in the cast. Mr. Earle is said to have unearthed an actor heretofore unknown to the screen for King Tut himself. It is to be distinguished by the most extraordinary art effects yet seen on the screen.

* * *





Above, Dorothy Devore of Christie Comedies as an able bodied seaman. Left, Lloyd Hughes and his wife, Gloria Hope in a summery looking group. Summer girls and some are furs. ("Excuse it please.") Below, Marie Prevost calls ITS bluff and director Clarence Badger makes friends with IT. We wonder what IT is?

So convinced are the producers that a great wave of Egyptian enthusiasm is about to go sweeping over the movie colony that the art director of the United Studios has been sent to Luxor with $100,000 in his jeans to buy all the ancient "props" he can lay hands on.

* * *

While this is taking place, Cecil De Mille's representatives are scampering around the world in the other direction. A big box arrived at the Lasky Studio the other day laden with the most gorgeous Siamese embroideries and jewels which are to be used in the film play that Cecil De Mille is to base upon the Ten Commandments. Mrs. Florence Meehan is touring the Orient for that special purpose.

* * *



Douglas Fairbanks will probably be seen next in a big picture on the order of "Kismet" by Edward Knoblock. He also has it in mind to produce two other plays. The fact is Mr. Knoblock is down at the beach furiously scribbling away at the Bagdad play, while Doug's brother, Robert Fairbanks, is in the mountains with squadrons of stenographers madly writing upon the pirate play that he wants Douglas to do. Inasmuch as Douglas has thought up some very marvelous scenic effects for the Oriental, it looks like a potentate of the mysterious East for his next.

* * *

Meanwhile, Robin Hood is breaking all known records of the West. At this writing, it is doing its twenty-third week at $1.50 per seat with every prospect of

Boulevardier Chats

Harry Carr

twenty-five or more weeks before the box office begins to weaken. Robin Hood at the new Egyptian theater in Hollywood has been an interesting experiment; it is the first reserved seat house.

* * *

Mary Pickford is in the midst of the first real love scenes of her career in her play of medieval Spain which is being directed by Ernst Lubitsche. It has been one of the unvarying rules of Mary's screen plays that her love scenes had to be mild and pallid—just little girl fairy kisses in passing as it were. The whole studio has been thrilled to death during the making of this one because Mary is making tempestuous love. She has done her little curls up on the top of her head and — oh dear where is our little Mary?

* * *

George Walsh is the alarmed recipient of Mary's first screen love making.

* * *

On account of the very heavy studio overhead expenses, it is possible that Mary will begin work on another story—probably Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall before she is thru this other story.

* * *

Salomy Jane, the old Bret Harte favorite is soon to be seen in pictures under the direction of George Melford. Jacqueline Logan with Lefty Flynn, who is to be henceforth officially Maurice Flynn, is in the high Sierras making the picture. The picture is to be made from Paul Armstrong's dramatic version of the story.

* * *

Estelle Taylor, who is working in a picture to be called "The Children of Jazz" under the direction of Jerome Storm, has had the bad luck to be named for the second time by a jealous wife; this time by the spouse of a camera man named Barnes. Before it was by Seena Owen.

* * *

Rob Wagner, the author, is beginning his career as a Lasky director with a picture to be called "Fair Week" of which Walter Hiers will be the star. Most of it will be "shot" in Pleasanton a town in



People get arrested for this sort of thing but Walter Hiers is willing to risk it





Above, Lupino Lane; the Italian comedian just out of the hospital buys a—er—souvenir in case he needs it. Right, Bull Montana "among his books." The great star reads Æschylus every night before he goes to bed. Below, Gene Sarazen world's champion golfer and Ann Perdue to whom he is reported engaged



Photograph by Grenbeaux



Northern California beloved of location experts; it looks exactly like New England.

* * *

Norma Talmadge is starting on the biggest production of her entire career. It is a French story called "The Ashes of Vengeance." It is expected to cost in the neighborhood of $700,000; there will be over $10,000 worth of swords alone. In the story Norma falls in love with a young nob'eman who, to save the life of a sister, has become the bonded servant of a rival. The peculiarity of the picture is that Norma does not appear until well along toward the middle of the picture. In honor of the affair, Norma's devoted husband, Joseph Schenk has had a gorgeous dressing room built for her on the stage and a special bungalow in the studio for her to rest in.

* * *

Renée Adoree, after plugging along in pictures for several years, has suddenly burst out as a star of the most brilliant effulgence. Reginald Barker discovered her while making a big Canadian picture and considers her as the big "find" of the year. Miss Adoree was formerly a professional dancer and is the wife of Tom Moore.

* * *



Jackie Coogan had to starve all during the making of Oliver Twist. He is now working in a picture in which he complains plaintively that they keep him stuffed to the muzzle with spaghetti all the time.

* * *

Little Ben Alexander, who played the marvelous part in Griffith's "Hearts of the World" has come to light again. He is to be "Penrod" in a film version of "Penrod and Sam" directed by William Beaudine. He will be supported by a big cast which includes Irene Rich, William Mong, Rockliffe Fellows, Mary Philbin and Gareth Hughes.

* * *

Baby Peggy also occupied the central part of the public eye for a time last week when she signed with Sol Lesser, the producer, for a series of feature pictures.

* * *

The real estate bug is biting again. Douglas and Mary Fairbanks have bought ten acres in the rear of their studio on Santa Monica Boulevard by way of investment. Little Pauline Garon has bought a place in the Wilshire district and has sent for her father and mother in Montreal. Alice Howell, when she saw all this easy money floating around in real

(*Continued on page* 66)



At the top of the page is Buddy Messinger, Century Comedies' youthful comedian and his leading lady, little Sadie Campbell. Center is Tom Mix holding his own wife on the top of the world. Hope he doesn't mean to drop her. Left, Mary and Doug six years ago, holding up a picture producer in the time honored fashion. The unfortunate man is Al Lichtman at present, president of the Al Lichtman Corporation which releases Preferred Pictures



Are you *especially* fastidious about your manicure?





WOMEN who are exceptionally critical about a manicure should "do" their nails the Cutex way. For, this new method of manicuring not only eliminates all dangerous and disfiguring cutting of the cuticle, but it leaves the finger tips soothed and comforted, the nails immaculate and lovely.

Moreover, the Cutex way of manicuring is quick and easy. It takes but five or ten minutes once or twice a week.

You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe them off. Now, examine the nails closely, and you will see that every tiny flake of dead skin has disappeared, ugly stains have vanished, and the nail rim is thin, even, and beautifully shaped.

Then—for a Jewel-like Polish

Of Cutex Polishes there are five—the paste, cake, stick, powder, and liquid forms. All give a brilliant, lasting lustre and that rose-pearl glow approved by Fashion as the smart finish to a manicure. Obtainable at all drug stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.

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EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE



New Cutex Powder Polish

A scented, rosée powder of velvet smoothness that gives a dazzling lustre. No buffer required. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm bring out a full and brilliant polish that lasts for many days. In the attractive rose and black Cutex package. Price, 35c.

Send for this Introductory Manicure Set—Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures—*only 12 cents*



Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12 cents in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. N-6, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Northam Warren, Dept. N-6
114 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 12 cents for Cutex Introductory Manicure Set.

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City..... State .....

Write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail with 12 cents in coins or stamps to-day.



Katinka From Chauve-Souris

The most original and popular show of the past season in New York was the "Chauve-Souris," that glorified Russian vaudeville that has set everyone to humming the March of the Wooden Soldiers. Now Herbert Brennon has re-created a bit of it for the screen. Just have patience and you can see for yourself what it is like. He has interpolated the Katinka episode pictured here in his newest picture "The Rustle of Silk"





What ten million motor cars have taught women about their skin

The method they have learned to depend on

Two unbroken lines of cars wind along the popular motor roads. Everyone is motoring—week-ending at the beach, or the country club, or just driving for the pleasure of it. Fine dust settles in their skin and the wind brings a dry tightness.

Yet many women's complexions are younger and lovelier than ever before!

The severe exposure of motoring has taught them how important it is to find the right way to care for their skin, keep it beautiful and supple in spite of all exposure.

Today millions of women have found a method so wonderful in results that in all the world it is used more than any other—Pond's Two Creams. They leave your skin softer, more supple than you could have dreamed. They give just that finishing touch of loveliness you have always wanted.

A fine light cleansing that never leaves your face heavy with cream—gives the beautiful suppleness you want and then wipes entirely off! This is why millions of women prefer to cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream.

A marvelous freshening, an adding of youth—and unfailing protection. No wonder that the women of the United States alone use several millions of jars and tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream every year!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD

See the wonderful improvement in your skin

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels! How new and charming the reflection in your mirror! The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

Always after a motor or railroad trip, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream and finish with the Vanishing Cream and powder. To see how these two creams will improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying both creams in jars or tubes in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co.



removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness
defies exposure—holds the powder



Photo by Victor Georg

Florence Nash says she likes Pond's Cold Cream because it leaves her face feeling so refreshed—not heavy and oily. And that Pond's Vanishing Cream really keeps her skin wonderfully smooth and fresh.

Exposure starts these troubles or makes them worse

Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. But the process is so gradual that except on specially severe occasions you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. For the insidious every-day exposure use the same method that saves your skin from the excessive damage of a long motor ride or a day on the beach. Keep your skin properly oiled by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection. This method will keep your skin smooth and young years longer than would otherwise be possible.

Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must protect yourself from all exposure and keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly and keep it from scaling and peeling. Then it will not develop little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the exposure of the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally, prevent your skin from drying out again. Always carry a tube with you on motor trips to counteract their drying, ageing influence.

That Distressing Shine

Sometimes shine is due to a dry, tight skin, and motoring or even the slightest daily exposure aggravates the condition. You must apply an extra amount of Pond's Cold Cream at night after the cleansing and let it stay on. See how gladly your skin will absorb the fine light oil of this cream, how it will soften and relax and the shine disappear. Put on the Vanishing Cream in the morning to keep this suppleness through the day and be sure to carry it with you and use it frequently on any occasion of unusual exposure.

Accumulation of dirt and fat in the pores

Sometimes the oil in your skin accumulates in the glands and attracts dirt and bacteria—dust that blows into your face when motoring, or the daily soot of city streets. Your complexion is dulled, disfigured. You need specially careful cleansings. Pond's Cold Cream is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Do this every night and always after any motor or railroad trip, and you will avoid a dull, muddy skin.

The Pond's Extract Co., 132 E. Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

Name

Street

City State

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page 62*)

estate a year or so ago tossed up her film job; galloped forth to make a fortune; made it and has now returned to the screen prepared to say "Oh I dunno" at any fresh director.

* * *

An assortment of celebrities adorns "Wandering Daughters" now being made at the United Studios. Among them are Craig Biddle, the young Philadelphia millionaire; Lyman T. Gage, Jr., son of the former secretary of the Treasury; Princess Waldemar Valkonsky of Russia, Antonio Rolando, son of a millionaire newspaper owner of South America.

* * *

It is said that Erich Von Stroheim threatened to throw up his contract with Goldwyn if he couldn't have Zazu Pitts as his leading lady in McTeague which is to be made from the Frank Norris novel. Consequently Zazu is to have the part.

* * *

With the transfer of Emmet J. Flynn to the Goldwyn lot, the young leading men look up hopefully; for, dont y' see, he discovered both Valentino and Norman Kerry.

* * *

George D. Baker is coming West to direct Balzac's "The Magic Skin" for the Achievement Films, a new producing firm which has recently come here from Philadelphia. Baker is the director who made "Revelation" with Nazimova.

* * *

Two big pictures are making a concentrated dash for the screen as they both contain the same unique idea; that of using about half the celebrities of Hollywood in the screening—directors, authors, producers etc. One is Rupert Hughes' "Souls for Sale" and the other "Hollywood and the Favorite Child," made on the Lasky lot. The latter story is a yarn by Frank Condon about a selfish flapper daughter who dragged out her whole family from Iowa to Hollywood so she could get into pictures: after they got here, every one of her family except herself got a studio job.

* * *

Fred Niblo is having a ship yard employing 200 men built for his forthcoming pirate picture "Captain Applejack." In the course of the picture he will use a whole fleet of boats—four schooners, two brigs and a frigate. Among the actors who will take part in the picture will be Enid Bennett, Robert McKim, Thos. Ricketts and Matt Moore.

* * *

Mary Pickford wants to adopt the beautiful film child Phillipe de Lacey who was found on a French battlefield and brought to America by Edith de Lacey, an English nurse. Thus far, Miss De Lacey has refused Mary's offers.

* * *

Gladys Walton was sent to jail for three days for speeding by an irate Los Angeles judge. She told him she was nineteen years old and had been hitting up the pace at thirty-three miles an hour thru the center of town. "You'd better go home and get some clothes that would be good for jail," said His Honor briefly. "Three days." Just before going in, Miss Walton was edified to learn that her futurecell

(*Continued on page 74*)

Anna May Wong, the charming little Chinese girl who lends an authentic note to Priscilla Dean's picture "Drifting," a Universal film



At the end of the dance

FROM the ballroom floated the strains of a waltz, and from out beyond came the sleepy night-sounds—the late call of a bird, the faint whispering of leaves in the summer breeze.

The man watched the woman before him in the mellow glow of the lanterns, drinking in her loveliness with eyes that could not leave her face.

"What is it?" she asked softly. "You look as if you were in a dream."

"I think this is a dream, and you a dream woman," he answered; "for I never saw anyone so lovely! There is something that makes you stand entirely alone, in a delicate, glowing radiance. I think the greatest charm of all is your wonderful coloring."

The last notes of the waltz were quivering into silence. "That is the end," she said. "I think it is the beginning," he answered, still watching her.



"I think it is the beginning," he answered—

A Happy Last Touch

When you use the Pompeian Beauty Trio you can feel assured that your skin is always fresh and glowing, and that it will remain so almost indefinitely.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream that is absorbed by the skin, protecting it from dust, wind and sun. The delicate film that remains on the surface after the Day Cream has disappeared holds powder and rouge so well that constant re-powdering is unnecessary.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is of so soft and fine a texture that it goes on smoothly and evenly. A light coating will last a long time; for this powder has, to a remarkable degree, the quality of adhering.

The Bloom is a rouge that is absolutely harmless. It comes in the desired shades—light, medium, dark, and orange tint.

Use the Pompeian Trio together for Instant Beauty; for great care has been taken that all Pompeian Preparations blend perfectly.

Remember, first the Day Cream, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom, and over all another light coating of the Powder.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
Pompeian Beauty Powder	60c *per box*
Pompeian Bloom (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*
Pompeian Lip Stick	25c *each*
Pompeian Fragrance, a talc	30c *a can*
Pompeian Night Cream	50c *per jar*

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7¾ inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:

1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.



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Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

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The Girl Who Was Out of Date

By Mme Jeannette

Not long ago I had a call from a young friend. She came in wearily and sank into a chair. The brilliant afternoon sunlight fell full on her face, and I was appalled when I saw how pale she looked.

"What is the matter?" I asked, expecting to be told that she was ill.

"Oh, I'm just tired," she said; "so tired I don't care how I look."

I was so indignant that for a moment I could not speak. There is no possible excuse for such an attitude!

To make the best of herself is the conceded duty of every woman, young or old; and a modish gown means very little when her complexion is uncared for.

"Come here," I said to her, "and let me see what I can do for you."

First I used a vanishing cream, gently patting it into the skin. This was Pompeian Day Cream. I always use this, for it leaves only a faint creamy film on the surface and holds powder and rouge so well. Next a coating of the soft, clinging Beauty Powder. Then a bit of rouge blended downward and outward from the cheekbone; dusting over all with a last touch of the powder. And this I had done to only *one side* of her face!

I turned her around to face the mirror. You never saw anyone so surprised! She looked and looked, turning from side to side; and I don't wonder, for she saw two entirely different girls, and one was so much lovelier it seemed incredible.

"That is what you can make of yourself every day, and it will take only a few minutes," I told her.

I couldn't help laughing at her astonishment; she had never had an idea she could be so pretty. She realized now the mistake she had been making, and watched with the keenest interest, while I made the other side of her face just as charming, adding at the last a touch of Pompeian Lip Stick.

She didn't say very much, but all the afternoon I saw her eyes straying toward the mirror. I hoped then that she would profit by my little lesson, and I know now that she did, for I've never seen her looking pale and weary since.

Jeannette

Specialiste de Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

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Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below

The Modern Movie Hero



Photograph by Freulich

Time was when a motion picture hero was a slender youth with beautifully creased trousers, slick pomaded hair and a gentle winning way. But a new sort has come into vogue—he-man stuff and growing more popular all the time. To the right is Eddie Sutherland a brilliant young athlete of the screen. Above is Reginald Denny the scrappy protagonist of the popular Universal "Leather Pushers" series



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

Photograph by Richee



Left is the newest recruit to these gymnastic heroes, Charles de Roche. Robert Ryan is demonstrating the toe hold to him. It looks a bit unpleasant

POSES from the seven exquisite dances given by Marinoff as part of his training. There is a Grecian Dance, a Classical Toe Dance, an Oriental Dance, a Butterfly Dance, a Chinese Dance, a Spanish Dance and a "Raggedy Ann" Eccentric Dance





Classic Dancing!

Now you can learn at home under the personal direction of SERGEI MARINOFF

SOMETIME in her life, every girl, every woman has dreamed of dancing. There is no more charming accomplishment — it is an important part of the cultured girl's education. Whether you study it for professional or for cultural purposes — or merely to enjoy the pleasant, body building exercises — it will bring great happiness into your life.

And now you can learn dancing at home! Here is your opportunity to enjoy the advantages of real ballet training under this great master. Anyone can learn by this method. It is simple, easy, delightful. Marinoff has pupils of all ages. He teaches every pupil individually.

Marinoff training is correct training. You could not get training like this except in the studios of the greatest masters of the dance. *Tarasoff has endorsed the Marinoff system.* Merriell Abbott, Director of the Abbott Dancers [Chicago Theatre, Chicago], says: "A beginner who knows nothing of dancing can learn by this system." Marinoff training includes a complete outfit — a studio bar, practice costume, slippers, phonograph records and sheet music. This is furnished to every Marinoff student without charge.

Write for free portfolio of dancers' pictures and full information about training and the fees for tuition. Merely send coupon. No obligation.

Sergei Marinoff — SCHOOL OF CLASSIC DANCING
1924 Sunnyside Ave., Studio A-127 Chicago, Ill.

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Please send me free portfolio of dancers' pictures and full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that there is no obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

..... *Age* .....

The Movie Encyclopaedia
by
THE ANSWER MAN



FAITHFUL FAN.—Here we are in the Merry Month of May. Yes, Barbara LaMarr is playing in "Captain Apple Jack." Billie Dove's right name is Lillian Dove. Yes, indeed, I always manage to keep busy. Idleness is the key of beggary.

CAROLINE SUNSHINE.—Robert Frazer in "Fascination." Ethel Clayton and Malcolm McGregor in "Can a Woman Love Twice?" Yes, Eileen Percy and Kenneth Harlan with Irving Cummings in "East Side—West Side."

DOROTHY F.—Well, we men only demand that a woman should be womanly; which is not being exclusive. Glad you liked the chat with Pauline Garon last month. No, William S. Hart is not living with his wife Winifred Westover. Jane Novak in "Divorce." If I understand correctly, she's had one already.

ADAM & EVE.—Please ter meet you! As Addison says "As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men." Yes, Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris in 1845 and died March 25, 1923. She was planning to make a picture called "La Voyante" which was to be a story of her life, before she died. Malcolm McGregor is not married. Anita Stewart married to Rudolph Cameron, and Douglas Fairbanks was married to Beth Sully.

TELL ME.—Anything! Well I have found out that folks who never do any more than they get paid for, never get paid for any more than they do! Mabel Normand's last picture was "Suzanna" and that is her real name. Mildred Davis at the Hal Roach Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

CHIGO H.—Well I have learned that true wisdom consists not in seeing what is immediately before our eyes, but in foreseeing what is to come. Douglas Fairbanks is 40. Nigel Barry does not give his age. That is very expensive stationery you use. Pretty nice.

MARGARET E.—Well I am glad to hear it, but as someone once said, dont always be talking of your husband's devotion. It makes less fortunate women hate you and the rest disbelieve you. Joseph Schildkraut is 28. Yes, he is married, and is playing in "Peer Gynt" on the stage. His wife was Elsie Bartlett. Write me again, I liked yours.

GUILLERMO.—Of course you can get all the back numbers by writing to our circulation department; 25 cents each you know.

JACOB E.—You say all married women are not wives—speaking of bells, the Liberty Bell at Philadelphia was cast in London in 1752 and when the bell reached Philadelphia it was cracked when it was rung to test the sound, which necessitated recasting. On July 4, 1776 the bell was rung for two hours by an old bellman, who was so filled with enthusiasm and excitement that he could not stop. It weighs about 2000 pounds. Bobby Vernon is with Christie Comedies, and he did play opposite Betty Compson when she was with Christie.

BETTY COMPSON ADMIRER.—Yes, address her at Famous Players, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Cal.

JUST TEDDY.—Yes, I am getting just one dozen dollars a week for answering questions. Really. Yes, still live in the hall room, and have my buttermilk daily. Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy with Lasky. Priscilla Dean with Universal.

MOVIE FAN.—I can see that. No Ramon Navarro is not married, and he is 24. When you have learned to make business a pleasure, and pleasure a business, you have mastered the science of living. I'm very happy.

NATURAL REDHEAD.—Yes, tears are the strength of women. The plainest man who pays attention to women will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest who does not. Lewis Stone with Lasky and Ramon Navarro with Metro. Bessie Love and James Kirkwood are playing with Mrs. Wallace Reid in "The Living Dead." Harry Carey in "The Man From the Desert." Write me again.

DONICA D.—No I am not planning to get married next month There are plenty who are tho. But modesty in women is a virtue most deserving, since we do all we can to cure her of it. Betty Blythe has just finished "The Girl Who Got Everything." Leave it to Betty. Francis Ford, Peggy O'Day and Jack Perrin in "The Fighting Skipper."

H. MARIE.—No record of the players you mention.

BROWN EYES.—Of course I am for the, I wont say weaker sex, because they are much stronger than men. As Emerson said "Women know at first sight the character of those with whom they converse. There is much to give them a religious height to which men do not attain." Pearl White has reddish brown hair. Clara Horton in "The Call of the Wind."

BILLIE R. A. P.—Whow! You want the address of 18 players. I'm about to expire. Is there no rest for the weary?

MRS. F. F. MC.—Oh I'm not such an old man that I dont sit up and take notice. If you intend to live into old age, study it while you are yet young; and do not be an entire novice when you get there. Bebe Daniels is not married. Victoria Forde is Mrs. Tom Mix. Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson with Lasky. Write me again.

BEAUTIFUL IOWA.—Beautiful letter, but all about Valentino. Why not.

OLGA.—Knowledge is power every time. Better that the feet slip than the tongue. The tongue's not steel yet it cuts. Anyway I cant hear you. Pola Negri is to start on "Don Cæsar de Bazan" just as soon as she finishes "The Cheat."

WILLIAM G. C.—I'm sorry, but I cannot help you dispose of your scenarios. Most companies are buying stage plays and book rights. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers.

DOUGLAS MCL. ADMIRER.—Drop your hat and somebody may bring it to you; drop your pocketbook, and somebody may carry it off. Money fits any one. Here you are: Ethel Barrymore born in Philadelphia in 1879; George Beban in San Francisco, 1873; Edmund Breeze in Brooklyn in 1871; Arnold Daly in Brooklyn in 1875 and Arthur Ashley in Brooklyn in 1886. Miss Dupont's first name is Margaret. She was Margaret Armstrong once. Yes, the "Hettontot" has been done in book form.

LOUISE S.—Interview with Richard Dix in February 1922 issue.

SPARKY DEAR.—Of course I take good care of myself. The human system—mental, moral and physical—is such a large affair, that it is hard to ruin it in all its departments; but it can be done, if you keep right at it. Norma Talmadge is 27, five foot two inches. Katherine MacDonald is five foot eight, and the rumor that she was to be married is all off, so she says. and she intends to be an old maid. Ha, ha. You know she was Mrs. Malcolm Strauss once.

LENA T.—Well I'd hate to tell you what I think of some of the pictures. Rockcliffe Fellowes in "Stranger's Banquet." Kenneth Harlan in "The Girl Who Came Back." Mae Murray and Ramon Navarro with Metro.

CUTIE ROSEBUD.—There are three things that women throw away—their time, their money and their health. So you want to watch out. Address Mary Pickford at the United Studio, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Nazimova is playing in "Dagmar" on the stage.

JERNE BLUE EYES.—You are one of those who seem to want this department to be devoted to answering questions about myself. I much prefer to remain in the background and to be known by my works.

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all inquiries: The Answer Man, CLASSIC, Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y. Use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear, also the name of the magazine you wish your inquiry to appear in. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must wait their turn. Let us hear from you.

What I eat, how I sleep, how long I expect to live, the length of my beard, the size of my shoes, etc., etc., will all be writ on tables of stone for the benefit of posterity, but for the present I prefer to retire into innocuous desuetude, as far as myself am concerned, and devote these previous pages to the interests of movies. Therefore kindly shoo fly, dont bother me. Address Lloyd Hughes at the Inc Studios, Culver City, Cal.

CURIOUS.—Priscilla Dean is married to Wheeler Oakman, Bryant Washburn is married to Mabel Forrest and Dorothy Dalton has been married to Lew Cody. Alice Terry is playing in "Scaramouche."

THE KID.—So you want a name for your girls' club. What next. Call it the Chloris, the goddess of flowers, or Kama, the Hindoo god of love.

MARC MOVIES.—Poor child you have your troubles with Eliot. Mae Murray at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. Malcolm McGregor with Metro also. Before marriage, woman is a queen; after marriage, a subject. Tell me more about your favorites.

JUST ME.—Yes, indeed Elsie Ferguson is playing in "The Wheel of Life" on the stage. Of course I am always glad to hear what you like in this magazine. We want to please you, you know.

MARGARET S.—All the way from Liverpool, too. I say, old dear, you can get a list of the correspondence clubs if you send me a stamped addressed envelope. Dont put an English stamp on the envelope tho. Yes, J. Stuart Blackton is back in this country, and I am glad to say he is once more an officer in the Vitagraph Company which he helped to start years ago.

DOROTHY.—You say men would be saints if they loved God as they love women. I confess. Yes, Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore are brothers and sister. No, Valentino will not be seen in pictures for two years.

AGNES C.—By "Iris In" we mean when you see just a small part of the film thru the lens, and gradually you see the whole picture on the screen. Fox is going to produce "The Fool" for the screen. Virginia Brown Faire in "The Vengeance of the Deep" with Ralph Lewis. Tom Moore is coming back to the screen.

S. MONTY.—Why I believe it was Marshall Neilan who discovered Wesley Barry. Alice Brady with Lasky. Lillian Gish not married. John Bowers was the policeman in "Manslaughter." David Powell is with Famous Players and Theodore Kosloff is playing in "Children of Jazz."

LITTLE ROSE; DITTO DOTTY; GALEE P.; DORIS ROSE; FRANCES S.; DORIS M.; MISS BLOOMER; MARJORIE M.; PETE; L. C.; HELEN M.; LORRAINE; JEWEL AND VAUDVALLIAN—Sorry to put you in the also rans, but your questions have all been answered above.

MURREL FROM BALTIMORE.—Well, La Rochefoucauld says, "It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young." I dont agree with him. I know lots of pretty women at forty-five. "Glimpses of the Moon" will be released soon. Lon Chaney is with Universal. Shirley Mason with Fox, and Viola Dana with Metro.

US GIRLS.—Hello, girls. You want more of Joseph Striker. I'll tell the Editor.

CAPTAIN JOE.—You know that Balzac said, "The man who enters his wife's dressing-room is either a philosopher or a fool." Take heed, young man. Robert Leonard is Mae Murray's husband. No children for the Meighans. Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

IRENE P.—Monte Blue will play the

(*Continued on page 72*)

That *Living* Odeur!

Here is gayety and life, a *new* enticement—the fragrance of *living* flowers to contrast the artificiality of perfumes!

VIVANTE

—as different from the odeurs one now knows as a garden in the springtime from the stopper of a bottle—a miracle in perfume making!

As exclusive as a coronet!

As intriguing as an affair d'amour!

As tantalizingly feminine as the subtlety of a smile!

C'est tres important

So as to avoid the faux pas of discord in one's scheme of fragrance—a creme of one scent, poudre of another, rouge of yet another!—L'odeur Vivante wafts its personality throughout all articles de toilette by Lournay.

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$15.00 an ounce

$8.00 a half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from **a single drop will last a week.**

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Other Offers

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Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 80 drops, a supply for 80 weeks:
Lilac, Crabapple, $1.50
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Souvenir Box
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

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☐ *Lily of the Valley* ☐ *Rose* ☐ *Violet*
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☐ *Souvenir Box—$1.00 enclosed.*

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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



Osgood Perkins in his picturesque rôle in the Film Guild production of "The Scarecrow" promised for early release

The Movie Encyclopaedia

(*Continued from page 71*)

doctor in "Main Street," Madge Kennedy will do "The Purple Highway" when she returns from Japan. So you would like Miss Dupont to use her first name, rather than Miss. Glad you like CLASSIC.

MAY F. B.—Universal City and Hollywood are very near each other.

MARGARET N.—Be sure that your husband carries each day the impression that he left at home that morning the most charming, cheery, freshly gowned woman in the city. Leatrice Joy is with Lasky. Colleen Moore with Vitagraph. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York in 1897. Baby Peggy is with Century Comedies, Los Angeles, Cal.

JANE ACER.—Leatrice Joy is married to Jack Gilbert, and her last picture was "Minnie."

GRACE D.—The popular belief that it is unlucky to spill the salt probably originated from Leonardo da Vinci's picture of "The Last Supper," in which Judas Iscariot is represented as spilling the salt. Or da Vinci may have so painted it to embody in his picture a then popular superstition. A gift of bread and salt was a token of friendship; salt was a sign of amity; so spilling a man's salt may have betokened enmity. Enough about that. Lloyd Hughes with Ince. Clara Young does not give her age.

L. M. L.—Thanks, I am glad you trust me. To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved. No, William Duncan is not dead. Charlie Chaplin in "The Pilgrim."

W. A. D.—No. She never does. Betty Compson is not married. Glenn Hunter has signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

PEGGY O.—So you dont want Pearl White to enter a convent. No, neither do I. Last report, Blanche Sweet was still living with her husband. Malcolm McGregor is playing opposite Ethel Clayton in "The Greater Glory."

ALICE A.—Of course, I am over seventy years old. My beard isn't that old, tho. Elaine Hammerstein is an American. She is twenty-six; address her at the Selznick, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

BROWN EYE BILLEY.—Yes, Betty Compson is twenty-five. Vincent Coleman is married to Marjorie Grant.

SUFFOMORE.—You're right, the whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call of duty. Betty Compson is playing in "The White Flower," and Pola Negri in "The Cheat."

FLORENCE MC.—Yes, Norma Talmadge is twenty-seven. Gareth Hughes played in "Kick In." His right name is Ramon Sammanyagos. Lila Lee opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Ne'er Do Well." Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy.

BLONDE; MARGARET R.; F. B.; ARLINE G.; PETIE; BUTTER CUP; BUFFALO; DONAH; KATHERINE MACDONALD ADMIRER; BETTY H.; G. H.; WALTER BEBE DANIELS; JEANNE E.; PEGGY; THAIS; IRMA T.; APRIL K.; WANDA P.; MOLLY O.; KATHERINE; PAT; ELEANOR A.; B. B.; BLUE EYES; NAN; DOROTHY F.; RUTH O.; MOVIE FAN; BILLIE A.; and JAZIMOVA. Sorry to put you in the also-rans, but your questions have been answered up above. Write me again.

NORTH RUSTICO.—Yes, some movies do cost as much and more than $2.00 a seat in New York City. You were right.

Flashes From the Eastern Stars

(*Continued from page 53*)

the difference in their sizes in the picture you will remember that this was pretty brave. Wolheim is a giant of over two hundred pounds and Marion is a slender slip of a girl.

The next misfortune was that all the mules employed got a bad case of Kleig eyes! Of course they wouldn't work and production was held up for two days until they could find some blind mules which would serve just as well.

Balieff's Chauve-Souris, that gloriously original Russian Vaudeville has passed its five hundredth performance. Not a word of English is spoken at these performances, which makes it a rather remarkable record.

Gloria Morgan, daughter of one of our richest and finest families who recently became the bride of Reginald C. Vanderbilt, has a small part in "Enemies of Women" a Cosmopolitan picture now running on Broadway.

Robert J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S., producer of "Nanook of the North," has left for the Samoan Islands to film for Paramount a South Sea picture similar in treatment to the Eskimo production. He was guest of honor at a testimonial dinner at the Waldorf given by the publisher and editor of Asia Magazine. Lloyd Griscom, former U. S. Ambassador to Japan, was toastmaster and the guests included people prominent in motion pictures, art, literature, science, journalism and public affairs.

After five postponements of his sailing date brought about by the success of "The Fool," Channing Pollock will actually go to France late in April for the production of "The Sign on the Door" at the Renaissance Theatre. The French version of "The Sign on the Door" has been made by Andre Pascal (Baron Henri de Rothschild) and the rôle of Mrs. Regan, played here by Marjorie Rambeau and in London by Gladys Cooper, will fall to Louise Gauthier.

WHY

By Margaret Mayfield

I'm not
Particularly beautiful, charming or wise,
But when I asked you why you loved me,
You said: Because you are
Adorably pretty, charming and wise!
I wonder why?



It was a pity no one told him

HE was an honor man in his class at college—popular with every one—giving promise of carving his notch high up on the ladder of success.

An unusual business opportunity came his way shortly after he was out of school—better than most young men are fortunate enough to secure. He certainly started out with a bang. Every one remarked about it.

* * * Five years passed. Howard Chapman, who had set out so brilliantly, was still almost precisely at the point where he started. Other young men who hadn't nearly his opportunity had out-distanced him each year.

What invisible thing was it that held Chapman back? Some of his closer friends undoubtedly knew but didn't have the heart to tell him. It was really a pity.

* * * * * * * * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For **HALITOSIS**  *use* **LISTERINE**



Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are Fully Developed

BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman!

Bust Pads and Ruffles

never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

FREE BEAUTY BOOK

If you wish a beautiful, womanly figure, write for a copy of the treatise by Dr. C. S. Carr, formerly published in the Physical Culture Magazine, entitled: "The Bust—How It May Be Developed." Of this method Dr. Carr states:

"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY Dept. 210 CLARINDA, IOWA

The American Beauty Has Been Chosen!

At last the difficult task has been completed. Too late for editorial space in this number the judges named the winner of the American Beauty Contest which has been conducted in the four Brewster Publications.

Next Month You Will Know Who She Is

Already the cuts of her new photograph have been made and the story about the judges' final decision is now being prepared. So, without any doubts, the announcement will appear in the July number.

There Are Honorary Mentions Too

Of course the winner was selected from a certain few and the remaining members of that select group have been given honorary mention——

Dont Miss The Judges' Decision

in

The July Motion Picture Magazine

HOW TO OBTAIN A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE!





IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays "to look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My newest greatly improved Nose Shaper "Trados Model 25," U. S. Patent, corrects now all ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in Nose Shapers and surpasses all my previous Models and other Nose adjuster patents by a large margin. It has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials on hand, and my fifteen years of studying and manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your disposal, which guarantees you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose. Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist 1897 Ackerman Building, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Also For Sale at First Class Drug Stores.

Little Old New York

(*Continued from page* 31)

A Patricia in poke bonnet and frilled gown was hard to deal with. A trembling girl who told her extraordinary story truthfully and tearfully managed to move the Town Council more than it would have individually been willing to admit. A timid fluttering bit of femininity who sat beside and held the hand of the man whose fortune she had stolen presented an ethical problem that was too much for the Town Council. Its moral sense had been outraged. Something assuredly must be done.

But what?

Finally old John Jacob Astor came to the rescue of the Town Council's dilemma. Larry and Pat—er—Miss Patricia would better take a trip to England until things blew over. He personally would see that there was a minister on the boat to marry them. Larry and Patricia looked at each other in joyous surprise. This was the best news in the world for them.

Later, in Patricia's own garden—rather Larry's own garden—or—er—that is—Larry's and Patricia's garden, Patricia murmured something about the luck of the Irish. "And anyway," she added, "the money is just as much mine now, as tho it was really mine."

Which cryptic utterance Larry seemed to understand very well, because he said, "Perfectly right Paddy darling—as long as you take me with it."

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page* 66)

companions had been entertaining themselves during the afternoon by trying to kill the jail matron.

* * *

Richard Walton Tully is bringing over a French actor, Maurice Canonge to take the part of "Zouzou" in Trilby. A Parisian actress, Mlle. Lafayette will take the part of Trilby.

* * *

As an indication of the present scarcity of actors, Tully Marshall is acting in four pictures at once; he is Louis XI in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"; Professor Futvoye in the "Brass Bottle"; the hermit in the "Talisman" which will be the first picture to be made by the new Frank Woods producing corporation and has a part in a play called "Twenty Dollars."

(*Continued from page 34*)

table at which sat most of the distinguished high-salaried scenario writers of the motion picture industry. "They will not let an author tell a story that is like life."

"But would the public like real life as it really is?"

"I wonder," Gloria mused. And then she added. "Of course they wouldn't believe it. I imagine I wouldn't believe it myself.

"For instance there is my director, Sam Wood. The other night he was held up on the street by some bandits. One of them poked a revolver against his ribs and told him to throw up his hands. Sam said they could kill him if they wanted to but he'd be darned if he would throw up his hands. Could you make anybody believe that on the screen—a young fellow with every brilliant promise in life, ready to die rather than to hold his hands up over his head? The bandit couldn't believe it himself apparently. He ran away.

"Just so, you see every actress on the screen make wild clutching gestures in moments of great tragedy. Of course that is contrary to nature. Fear, terror, dismay are all emotions that contract. If you are really and truly terrified you cant scream; your throat contracts. Your shoulders sort of hunch into your body; you grow small; you shrink.

"One time I saw a man being sentenced to be hanged. He didn't do the way they do on the screen. He acted like an embarrassed boy who has to speak on Friday afternoon at the high school. He had a dinky little hat which he kept fingering in the most careful and painstaking way. When it was over, he slid back into his seat as tho being hanged didn't matter so much if he didn't have to stand up in the presence of a crowd.

"Some day, I imagine, some great screen genius will come along and discard all these conventionalized methods with one gesture."

"At that," said Gloria, with a sudden change of tone. "I want to go on the speaking stage some day."

"So that's the big ambition?"

"The big ambition is twins," said Gloria. "I want to be a great actress in plays that have words and I want to be a really successful mother. If you could see that baby of mine, you would realize that she is my masterpiece. She is the sweetest . . ."

But when these young mothers start like that, experience teaches us that it is high time to look at the watch and hustle back to the studio.



Florient
Flowers of the Orient

—a mystic fragrance of Oriental flowers.

This rare bouquet is only one of many delightful Colgate perfumes from which you may choose your favorite—all blended with exquisite care from the finest essences the world produces.

Three little vials of perfumes, with an interesting booklet telling how to choose a perfume that fits your personality, will be sent you for a 2c stamp to cover postage.

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PARIS NEW YORK

Look in your Mirror

PLACE the tips of your fingers at the top of each cheek bone. Push gently upward.

The sagging of the cheeks disappears. Your fingers are doing the work that sagging, pulled-out, weakened muscles should be doing.

NOW RELAX

Remove your fingers. What a change! Is this the way you will continue to live—unbeautiful, showing and exaggerating your age in every line?

Place your fingers once more and again make your face attractive. How different you look. Make the change *permanent!*



YOU CAN!

You can mould your face back to youthfulness, prettiness and normal contour as easily as the Greek Sculptors moulded their beautiful statues—taking a little off this face and putting a little on here and there wherever it gave a beautiful effect.

Dr. Lawton's FACE AND NECK BEAUTIFIER will do this for your face. Used only a few minutes each day; this unusual device will bring a new flow of healthful life blood to the sluggish parts.

After each treatment you will notice firmer tissues, loss of flabby cheeks, filled in hollows and wrinkles, and a smoother, clearer and more colorful complexion.

NATURAL TREATMENT

Dr. Lawton's FACE AND NECK BEAUTIFIER is absolutely natural in its treatment. As exercise develops the muscles of the arms and legs, so does the BEAUTIFIER develop the muscles of the face and neck, surely, harmlessly, permanently.

The outfit is simple. The wonderful little BEAUTIFIER is a small, light, soft, flesh colored vacuum cup, constructed on highly scientific lines. A full sized Vanity Bottle of Dr. Lawton's daintily perfumed FACE TISSUE TONIC and Dr. Lawton's attractive, illustrated BEAUTY BOOK.

* * * * * *

Hundreds of women have written us grateful letters, telling how Dr. Lawton's FACE AND NECK BEAUTIFIER makes the mirror experiment permanent.

Try the BEAUTIFIER for two days. If the results in that time do not more than delight you, we will refund your purchase price without question.

Send your name and address—no money. When the Postman delivers the BEAUTIFIER outfit complete, in plain wrapper, simply pay him $3.75 plus a few cents postage charges.

If you prefer to remit in advance, include 20c to cover postage and insurance. Write for booklet.

But write **today!**

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Ask Ziegfeld=He Knows

Flo Ziegfeld is a genius when it comes to picking American beauties. His Follies are famous for their girls with perfect faces and figures. How he selects them is told by Mr. Ziegfeld to Gladys Hall in July BEAUTY.

Wouldn't You Help Her Too?

The young girl who stands with reluctant feet—waiting for some one to give her proper attention is going to be considered at last. Beauty is a vital thing in her life. Give her a chance to come into her own. Read about it in July BEAUTY. The author of the article has given the matter serious thought.

Do Clothes Intrigue You?

Then you will not want to miss the display of fascinating frocks and bewitching hats shown in the July BEAUTY.

Buy July Beauty on the news=stands June eighth

Beauty

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Perfume Your Bath—Soften Hard Water Instantly

Bathe with Bathasweet. It adds the final touch of dainty luxuriousness to your bath—it refreshes and invigorates. Bathasweet keeps the skin soft and smooth. It imparts the softness of rain-water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. Always keep a can in your bathroom. Three sizes: 25¢, 50¢ and $1. At drug and department stores or by mail. **Send 10¢ for miniature can.** The C. S. Welch Co., Dept. A. B., New York City.

TRADEMARK REG.

BATHASWEET

Half Chinese and Wholly Lovely

(*Continued from page* 41)

half caste children. Somehow or other, she met the wife of a movie director at a party and . . . Well, of course, you can guess the rest.

"Say something in Chinese," I challenged.

"I—I cant, I dont know any."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am."

And then she explained. "I used to speak Chinese when I was a child, but somehow I got out of the way of it. I am awfully proud of my Chinese blood tho. It gives me a little thrill of pride when I hear some one say: 'She looks Chinese.'

"It seems to me sometimes as tho I were two persons. Especially when I get angry. My mind seems to be French and I get all stirred up. Then way down in my soul something old and oriental seems to say to me 'There, there, child, it doesn't matter; nothing matters.' And I calm down again. It seems as tho the European side of my nature kept suggesting things for me to do and the Chinese part of me sat in critical, calm judgment on the project."

"Everything in the world seems to have been discovered by the Chinese. I suppose they had motion pictures a couple of million years before we ever heard of them," I suggested.

She laughed. "Well I wouldn't say that; but it is true that my father's people were telling stories in the motion picture way when your father's people were wandering around killing animals with their hands and tearing the raw meat with their teeth."

? ? ? ? ? ? ?

"Well," she answered. "Telling stories by pictures is merely getting back to the realms of suggestive art. That is to say, discarding words which are an impediment to the imagination of the hearer. The Chinese have been telling stories that way for countless ages. For instance, Chinese poetry eliminates this clutter of words. A Chinese poem will only indicate the symbols upon which the imagination is to fasten itself. A poem will read like this:

"A tower
"A dark lake
"A Woman's face at a window
"Villain lurking in shadow.
"Lover with lute, etc. etc.

"If that isn't what they call 'Picture stuff' then I dont know what is!"

What I answered was, "Just indeed."

What I was thinking was, "Girl, if you aren't picture stuff, then I dont know what is."

The Heavy

(*Continued from page 37*)

right side of the fence, despite my questionable personality, I trust my audiences will be more kindly in their thoughts of me."

At this time Mr. Torrence is working with Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," at the Universal studios. This will be a mammoth production and will keep him busy for months. In this picture, our erst-while comedian will be seen as a king of the Paris underworld.

"I wouldn't return to the speaking stage—or to the East, for worlds," laughed this versatile giant. "We are building our home here now, out at the end of Hollywood Boulevard just as you enter beautiful Laurel Canyon, and where the gorgeous mountains will greet us continually. Outside of my work at the studios, my only interests are home, my piano, my golf, and my family. We indeed a happy three."

Then I was introduced to "number three," Ian (O.K.) Torrence, a sturdy lad of fifteen who will soon be as unbelievably tall and firmly knit as his father.

Mr. Torrence is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland. Following years of study in piano and voice at Stuttgart, Germany, he taught music in his home town. Then came further study at the Royal Academy of Music, London, where he was awarded the Westmoreland scholarship, and a gold medal for opera.

It was following this training he began his stage career in comic opera, and appeared in the last work of the famous Sir Arthur Sullivan, just prior to that writer's death. For ten years he played at the Savoy, Lyric, Gaiety, and Adelphi theaters in London and in the provinces. In 1911 he came to America.

"Those ten years were filled with hard work, many disheartening experiences, and utter misery at times," Mr. Torrence said dreamily. But my coming to America brought great luck. My first appearance in this country was for Al Woods, in 'The Only Girl,' and 'The Night Boat.' I was with the latter when I got my chance for pictures."

So when you see Ernest Torrence again, tho he may be cruel to the "nth" degree, remember the many steps he has taken to reach his goal. First as a musician, then a singer, an actor, a comedian, and now a heavy. Admire him for his perseverance and undaunted ambition, which nothing could kill, even tho it landed him in the hardest rôle of his life.

O, yes indeed. "One may smile and smile, and be a villain!"



You Must Fight

The film on teeth, or you may suffer

Under old brushing methods, few escaped tooth troubles. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

In fact, tooth troubles constantly increased — became alarming in extent. That's what led to this new method, which has brought to millions a new dental era.

Those dingy coats

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Almost universal

Film-coated teeth were almost universal. The ordinary tooth paste could not effectively combat film. So dental science set out to find effective film combatants.

Two methods were developed. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent, which leading dentists of some 50 nations are advising now.

Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Fights acids too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents That was not done before.

For beauty's sake

People who see the Pepsodent effects will always use it, if only for beauty's sake.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a delightful revelation. Cut out the coupon now.

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Orange-colored, lasts all day

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PERT lasts all day or evening until you remove it yourself with cold cream or soap and water. At drug or department stores, or by mail, 75c. a jar.

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ROSS COMPANY
Makers of Winx, The Liquid Lashlux
78 Grand Street New York

The Madness of Youth

(*Continued from page* 57)

him, stripping off her mask. "I wondered what had become of you," she said. "So you're here, Louise." Javalie spoke without surprise. The dancer nodded. "Yes, I'm here. What are you going to do about it? After all, Jaca, did you suppose that you could do what you did do to me without ever hearing of it again?"

"What do you consider that I 'did' to you?"

"The writers of fiction would say that you had broken my heart. As I probably have none, you have merely made me hate you." She laughed, mockingly. (How different from the delicate mockery of Nanette!) "How funny you look in your religious rags!" she said. "How funny it will be when I tell them who you *really* are!"

Javalie leaned toward her. "Please," he said, "dont do that. I've been waiting three years for this chance. Dont spoil it. If I'm successful, and I will be if you will help me, I'll divide with you . . . I'll . . . I'll go away and marry you . . . only let me get the money in that safe! Later, after your dance, I'm going to speak to the guests. I want to make my final effect. They believe you a famous vampire. Help me . . . pretend that you are a convert to my spiritual fervor. Think, Louise, money and a far country . . . think!"

Louise looked at him, narrowly. If he had been thinking of her personally he would have seen that he was safe. There was love of him in her eyes. She nodded. "All right," she said, "speak your little speech, Jaca, and I'll pretend that you've saved my soul."

Javalie spoke to them. He stood on the balcony with the summer winds ruffling his sacerdotal rags and the moonlight encircling his head like a halo. He told them he was speaking, not of religion but appealing to their better selves, to the spirits that lived in their bodies, to their hearts. . . . The faces looking at him were stirred and strange when he had finished. Old Theodore P. Banning kept clearing his throat. Nanette shifted from one foot to the other and her eyes ceased their mocking and became tender and absorbed. Under cover of the rosebushes Ted moved nearer to his wife and was silent while she told him her sweet secret. And at the very end the beautiful dancer stepped from the group and knelt beneath the balcony where Javalie stood. "I want to ask forgiveness of my sins," she pleaded. She could have had no more emotion if she had been in earnest. What an actress she was, Javalie thought, and his fine lips curled.

. . . .

The Banning estate was quiet with sleep. Theodore P. alone was awake, sitting in his library pondering the events of the evening. To him came the holy man, Javalie. "Why dont you go to bed?" he asked his host, "you look tired . . . worn." Banning nodded. "I am," he said. Javalie stood before the older man and passed his hands over the grey head. "Then sleep," he began to intone, "sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep . . ." Banning relaxed and closed his eyes. When his breathing was quiet and his hands limp Javalie took him by his arm and led him softly to the great vault in the other room. "Open this," he commanded and, automatically, perfectly, Banning obeyed. As he did so, Javalie jotted down the combination in a note-book and then, as quietly, led the tranced man back to his chair.

Javalie's mission in the Banning home was complete. Where was the victory? Where the wine of triumph?

As he turned to leave the room, the older Banning being now relaxed into normal, quiet slumber, he found Pete Reynolds waiting for him. "So that's your game, is it?" he asked, grimly, "thought so. I've been watching you."

Javalie nodded. "A crook," he said, "yes. One of the best. Are you going to spill the beans?"

"I might not." Reynolds said, "for a—consideration."

The two men entered into an agreement, and Javalie promised to have the money extracted within twenty-four hours.

The only person who did not sleep in the Banning home that night was Jaca Javalie. The only man who could find no peace was the man who had brought peace to the household.

In the morning Ted came to his father and told him that he was going away with his wife to work for her with his own hands. Javalie had showed him what he was doing, he said. He wanted to "begin again . . ." He thought that he could. Old Theodore P. took his grown son into his arms and kist him as he had not done since Ted was a boy. "I'll build you a house, son," he said, "and you can start in that."

(*Continued on page* 80)

No Wonder Rouge Never Gave a Natural Color!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush



"The Amazing Million Dollar Beauty Secret Had At Last Been Discovered"

SCIENCE now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skilfully rouge is applied, the task is *impossible*.

In creating the wonderful new Princess Pat Natural Tint, *the great handicap of rouge came to light!* The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used *must positively change upon the skin after it is applied*. No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature.

Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of Princess Pat Tint to banteringly criticize the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a feminine acquaintance. She in turn challenged her critic to use his vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a *scientist* turned his hand to a task which had baffled the *cosmetician* since rouge was first used.

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available, the effort proved futile.

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of differing shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none perfect.

Then accident stepped in, and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion.

Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!* The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English Complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat Tint, had at last been discovered.

Princess Pat Tint Is Waterproof!

Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make this new tint waterproof. And such wonderful success attended his efforts that one may actually go in bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. Princess Pat Tint on the cheeks will not run or streak, even if rubbed with water. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet it vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

Princess Pat Tint comes in only one shade, of course; for the one shade *blends perfectly with every complexion!* It is as perfect in daylight as under artificial light. So it is no wonder that Princess Pat Tint has become a sensation—the demand in New York, Chicago, and other large cities has been simply overwhelming. Dealers everywhere are being supplied as fast as possible. Meanwhile, however, we will be glad to send Princess Pat Tint free to every woman who reads this advertisement.



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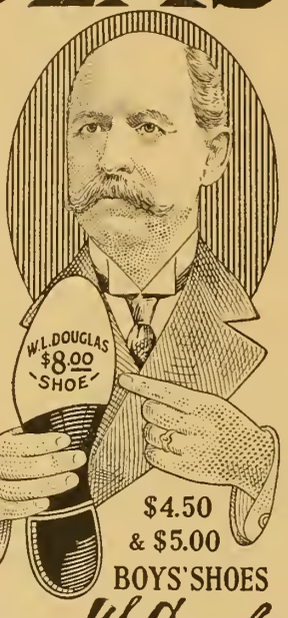
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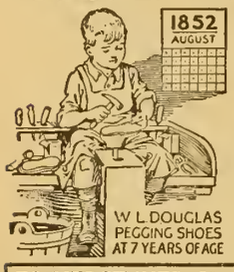
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Ernst Lubitsch Had No Traditional Ideas About Mary---

That is why Harry Carr's story with this European director, who after his continental success has come to America to direct Mary Pickford, is so unusually interesting. And besides discovering just what Lubitsch thinks of America's Sweetheart, Harry Carr gives you a vivid impression of the dynamic little master-man himself. . . .

Also there is a fascinating story as told by Harold Lloyd's mother about the screen bespectacled comedian as a boy in the rural towns of the Middle West. There are any number of pictures showing him thru the early years of his life. And there are countless amusing incidents about his boyhood.

And, if you are interested in amateur theatricals, the July MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be of untold help to you. It contains the first of a series of articles on the Little Movie Theaters in America. It advises you how you can go about establishing an amateur movie company in your town. And these articles are written by experts who have already overcome all the difficulties which would arise in an undertaking of this nature.

There are pages upon pages of new pictures too—and the latest news—and more good things generally than there is room to talk about.

The July Motion Picture Magazine

On the Newsstands June 1st.

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The Madness of Youth

(*Continued from page 78*)

In his room Javalie was reading a note from the dancer, Louise. She told him that the joke was on her. That last night, in the garden as she had knelt at his feet, the game had suddenly become reality to her. The words she had meant to say with her lips had come, somehow, from her heart. "She was going away, back to her own people. . . ."

Javalie was strangely shaken. His two natures rose and fought within him. He had, like Louise, come to this house to play a skilfully contrived rôle, and lo, like Louise, too, the rôle had become reality. These people had accepted him. His exhortations had come true. He felt suddenly defiant. He would shake off this weakness, this softness, that had come to him as to the whole household. He went unsteadily from his own room to the vault room. The family were in the garden. He would accomplish his mission and steal away. It would all be over, the moonlight, Nanette . . .

The vault room was heavy with silence. He had the combination clearly before him, but somehow the room revolved. He couldn't seem to see very well, to stand very firmly. He gave a little moan and fell to the ground in a sorry heap.

. . . . .

When he came to, he was in Nanette's arms. The elder Banning was standing over them. Young Ted was speaking. "A common thief," he said, "I'll phone for the police, Dad." But Nanette held him closer. "Dad," she cried, "Why, Dad, dont you *see?* In saving our souls, he has saved his own!"

The elder Banning nodded. "I think that's true, Ted," he said to his son, "I think Nannie is right. . . ."

Little Madame Jeanne caught her husband's hand, "That *is* right, Ted," she said, softly, "ah, dont you feel that it is, dear?"

Javalie had risen to his feet. His white face corroborated them all. Nanette, sobbing, clung to her father, "Dad . . . Dad . . ." she cried, "I . . . I love him . . . the real him . . . the him that saved us all . . . dont you see?"

Javalie raised her hand, and kist it, and was still. They had their right to judge him . . . these people whom he had saved and would have robbed.

Ted and Jeanne were silent, too. The elder Banning took his daughter's hand and placed it in Javalie's. "I see, Nannie," he said, "I think I see. . . ."

Foreign Films

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Polikuschka" from the story of Leon Tolstoi featuring the famous Russian artist Moskwin who, I am informed, is at present in America. The other artists figuring in this photoplay belong to the famous Russian company Stanislavski.

ITALY

I have not very much to say about Italy as no changes of particular interest have happened there since I wrote my last article. If I tell you what I have seen during my different visits to that country you may judge better what the situation is.

Let us start with Rome, some months ago, just when we heard that the second industry in Italy was picture production. Let us enter a shop called "Old England" and go to the top floor where one can get tea and other refreshments. At the time of which I am speaking we could find assembled at different tables producers, artistes and other cinema fans. Let us approach a table, by chance, and be indiscreet and hear what is said.

A producer.—I dont know what to do. Miss X—— (here the name of a well-known artiste) has promised to appear in one of my pictures and when I told her that I had reserved for her the rôle of the girl who becomes old she refused to play. And yet the rôle is a first class one. She replied: "Well, I always want the public to see me young and not old." And do you know, old chap, continued the producer, the oldest part she will take in the picture does not give her true age. She is to play Miss F—— in my film and appear thirty-five and she is now, well, I think she must be nearly forty.

Another producer.—Well you can arrange that. Try to make your heroine twenty-five instead of thirty-five and things will be settled. But what about me? My leading lady left me and she has formed her own company, do you understand? It is not a question of age.

Now, my dear reader, let us leave our tea shop as we have heard enough, in fact, more than we could learn by many visits to the studios and better than by interviewing many people.

GERMANY

Before the war, Germany had already some good stars. Among these was Asta Neilsen an artiste who was said to be of Danish origin. She appeared principally in German films and made wonderful creations, one of her best successes being "The Downfall." What I remember of this film which I saw more than ten years ago,



Posed by Lois Wilson, attractive Paramount motion picture star. Miss Wilson is one of many charming women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion. From a photograph by Donald Biddle Keys.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream, more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to "tone-up"—*revitalize*—the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully—according to directions in the Health Hint booklet packed with every jar—it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is genuinely beautiful.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in either the fifty cent or $1.00 size—the dollar size contains three times the quantity. Begin at once to gain a new charm of complexion. It will mean so much to you.

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C. J. MUSSEHL, 333 Mack Bldg., Ft. Atkinson, Wis.

is that it was the story of a stage actress or dancer.

Now, I understand that a new film has been made which has the same name and which tells us the story of a young actress whose first husband has been very cruel to her and who falls to such a low state that she, who was once a beautiful woman, is not even recognized by the man she loves after some years during which she has been separated from him. I do not think this to be the plot of "The Downfall" which I saw before the war, but it has a certain likeness.

Hungry Hearts of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 20)

a sea tramp. But he happened to get started on Western stories and made such a success that the public will not accept him in any other kind of stories. So that's that.

Monte Blue wants to be a director. Every time he gets out in front of a camera, his heart aches with longing to be on the other side of the instrument telling some inspired actor how to do it.

Helen Ferguson wants to be a short story writer with her name advertised in the magazines. It might be that she will fulfil her ambition.

Marie Mousquini, down at the Harold Lloyd studio, has a curious ambition. She wants to be a business woman. She never had the slightest idea of being an actress. She got a job in the business department of the Roach studios and she was so pretty and attractive and general colorful and had so much personality that they dragged her away by main force and put her in front of a camera. She never has gotten over the hankering to be a business young lady with a lot of card index stuff lying around — a stenographer — no not a stenographer, probably a dictograph —at her elbow—sales charts with colored pins and all such junk.

Charley Ray wants to be a producer of stage plays. His movie career is just a stepping stone to Broadway. Some day he will be a David Belasco with a wistful, sad smile and teaming millions trying to get into his theater.

Jackie Coogan endures fame and wealth because he knows that he still has time enough before him to gain his life's ambition which is to be a fireman. Not just an ordinary fireman tho. Jackie aims high. He will be satisfied with no other station in life except to be the fireman who sits up in the poop deck of a hook and ladder wagon and steers the machine down thru the traffic, making all the limousines climb up on the sidewalk to get out of the way.

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The Return

(*Continued from page 23*)

influence, an invaluable means of education. In the little far away towns, it is the one thing the people have. They keep abreast of the news. They relieve the terrible monotony of a small town—and no one knows what that is until they have lived in one—by going to the movies. It brings romance to lives absolutely lacking in that. It affords entertainment to a people who would never get it any other way. It teaches them history. It familiarizes them with the classics they would otherwise never have even heard of.

"Now I know what I am talking about," said Mr. Bushman with conviction. "We went thru all these little towns on our vaudeville tours. We came in contact with all these people. They all knew us—from pictures. It was beautiful to me.

"Why, these housewives that were never out of their own kitchens learn to set their tables from the movies. They acquire a very workable set of manners. They learn how to dress. You know these things are ordered better now than they used to be. It is safe now for people to copy the things they see in the movies, manners, clothes, customs, houses, decorations, and so on. I can only repeat that I think that the motion picture is the greatest force in the world. I believe it has a message to bring to all peoples. And I am glad and proud to be a part of it."

Now we know that most of these things have been said before, but we have never heard them said with such a ring of conviction, sincerity and truth. Somehow, when Francis X. Bushman told us these things, they took on a new vitality. We believed them. We suddenly became enthusiastic about our job. We wanted to make our magazine bigger and better. Yes, we truly did. And we too, were glad and proud to be a part of this great industry.

Surely if a man can do that, can manage to lift a job out of the humdrum, to make of his own life a consecration to an ideal, to imbue others with a new purpose, then surely there will be a place for him once more in the hearts of an adoring following.

The romantic youth has become the worth while man . . . but he still has that thick mop of leonine hair, that wont ever stay slicked down . . . the buoyant step of youth . . . the eager look of an adventurer in life that years can never take away.

The return promises to be interesting.



Earle E. Liederman
as he is to-day

Useless as a Rabbit's Tail

The best thing a rabbit can do with his tail is to sit on it. And that's about as much use as some men make of their bodies. There are so many flat-chested, weak kneed specimens walking the streets these days that a real live man is a curiosity. The average man of today has about as much ambition for exercise as a jelly-fish. If he runs 50 yards, he puffs like a steam engine, sits down and feels as though he were ready to die. And, take it from me, he isn't far from it.

Cut it out fellows. Don't be a cake eater. If you ever knew the joys of a real healthy body, you would start this minute to get one. And that is just what you are going to do. The undertaker has his eye on you, but give him the laugh and say: "Not yet, old boy."

The Gateway to Health

It is open to you. Come on in and get busy. Yes, it means work, but Oh boy! what it brings to you. In just 30 days I am going to put one full inch on your biceps; yes, and two inches on your chest. But that is only the start. Now comes the real works.

I am going to broaden your shoulders, fill out your chest and give you a pair of arms that carry a wallop. Meanwhile I work on your inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. Every breath you take brings a deep inhale of oxygen into your lungs, purifying your blood, so that your whole body will fairly tingle with new life. You will feel real pep in your old backbone.

This is no idle talk. My treatment has stood the test of years and is now endorsed by experts as absolutely the shortest and only sure route to Health and Strength. I don't promise results—I guarantee them. Come on now and make me prove it.

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It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 47*)

RUPERT HUGHES has taken his magazine story, "Souls for Sale" (Goldwyn), and given it a screen dressing and we must hand this gifted author and director credit for fashioning a picture which takes the spectator on a fanciful flight thru filmland. Mr. Hughes has assembled over thirty players, many of whom are headliners, and piloted them around Hollywood sets. He gives us a large close-up of studio activities—of the lives of the screen gentry on location. And while he shoots his scenes he waxes satirical in his titles. Yet beneath the humorous surface is the story of the rise to stardom of a girl who stumbled upon a company making a "sheik" picture. She had run away from a criminal husband.

Mr. Hughes would have us believe that his tale is typical of the manner in which a star is made. But the atmosphere is the most important feature of the play and one is allowed to get an eye-ful of the directors, Stroheim, Niblo, Neilan and Chaplin. Chaplin? Indeed, the King of Comedy is caught for a brief moment with the megaphone. The climax ushers in a thrilling chapter culled from the circus formula.

The story becomes artificial toward its conclusion and the cast is too large to allow any individual player's study to be absorbed by the spectator. Yet "Souls for Sale" is interesting because of its novelty and the humorous twists—to say nothing of the atmospheric touches.

WE turn to Pola Negri who looks almost like a new discovery in Paramount's "Bella Donna." Having the advantage of American methods of screen technicalities, she is able to display a charm which was lost in German productions. So much for Yankee lighting and photography. The picture embellishes her emotional gifts so that she appears to be a different personality entirely. Yet it may be that her art is so limitless in expression that each new picture brings out some heretofore hidden appeal.

It is a sumptuous production—a positive revelation from a scenic standpoint. George Fitzmaurice has achieved the well-nigh impossible task of creating a genuinely atmospheric Egypt, London and Venice—so much so, that nothing of the studio is stamped upon it. It's a passionate tale of an oversexed woman who is carried away in the arms of Intrigue, Caprice, Adventure and Tragedy.

The magnetic Pola is superb

(*Continued on page 86*)

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Cleo Madison, noted screen beauty, took off several inches in a brief treatment, and is now on the way back to California with six jars of Slendaform for some of her friends. George Trimble, important officer of the Actors Equity Association who always wore a 19½ collar, now wears an 18. He also reduced 3¼ inches in the waist. Frank W. Goodale says, "Results are astounding. They are visible after few applications."

A certain famous actress, upon being refused the opportunity to play the character of the debutante in a new film, used Slendaform and returned to the studio. The director was surprised, delighted, and gave her the coveted part.

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If, after using Slendaform according to the simple directions on each jar, you are unable to see results, we cheerfully refund your money in full.

No offer could be fairer than this; it is proof positive that Slendaform actually reduces as we say it will.

All druggists are now being supplied, but it will be months before the Slendaform Laboratories catch up with the demand. In the meantime if you want a jar or two you may have to send direct to the New York office at 500 Fifth Avenue, and we will supply you.

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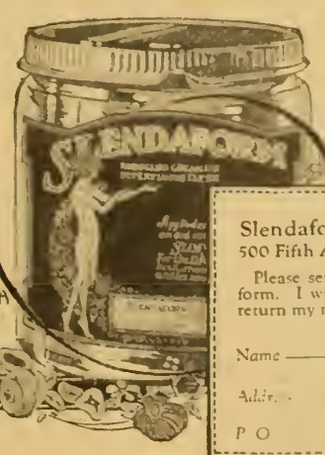
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L·W·SWEET INC.
1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 84)

against such a colorful background—a background which abounds in elaborate carnival scenes, desert sandstorms and massive reproductions of oriental architecture. A gripping document which is dramatically effective and optically pleasing and finely interpreted by the star and a company that has seemingly caught some of her verve and vitality.

RUPERT HUGHES is not the only sponsor of screen novelties for the month. He must make room for Maurice Tourneur whose production, "The Isle of Lost Ships" (First National), stimulates the imagination and excites the pulse with its fanciful story of adventure, conflict and romance in the Sargasso Sea—where all floating wreckage drifts to find sanctuary. The corpses of these dead vessels lend an uncanny atmosphere which is rich in its colorful appeal. Human derelicts find refuge among them—the sole survivors of ill-fated cruises.

It is stark melodrama punctuated with fanciful adventure and romance and the acting contributed by Milton Sills, Walter Long and other competent players is in perfect harmony with the vigorous tale.

IN turning to Jackie Coogan we discover him in a trite, hackneyed story "Daddy" (First National), which is worthy of patronage, however, because of the presence of the inimitable youngster. Follow little John thru his tender moments with an aged musician and shed a tear over him. There is no backbone to the plot and it's unduly artificial featuring as it does a mother who leaves her temperamental husband and takes her child with her. Follow Jackie thru his efforts to get his grandparents out of the poorhouse as he parades the city streets begging silver with his eloquent eyes and his violin playing. The elderly musician, the tutor of the lad's father, dies. Which offers a moment of heart interest and pathos. And the parent conveniently meets the boy. Result, happy days for all concerned except the mother who for some reason or other has passed into the Great Beyond.

With Jackie in nearly every scene the opus is saved from traveling the quick road to oblivion. We will forget it easily when the circus story, "Toby Tyler," comes along.

STORIES of moonshine, feudists and revenuers among "them thar hills" have become so conventional that "The Trail of the Lone-

Tasty~

Wintergreen-that appealing enticing flavor—a taste that lingers on and on—its use is

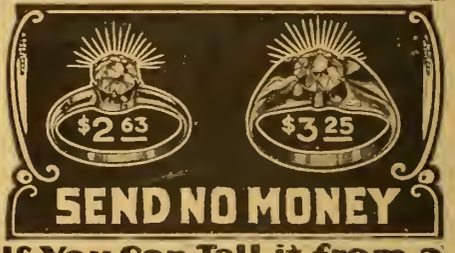
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Quiets the nerves

BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum



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Shampooing

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some Pine" (Paramount) does not generate much entertainment. John Fox's tale has been used as a model for this type of pictures. So it must be called the grand-daddy of them all. Most everyone is familiar with the story which if it hasn't been read, at least has been seen a score of times.

Mary Miles Minter is the little mountain wildflower who develops a romance with the young "furriner." And before the youth from the city is able to take her away from her cabin we are given a deal of local color, a fair-to-middlin' climax when the fendists tote their guns into the town and some highly picturesque settings. Ernest Torrence suggests the typical mountain moonshiner. He compels attention with every expression which flits across his face—a graphic study of a son of the soil down "thar" in ol' Kaintuck."

THE odds are ten to one that, if "Enemies of Women" (Cosmopolitan) had been produced on a modest scale, it would have been dismissed as stereotyped, dull stuff. But the sponsors have loosened the purse strings lavishly—so much so that the picture becomes one of those million dollar productions. And by giving it truly sumptuous settings and an authenticity of background as it pertains to Monte Carlo the artistic side of the picture saves it—tho much of its value is found in the more than excellent interpretation by Lionel Barrymore as a wealthy degenerate and Alma Rubens as an adventuress.

The war comes sparing none but a group of wilful men who scoff at women. Yet these wealthy bounders catch the spirit of sacrifice and discover their souls. The story has gaps. You will find them when the adventuress pleads for money from the rich Russian to send to her boy at the front, and when she refuses to tell him that she has a son at all—altho her pride is so monumental that she would cry her relationship from the housetops.

There is a thrilling scene when the terrorists storm the prince's castle—and the war strips are the real stuff. The director deserves a compliment for trimming his battle scenes and handling the exceptionally large cast in masterly fashion. It is colorful. Make no mistake about it.

But its highlights are its rich backgrounds and Barrymore's portrayal.

WILLIAM de MILLE gets down to human values much better than brother Cecil. He is not afraid to tackle a character study. "Grumpy" (Paramount), and mould it into an absorbing little pic-

(Continued on page 89)



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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 87)

ture story. True he has Theodore Roberts who as the irascible old lawyer, gives a powerful characterization—one which easily outranks anything he has heretofore contributed. Some might not favor this actor in the rôle since it was originally created by Cyril Maude. But should they reason from the standpoint that because Roberts doesn't look like Maude he is incapable of giving a correct rendition? This is a foolish argument with nothing to stand upon except the original creation which paints a pleasant fancy which one doesn't like to spoil. See Theodore Roberts in "Grumpy" and enjoy character acting at its best.

"THE TIGER'S CLAW" (Paramount) presents us with the old moth-eaten story of the disappointed lover who exiles himself to India where he falls in love with a half-caste girl—and wonder of wonders, he marries her! Bang goes the racial barrier, you say? But wait! The white girl comes down from England and so they conveniently kill off the native. Oh yes it contains some thrills. The young engineer is rescued by the half-caste from some man-eating tigers and out of gratitude for saving his life he is tied in the bands of holy wedlock. But the arrival of the English charmer compels the author to paint the pretty Hindu as faithless to her marriage vows. Some of the atmosphere is good and Aileen Pringle is fetching as the half-caste. Jack Holt tries to be real.

HAVE you been watching Buster Keaton the past year? Wont you agree with us that his comedies are vastly more entertaining than half the features which come under your notice? Pay particular attention to "The Love Nest" (First National) and enjoy a rollicking laugh in following Buster's take-off of a whaling adventure. He has injected several new gags and incidentally, employs the dream situation. But it isn't so irritating in this instance because there is no indication that he has been asleep until the finish. It's a whale of a comedy.

SOME marvelous backgrounds of Tahiti do much toward compensating for a highly theatrical story of the South Sea formula in the Goldwyn expression, "Lost and Found." Really it is wild melodrama which is so palpably false that the good work by House Peters who, as a skipper, searching the high seas for



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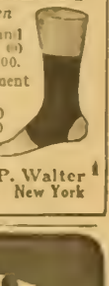
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his wife and child, is nearly negative. Perhaps the original tale, "Captain Blackbird," possessed some virtues. But they haven't been transferred to the screen version. There is much ado over tribal rites and customs and these bits are saturated with hokum. Pauline Starke and Antonio Moreno and George Siegmann struggle bravely to appear convincing. Miss Starke, incidentally, is miscast.

IT'S difficult to imagine just what Mack Sennett was thinking of when he wrote "Suzanna" (Allied Producers and Distributors) a tale of ancient vintage which carries none of his customary satire or burlesque. He turns to the babies-shifted-in-their-cradles-at-birth formula and writes it around a Spanish setting and places Mabel Normand in the rôle of a lowly peon. And Mabel doesn't show any of her flair for comedy. We must say that audiences will probably be amused with her—at least for old time's sake. You know the story now. The old servant comes forward with a confession which gives the girl a chance to receive forgiveness from the noble don. The latter's rebellious son steals her away from a tempestuous toreador. The pursuit is on and a fight on the edge of the cliff (horses are used) brings the fiesta and the happy ending.

We look for much brighter things from the Sennett lot. George Nichols, you are wasted here.

A GARDEN

By Margaret Mayfield

I've a garden
In my heart
Where flowers grow
Pale blooms blossomed there
Until your kisses
Made red roses live.
Their perfume you and I
Alone may breathe
If your love dies
There will be
Only withered flowers there
Despair in my heart
Death in the garden!

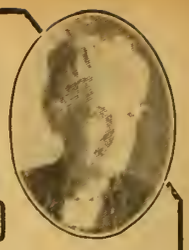
THREE TIMES TEN

Gamaliel Bradford

For all her fragile ways and white
  Demeanor like a lily,
She took a singular delight
  In making men look silly.

She had a face would fit a nun
  Devoted to the Savior;
But she was hardly such a one,
  To judge from her behavior.

She played the deuce with scores of men;
  But only to discover
That she was left at three times ten
  With not a single lover.



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Current Stage Plays

(*Continued from page 6*)

Palace.—Keith vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Playhouse.—"Up She Goes" is a musical version of Frank Craven's "Too Many Cooks." The company is headed by Donald Brian and Gloria Fay. Fair entertainment.

Plymouth.—"The Old Soak," by Don Marquis. The hit of the season so far. Another "Lightnin'." Beresford in the title rôle is particularly engaging.

Princess.—"Papa Joe." Mr. Malatesta in an amusing character study of Italian life.

Republic.—"Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments and the reconciliation of the irreconcilable—that is, the Irish and the Jews join hands.

Ritz.—"The Enchanted Cottage." A charming dream-type of drama by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. It is an adventure into the realm of phantasy that succeeds in enchanting every one who sees it.

Shubert.—"Peer Gynt." Joseph Schildkraut is not yet mature enough to play this, he makes Peer a spoiled boy.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Louise Huff in Rachel Crothers's new play, "Mary The Third." Miss Crothers reverses the old theme whose slogan is, "For the Children's Sake."

Times Square.—"The Fool." Unreal, impossible and moral too evident, but extra matinées have to be given to take care of the crowds—so there must be something.

Vanderbilt.—"Elsie." Another musical comedy, with the advantage of having its musical score written by Sissle and Blake and Carlo and Sanders.

ON TOUR

"Anna Christie." Eugene O'Neill at his best. Worth seeing.

"A Bill of Divorcement." A serious and well-acted drama.

"Bombo." Good music and new jokes.

"Bulldog Drummond." A mystery play everyone will like.

"Dulcy." Demonstrating that beauty triumphs over brains.

"Good Morning, Dearie." Excellent musical entertainment.

"Lawful Larceny." A crook melodrama. Fair.

"Make It Snappy." Eddie Cantor is the whole show.

"Nice People." A comedy of manners.

"Partners Again." A Potash and Perlmutter comedy.

"Red Pepper." A typical McIntyre and Heath entertainment.

"Sally." One of the best musical shows ever written.

"Shore Leave." Frances Starr weeps less than usual.

"Six Cylinder Love." A domestic comedy with a moral.

"The Circle." An excellent comedy with an all-star cast.

"The Gold Diggers." A snappy, colorful comedy.

"The Hairy Ape." The tragedy of a stoker. Excellent.

"The Merry Widow." A musical comedy revival that is making good.

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By Doris Kenyon

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On the hillside runnels break
Their long ice-bound sleep, to find,
At the kiss of sun and wind,
Once again the laughter lost
Mid December's blight and frost.

Cease thy dreaming, sister dear;
April's tear-washed skies are near,
And already, all day long,
Blue-birds lift a venturous song.
Waken, it is time to go
Where the crocus, thru the snow,
Pushes its brave head of gold
Upward thru the sleet and cold.
Warmer airs shall breathe again,
Mists of green with fragrant rain
Drift along the slumbering hills,
Where the morn its incense spills.

Waken, sister, wake and see
How the young year's prophecy
Of fresh fields and leafy dells,
Tendriled vines and attared bells,
Even now begins to bear
Sweet fulfilment everywhere.

THE CONCERT

By Borghild Lundberg Lee

I will not heed this music
Low and vibrant,
Poignantly sweet—
I shall whisper
A platitude
To my companion—
I shall not listen.
Who is he,
This player with souls,
That he should have the power
To make my heart cry
As if in pain?
I shall laugh aloud—
Strike a discordant note,
In all this sweetness—
I will not bare my soul
For everyone to see.



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Reminiscences of the great pianist and composer, Franz Liszt, by one of his pupils.

Our Standard Bearers

Thyra Samter Winslow, the author of Picture Frames, discusses the change in standard from our great-grandmother's day to the present time.

On the Watermelon-seed Circuit

An amusing account of the motion-picture invasion into China and the enthusiasm with which it is received.

The American Short Story

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Æsop, the wise old owl of Greece, once said, "Know thyself." Had he lived in this movie age, he might have changed it to, "Know thy subject, before portraying it."

Who ever saw a fireman coming in from a long trip, without a speck of smudge on his face, and lily-white hands nicely manicured? If Maurice Barrymore were alive today, would he or any of the old school, do these things? Even among our best of this decade, Guy Bates Post, or Tyrone Power, the smallest detail would be correct, because they are not of the mushroom variety. I saw, with my own face and eyes, a typewriter which has not been used in large offices since about 1900, (a blind machine) used in a late picture. What office girl or boy, would not notice this error?

I repeat, what d'you mean? If you are getting five thousand dollars a week, six square meals a day, eight days a week, why not take a vacation, and find out how things are done in real life—not reel life? Barnum once said the public loves to be fooled. Yes, perhaps, but dont get caught at it. For the blue-eyed boy, at a million a year, is putting a screen nail in his coffin, every time these mistakes are made.

Listen to this, O ye Australian Crawlers! A swimmer was swimming the breast stroke, and he caught a man swimming the Australian crawl. This simply ain't done.

In a court-room scene, the defendant is locked in a cage, on the other side of room from the attorney, who was obliged to cross, every time he conversed with his client, and a murder trial at that. If the writer does not understand his subject, the long envelope is returned with a "not suited to our magazine" inclosed slip, a most depressing sight; but when a celebrity makes a picture of a penitentiary scene, without ever having been even in a real honest to goodness jail, the dear public pays out their hard-earned shekels, to be humbugged. Is this fair?

I ask you, is it?

GENE.

The Remedy For Censorship

(*Continued from page* 11)

were General Charles H. Cole, Judge Edward B. O'Brien, the Honorable William H. Carter and Mrs. Alfred T. Leatherbee. Business men, bankers, professional men and women, labor leaders, ex-service men, club women, teachers and clergymen all united to help. These united to make it clear to the voters, men and women both, that:

(1) "Censorship means that one man can determine what everyone in Massachusetts can see. What man is big enough and wise enough to have this power? Are we so weak and pictures so bad that our right of selection shall be taken from us?

(2) "Censorship means fewer pictures, advanced prices and uninteresting amusement.

(3) "Present laws fully protect the situation and prevent the showing of anything that is obscene, indecent, immoral or harmful.

(4) "Back of it all is the age-old desire of a self-selected few to run a community and compel all people to do their will. It is not the common good that the reformer is concerned about. It is his selfish desire to compel everyone to adopt his peculiar standards and ideals. The censor who believes that adventure, dancing, cards and the showing of modern life is wrong, will classify them as immoral and forbid their showing on the screen. If the censor be narrow and bigoted we will be allowed to see nothing, and if he be broad and careless we may see things which present laws make impossible.

(5) "If we deliver up our right of selection we will soon be ruled entirely by censors and deprived of that liberty which has made our country possible. There may occasionally be pictures which are open to just criticism and which could easily be stopped by anyone interested enough to bring complaint to the local authorities. There is no reason or argument for overturning the right of individual selection by the establishment of censorship."

What was the result of this enlightened appeal to the public intelligence? It was amazing. According to the Boston *Transcript*, a very conservative but a very great newspaper:

"In Massachusetts, for the first time in the United States, a proposal to establish a State Censorship of Motion Pictures came to popular vote and was rejected by a threefold majority. Such a defeat of one more effort to regulate the pleasures of a contented many according to the idea of an insistent few speaks for itself.

The remedy for censorship is now entirely clear. Organize to fight. Form a club against censorship in your own home town. Go to your local theater owner and ask his help, particularly if you need a meeting place. Boost good pictures. Stay away from the poor ones. Co-operate with your state organization. If you haven't one, create one as they did in Indiana. There a voluntary state organization, in return for the co-operation of theater owners, recommends good pictures.

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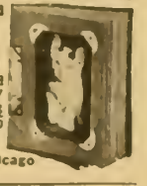
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And Beau Brummell is quick. It gives the nails a delicate tint and a wonderful polish in just twenty seconds. Price 50c at drug, department stores or by mail.

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NONSPI insures immaculate underarm hygiene—keeps underarms free from moisture and slightest taint of perspiration odor. Used for years by innumerable women everywhere—now considered essential to good grooming.

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GUARANTY WATCH CO., 154 Nassau St. Dept. O., New York

Iris In

(*Continued from page 48*)

tence may sound a bit profound at first, but not to anyone who has seen "The Glimpses of the Moon." Woof!

✢ ✢ ✢

The so-called tribute to Sarah Bernhardt ended with the highly appropriate *"sic transit gloria mundi."* "Do you know what that means?" asked the movie-audience mother of her movie-audience child; "No," answered the little one, "what does it mean?" "I dunno," said the parent, mildly indignant, "it's French. It probably means 'orrewar' or 'goodbye' or something."

We'd like to lay down a modest wager on her third choice.

✢ ✢ ✢

There is something particularly laudable in the basic sentiment of "Adam's Rib." By reason of his Old World glamor, romance and gallantry (undisputed) a handsome, exiled, still youthful monarch wins the favor of the wife of a hard, two-fisted, steely-eyed, cigar-smoking, equally young he-business man. And while Love is carefully toeing the window-sill for a good take-off what doth the busy business man? Gad sir, without once removing the cigar from his mouth, he buys the king's toy kingdom back for him and sends him packing. Magnificent, isn't it? A true monument to the Successful Americans of Today. *Youthful Wheat Wizard Retains Wife's Affections For Regal Ransom.*

And let me tell you these, Mister Man. If Mahomet and Joshua and old King Canute had had a little red-blooded, modern American pep and go, you wouldn't have seen them take back talk from any Law in the Universe. No sir! That mountain and sun and ocean would have cut out their nonsense and *snapped into it!*

✢ ✢ ✢

Well, as Jackie Coogan said to Charles Dickens as they were filming "Oliver Twist," "God help us, one and all!"

MARY

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

When Mary was a little lass,
She wandered off to school,
And with her went her little lamb—
Which was against the rule.

Now Mary is a lady grown,
And all the lads are daff,
The while they gaze in ecstasy
At Mary's dainty calf.

NO PAPERS TO SIGN

No References
No Red Tape
No Waiting
Just Send Your Name We'll Send The Pearls



INDESTRUCTIBLE PEARLS
Genuine French pearls, imported from Paris, are now offered to you at importer's discount price. Former price was $30.00. They are 24 inches long, strung on silk, evenly graduated, fitted with solid gold spring safety clasp.

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Each purchaser of one of these pearl necklaces will receive a 14Kt. solid white gold clasp, set with a blue-white diamond as a free premium.
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If you return the pearls, we will return your deposit. They are natural pearl color, guaranteed never to break, crack, peel, or discolor and are not harmed by water or cosmetics. Send your name now for this pearl necklace. We'll ship at once

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63 PARK ROW, DEPT. 918 NEW YORK

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July Issue on the News-stands
June 6th

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If you can tell it from a Diamond Send it Back!



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Free Beautiful full-size BAR PIN, set with Luxite Diamonds, platinoid finish, free with ring.

GARFIELD IMPORTING CO., 3935 WASHINGTON BLVD., Dept. 109A CHICAGO

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YOU could sit on the fabled carpet of Bagdad and view the world. In the whisk of an eyelash it would carry you any place you wanted to go. All you had to do was wish.

Advertising is a sort of magic carpet. Read it and in the twinkling of an eye you can review the merchandise of the world, pictured and displayed for your benefit.

The advertisements introduce you to the latest styles—the newest comforts for the home—the best of the world's inventions. They tell you how to buy, where to buy and when to buy. They keep you posted on things necessary to feed and clothe you and your family and make you comfortable and happy.

Read the advertisements as a matter of *education*. Read them to keep abreast of progress.

Read the advertisements regularly.

Only the finely textured *English Clay* is good enough for madame's face



I think most motion picture actresses agree on one point at least; that elaying has come to stay and that the best clay by all odds is that creamy English Clay, Terra-derma-lax

AGNES AYRES



Claying is a regular part of my toilette routine. But I use nothing but the genuine English Clay—none of the ordinary massage muds for me. Terra-derma-lax is superior to them all

CORINNE GRIFFITH



There are clays and clays. I have tried them all, but have found none to compare with the imported English Clay, Terra-derma-lax

MARIE PREVOST



Clay? Of course I do. What woman doesn't who wishes to look her loveliest at all times? But experience has taught me to use nothing but the pure English Clay, Terra-derma-lax I believe it is called. I have found it vastly superior to all others

ENID BENNETT

By MARTHA KYERSON
245 Oxford Street, London, W. I., England

Every woman who prizes a beautiful complexion should clay at least once each week, but she should be very, very particular in her choice of clays; she should use nothing but the silky-textured Terra-derma-lax, imported from England.

This English Clay has skin-vitalizing power, a magnetic quality which is totally lacking in the domestic massage muds now flooding the market. *And it is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin.*

When applied to the face with the fingertips, this English Clay dries quickly in a firm, tingling mask. Forty minutes later it is whisked away with a moist towel and the miracle of skin-beauty is complete.

What happens is really this: the gentle magnetic action of Terra-derma-lax cleanses the skin perfectly, cleanses it in a way that no amount of scrubbing with soap and water or cold cream can cleanse it, drawing out from each tiny pore every dirt-speck, blackhead, perspiration-clot, and impurity that causes faulty complexions.

Get the English Clay habit; actresses, society women, everyone who values youth and beauty has acquired it. Clay with Terra-derma-lax at least once each week, twice is not too often, and you can have a gloriously young complexion, the envy of all your friends.

For the daily cold cream bath—use Terra-derma Creme, the Beauty Twin to Terra-derma-lax—the English Cold Cream with an English Clay base. In its velvety softness, this cold cream is unequaled by any other product on the market. It has the quality of imparting to the skin its own exquisite texture.

For sale by all druggists and department stores. Terra-derma-lax, $1. Terra-derma Creme in porcelain jugs, $1

Terra-derma-lax
The English Beauty Clay

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC.,
JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

You need not be embarrassed!

When you go to the beach this summer, are you going to be afraid to raise your arm? Are you going to shrink from the scrutinizing glance of your friends?

Are you going to permit unsightly hair on your face, arms, underarms and limbs to spoil the freedom which awaits you at the beach?



ZIP

IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT

Now is the time to eliminate every unwanted hair before the heat of summer has a chance to strengthen it. An application of ZIP today will do more than all the continued use of ordinary depilatories thruout the summer, for it does not merely take off surface hair—it gently lifts out the roots with the hairs and thus *destroys the growth!*

It has been proven that merely burning off surface hair with ordinary depilatories is the same as shaving and it is bound to strengthen the growth. With ZIP, however, you attack the cause under the skin and actually check the growth and destroy it.

Guaranteed! It is significant that no other manufacturer of a superfluous hair remedy offers FREE DEMONSTRATION treatments to prove the merits of the preparation. By all means, take advantage of my *Free Demonstration* treatment offer at my Salon.

Write for *FREE Book* "Beauty's Greatest Secret" which explains the three types of superfluous hair and in which leading stars tell how to be beautiful.

Madame Berthé
Specialist.

562 Fifth Ave.
(Ent. on 46th St.)
New York

The recognition of ZIP by Physicians, Specialists, Beauty Editors and Professionals has demanded that I also give to the modern woman other preparations to enhance her beauty, and with that in mind I have formulated the articles listed here.

Madame Berthé Superior Massage and Cleansing Cream—*Guaranteed not to grow hair. Jar..... 60¢*
Large size jar (½ pound) $2.00

Madame Berthé Antiseptic Talc—*Delightfully fragrant; absorbs moisture. Can, 25¢*
Beautiful glass jar.. 75¢

Balm-e-Lem—A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH FOR YOUR SKIN. *The new lemon lotion. Softens and whitens the skin. Makes face powder adhere twice as long. Bottle ..... 75¢*

Ab-Scent—*The ideal liquid deodorant. Remedies excessive perspiration. Destroys odors harmlessly.*

Colorless *(contains no staining artificial colors). Bottle ..... 50¢*

Lash-Life *Beautifies the eyes. Tube..... 50¢*

Antiseptic and Astringent—*Very effective. Bottle, 50¢*

Ask At Your Toilet Goods Counter

© 1923

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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Please send me FREE Book "Beauty's Greatest Secret" explaining the three types of superfluous hair and in which leading stars tell how to be beautiful; also send me a FREE sample of Massage and Cleansing Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....



Stillman's Freckle Cream

Get some now!

Enter the freckle contest this summer! Prizes to 103 girls who have the greatest number of freckles to lose.

Start any time. Have your picture taken "with your freckles on" before beginning treatments. After the freckles are all gone, take another picture. Send both in. Contest closes October 15. To the girl who started with the greatest number of freckles will be given $25 and her choice of $5 worth of Stillman toilet articles.

The second prize is $15 and a $5 assortment; third prize is $10 and the same. In order the next 100 girls will be given their choice of $5 worth of Stillman toilet articles. In case of any tie, duplicate awards will be given to each tying participant.

Your picture will not be printed. No winner's name will be published without her permission. This contest is not for advertising — but to interest girls in seeing how gently Stillman's Freckle Cream causes freckles to fade away, giving them a clear, white skin. Get it at any druggist. Two sizes, 50c and $1.

Write today for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and pick out the toilet articles you would like. This booklet will give you valuable hints on make-up. With it we will send instructions on how to take a "freckle photograph" with your Kodak.

Mail this today

The Stillman Co., 3 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill. Please send me "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and instructions on how to have a freckle photo taken.

Name.....

Address.....

SEPTEMBER 25¢

CLASSIC

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION



The Nestle Home Outfit for Permanent Waving by the New Lanoil Process

Paper Tubes, Borax, Pastes and Lengthy Heating All Eliminated



The girl "After" — hair beautifully and permanently waved. Ready for rain or surf.



From a photograph submitted to us showing the pleasant time these two girls are having while permanently waving each other's hair in their home.

THESE warm summer days your hair curling problem is a pressing one *unless* you visit a professional Nestlé Lanoil Waver, *or* apply the Nestlé Home Outfit. Imagine the comfort and relief of having natural, soft, bright curls and waves wherever you go, rain or sunshine. Imagine waking up in the morning, curls and waves still flowing. Imagine throwing water on them to see them become even curlier than before.

If you are struggling with straight hair, let Nestlé's help you. With a world-wide reputation as permanent wavers, their two New York establishments give over 300 waves a day. If you cannot come to Nestlé's, you can get their Home Outfit for making your straight hair naturally curly. The dainty apparatus illustrated on this page gives the straightest hair of child or adult a permanent curl and wave that will withstand shampooing, fog, perspiration and sea water just like naturally curly hair.

Do not take this marvelous invention on our word. We give you free supplies, and thirty days to test it on your own hair, and we take all responsibility for your success.

Send a money order, check or bank draft for $15 today. Or pay postman when Outfit arrives. Then should you decide within 30 days' test that your curls and waves are not as lovely, natural and permanent as you expect, return the Outfit, and your entire $15 will be refunded immediately without deduction for postage, free trial supplies or the use of the Outfit.

Over 60,000 Home Outfits have been sent to over 60,000 homes since last August with this generous guarantee. Wherever they go, they are making women, girls and children with straight hair happy with natural, permanent and soft waves, curls and ringlets. End your straight hair troubles today, by sending immediately for this wonderful little invention. Remember — the Nestlé Lan Outfit will last a lifetime, and can be us on as many heads as you desire.

Write for our free interesting booklet on Nestlé Waving by the Lanoil Process. It will give you further particulars.

NESTLÉ LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept.

ESTABLISHED 1905

12 and 14 East 49th St., New York C

Just Off Fifth Avenue

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NESTLÉ LANOIL CO., LTD.
Dept. M. 12 and 14 East 49th St.
New York City, N. Y.

I would like you to send me the Nestlé LANOI Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. It is distinct understood that if, after using the Outfit and the fr trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return tl Home Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive ba every cent of its cost of $15.

☐ I enclose $15 in check, money order, or ba draft as a deposit.

☐ I prefer to deposit the $15 with my postm when the Outfit arrives.

OR, check here....., if only free book of further particulars is desired.

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"It is the most wonderful book of fashions I have ever seen. Every woman who loves good clothes and wants the most for her money should have a copy."

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Department - 311 - Chicago, Illinois

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Please send FREE copy of PHILIPSBORN'S Style and Shopping Guide for Fall and Winter.

Name.....

Town..... State.....

Local Address.....

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

"Why Mrs. Blakely —*How Do You Do!*"

He had met her only once before. Some one had presented him at a reception both had attended. He had conversed with her a little, danced with her once. And now, two weeks later, he sees her approaching with a young lady who he surmises is her daughter.

"Why, Mrs. Blakely, how do you do!" he exclaims, rushing forward impulsively. But Mrs. Blakely, accustomed to the highest degree of courtesy at all times, returns his greeting coldly.

And nodding briefly, she passes on—leaving the young man angry with her, but angrier himself for blundering at the very moment he wanted most to create a favorable impression.



DO *you* know what to say to a woman when meeting her for the first time after an introduction? Do you know what to say to a woman when leaving her after an introduction? Would you say "Good-bye, I am very glad to have met you?" Or, if she said that to you, how would you answer?

It is just such little unexpected situations like these that take us off our guard and expose us to sudden embarrassments. None of us like to do the wrong thing, the incorrect thing. It condemns us as ill-bred. It makes us ill at ease when we should be well poised. It makes us self-conscious and uncomfortable when we should be calm, self-possessed, confident of ourselves.

The knowledge of what to do and say on all occasions is the greatest personal asset any man or woman can have. It protects against the humiliation of conspicuous blunders. It acts as an armor against the rudeness of others. It gives an ease of manner, a certain calm dignity and self-possession that people recognize and respect.

Do You Ever Feel That You Don't "Belong"?

Perhaps you have been to a party lately, or a dinner, or a reception of some kind. Were you entirely at ease, sure of yourself, confident that you would not do or say anything that others would recognize as ill-bred?

Or, were you self-conscious, afraid of doing or saying the wrong thing, constantly on the alert—never wholly comfortable for a minute?

Many people feel "alone" in a crowd, out of place. They do not know how to make strangers like them—how to *create a good first impression.* When they are introduced they do not know how to start conversation flowing smoothly and naturally. At the dinner table they feel constrained, embarrassed. Somehow they always feel that they don't "belong."

Little Blunders That Take Us Off Our Guard

There are so many problems of conduct constantly arising. How should asparagus be eaten? How should the finger-bowl be used, the napkin, the fork and knife? Whose name should be mentioned first when making an introduction? How should invitations be worded? How should the home be decorated for a wedding? What clothes should be taken on a trip to the South?

In public, at the theatre, at the dance, on the train—wherever we go and with whomever we happen to be, we encounter problems that make it necessary for us to hold ourselves well in hand, to be prepared, to know *exactly what to do and say.*

Let the Book of Etiquette Be Your Social Guide

For your own happiness, for your own peace of mind and your own ease, it is important that you know definitely the accepted rules of conduct in all public places.

It is not expensive dress that counts most in social circles—but correct manner, knowledge of social form. Nor is it particularly clever speech that wins the largest audiences. If one knows the little secrets of *entertaining conversation* if one is able to say always the right thing at the right time, one cannot help being a pleasing and ever-welcome guest.

The Book of Etiquette, social secretary to thousands of men and women, makes it possible for every one to do, say, write and wear always that which is absolutely correct and in good form—gives to every one a new ease and poise of manner, a new self-confidence and assurance. It smooths away the little crudities—does amazing things in the matter of *self-cultivation.*

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Take advantage of the important special-edition, low-price offer made elsewhere on this page. Send today for your set of the famous Book of Etiquette. These two valuable volumes will protect you from embarrassments, give you new ease and poise of manner, tell you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

No money is necessary. Just clip and mail the coupon. The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Give the postman only $1.98 (plus few cents postage) on arrival—instead of $3.50 which is the regular publishing price. If you are not delighted with these books you may return them at any time within 5 days and your money will be refunded at once, without question.

This coupon is worth money to you. It will bring you the famous Book of Etiquette at almost half the regular price. Use it—today! Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 829, Garden City, New York.

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I am glad to know of the special low-price edition of the Book of Etiquette. You may send me these two volumes without any money in advance. When they arrive I will give the postman only $1.98 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment—instead of the regular price of $3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the Book of Etiquette any time within 5 days if I am not delighted with it.

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Dept. 829 Garden City, N. Y.

CLASSIC

The Picture Book De Luxe of the Movie World

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Vol. XVIII | SEPTEMBER, 1923 | No. 1

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Painted by E. Dahl

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Subscription $2.50 per year, in advance, including postage, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippine Islands. In Canada $3.00; Foreign Countries $3.50 per year. Single copies 25 cents postage prepaid. United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change in address, giving both old and new address.

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This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 12th. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the 1st of every month. SHADOWLAND appears on the 23rd of the month. BEAUTY is on the stands on the 8th.

Announcement for October

The Camera Man Confesses

Wouldn't you like to know the odd and interesting little things the camera man has discovered about all the different stars who have posed for him? **Harry Carr** has at last persuaded one to talk. . . .

The Powers Behind the Screen

Is the title of a series of articles by **Stanton Leeds** on the men who have made the movies what they are today. This absorbing and informative series will start in the October CLASSIC.



If He Had Passed It Up

He Would Still Be A Laborer At $2 A Day. No Money, Nothing Ahead But Hard Work, Longer Hours—and Regrets. But He Didn't Pass It Up.

He decided to learn Mechanical Drawing. He buckled down to work with the Columbia School of Drafting. When he had a quiet half hour to spend he spent it—as a wise man spends money—to get full returns.

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WE HELP YOU GET A JOB. We help you get a position as a practical Draftsman as soon as you are qualified.

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State..... Age.....

Current Stage Plays

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Belmont.—"You and I." A Westchester society comedy with sparkling repartee cloaking an undercurrent of tragic middle-age—H. B. Warner as the husband, who has stifled genius for the sake of a family, and Lucile Watson as the wife, who tho deluged with love, feels the resentment of his disappointment.

Booth. — "The Seventh Heaven." Handmade on a melodramatic pattern in a Montmartre tenement in Paris, of an admixture of love, regeneration, humor and unreality. An excellent performance with Helen Menken starring.

Carroll. — "Vanities of 1923," with Peggy Hopkins Joyce leading the delectable and innumerable vanities.

Casino. — "Wildflower," with lovely Edith Day flashing thru an exquisite musical score.

Century Roof. — Artists and models. Review later.

Cohan. — "Adrienne." One of the numerous musical comedies that are keeping the mercury from getting up-stage. The chorus is unusually good, the singing happy. Billy Van and Richard Carle, the latter of "The Spring Chicken" fame, take care of the laughs.

Cort.—"Merton of the Movies." In which Glenn Hunter self-visualized as a movie hero of the "great open spaces" plays havoc with our emotions as an arch comedian. The play carries the same poignant humor that was rampant in Harry Leon Wilson's story of the same name.

Daly's.—"The Newcomers." A revue by Will Morrissey and Joe Burroughs. Review later.

Elliott.—"Rain." A bitter tragedy by Somerset Maugham; a violent attack on the repressions of Puritanism. Jeanne Eagels is superb in the leading rôle.

Empire.—"Zander the Great." A melodrama with Alice Brady as a hick tenderfoot, a child as an uplift foil and bootlegging ranchmen of the storied-Western type to stir up things. Fine acting of an improbable story with a laugh in every line and moments of tense excitement.

Gaiety.—"Aren't We All?" Cyril Maude in a delightful light comedy that revolves around a philandering husband and an indiscreet wife. Mr. Maude in a Grumpyish character sets a rare pace of fun and his support keeps it up.

Garrick. — "The Devil's Disciple." A Shaw satire, which as usual shows up the under side of militarism and politics. It ends ungallantly on a triangle. An excellent show with Roland Young as General Burgoyne alone worth seeing.

Globe.—"George White's Scandals." A de luxe edition of gorgeously gowned beauties that make scandals appetizing, including parodies on "Chauve-Souris" and the "Moscow Art Theater."

Harris.—"Icebound." A drama delineating the icebound quality of New England emotions; well acted. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best play of American life for the season 1922-1923.

Hudson.—"So This Is London." George Cohan's English comedy. An exaggerated but an amusing study of the English and American temperament, in contrast.

Liberty.—"Little Nellie Kelly." One of George Cohan's best—a cyclone of dance and song.

Morosco. — "Not So Fast." Old style Southern gentleman stuff with a family estate in jeopardy. Rather a slow moving comedy.

Music Box.—"Music Box Revue." Irving Berlin's spectacular revue with no expense spared in producing beautiful effects. Bobby Clark is the funmaker.

New Amsterdam.—"Ziegfeld Follies." Still so successful that a new show will not be put on, as annually, but only new features added. Eddie Cantor, the black-face comedian, will replace Will Rogers.

New Winter Garden. — "The Passing Show of 1923," with Jobyna Howland, Joan Hay, Walter Woolf and George Hassell surrounded by a chorus of one hundred elaborately accoutered.

Palace.—Keith vaudeville. Always a good bill, and drawing more and more talent from the headliners of the regulars.

Provincetown.—"Sun Up." A passionate tragedy of the North Carolina mountain folk centering around a fatal revenue raid for the father and the World War for the son. The Widow Cagle is superbly played by Lucile La Verne.

Republic. — "Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments of the Irish and Jew in which the irreconcilable is reconciled thru that emotion that knows no boundary lines.

Selwyn.—"Helen of Troy." A musical comedy, the book by Kaufman and Connolly and the lyrics by Kalmar and Ruby. It has a coherent plot and deals with the adventures of a girl in a collar factory in an up-state city.

Times Square.—"The Fool." A drama about a man who tries to follow the life of Christ in modern locale. While you are out of the glare of the white lights it gets under the skin.

Classic's List of Stage Plays and Revues in New York That You Should See

"Rain"
"The Fool"
"7th Heaven"
"Merton of the Movies"
"The Devil's Disciple"
"George White's Scandals"

ON TOUR

"Blossom Time." A delightful musical comedy based on the life of Franz Schubert.

"Bombo," extravaganza musical with black-face comedy.

"Caroline," a musical gem.

"Dew Drop Inn," in which tangoing and black-face jigging vie for first place. Second company.

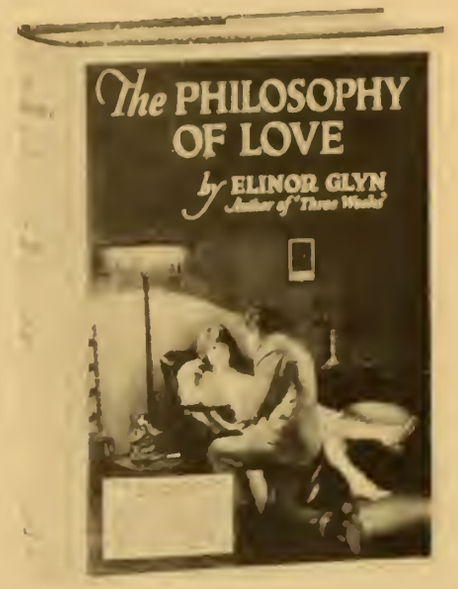
"Irene," with an all-star cast composed of the original principals of the company. A musical comedy.

"Lady in Ermine," a musical comedy.

(*Continued on page* 96)

The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman—married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel—it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this thrilling book at our risk—without advancing a penny.



WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

—how to win the man you love.
—how to win the girl you want.
—how to hold your husband's love.
—how to make people admire you.
—why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
—why many marriages end in despair.
—how to hold a woman's affection.
—how to keep a husband home nights.
—why most women don't know how to make love.
—things that turn men against you.
—how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
—the "danger year" of married life.
—how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming
—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
—how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
—how to attract people you like.
—why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
—how to make love keep you young.
—must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
—how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
—how to tell if someone really loves you.
—things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."
—how to make people do the things you want them to.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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An ALLAN DWAN production

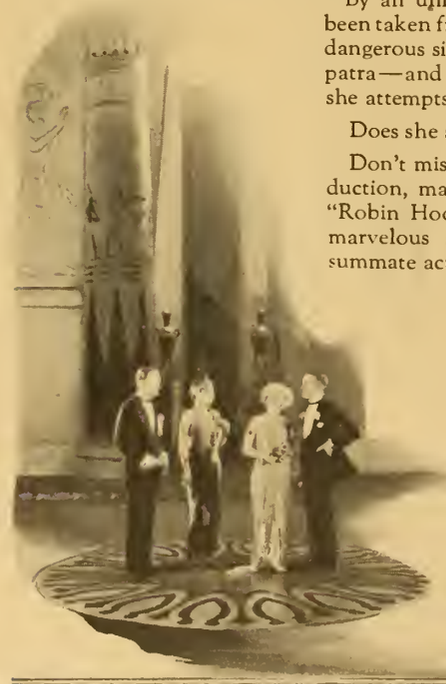
"Lawful Larceny"

with Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel, & Lew Cody

The lesson of "Lawful Larceny" is a lesson for every married couple.

Hope Hampton is the charming young wife who returns from Europe to find her husband, Conrad Nagel, snared by another.

To fly into a temper will avail nothing. To get him back by love-inspired guile and diplomacy! that is the way and that is the excitement of the photoplay.



By an unlawful larceny had he been taken from her by Nita Naldi, dangerous siren and modern Cleopatra—and by "lawful larceny" she attempts recovery.

Does she succeed?

Don't miss seeing this great production, made by the director of "Robin Hood," the last word in marvelous settings, gowns, consummate acting and thrilling plot.

6th Annual

A Nation-wide Celebration of Great Artistic Advance in Screen Entertainment Paramount Week Sept. 2—8

With Paramount Week the greatest motion picture season the world ever saw gets well under way.

After years of experimentation the art of the screen is coming to perfection.

The year just past has been one of extraordinary development. A single incident has been the advance showing by Paramount of the greatest photoplay ever made, "The Covered Wagon."

And now in Paramount Week you have the opportunity for a grand review of 1923's achievements and a pre-view of the great Paramount Pictures coming.

Celebrate Paramount Week at your own theatre as millions have during five previous annual Paramount Weeks.

A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the Past Season

RODOLPH VALENTINO in "Blood and Sand." A Fred Niblo Production.

JACK HOLT in "While Satan Sleeps." A Peter B. Kyne Special.

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S "Manslaughter," with Thomas Meighan, Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson.

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD," with Theodore Roberts. A James Cruze Production.

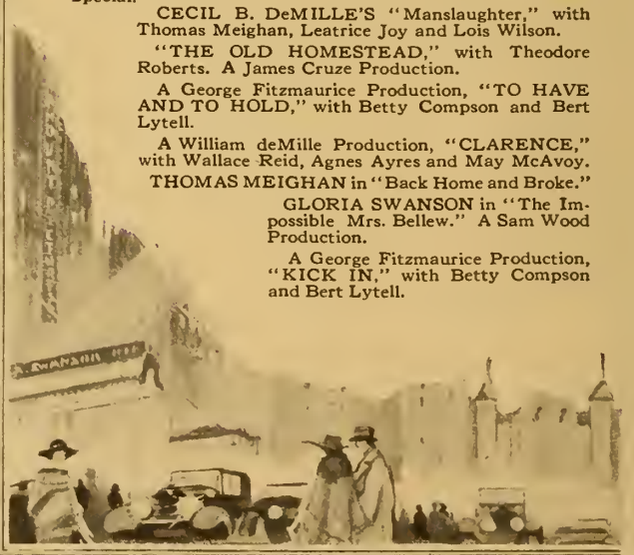
A George Fitzmaurice Production, "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD," with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.

A William deMille Production, "CLARENCE," with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and May McAvoy.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Back Home and Broke."

GLORIA SWANSON in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew." A Sam Wood Production.

A George Fitzmaurice Production, "KICK IN," with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell.



Paramount

Paramount Week

[continued]

JACK HOLT in "Making a Man." A Peter B. Kyne Special.

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production, "Adam's Rib," with Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon.

AGNES AYRES in "Racing Hearts," with Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix.

An Allan Dwan Production, "THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON," with Bebe Daniels and Nita Naldi.

POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production, "BELLA DONNA." Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson.

A William deMille Production, "GRUMPY," with May McAvoy, Theodore Roberts and Conrad Nagel.

GLORIA SWANSON in "Prodigal Daughters" A Sam Wood Production.

A George Melford Production, "YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE," with Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Lewis Stone and Pauline Garon.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

A Herbert Brenon Production, "THE RUSTLE OF SILK," with Betty Compson and Conway Tearle.

BEBE DANIELS and Antonio Moreno in "THE EXCITERS."

AGNES AYRES in "The Heart Raider."

A William deMille Production, "ONLY 38," with Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett.

A Herbert Brenon Production, "THE WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES," with Betty Compson and Richard Dix.

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ," with Theodore Kosloff, Ricardo Cortez, Robert Cain and Eileen Percy.

JACK HOLT in "A Gentleman of Leisure."

DOROTHY DALTON in "The Law of the Lawless."

THOMAS MEIGHAN in "Homeward Bound."

A few of the great Paramount Pictures of the New Season

A James Cruze Production, "HOLLYWOOD," with 22 real stars and 56 screen celebrities.

POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production, "THE CHEAT," with Jack Holt, supported by Charles deRoche.

GLORIA SWANSON in A Sam Wood Production, "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY," with Madge Kennedy.

A William deMille Production, "SPRING MAGIC," with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Charles deRoche, Mary Astor and Robert Agnew.

A James Cruze Production, "RUGGLES OF RED GAP," with Edward Horton, Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Fritzi Ridgway, Charles Ogle and Louise Dresser.

A Zane Grey Production, "TO THE LAST MAN," with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson.

A George Melford Production, "SALOMY JANE," with Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Maurice Flynn.

GLORIA SWANSON in an Allan Dwan Production, "Zaza."

THOMAS MEIGHAN in George Ade's "All Must Marry."





Jesse L. Lasky presents a
Charles Maigne production

"The Silent Partner"

with Leatrice Joy, Owen Moore & Robert Edeson

From the story by Maximilian Foster. Screen play by Sada Cowan

What should the wife of a Wall Street gambler do who seeks to save him from ruin?

Paramount answers this question with "The Silent Partner," a new and terrifically powerful handling of the theme of love versus the fever for gain.

In the days of prosperity and golden winnings, the beautiful young wife, Leatrice Joy, determines to start "gold-digging" from her husband, Owen Moore, and build a reserve unknown to him.

But how to look as though she is spending the thousands he gives up, that is the question!

How to make a $20 gown or a $5 hat or a paste necklace look like ten times the value? *She does this!*

And see what happens when the crash comes!





Pictures

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Then begin now to make your skin what you want it to be. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place.

By giving this *new skin* the care it needs, you can free your complexion from faults that have troubled you for months, and even for years.

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Decoration thru the courtesy of Agnes Ayres

Good and Bad Authorship

By CLARA BERANGER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Clara Beranger is a prominent scenarist. She is responsible for "Grumpy," "Only 38," and others too numerous to mention. We offer these (to us) delightful animadversions without comment.*

AT the recent International Congress on Motion Picture Arts, I sat thru a lot of speeches and discussions by members of the Authors' League (of which I am one) and of various other professions; and one glaring fact struck me—the almost unanimous presupposition that all authors of books and plays are good, and all authors of screen plays and workers for the screen are bad.

There are plenty of bad pictures, and plenty of adapters of novels and plays for the screen who are bad, but there are also plenty of good ones. But equally true it *is* that many of the books that are published—most of them in fact—are bad. Of the plays that are produced each year, possibly five per cent. are good; and yet these authors—and *it* is usually the bad ones who cry the loudest—pick on pictures every chance they get and proclaim how rotten and commercial the whole industry is.

I have yet to hear anyone connected with pictures who does not frankly admit that most of them have not yet reached a standard that could be called art; but I have yet to hear an author, or a playwright, admit that the majority of books and plays are as bad as the majority of pictures. If you stop to think of the mass of junk published every year, as literature, and the number of bad plays produced every year, you will, in all fairness, have to draw the same line between good and bad authorship in these fields of literary endeavor as you do in the field of screen-writing.

Most of the writers who air their grievances and declare that the screen is a business—that the producers think only of making money—are only too willing to sell whatever they can to the picture producers for a flat sum of money and make no stipulation about working with the adapter and director in translating their work to the screen. I happen to know that almost every one of the picture companies welcomes the coöperation of the author in the development of the picture; and *it is* always possible for an author to get a clause in his contract giving him the privilege of sitting in on the scenario conferences and on the final cutting and editing of the picture. But what the author wants *is* money; he is *not* willing to give up his time. Dear, artistic creator—he would always rather take the money than give any further time to protecting those delicate brain children from the cruel hands of the picture doctors. It *is* so much easier to wait until the picture is finished and then set up a howl about how terrible pictures are—what ignorant, inartistic, commercial people work in pictures!

Talk is cheap—time *is* expensive, and so these authors, most of them as mediocre, or more so, than the screen workers, talk, talk, talk, and take unto themselves their

(*Continued on page 78*)



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Whose odd and elusive charm is being registered in Goldwyn's sumptuous picture play, "In the Palace of the King." Miss Starke was selected recently as one of the six most beautiful screen actresses

Pauline Starke



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Corinne Griffith

Has finished Elinor Glyn's "Six Days," and is back in the East—but no one knows yet what good things are in store for her. Her devoted press men hint at a wonderful surprise. . . .



Photograph by Richee

Sigrid Holmquist

A young Swedish star of considerable distinction in her own country, now proposes to add America to her list of conquests. She has been signed by Famous Players to play in "A Gentleman of Leisure," opposite Jack Holt



Photograph by Victor Georg

Mary Beth Milford

Who left the Music Box Revue flat for the movies. She will play opposite John O'Hara in F. B. O's "Fighting Blood" series



Photograph by Ira I. Hill

Is a combination of Richard Barthelmess and Rodolph Valentino in appearance. For himself there is a pronounced individuality. He is the romantic hero of the Sabatini novel, "Scaramouche," soon to be released

Ramon Navarro



Photo © by Paul Grenbeaux

Bessie Love

This gifted girl has lingered in obscurity too long. She was given a chance in a highly emotional rôle in "The Eternal Three" and made a tremendous impression. She has now one of the tragic rôles in Mrs. Wallace Reid's picture, "Human Wreckage"



The Sport of Kings—and Movie Stars

By

CHARLES F. BERRY

Seventy miles an hour on the water is the fastest speed in the world. It is faster than a hundred and fifty miles an hour in an automobile. It is faster than two hundred miles an hour in an airplane



WHEN they finish shooting the scene, and the Kleig lights go out, where do the movie stars go?

Perhaps they all go out and have a game of golf. Golf, tennis, automobile racing, airplaning all have had their turn; but movie stars must have new thrills, new experiences. What sport in the wide world can fulfil these requirements but the old and romantic sport of kings—that of boating. Yes, the movie stars have taken to the water—not as ducks, but as yachtsmen. If you dont believe it, just take a run down to Wilmington some afternoon—it's only forty minutes from Hollywood—and watch the ducks, I mean the yachtsmen.

Who was it that said there were no thrills on the water? Seventy miles an hour on the water is the fastest speed in the world. It is faster than a hundred and fifty miles an hour in an automobile. It is faster than two hundred miles an hour in an airplane. Yes, it is even faster than seven cocktails and a bevy of dancing girls in a gilded café.

There are plenty



Tom Mix, Tony and Thomasina launching *Miss Mixit*, Tom's new high-powered motor cruiser



Top of the page is Cecil de Mille's yacht, *Seaward*, at anchor off the California Yacht Club. Left is Dustin Farnum at the wheel of his speedboat. Dustin also sails a little starboat

of thrills, all right. It's a man-sized job when your speedboat leaves the water and starts to leap from wave to wave. You come roaring down the course with a noise like a battery of machine guns. You take a turn and your boat behaves like a submarine. Or supposing your mechanician fails to see a piece of driftwood the size of an old soldier's cane. It rips your boat open like a can opener thru a can of green peas. Or if it happens to be a submerged railroad tie, you hit with a crash like Halley's comet bumping Neptune. You blow up like a can of dynamite and then take a nose dive to the bottom of the sea. Sport? You bet!

Ask Cecil de Mille whether there are any thrills. De Mille built the *Miss Cecilia* to race against Gar Wood's world champion speedboat *Miss America*. De Mille was driving at a comfortable speed, say fifty miles an hour, when suddenly there was a flash, a rumble, and then a terrific blast. In the next instant De Mille found himself in the water with the flames rising in the air a hundred feet from his boat. A minute later the boat went to the bottom spreading the flaming gasoline out on the surface of the water.

Al Fear, De Mille's mechanician, was rendered unconscious by the blast and De Mille swam to his aid. The surface of the water was one mass of flames, cutting off all help. Finally Nat Walsh's boat cut thru the cordon of flames rescuing the drowning men. And yet they say there are no thrills in boating. What is a movie thriller to this?



The beautiful schooner, *Uncas*, of John Bowers, which will compete this summer in the great international race from the Santa Barbara Yacht Club to Honolulu

If you've ever sat on the landing of the California Yacht Club at twilight and watched the little starboat fleet hovering into port like a flight of belated curlew, you'd understand another trait in these people from Hollywood. We've heard so much of divorce and the night life in Hollywood that—oh well just come down to Los Angeles harbor and find the movie stars drinking in God's beauty and playing the sport of kings.

Perhaps you'll find Dustin Farnum there. Dustin likes to sail the little starboats, so small that they remind one of the story of three men in a tub. But if you think you cant get a thrill out of starboating you're mistaken. Falling off horses and leaping across yawning canyons dont compare with it.

Even the Wild West had taken to the sea. Among others, Tony, Tom Mix's famous pal, prefers yachting to wild west stuff. Of course you've heard how Tony helped launch Tom Mix's boat the other day. It was a regular wild west launching party (who ever heard of a wild west launching party) with tall sombreros, forty-four guns, and lariats. Tom threw a rope around the new boat and Tony pulled it into the water. Now isn't that a helluva—excuse me—a peculiar way to launch a boat?

Of course all the movie stars were there at the christening of the *Miss Mixit*. Miss Thomasina, or Miss Mixit as the family call the little lady of a single year, officiated. She pulled the string that broke the bottle that christened the boat that Tom built.

But getting back to boats—*Miss Mixit* is a boat to be proud of. She is a 69-foot cruiser powered with two 200 horsepower LM-6 Hall Scott motors. A large cockpit has been constructed aft which Tom will use for a gymnasium. Tom says there will be plenty of room for a riding arena too, for Tom insists that Tony must be included in all arrangements, yachting or otherwise.

There are thrills to be had in the big boats too. A short time ago Cecil de Mille left on a daring trip to Infernal Channel and Tiburon Island on his yacht *Seaward*. The Infernal Channel is one of the most dangerous water passages in the world, which makes landing on Tiburon Island a hazardous performance. The island has been reported by previous explorers to be

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Moonlight and Sweet Summer Madness

This charming scene is from "The Falcon," an episode from the Decameron made into a picture by the Lund Productions. The film is in colors, a new and improved Prizma process, and is reported to be an artistic triumph. Henry Hull plays the gallant young Count Federigo and Irma Harrison plays the lady of his heart, Lady Giovanna



How the Motion Picture Has Influenced Young Peru

By

HELEN APPLETON READE

IT is not the Radio or the Telephone, the Telegraph or the aeroplane, which is the greatest internationalizer, but the Moving Picture.

For all of us, whether we pass our intelligence test at the top or at the bottom, visual appeal must always be the strongest and the most easily understood. That a photograph will give an understanding of a place or person, which the most accurate description can never give, is, of course, a truism. And a photograph plus a well-chosen caption is a combination for getting information painlessly, and in capsule form, that is hard to beat. Hence, the popularity of the "Daily News" and like publications.

Therefore, when our financial missions, our educational and medical investigators, and teachers go to Latin-America to bring her up to North American standards on the invitation of some of the more up-to-date Presidents, let them realize that a few well-chosen moving pictures, typical of the best in North American life, will do more to inculcate North American ideals than any number of lectures and articles in the newspapers.

And by this I do not mean educational films. Any picture which gives an accurate account of North American manners and environment, especially when it carries with it an amusing story, and attractive actors, has great influence.

Above (left), Hill women of the Andes who have become movie fans. Below, Peruvian Indians standing before a motion picture hut looking at the posters. They cannot read. Below (left), Hill women weighing llama wool which they buy and spin





In the City of Lima, there are more cinemas, as they call them, in proportion to the population, than in any city of the United States. There is no other form of amusement. Traveling theatrical and operatic troupes are rare. The people, especially the women, cannot gamble, or drink Pisco, the native home-brew, all the time, and the national sport of bull-fighting has but a short season. In consequence a city of moving picture fans has developed.

In one city block there will be as many as five moving picture houses. The coming attractions are advertised weeks ahead. *"Gran Estreno"* they call them, and banners are strung across the streets from balcony to balcony telling what they are to be. There are generally two performances a day, the Vermouth, which starts at six-thirty in the afternoon and an evening performance commencing at nine o'clock. Peruvian meals are elastic, dinner comes any time between eight and nine o'clock, so the Vermouth is the more popular performance.



Strangely enough, it is not romances of Spanish señoritas or toreadors that interest the Peruvian movie fan, but stories of North American life. Mary Pickford, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Ruth Roland, and Pearl White are among the favorites. They have as devoted admirers in a little Indian town in the interior of Peru, as they have on Broadway. It is safe to say that American films always draw the largest audiences, with the possible exception of the Cæsar films, which star Bertini, the beautiful Italian Movie actress.

The reason for this is, that foreign films have for the most part very little action. The eternal triangle, the plot used most often in French and Italian pictures, pales in interest beside the perils that Pearl White escapes or the miraculous deeds of Eddie Polo.

When one realizes the popularity of American films, it is hard to understand why so few of the good ones come to South America. In the five years that I lived in Lima, the only big American film that I saw was Farrar in "Joan the Woman." When Mary Pickford, William S. Hart, and other favorites come to town, it is always in their less important films and these are generally four or five years old.

Constance Talmadge is undoubtedly the most beloved of the Peruvians. Her dress, her figure, her mannerisms have become the ideal of the Peruvian flapper.

And here let me cite certain direct and definite changes that the American screen has brought about in Peruvian life and manners. Changes which cannot be attributed to any other source. Until the advent of the ubiquitous cinema, Peruvian girls dressed in a South American version of European styles of the nineties. They wore very short-vamp high-heeled shoes, had small waists, large hips and otherwise overripe curves. Their clothes were always too tight, and black was the predominating color. The ideal figure resembled that which may be seen in the chorus of an American burlesque show.

The uncorseted straight figure, the bobbed hair and flat heels of the American girl were not taken over, altho seen often enough in the American fashion magazines until their superior charm was proved in the person of a film favorite.

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Above, "Cholitas" near Lima on their way to the movies. Left, a moving picture house in Lima, Peru, with Pearl White billed in "The House of Hate," and an announcement for the American Red Cross Relief



Photograph by Pach Brothers

ALICE JOYCE

They cannot stay away, these one-time stars of the silver screen, and now Alice Joyce has come back to us, as beautiful—no—more beautiful than ever. She is making "The Green Goddess" with George Arliss



Foreign

European Studios

MAURICE

FRANCE

DID you ever hear of a marriage being celebrated at midnight? I have assisted at one, but it took place on the screen in the new picture produced in France by Armand du Plessy and which is called "Mariage de Minuit" (The Midnight Marriage). This picture might be a super one, if the producer could make the most of such an interesting subject. Of course, the idea is not new, but it is presented with a certain amount of originality.

There are however certain scenes in this photoplay which will certainly not be passed by English or American censors. I mean some scenes showing the hero in his relations with the other sex and a villain of a type to be avoided in public spectacles.

Now this picture of which the cast includes many well-known French actors, can be said to be a Belgian one as the producer and the heroine (Miss Nelly Muriel) are Belgians. But there is a decision of the Society of Film Authors of France to the effect that a picture is to be considered of French nationality if among other reasons, "the producer is or speaks French."



Above is a scene from the British film, "Married Love," with Sam Liversay (center) and Sydney Fairbrother (left). Left is a scene from an Austrian picture called "Bobby." Below is one of the magnificent sets from the Sascha Films of Austria titled "Sodom and Gomorrah"

ENGLAND

"Married Love," the book of Dr. Marie Stopes, which has been advertised so extensively in England, has been adapted to the screen and produced at the British Super Film Studio by G. B. Samuelson. This is certainly a fine picture, whose story is a study of the happiness and the troubles of married life.

The troubles are represented by the respectable number of ten children, the eldest of whom—our heroine—is afraid of marriage when she sees that it is so difficult for her poor parents to make both ends meet.

Except for some few scenes, this picture is quite an interesting one and is well acted by Sydney Fairbrother. Sam Liversay, Rex Davis, and Lillian Hall Davis.

A very interesting English film was shown recently which represents an original idea. It is not a feature film, just an educational one. It shows us what old London was and what it actually is by means of old prints introduced skilfully in the picture. This is called "The Romance of London" and has been edited by The Gaumont Company.



GERMANY

Since I started writing this series of articles, some changes have occurred in the cinema industry in Germany. In fact, in the studios there, they are

Films

At a Glance

ROSETT

not now producing with so much intensity as they were before, and I understand that the importers will have more business in Germany, as they will introduce more foreign pictures in this territory.

This state of things is due to the rate of the mark which, by its depreciation, has augmented considerably the price of the picture productions. Of course, the German stars do not cease working, but the situation is not very brilliant

Ossi Oswalda, for instance, quite a good film actress, is continuing her series of pictures and she has already completed many.

Ossi Oswalda is one of the best German actresses and is particularly good for rôles in which she has to be waggish, malicious and cunning. She is all that, at least she seems to be when we see her on the screen and she has also a very delightful smile.

AUSTRIA

I referred to this country very briefly in my last article when citing "Don Juan." I may now give you some more particulars about the film activities in Austria whose production is often amalgamated with the German one.

There are, amongst others, two big studies in Austria, viz: The Sascha Film and the Vita Filmindustri.

The first produced lately a spectacular film originally called "Sodom and Gomorrah" featuring the Austrian star, Lucie Doraine, who has a certain popularity in many European countries. At the moment of writing this article, I am informed that this picture is now shown in the States under another title.

Another picture made at the Sascha studios is called "Sons of the Revolution." The episodes of the French Revolution, most of which more likely occurred in the imagination of the writers, seem to attract more and more the producers of the different countries.

"Sons of the Revolution" is an adaptation of the book by Frédéric Soulie and can be said to be the story of a boy whose origin is unknown, as he was born during the troubled period of the French Revolution.

After many adventures, he will find out who his parents are and, of course, he has also the opportunity of finding a charming wife. There are some beautiful scenes in this rather improbable story and the acting is perfect.

The Vita Filmindustri has completed a photoplay called "Bobby."

The hero is a little boy and a clever actor too, who decides to become a detective one day

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Above is a Franco-Belgian picture, "Mariage de Minuit" (Midnight Marriage), Nelly Muriel, a Belgian cinema actress, is the star. Right, "Sons of the Revolution," another Austrian film, with Oskar Beregi and Miss Sealsfoelo. Below is Ossi Oswalda, a German film star in "The Girl With the Mask"





Bombed Into the Movies

By HARRY CARR

Photographs by Paul Grenbeaux

Little Philippe de Lacey, called by many, the most beautiful child in the movies, has an interesting story. He is one of the many tragic results of the Great War. Read how he found his way to the silver sheet



IF one of these days, some French family should recognize a familiar baby face on the screen, there would be complications—not to say woe, in the house of De Lacey. There are queer stories around the studios of Hollywood and this is one of the queerest.

It is the story of Philippe de Lacey accounted by many, the most beautiful child that has ever been seen on the screen.

During the World War, an English woman named De Lacey who was living in New York went to the battle fields of France with the American Women's Overseas Hospital Contingent. One day she was called to a little hut near Nancy where a woman lay dying of pneumonia. On the bed with her was a baby about eighteen months old.

Miss de Lacey had the woman and the child removed to a base hospital where she died. Struggling for her last breath, she told as much as she could of the baby's history and begged Miss de Lacey to see that somewhere he find a home. She said that the child's mother was only seventeen years old and had been killed a few days before by a German bomb that was dropped from an aeroplane. The baby's father —her son—had been killed with his three brothers at the defense of Verdun.

Miss de Lacey brought the baby back to New York intending to find a home for him some where. She happened to meet an actress who knew Geraldine Farrar, and Farrar was at that time casting a picture. As soon as Farrar saw the little fellow—at that time two and a half—his fortune was made.

He is five now and has become one of the sure-of-an-engagement actors of Hollywood. Among the pictures in which he has appeared

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The Woman and the Mask

Posed by Priscilla Dean for W. F. Seely, L. A.

Trilby

Written in short story form by Dorothy Donnell

Illustrations by John Ellis



Arthur Edmund Carewe in the sinister and immortal rôle of Svengali

UP the steep cobbles of the Passage des Abbesses hastened a young man wearing a wreath of sausages festooned about his neck and carrying in one hand a fantastic nosegay of scarlet peppers, glossy young onions and daffodils, and as he went he lifted up his soul in song imploring some lady of the name of Chloe to go a-maying.

The stout gendarme on the corner regarded him tolerantly. Name of a name, these artists were quite mad, but what would you? Madness is no crime and a man was not to blame if the good God had made him an Englishman. Which, indeed, shows the gendarme to be a man of broad mind and liberal views. But the young man now disappearing under the archway beyond was not aware of being pitied, for tho his feet, in undeniably shabby shoes, trod the rude pavement, his head, which was that of a young Greek god, was in the clouds. Pausing for breath, he glanced back thru the arch at Paris, lying below in the blue luminous mist, the Seine moving placidly under its white bridges between quays where lime trees blossomed and old men in rusty shovel hats browsed among the dingy treasures of the book-stalls. And his glance was that of an owner regarding his possessions.

For Paris belonged to Little Billie, Notre Dame was his own private treasure, and the big bosomed market women wore red shawls solely to please his eyes.

From somewhere close at hand came the strains of a violin bringing him about with a visible start of annoyance. "He's got the poor little flea at it again," Billie muttered, eying the attic window with its torn green paper shade gloomily, "it's a damn shame, the old slave driver! And I suppose as soon as he smells these sausages he'll be down, rubbing his oily hands, loving us like brothers! And the worst is he isn't a gentleman—you could insult a gentleman!"

In the darkness of the hall Little Billie fumbled for his latch key. It turned around and around uselessly in the broken lock but he went religiously thru the ceremony of a householder before opening the door with a well directed kick. And so surely did he know what would be the scene within that he saw it before the door was opened.

The studio which had once been the untidiest in the Latin Quarter was now so clean that Taffy wailed he was not allowed to get paint onto his palette any longer since the reign of Madame Petticoat. He was—Billie knew—daubing cheerfully away at his big splashy canvas now, stopping to pull the tail of the cat, to cheep at the canary, and to roar with big honest laughter over what Trilby was saying in her clear, joyous voice. The Laird, being Scotch and remembering that models cost money, would be working industriously, wiping his brushes on his curly beard which was always gay with ultramarine and scarlet lake, despite the agonized cries from the model throne each time this occurred. And Trilby——

In the darkness Little Billie smiled tenderly, visioning Trilby sitting majestically with the white stuff of her classic robe molding the sweet curves of her, one bare



Trilby, played by Andrée Lafayette, gladdens the sometime sorrowful heart of the Latin Quarter with the eternal gift of herself

perfect foot resting on a footstool. His heart lifted under the shabby velveteen jacket; he thought it was because he was an artist looking on beauty, not guessing it was because he was a boy, looking on a girl.

"——and just think, I always hated artists when I was working in the *blanchisserie* because their shirts were so hard to wash!" Trilby was saying as he went in, "paint streaks and smooches, and some of them drew sketches on their cuffs, and I know that you, Taffy, were the one who used the tails of his shirt for turpentine rags!" She clapped her hands like a child at the bouquet which Little Billie presented courtierwise on his knee and with a glance at the clock was down from the model stand and, gingham apron over the classic robe, was making salad, chattering gaily all the while, "Ah, mon Dieu, but I am—how do you say?—hongeree! Taffy, you shall stir the dressing—not so hard, Great Stupid! Oil must be coaxed, like a woman, and the Laird shall cook the little pigs to a divine brownness. What a feast we shall have—Oh, tra-la-la-la!"

Trilby's lips were the deeply curved lips of Sappho, shaped to utter music by the Lesbian Sea on some night of stars—the simile is Little Billie's—but when she opened them to sing, strange sounds come forth, a bell-toned monotone that always sent them into gales of merriment. No matter what she elected to sing, a strain from opera, a chanson of the boulevards, it was all the same, tuneless, discordant. It was not that she had no voice, for she had a great deal, but that she was absolutely tone deaf.

In the midst of their laughter, while the sausages were sputtering fragrantly over the gas-jet and Little Billie was setting out the bottles of rough red wine and the long crusty loaves, the door began to slide open and a dirty hand with long black-rimmed fingers appeared, followed by a pointed oily beard of glittering blackness topped with a nose like a bird's beak. The possessor of these endearing attributes wore a frock coat so shiny that the Laird arranged his tie before it ostentatiously as in a mirror. His beard imperfectly concealed a deficiency of linen and his complexion was so dingy that it was lucky, as Taffy whispered to Little Billie, that most of his face was whiskers, but it was his eyes which caught the glance. They were strange eyes, sending uneasy sensations slipping down the spine. Seeing them fixed unwinkingly now on Trilby, Billie's hands clenched, throttling the loaf of bread he held.

"A thousand pardons!" writhed the



Svengali's method of teaching the tone-deaf Trilby to sing, terrifies Gecko, her self-sacrificing and humble admirer



Taffy and the Laird and Little Billie, Trilby's devoted followers, watch with considerable anxiety the mending of Little Billie's sock. Trilby darns between poses

newcomer, "I did not dream that I would find you at luncheon!" and he looked wistfully at the brown sausages with their succulent pink insides.

"It was no doubt the music attracted you, eh Svengali?" the Laird drawled, ironically waving a hand toward Trilby, "but coom in and sit ye down," he raised his voice to a roar, "and the little fiddler too that I can hear sniffing in the hall, only no mair hocus pocus, mind!"

Gecko, pupil and shadow of his extraordinary master, slid in, a rabbity youth with a tremulous Adam's apple which he was forever trying to swallow. At the Laird's last words his pale eyes sought Trilby anxiously, and under cover of the noise and merriment he presently crept to her side. "You do not eat," he whispered, "you are the color of your robe. Oh, why did you let him try his power on you last week? Do you not understand when once he has looked deep into your eyes and touched your forehead with his finger tips he is your master forevermore?" He twisted his bony hands together, "I ought to know! See he is looking at us now, he knows we are speaking of him. He knows everything! It is only when I play that I can escape him——"

As tho summoned invisibly, he rose and crept back to Svengali's side, but the music-master, rapturously greasy, continued to cram bits of sausage into his mouth and dip onions into the salt without noticing him. At last with a sigh of satiety he wiped his hands upon his beard, burnishing it to greater effulgence. "Hocus pocus you call it," he smiled, yellow toothed, "yet with hypnotism one might do much good——"

"What good can it do to make someone believe a pack of lies?" Taffy growled. "Of course, the Laird here could use it on customers so that they'd see his daubs as pictures, and Trilby could use it on an audience and go in for concert singing——" he broke off at a strange sound from Little Billie. Hands clenched into fists, the boy was staring from Svengali to Trilby whose face had grown rigid and masklike under the Italian's glittering regard.

"Damn you, take your eyes off her!" Little Billie choked and would have hurled himself on the musician but for Taffy's great paw. Svengali's masterfulness vanished. The doglike Gecko at his heels hurried out, frock coat tails abjectly flapping, while Little Billie writhed impotently in the big Briton's grasp, crying shrilly, "let

TRILBY

Fictionized by permission from the First National release of the screen adaptation of Du Maurier's famous novel. A Richard Watson Tully production, directed by James Young. The cast:

Trilby	Andrée Lafayette
Svengali	Arthur Edmund Carewe
The Laird	Wilfred Lucas
Zouzou	Maurice Cannon
Durien	Gordon Mullen
Mme. Vinard	Martha Franklin
Rev. Bagot	Gilbert Clayton
Impresario	Edward Kimball
Little Billie	Creighton Hale
Taffy	Philo McCullough
Gecko	Francis McDonald
Dodor	Max Constant
Miss Bagot	Gertrude Olmstead
Mrs. Bagot	Evelyn Sherman
Laundress	Rose Dione
Jeannot	Robert De Vilbiss

go! Didn't you *see* the way he was looking at her as tho—as tho she hadn't anything *on!*"

Trilby gave a deep sigh, like one waking from sleep. The color returned to her face and she flung herself laughing onto the model stand apparently unaware of what had occurred, but Little Billie's hands, touching the clay with which he was modeling a winged foot, shook and Taffy nudged the Laird frowning. Later they discussed it over glasses of absinthe at the Dead Rat.

"The boy's falling in love with her," Taffy's rumble was anxious, "what would his Lady mother and his Reverend uncle say if he brought a little Montmartre model to The Oaks? Cant you hear his ancestors turning in their respectable graves, man?"

"He must be daft," the Laird tugged his beard fretfully, "not that there's anything wrong with Trilby but cant he *see* she isn't the kind an English gentleman marries?"

"He sees she is beautiful," Taffy said gently, "he hangs her about with all the virtues and puts stars in her hair and says his prayers to her as we all of us—God pity us—do to some woman when we are young."

The Laird's eyes grew wistful with memories, "Aye—there was a spring in Dungerry and a milkmaid. But after I saw her eat one day I dinna loe her any mair. Perhaps the lad's eyes will be opened. But Trilby is a nice little thing. I dinna hold with Little Billie's wanting to marry her, but if he didna want to marry her I would spank him with my own hand!"

They did not guess that even then Little Billie's eyes were opened and he was looking out upon a different world in which the gargoyles of Notre Dame leaned over their parapets to grimace at his misery and the roseate mists over the boulevard were suddenly rain, and all the lovely laughing city was a hideous painted hag with mud drabbled skirts and the smirk of a skull.

For hours the boy tramped the streets. The shadow of those bitter hours was upon him when he pushed open the door of the studio and faced his friends. "I'm going," he said hoarsely, and began to jerk things blindly into his bag, shoes, shirts, paint brushes while they watched, open monthed. Then his glance fell on the little white foot that was Trilby's and he struck it savagely, and afterwards gathered up the pieces with his eyes brimming with boy tears. "——this afternoon, at the life class," he stammered, "I *saw* her—she was posing before them all—naked—I wanted to kill every one of them—but I cant kill—all Paris and so I'm going——"

The Laird fled cravenly from the task of telling Trilby that Little Billie had run away and so it fell upon Taffy to explain in clumsy words and stumbling phrases the reason of his going.

"But I do not understand," Trilby cried bewilderedly, "all models pose in the altogether. Surely it is no sin to be looked at unless one is ugly, and I am very pretty with my clothes off, not only my foot but all over."

It was no use. The mind of a daughter of Montmartre could not comprehend the unreasonable viewpoint of an artist who admired beautiful things and yet would not have people look on beauty, but Trilby did most of her thinking with her heart and that told her what she must do to win Little Billie back. "So I return to the blanchisserie," she told them wistfully, standing before them, a Milo in black sateen blouse and broken shoes, "I wash the artist's shirts, I take off the skin from my fingers and I watch the feet of those who pass by our basement, for surely he will come back now."

The lime blossoms fell, the old men on the quays turned over another dingy page, and a good deal of water passed thru the taps in Trilby's laundry, and suddenly Little Billie was back from England. "I love her," he told Taffy and the Laird, as tho expecting their surprise at his amazing discovery, "I love her because she's what she

The cruel and rapacious Svengali decides to make a fortune out of the poor little laundress. He bids her follow him



is—if she was any different she wouldn't be Trilby. It's queer, as soon as people love someone they always set to work trying to change them over. That's what I told mother——"

Taffy had a vision of the haughty Lady Eleanor with her high-roofed ancestral nose and basilisk eye. "You—told your mother you loved Trilby?" he asked, almost in awe.

"I told her I was going to marry her," Little Billie said a trifle grimly. After all, he was related to the high-roofed ancestral nose.

And now the gendarme, leaning against the white-washed wall of the Passage des Abbesses, saw the ingredients of other merry little feasts carried thru the dark old archway, and heard queer, untuneful singing, peals of laughter and gay voices from the studio, and sometimes Trilby and Little Billie passed him hand in hand on the way to sit in a top heaven seat at the opera with a look on their faces that even a gendarme could understand. *Allons!* What a thing to be young and in love. . . .

The gendarme did not like the English lady and the gentleman in the shovel hat who stopped to ask him the way to Little Billie's studio one evening—*ma foi*, but Madame looked as tho she were smelling something unpleasant with that nose of hers. And the fussy little man with her addressed him as "Jen Dam" and seemed to think that the strange noises he was making were French.

"It is the girl we must talk to," the lady said as they moved away, "William must not guess we are here——"

The clocks below boomed midnight, from the top of the Eiffel Tower a red eye winked and the busses roared by in the Boulevard below, bringing loads of tourists to the Bal Tabarin, hopeful of looking upon some evil. Then the gendarme say the couple returning, and with them came the girl of the gay laughter, but now she was not laughing and the bunch of roses was blighted with tears.

"I knew that we could make you see it was quite impossible," the lady with the nose was saying—what a horrible language, that English! A language to say harsh things in, to scold with, but never, never to make love in —"and you promise not to see him again?"



The moment of Trilby's greatest triumph was the moment that preceded her collapse. Svengali had won—and lost

The light from a lantern swinging in the wind fell across the girl's face giving it—the gendarme thought—the look of one of the marble saints in the Sacré Cœur. A strange place for saints, Montmartre! "I promise," Trilby said, taking the words one by one from her heart, "I promise—never to see—him again——"

It is no doubt the human life they have looked down upon so long that is responsible for the expressions on the faces of the gargoyles of Notre Dame. From their high perch above the city, man must seem an amusing and pitiful and altogether futile sort of insect rushing madly about and imagining his insect sorrows and desires are important. Little Billie told himself this and many other scornful bitter things in the weeks that followed when he wandered about Paris searching for a lost dark head in a world full of women whom he hated because they were not Trilby. He sought her in the parks, in the cafés and theaters, he hunted for her among the laundries and the shops and all the studios of the Quarter. There were many women, slim hipped, luring eyed, women with little white hands and pretty lips like painted flowers, scarlet-haired hussies of the varieties, languid models, pert shop girls with impossible coiffures, demi-mondaines, apache girl, midinettes, but Trilby had vanished without a trace. She had always been secretive about her home life; someone said there had been a small brother whom she had cared for, someone else said he had died. . . .

"I'm getting stale," Taffy growled, carefully avoiding Little Billie's haggard look. "I've painted sidewalk cafés and flower vendors and children rolling hoops in the Tuileries Gardens until my brushes are all gummed up with sweetness. Let's go traveling and paint pictures with tobacco and gin and blood in 'em."

As a cure for love-sickness, Australia may be recommended. Of course there were scars left in Little Billie's heart, and sometimes when the velvety dark was disturbed by a woman's voice crooning unevenly across the veldt, or when the Southern Cross was a blue blaze on the horizon, the scars throbbed a little, and Billie would say,

(*Continued on page* 80)



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

Impressions

By

LOUISE FAZENDA



These two pictures and the "Impressions" below attest the extraordinary versatility of the gifted Miss Fazenda, who is better known as a comedienne

BARBARA LA MARR

The flame of a black candle.
Chinchilla.
Unknown ladies at tombs.
Orchids.

ENID BENNETT

Priscilla, playing with dolls.
Rainbows.
A tremulous child.
Titania.

FLORENCE VIDOR

Apple blossoms in the breeze.
Rose-point lace.
Breath of jasmine.
Reeds, and a quiet pool.

BABY PEGGY

A robin.
Kewpies.
Soap-bubbles.
Buttercups.

LON CHANEY

A shadow without a presence.
Dwarf pines.
A scream in the dark.
Fog.
The San Francisco water-front.

CLAIRE WINDSOR

Blue corn-flowers in a wheatfield.
Rhinestones.
A crystal vase.
A swan on a clear lake.

CULLEN LANDIS

Civil War daguerreotypes.
Agate.
A boy sobbing in an empty church.
Rosemary for remembrance.

MARY CARR

A lamp in a window.
Old bibles.
Paisley.
Frost on pink roses.

ANNA Q. NILSSON

A woman in sable with wolfhounds.
Sunlight on frozen green water.
A jewel-handled whip.
Boadicea, Queen of Britain.

WANDA HAWLEY

Peach melbas.
Sorority dances.
Light blue ruffled parasols.
Daisy chains at Vassar.



"The Light, Bright, Lissom Mae"

Mae Murray poses for Edwin Bower Hesser

The Genius of Gesture

·An Observation

by

FAITH SERVICE

YOU dont quite know whether he is *true* or not . . . or whether you might not, perhaps, have made him up, invented him in a moment of mad imagery, read about him, caught him in a chord, immediately lost. . . .

A face pale and perfect . . . a Burgandy colored dressing-gown . . . black hair . . . significant hands . . . a Byronic collar . . . a strong resemblance to the pictures of the poet Byron . . . this is Joseph Schildkraut.

A room lined on all four walls, from floor to ceiling with books, chosen books, loved books and read, books that hold you, each by a voice of its own, this is his background.

He is a romantic recluse. He walks abroad as the Chevalier in "Orphans of the Storm," as Liliom on the stage and as Peer Gynt, but Joseph Schildkraut remains within the four book-lined walls, withdrawn.

He is a genius of gesture.

Ever since he was ten years old and read the Decameron and studied the violin while he dreamed of being an actor, up to the present day when he is twenty-seven and reading Poe, living his secluded life, young Schildkraut is a genius of gesture.



Photographs by Nickolas Muray



Joseph Schildkraut has given us the Chevalier in "Orphans of the Storm" on the screen, and the deathless Liliom on the stage. He has now been signed for the Goldwyn picture, "The Master of Man," from Hall Caine's famous story

As to his sincerity, that is a matter of opinion. One may gesture sincerely. . . .

Have you ever read books of a haunting strangeness? Seen plays wherein the human and the superhuman, the mystic and the matter-of-fact mingled and were lost? Caught and then lost again strains of music that repelled the Everyday with fantastic fingertips? Products of perversity neither beautiful nor bad?

And then have you ever thought, "But people are not like this. The world is not like this. Life is not like this. I have strayed into a nether place."

But Joseph Schildkraut *is* "like this." This is the mood he evokes for you. This is the atmosphere he gives to you.

If Baudelaire had flung back his head and shattered his malodorous verses with shouts of Homeric laughter. If Poe had played ball with a child and written a

(*Continued on page 77*)



Hollywood Homes

No. XI

Above is the exterior of Wallace Reid's home. The architect was Frank Meline. It was decorated by Gomes and Glendale of California. Here it was that Wallie played the genial host to his so many friends . . . open house for all good fellows. . . .



Left is Mrs. Wallace Reid with her son and the little girl she adopted just before her husband died. Here too, she "carries on" with a brave heart and fine courage, a gallant crusader against the evil thing that cost Wallace Reid his life



Right is a corner of the lawn with its familiar swimming pool

Below is the music-room with its mute testimony to a former gaiety



Exclusive views of the home of the late Wallace Reid





Above is the extremely interesting stairway with its classic severity and charming plastered walls

Left is the dining-room in smooth brown oak and tinted walls. Note the graceful lighting



Another Mary

Mary Pickford piles her golden glory on top of her head and essays the rôle of an alluring and passionately emotional woman

These are scenes from "Rosita," soon — but not soon enough — to be released. It is based on the picturesque adventures of "Don Cæsar de Bazan." The great German director, Lubitsch, is controlling the destinies of this picture. We hope you will like Mary in this new kind of rôle. After all, she *is* a woman, a gorgeous, glorious, golden woman



The Girl Who Couldn't Stop Crying

By

HARRY CARR



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Renee Adoree is not really new to the screen; but it was not until Reginald Barker happened to select her for an emotional part in a big outdoor story that she really found herself. He thinks she will become one of the finest emotional actresses ever seen on the screen

THIS really was a terrible dilemma, Renee Adoree couldn't stop crying. It was one of the most alarming little episodes I ever saw in a motion picture studio.

Renee had been parting from her old father.

It seems that unwillingly she had killed a man. Tho he was a villain with a leer, the Northwest Mounted Police were after her and she had to fly.

I saw her when she said goodbye to her father. She clung to him convulsively. The tears were streaming down her cheeks. She looked very little and very pitiful, and the tears were very, very real. With one last kiss and a sob, she broke away, and rushed—out of the camera area.

Reginald Barker, the director, followed to congratulate her. To his surprise, she was still crying.

"What's the matter?" he asked in dismay. His only answer was a fresh outburst of sobbing.

Mr. Barker looked around with belligerent inquiry. Then the situation dawned upon him. The little French girl had got her tears started and they wouldn't stop. He looked around hopelessly at Pat O'Malley who was costumed in scarlet, uniform of the Northwest Police. Pat rose gallantly to the rescue.

He picked Renee up bodily and sat her on the stump of a tree. Then, cavorting around like a Sennett comedian, he pretended to take a kodak picture of her tears.

She tried to smile but it was such a drippy, woebegone little smile—and it was washed away in another outburst.

Then the director tried again. "Come on, Renee. My God, you know it's just a play. Come on, shake yourself out of it." With that he took her by both arms and gave her two or three little shakes.

Her only answer was to lean on his shoulder and begin to cry again.

Barker looked around at the orchestra that every director keeps on the sets these days. "Quick: some jazz," he said.

The orchestra leader tried, "Carolina in the Morning" and "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheehan."

Renee slid down from the stump and made them a little tear-stained bow of acknowledgment: but the case was quite hopeless.

"Sank you," she said in a little damp, weak, woe-saturated voice. Then she picked up her make-up box and walked slowly away to her dressing-room, leaving the director and the studio staff looking like convicted murderers. The last I saw of her, her shoulders were still shaking with the convulsions of weeping.

Renee is like the colored lady. When she mourns she mourns.

Reginald Barker who has found a lot of them thinks she is the great "find" of the year.

She is not really new to the screen. She has been dubbing around in small parts for years. It was not until this winter when Mr. Barker happened to select her for an emotional part in a big outdoor story that she really found herself. Mr. Barker thinks she is due to become one of the finest emotional actresses ever seen on the screen.

She is a little French girl, not fatally beautiful but piquant and charming. She has been on the stage all her life. As a child she was an acrobatic dancer in France and was educated in England by a tutor while still filling stage engagements in London.

(Continued on page 76)

Beside the Sea

"Come on in—
The water's fine!"



Photograph by Woodbury, L. A.



Above, Tommy Meighan and Leatrice Joy on location in Florida take a swim between shots. Below, Alice Lake struggles with a deep-sea monster



Top of the page, Hazel Keener (in Maurice Tourneur's "The Brass Bottle") doesn't care how hot it gets. Above, Elaine Hammerstein



Stars of the Silver Sheet Shine on the Silver Sand





Above, Viola Dana acquires a coat of tan. Below, George Walsh, that remarkable athlete, does his setting-up exercises on the beach



Above, Harold Lloyd and Ruth Roland in a friendly pose. Below, Kathleen Key and cape, from Goldwyn pictures



Above, three Mack Sennett Sand-Witches from "She Loves Me Not." How do you like these little beach-combers?





Left is May Allison who returns to the screen in "The Sign"

Right is Leatrice Joy who is breaking — no, — we mean making "The Ten Commandments." Below is Mary Thurman who is playing in the East in "Zaza"



Photograph by Rice

Summer Girls



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr



Anna Q. Nilsson as the picturesque Cherry Malotte and Milton Sills as Roy Glennister in "The Spoilers"

The Celluloid Critic

Laurence Reid Reviews the Latest Picture Plays

A SUCCESSFUL picture is like a successful play. If it has reached the high places thru some outstanding character or situation—and if it surges forward with a compact line of action, thru which its scenes are neatly dovetailed, it is certain to be favorably received and to establish itself in the memory as a picture with a personality. Such documents are sure to be revived.

It is fitting and proper that Goldwyn should give a new treatment to Rex Beach's best yarn, "The Spoilers." In the first place it had earned a new picturization thru its eloquent account of life in the raw—a background which may only be expressed well on the screen. But what made "The Spoilers" so memorable was its smashing fight in the climax between Tom Santschi and William Farnum.

It has been said that this gory combat could never be equalled, much less duplicated. The very thought of it has inspired its present sponsors in general, and Director Lambert Hillyer in particular, to create a scene which would ring down the corridors of Time—which would eclipse any hand-to-hand conflict ever staged before the searching lens of the camera. The Santschi-Farnum mêlée compared to the Sills-Beery (Milton and Noah) mêlée would be like trying to compare two fly-weights in action against Dempsey and Firpo in another ring. It's a tearing, smashing, slam-bang bloody battle which takes up easily twenty minutes—which thrusts two very earnest players in deadly combat with no quarter given or taken from either participant.

Mr. Reid selects "The Spoilers" as the best photoplay of this month, and compares the great Milton Sills-Noah Beery fight with its former prototype, the Tom Santschi-William Farnum brawl

Of course the fight is the moment which we waited for. Every scene is a prelude to it. And how they did build up to it! Here we have the vigorous account of a Yukon miner, a power up Dawson way, determined to stand up on his own feet regardless of the efforts of a group of wily politicians to make capital of the ignorant community. The net is woven around him. The law is against him. Every loophole has been carefully embroidered so that there appears no possible chance for escape. And to complicate matters he is in love with a girl whose guardian is the crooked judge in collusion with the disciples of evil—claim jumpers, in Mr. Beach's language.

The suspense mounts when you see Sills grit his teeth to see the conflict thru to the finish. Scenes—oh, many of

them—are given up to primitive, primeval battle. There are introductory scuffles to the main bout. And the background is as much like the Alaskan country as a good location man can make it. So let's mark it up as a smashing, ripping melodrama of the big outdoors—adapted from a story which was destined for the screen—a melodrama which rushes with headlong speed straight to its climax. And what a climax! Sills and Beery fairly leap at each other's throats. Tables, chairs, book-cases are overturned. The actors smash their way and each other's faces thru doors, windows and partitions—until you feel like crying "Stop it!" It's vivid and vital, this fight. The attending blowing up of the mines, the ride of the vigilantes, the crooked roulette game and the other details are merely incidental to the rip-tearing punch when Beery takes the count from Sills' good right fist—and left.



A good supporting cast lends competent assistance—particularly Sam de Grasse, Barbara Bedford and Robert Edeson. Wallace MacDonald allows himself too much latitude in the matter of his wardrobe. It suggests the latest Kuppenheimer advertisement instead of the style of the late nineties.

We advise you to see this picture; you will respond to its vitality, picturesqueness and melodramatic display.







Oval (above) Jane Novak and John Bowers in "Divorce." Above Alfred Lunt and Mimi Palmeri in "The Ragged Edge"

Left, Florence Vidor and Monte Blue in "Main Street." Above, Douglas MacLean in "A Man of Action"

BOOTH Tarkington's prize-winning story, "Alice Adams," (Associated Exhibitors) has been approached with fine sympathetic appreciation by King Vidor, a director who is at his best in visualizing the simple humanities. It's a picture not dependent upon dramatic fireworks, but scores easily and surely because it expresses the simple things in an equally simple way.

Here is a cross-section of American family life—life that all of us know. The protagonist is a wistful, imaginative, pathetic, day-dreaming girl who paints vivid fancies—who thru her pride will keep up appearances despite the poverty in her home. Her mother is a complaining woman—one who continually nags her husband because he hasn't taken the family to the heights. Her father is meek and mild and naturally uncomplaining. But he is incapable of making both ends meet. There is a brother who is allowed to become a wastrel simply because his parents are more or less uninterested in him. And around this quartette moves a drama which touches tragic chords—which paints vividly and accurately—and at times, poignantly, discordant family life.

The film treatment is splendid. It carries the quaint humor tinctured with pathetic glimpses of the novel. It retains all the humanities which Tarkington incorporated. The big vital note in the book—when Alice entertains her admirer at dinner and he sees thru her sham, is deftly treated—with a suggestion of real subtlety. These characters are made real by the director, Rowland V. Lee—and the players who fit them have seemingly stepped from the pages of the book. What a memorable portrayal Florence Vidor gives as the girl whose dreams are shattered! How she humanizes the figure who was forced to swallow her pride—and Claude Gillingwater as the father presents a portrait of cameo fineness.

The *intelligentsia* will thoroly enjoy this picture—and if we are not mistaken, so will the *bourgeoisie*. It's a very human document, treated in a very human way. Oh, but that we might have more like it!

ANOTHER Tarkington tale—in an entirely different vein—the vein which many declare to be his best—is his "Penrod and Sam" (First National). No author can approach the gentleman from Indiana in the expression of irrepressible boyhood. All the whimsy and fancy of Youth is accurately drawn. Youth with its imitative faculties—Youth with its joyful pranks and heartaches is admirably painted.

As a picture, it soars with the same comic spirit as the book—the director seeing to it that none of the Tarkington sparks are missing. Consequently we discover the effervescent high jinks of the inseparable youngsters—who put on a circus and an "inishiashun"—who are brought upon the "carpet" before their respective fathers and severely reprimanded—and who are real boys as

played by Ben Alexander (Ben is growing up—you wouldn't recognize him as the *enfant terrible* of "Hearts of the World") as Penrod and Joe Butterworth as Sam. What kids do the wide world over is depicted here with a tragic-comic quality.

As a story it is sketchy, but that is to be expected. Yet no youngster, vital and real, ever did things but what were of an episodic character. Exceptionally sympathetic treatment has been accorded the book by the director, William Beaudine, who demonstrates the fact that he hasn't forgotten his own youth, nor forgotten that Tarkington cannot be improved upon. Humor and pathos are finely blended — which releases a picture of warm, human attributes.

It's a real slice of childhood, never exaggerated, but ringing true with sentiment, spirit, and charm. Among its scenes the spectator will find one—and possibly many—which will strike home. The brightest moment to us is when Father Schofield asks his daughter's cub admirer the hour—and the latter interprets the inquiry by beating a hasty retreat.





Below, Florence Vidor and Claude Gillingwater in "Alice Adams"



Above, Cullen Landis in "The Fog." Below, The Three Wise Fools, Claude Gillingwater, William H. Crane and Alec B. Francis

Above, Mrs. Wallace Reid and Bessie Love in "Human Wreckage," a profoundly moving picture. Below, Penrod and Sam





BRINGING "Main Street" to the screen was something of a task for Warner Brothers, since Sinclair Lewis' best-seller is based upon words instead of pictures. Taking a widely read book which has established its prejudices as well as its champions, it stands to reason that no matter how the sponsors treated the subject they were certain to find themselves in a jam. Here is a long-winded book which is often dull—which is unrelieved by any balancing note of humor, and yet the director has done a creditable job by it—even if it was impossible for him to save it from becoming tedious in its concluding reels.

The fault with Lewis (and of course the director must be held responsible) is his weakness for repetition. So we have scenes which are duplicated—particularly the party scenes. The story has been followed pretty faithfully, but visualizing it shows up Lewis' exaggeration. It is more of a psychological study than a drama of physical action. Naturally many of its situations seem overdrawn. But the sordid background—the drab commonplaces of Gopher Prairie, is retained. Still it fails in bringing forth Lewis' satirical shafts—and it often falls down in establishing the analysis of small-town smugness. It shouldn't have been screened—because the author's pen pictures are incapable of being reproduced.

The types, however, are well chosen. Certainly Florence Vidor catches the true psychology of the character of the city girl who would make over the community. The picture, like the novel, hits its most accurate note when it reveals these smug villagers as unwilling to adapt themselves to any ideas and ideals except their own. Monte Blue suggests the physician-husband with adequate faithfulness. The most genuine villager is played by Harry Myers as the local druggist.

TRYING to follow the stage version too closely has placed "Three Wise Fools" (Goldwyn) just out of reach of the coveted bull's-eye. The fault of this picture is too much continuity—too much crowded incident—with every detail clearly outlined in advance so that it precludes any value of suspense. At times it becomes weary—especially whenever the three cronies are together. By their actions one would imagine them a trio of silly, old gossips who might be engaged in playing dominoes. So they adopt their erstwhile sweetheart's daughter who incidentally carries all the conflict—since she is compelled to keep a deep secret, that her father is an escaped criminal. Her meetings with him place the detectives watching the

(*Continued on page* 90)



Clemenceau "The Tiger" of France Turns Scenarist

Ex - premier Clemenceau is taking an active interest in the filming of his book. He directs and offers suggestions as his play is produced. Left, Tchang-Y covers his wife, Si-Tchun, with flowers. Below is the Emperor's Messenger. We hope that this interesting picture will be released over here

The Veil of Happiness

Photographs by Kadel and Herbert

In this picture play real Chinese men and women are seen. They were recruited from the Chinese students studying in Paris. The play is about a rich Chinese nobleman who has a beautiful wife and a good friend by the name of Ton-Fon Tchang. The husband is blind but is very happy with his wife and children. He suddenly recovers his sight and begins to learn that his wife's lover is Ton-Fon Tchang. Rather than see this unhappiness he puts his eyes out and becomes blind again. . . .



Classic's Monthly Department of the Theater

The Hardy Perennials of the Season



Photograph by White Studios

Below, Ruth Page in her odd and interesting dance for "The Music Box Revue"

Below, Olive Vaughn, one of the beauties from George White's newest and loveliest "Scandals"

The Photographer Takes the Stage



Photograph by Victor George

Above, Helen Shipman and Nat Nazarro in "The Passing Show of 1923" going strong at the Winter Garden



Photograph by White Studios



Photographs (above and below) by White Studios



Photograph by Apeda

Above, Queenie Smith (formerly ballerina at the Metropolitan Opera House) with Joseph Lertora in the Russian ensemble from "Helen Of Troy, New York." Queenie runs away with the show. It is by those masters of satire, Messrs. Kauffman and Connelley, who prove their further ability by writing a musical comedy. Below, Katherine Bolton, Louis Mann, and George Sidney, in a scene from "Give and Take"



Photo by Apeda



Above, Marion Kerby, as she is, a charming young woman and an actress of distinction and skill

Above, Marion Kerby as Nana, the absinthe-crazed victim who beats her young sister in "7th Heaven"

Plays like "Merton of the Movies," "7th Heaven," "Rain," "The Fool," "Give and Take," "The Old Soak," "The Music Box Revue," and several others, ran all last winter, all this summer, and are starting in the fall apparently as popular as ever. "Kiki" ran six hundred nights, and we have an idea some of these will equal it. Below, Florence Nash and Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies"



Photograph by White Studios



Photograph by White Studios

Above, a scene from "Rain," the Somerset Maugham melodrama of the missionary field, that is likely to run forever



Photograph by [illegible]

James Barton in "Dew Drop In," which would drop out without him. This is a comparatively new one



Right, Sara Sothern, who plays so pathetically the little lame girl in Channing Pollock's "The Fool," another play that fills its theater nightly

Photograph by Albin

Flashes From the

Of the Stage

Caught by



Photograph by Muray

OUT on a picturesque estate on Long Island at the head waters of Little Neck Bay where, ninety-five years ago, small craft used to put in for supplies from the general store, a little bit of Southern France has been translated for scenes in "Zaza," Allan Dwan's production of the famous French play. The old general store, which was built in 1828, has been transformed into the quaintest French home imaginable. It is Zaza's love nest. The grist mill, where the farmers used to come in the early days to get their grain ground and a demijohn of rum, has been made into a thatched building by the art department, and the old barn which stood next to the store has been fixed over to represent a typical French barn. All of these buildings stand on the edge of a beautiful lake. Director Dwan expects to spend a week on this location filming scenes that are expected to be among the loveliest shown in the picture. Gloria Swanson, H. B. Warner, Lucille La Verne, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Riley Hatch, and twenty-five extras are working there.

Madge Kennedy, a twinkling light of both stage and screen, will open in September in a new musical comedy called "Poppy." Dorothy Donnelly is responsible for the book.



Upper left is Ben Lyon, one of the principals in the stage success, "Mary The Third." Goldwyn has signed him for pictures. Right is Ernest Truex in a scene from "Six Cylinder Love" that Fox is making as a picture. Lower left, is Lew Cody. If Mr. Cody is trying to live down the title, "Male Vampire," we would respectfully suggest that *this* isn't a particularly good way to do it

Richard Barthelmess has completed "The Fighting Blade," and has started on another picture under John S. Robertson. It is a modern story, the title of which has not yet been given out, and it will be released before "The Fighting Blade," as they thought it wise not to have two costume pictures follow each other.



A. H. Woods, by arrangement with Sam Harris, will present Mary Ryan in "Red Light Annie," a new play by Sam Forrest and Norman Houston, at the Morosco Theater, on August 20th.

Hot weather means nothing in Genevieve Tobin's young life. Genevieve rushes blithely from her job at the William Fox Studios, where she is creating the leading feminine rôle in "No Mother to Guide Her," to the theater where she is featured in Broadway's big hit, "Polly Preferred." She created the rôle of Patricia O'Day in the stage version of "Little Old New York."

Thomas Meighan will travel from New York to California and back in the production of his next three Paramount pictures. As soon as he has com-

Eastern Stars

On the Screen

the Editor

pleted Peter B. Kyne's story, "Homeward Bound," which is now being made at New London, Conn., Mr. Meighan, accompanied by Mrs. Meighan, will go to the Lasky studio in Hollywood to film George Ade's original story tentatively titled "All Must Marry." Mr. Meighan will pick up George Ade in Chicago on the way West. Following the production of the Ade story, Mr. Meighan will return East to Kennebunkport, Me., the summer home of Booth Tarkington, where he will work with Mr. Tarkington and a director and scenario writer on an original story which the famous novelist and playwright has just written expressly for Mr. Meighan.

Ernest Truex, creating the leading rôle in Elmer Clifton's production of "Six Cylinder Love" at the Fox New York Studios that he played on Broadway and the road for two years, deserves to go down in history, for immortalizing the moustache! Truex, who admits to being five feet and a bit more in height, vows he grew a moustache so he could prove his age and take part in conversations





Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Above is a miniature Gilda Grey. Right is a shot from "Homeward Bound," Tommy Meighan's picture. Upper right is Dorothy Gish with her husband, James Rennie. The soldier is Lawrence Cecil who plays the Sergeant in "The Devil's Disciple." He was a Captain in the English Army during the World War and has a brilliant war record. Theatricals are doubtless rather tame to him



Photograph by Russell Ball

without being told "children should be seen and not . . . " oh, you know the rest.

The schedule of the Theatre Guild for the coming season was announced yesterday. The Garrick will open late in September with "Windows," by John Galsworthy, described by him as a "comedy for idealists and others." Martha-Bryan Allen, now in "The Devil's Disciple," is the only member of the cast yet chosen. Following "Windows" will come "The Failures," an adaptation from "Les Rates," a tragedy by H. R. Lenormand. Jacob Ben Ami will have the lead. Other productions will include Molnar's comedy "The Guardsman." Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra"; "Masse

(*Continued on page* 88)



Classic Considers—



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

For the very good reason that he has more courage and greater vision than anyone else in the moving picture industry. Because he is consistently and without self-consciousness trying to make "bigger and better pictures," and is succeeding. Because he has done much to dignify his profession. Because he manages to instruct, edify and entertain all in one picture. And last, because he won the sweetheart of the world for his wife

ZELDA SEARS

Because she wanted to be a playwright and that's what she is. She started her career as a reporter on the old Chicago *Herald* and came to New York in the chorus of an Erlanger musical comedy. She was secretary to the late Clyde Fitch and created all his comedy rôles on the stage for twelve years. Her first complete play was "Lady Billy" for Mitzi. She was co-author of Madge Kennedy's "Cornered," and sole author of the popular "The Clinging Vine," for Peggy Wood



Photograph by
Edward Thayer Monroe



WALTER DAMROSCH

Because he has done so much to popularize music in New York City, without ever once lowering the high standard of taste set by one of our finest symphony orchestras. Because he condenses operas, and plays selections from them, and makes them comprehensible to children every Saturday morning during the winter. Because he is the conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra,, which you can hear for a quarter—if you'll sit up under the roof of Carnegie Hall



Greed

Written in Short Story Form by Patricia Doyle

TRINA took the slip of paper in her hand without a word. She was beyond speech. Maria's senseless yelling had subsided. Marcus turned on his heel in disgust. McTeague breathed in an immense sigh, like a huge walrus coming up for air. Papa Sieppe stood dumfounded and Mamma Sieppe began to cry softly. Nobody said a word. The slip of paper was a check for five thousand dollars.

That was almost more money than Trina Sieppe could think of all at once, certainly more than McTeague could take in. Marcus Schouler was, however, painfully aware of the immensity of the sum. Trina had been engaged to him and in a fit of maudlin sympathy for his pal McTeague, he had freely transferred her to his awkward attentions. At first Trina had been afraid of his great bulk and recoiled timidly from his clumsy love - making, but there was in her now undeniable response to his aggressive masculinity, albeit she admitted it even to herself a little shamefacedly. She remembered the first time she had seen McTeague. It was in his office. She and Marcus and all the Sieppes had gone on a picnic and the party had gotten rough. Trina fell out of a swing and broke her tooth. But Marcus had comforted her by telling her his friend McTeague who was a dentist—of sorts, would fix it up for her.

So she had gone the next day to McTeague's office. Maria was there begging for junk, which lowly performance she regarded as an entirely legitimate business. "Crazy in the head!" McTeague had said in his gruff voice, illustrating the fact by tapping his huge head with a thick forefinger and pointing at Maria. Trina nodded assent, but Maria only stole a handful of gold fillings behind McTeague's back and went to Zerkow with them.

McTeague's stolidity had deserted him. He trembled before this slim girl with her ropes of fine black hair and her little tapering hands. He thought of a thousand things he could do to make her keep on coming to his office. The last time she came he had

GREED

Fictionized by permission from Goldwyn, from the screen version of Frank Norris' novel, "McTeague." Adaptation and direction by Eric von Stroheim. The cast:

McTeague	Gibson Gowland
Trina	Zasu Pitts
Marcus Schouler	Jean Hersholt
Selina	Joan Standing
Zerkow	Cesare Gravina
Maria Macapa	Dale Fuller
Old Grannis	Frank Hayes
Miss Baker	Fanny Midgeley
Mr. Sieppe	Chester Conklin
Mrs. Sieppe	Sylvia Ashton
The Twins	Oscar and Otto Gottel
August	Austin Jewel
The lottery man	Lon Poff
Heise, the harness maker	Hughie Mack
Traveling dentist	Erich von Ritzau
McTeague's Father	James Marcus



In a fit of maudlin sympathy for his pal, McTeague, Marcus had surrendered his girl to the dentist's awkward love-making. Below: Trina sends McTeague the mammoth gold tooth he had so long coveted for his office

given her ether—to save her from pain. When she lay back in the chair unconscious, he kissed her moist soft mouth over and over again, hungry devouring kisses. She came to, shivering, but not with fear.

They were engaged after that and now they were to be married in a few days. McTeague's practice was well enough, but with five thousand dollars they had nothing much to worry about. Trina took the money to her Uncle, for whose toy shop she used to paint little wooden dolls, and he deposited it in a bank for her. She couldn't bear to spend it, but she did go out and buy a mammoth gold tooth that McTeague had long coveted for his office. He was touched and thanked her with many bearlike hugs and rude kisses. He never had been particularly articulate and now he was reduced to a gauche demonstrativeness that alternately thrilled and disgusted Trina.

After they were married, McTeague suggested that they take better lodgings.

"On your pay, we cant afford it," was Trina's brief rejoinder.

"But your five thousand dollars!" muttered McTeague considerably surprised.

"Stays where it is," snapped Trina. Then quickly seeing the offended look in her husband's dull eyes, "Love your Trina?"

"Yes," he answered and put his arms around her.

"Love her big?" murmured the girl running her slim fingers thru his bushy hair.

McTeague took her fingers playfully between his strong white teeth.

"Oh, you hurt," she cried, but he only laughed.

In a much poorer room on a much poorer street Maria and Zerkow, the junk dealer, started their miserable life together. "And so my father buried his plate," Maria was saying, rolling her big vacant eyes. "Four dozen gold dishes, all sizes, six platters, all sizes, two great big soup tureens, eighteen——"

"But where, merciful God, where?" Zerkow interrupted wringing his dirty hands. "Where did your father hide all this gold?"

"I cant seem to remember," Maria said without expression. Her husband seemed about to choke her. "But I'll think hard, Zerkow," she added hastily. "Give me but a little time and Maria will find the place for you."

He had to be content with that altho it was only one of many times this identical conversation had taken place. Zerkow dreamed of that mysterious buried gold at night. He thought about it by day. It was for that he had married the half-wit Maria and lived on the price of the gold fillings she managed to steal from McTeague.

As for the McTeagues, they prospered well enough. Trina began to save money to add to the five thousand. It got to be a regular mania, with her. She put it in a little trunk she kept under the bed, the key of



which she had always with her. As fast as she could, she changed it into gold. When her husband was at his office, she would get it out and play with it lingeringly, lovingly, gloatingly. At least half of everything he gave her she put away in the trunk. She bought cheaper meat, cheaper clothes. She went hungry herself and skimped her husband, so that the glittering pile might grow.

McTeague knew nothing of this. He was fairly well content. He was still under the spell of Trina's superior refinement. He loved her daintiness, her great ropes of hair, the rich vital odor of it, her little hands with their little pointed fingers, which he loved to bite in boorish gaiety, altho she always complained that he hurt her.

At the end of three years McTeague decided they would move into a little house, the rent of which was thirty-five dollars. Trina almost screamed. "Thirty-five dollars! We couldn't possibly afford it."

"But the five thousand," said McTeague again. "You pay half and I'll pay half. You've been saving a lot of money anyway. We can use that. There must be at least——"

"No, no," cried Trina. "There isn't any. I haven't any money at all saved. Take a better house. You're crazy. We ought to take a cheaper place."

"You're getting to be a regular miser," retorted McTeague angrily. "You're worse than old Zerkow." And he went away and rented the house anyway.

Then one day he received an official-looking letter from somebody or other enjoining him from the further practice of dentistry, because he didn't have a diploma. McTeague was utterly stunned. "A diploma, a diploma! What is that, Trina? I've been practising dentistry for twelve years. Why should I have to have a diploma?"

Trina couldn't tell any more than he could, but her woman's intuition divined the cause of this catastrophe. It was Schouler's work of course, Marcus Schouler, who had never forgiven McTeague for winning, not Trina exactly, but the five thousand. If he could only have known——

Trina's heart went cold at the news. Would she have to give up some of her beloved money? No, never. Never. Never. Never. The clink to her ears, the glitter to her eyes, the cold smooth feel to her fingers, meant more to her now than love or peace or life itself. In fact, her money was all of those things to her. Only McTeague still mattered a little. She could understand old Zerkow now, whom she had always despised before. He too hoarded gold, but such a little beside her shining pile! She felt sorry for him now, old Zerkow who had been fooled by Maria's lack-wit tale of her father's plate, not a single piece of which ever existed save in her own muddled mind. Trina would never give up her money.

McTeague slowly abandoned his profession. For days at a time he sat gloomily in his own dental chair with nothing to do. "We'll be poor together," said Trina, and lead him to a dingy back hall room. "This is all we can afford."

"Afford, hell!" McTeague sneered. "You and your five thousand three hundred! You make me sick."

"My money wont be touched," shrilled Trina.

"Well I wont live in this dump," McTeague snarled, and bit her fingers.



The grind began. McTeague's idleness had become habitual. Trina shed her former daintiness and was now a sloven

"All right," brought out Trina triumphantly, tho she winced from the pain. "Then pay the rent for this apartment."

But of course he couldn't pay the rent. He had no money at all. Trina was supporting him, so they sold their furniture and moved in, and McTeague started to look for work. The grind began. Trina took to whittling dolls again for her Uncle's toy shop. She wore gloves to protect her hands but still, she had become a sloven. McTeague came home disheartened, night after night. He didn't know anything but dentistry and nobody would give him a job. Once he asked Trina for money to buy beer. She flew into a rage. When he did manage to get a job, she took all his pay away from him and he submitted like a docile bear. In spite of their poverty, Trina's pile in her trunk kept on growing. She got one hundred and fifty dollars from the sale of their furniture. She lied cleverly about it to McTeague and spent more sweet stolen hours, counting and polishing endlessly the hoarded coins.

Maria came over to complain of Zerkow. "He's never been the same since the child died," she mumbled, in her hoarse unnatural voice. "He whips me with a long black whip. God! How it do hurt! He says he'll kill me if I dont tell him where my father's plate is hid. I dont know where it is. Seems like as if——" The woman broke off shudderingly.

"Don't be scared, Maria," said Trina not unkindly. "He'll never kill you, because if he does, he'll never find out where the treasure is. See?"

"Brew me a drop of tea," whined Maria, but Trina said she had none, and Maria went home where the frantic Zerkow, his patience at an end, awaited her.

In the morning Zerkow's body was found floating in the river and Maria lay at home, her head half severed from her body. Trina wept with fear and horror. "Two people dead," she thought, "and all for a treasure that never existed ——" And she buried her face in the golden heap in her trunk and was comforted.

They moved into Maria and Zerkow's rooms, horrible and filthy tho they were. The rent was almost nothing. McTeague's idleness became habitual. Trina drove him out of the house every day rain or shine to look for work. He took to haunting the saloons and muttering against her. "Miser," he said over and over to himself. "She's a mean, rotten miser." He sold his beloved gold tooth for five dollars. Finally he sold his canary birds that he had loved. Trina demanded the money he got for them but he only said, "Shut up, or I'll bite your fingers for you. I'm sick of your damn stingy ways."

"You dont love me," said Trina starting to cry.

"No, by G——," shouted the man and left her standing in Zerkow's mouldy doorway.

Trina locked herself in her room with the grief-assuaging gold. She played with it with her poor mutilated fingers stained with liquid gilt from the toys. They glittered like the gold. Unholy glitter.

At eight o'clock McTeague had not come back and Trina went out to hunt for him. She went back to their old apartment. She went to his old office. She walked down to the river front. She wanted him very much. She had almost made up her mind to give up some of her precious savings by the time she got home. Once in her room, she fainted dead away. The lock of her trunk had been broken and the gold was gone.

In the morning a doctor came. He shook his head over her infected fingers. "They must be amputated," he said seriously, "or you will die."

Trina moaned, "Oh, my gold pieces! I could forgive him for this—my sore fingers—but not for stealing my money. I must get it back—my beautiful money——"

So three fingers were cut off and Trina found work scrubbing floors in a kindergarten. She mended the lock on her trunk, and started another bag of gold. But it was so slow to grow. She thought longingly of the five thousand dollars until she couldn't stand the strain any longer. She went to her Uncle and had him cash her check in twenty-dollar gold pieces. She took the heavy canvas bag home and untying the cords let the glittering rain pour down into her treasure chest. She took each piece between her little teeth. She held them against her cheek. She spread them out on her narrow bed and lay down and slept as tho she lay in a lover's arms.



The wedding of Trina Sieppe and McTeague, where they all gorged themselves for an hour and a half

At midnight McTeague knocked on the window. She awoke with a start, every sense alert, hurriedly covering up the gold pieces.

"Let me in," he barked hoarsely.

"No."

"I've not eaten since day before yesterday."

"What have you done with my four hundred and fifty?"

"Spent it, blew it in on drink. Give me a dime—or something to eat."

"No."

"All right, you dirty skinflint, I'll make you dance for this."

(*Continued on page* 92)

MISS LIZZIE ARNA, a popular German actress, who possesses "the perfect filming face"—whatever that is—has recently arrived at these shores from Bremen. In private life she is Mrs. Betty Schwartz.

"Why 'Lizzie Arna'?" "Because," we like to believe she would answer, "Betty Schwartz is such an ugly name."

✢ ✢ ✢

Subtle art criticism in the movies: "Do you want to make your mother look like *that?*" demands the college professor in "Only 38" to the selfish daughter. He points an accusing finger at a picture on his office wall. The subsequent close-up reveals the picture to be Whistler's portrait of his mother.

✢ ✢ ✢

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES

We Interview Farina

The small yet adequate dressing-room was cheerfully hung with black striped cretonne, further embellished with generous slices of pink and green watermelon.

"Mistо Honeyvale," remarked the gracious occupant and owner thereof, "jess you drape yo' pussinality in disyah Maurice chair whilst I camelflags de rivishments of tempus."

We were in the dressing-room of Clarissa Myrtle Iphigenia Hoskins, the two-year-old coffee Cleopatra, known to a clamoring multitude as "Farina." Miss Hoskins (we cannot bring ourselves to the free and easy familiarity of her screen name) was performing mysterious feminine rites to her countenance with a Tootsie Roll—gilding the lily, as it were. Ensued the following conversation:

Us: To what do you attribute your great success, Miss Hoskins?

FARINA (*suddenly dropping the beauty aid and sniffing delicately with sensitive nostrils*): Chickum!

Us: Have you anything to say to the millions that applaud you? Have you no ideals to disclose, no little phrase of help, or cheer?

FARINA (*a bit more positively*): Chickum!

Us: You are young, it is true. Yet already you have gone far. In the coming years there is no telling——

FARINA (*abruptly*): I am my own best pal, and, I may add, my severest critic. Chickum!

Us: In our humble opinion, and we are not alone, Miss Hoskins, you are a great artist. Tell us your dreams, your hopes, your ambitions. Unclose a bit of that mystery which makes you so delightful, so refreshing, so ingenuous and endearing to us all. Come on, kid, dont be a crab.

A vagrant zephyr stirred the door of the little apartment. It carried with it an unmistakable odor, delightful and disturbing.

"Man, man!" muttered Miss Hoskins, completely convinced, "*fried* chickum!" Sliding from her chair she waddled with quiet dignity out of the room

✢ ✢ ✢

On dit that a certain producer is considering the filming of certain of the works of Jules Verne. The first, obviously, will be "Two Thousand Kliegs Under the Sea."

✢ ✢ ✢

Did you know that—

Charles de Roche's right name is Charles de Rochefort?

Gloria Swanson makes the loveliest mayonnaise dressing?

Marion Davies is helping Einstein with his new book?

Constance Talmadge is closely related to Norma Talmadge?

Bebe Daniel's right name is Bebe Daniels?

Dorothy Dalton never eats two helpings of dessert?

As a mere boy, we used to play with Dick Barthelmess?

✢ ✢ ✢

What's more we almost bought an automobile for Alice Brady, once. She had to have one, and she had to have one right away. And did we know of a good, snappy make? Well, little boys and girls, of course we did, and to help out her director we called up the ——— company and told them the glad news. Then we sat back and rubbed our hands, feeling pretty darn well satisfied.

Within ten minutes, the car arrived. Miss Brady rushed out to see it. "Is this the car you told me was such a snappy affair?" she asked.

"That's the kind," we assured her smiling, "our prettiest."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Brady, "it's terrible! Take it away."

✢ ✢ ✢

RECENT EVENTS THAT HAVE MADE US REACH FOR THE SODIUM BICARBONATE

What they did to Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street." . . . Lewis receiving fifty thousand dollars for letting them do it. . . . Louise Fazenda as the comic servant in "Main Street." . . . Alice Howell as the comic servant in "Wandering Daughters." . . . "Wandering Daughters." . . . The trick German police dog in the Tartar setting of "The Law of the Lawless." . . .



Decorations by Courtesy of Jaqueline Logan



A Renaissance Romance

The Sixteenth Century Entertains The Twentieth

Photographs by Reiss, Berlin

"Monna Vanna" is undoubtedly one of Maurice Maeterlinck's greatest plays. It has now been interpreted in terms of the screen by a German film company and will soon be released in the United States by our own Fox. An interesting fact about "Monna Vanna" is that it was inspired by and written for Georgette Le Blanc, Maeterlinck's first wife. When she divorced him she refused to accept any settlement from him, taking only this play as justly hers





Paul Wegner, the distinguished actor who played "The Golem," is cast as Guido Colonna, who is called upon to sacrifice his young wife for the starving Pisans. The famous and beautiful Lee Parry plays Monna Vanna. A gorgeously picturesque era, this fifteenth century Italian romance reconstructs for your edification and delight. We earnestly commend this sort of thing to your consideration



The Hollywood

Transcribed by



Lois Wilson and her sister, Constance, who has broken into the movies. She is leading lady for Walter Hiers in "Fair Week"

IT looks as tho the little girls were going to climb back onto the throne after all. Some one had an inspiration a while back to change the screen type. Especially as regards altitude. Tall girls like Nita Naldi and Aileen Pringle and Katharine McDonald were thought to be about to rage. But the three sensations of the Hollywood season have all been tabloid young ladies.

They are Mary Philbin, who knocked a home-run in "Merry Go Round"; Lucile Rickson who, Marshall Neilan thinks, is the sensation of a dozen seasons and one of the most wonderful prospects he has ever known; and Renee Adoree.

Miss Adoree is Tom Moore's wife. She is a little French girl who has been working as an extra girl for some time, but got a sudden chance while Reginald Barker was making a Canadian Mounted Police picture originally called "The Law Bringers" but named everything else at various times since then. As a little French Canadian girl who is being brought back to be punished for murder by the man who loved her, she gives one of the finest performances that Hollywood has seen this year and seems to betoken the start of another big screen career.



* * *



Above: "It's not the humidity," says Corinne Griffith, "it's the heat!" and does what she can about it. Left: Cecil de Mille directing Ramesis II in "The Ten Commandments"

They gave a trial performance of her picture the other night in a little theater in the suburbs. Everyone was very anxious to see the young star. At last some one discovered in a loge a girl with her hat hunched down over her eyes and a pair of dark glasses. Whereupon the official nudge was passed. "Ah, the modest star concealing herself."

After the performance the agitated and adoring audience followed her in a body to the street. Whereat the young lady looked about in mild surprise; took off her goggles and disclosed herself as somebody's mild and inoffensive stenographer.

* * *



George Fitzmaurice, who is directing Pola Negri in "The Cheat," showing her how to prepare the milk bath which is part of an exacting rôle

There is a dark rumor that Herr Ernst Lubitsch may go back to the Mary Pickford studio as Mary's permanent director. His contract with the Hamilton Company having expired, he was installed at the Warner Studio where he was to direct "Debureau." Something seemed to have failed to "jell" however, and Mary is reputed to be negotiating with him to return.

* * *

Lubitsch is unwilling to direct Mary's next picture, "Dorothy Vernon," however. Mary makes no secret of the fact that she thinks he is the

Boulevardier Chats

HARRY CARR

most wonderful director she ever saw. The only trouble, he is a little too peppy for the censor. Those who were present when Mary was planning to picture "Faust" under his direction, tell me thrilling stories of how Mary and her fond mamma sat absolutely frozen with horror while Lubitsch described with excitement his version of the story in which Marguerite had a baby and, as Lubitsch said, "Dees is how she does when she strenkles the child. No? Yes?"

* * *

The Lubitsch family are now fascinated with two discoveries. Lubitsch has discovered American jazz. He goes to all the coon song shows and simply roars and doubles up with laughter. Mrs. Lubitsch, who is a charmingly pretty German actress, is excited over Esquimo pie. Whenever she mentions going back to Germany for a visit, her husband inquires quizzically, "but how you could live now without that Esquimo pie, yes?"



* * *

Deep, dark and mysterious are the visits of William Randolph Hearst to the Goldwyn Studios, with which his Cosmopolitan Pictures have lately become amalgamated. With Miss Marion Davies, the star of his pictures, he stalks solemnly thru the place. In his wake the other day came a tall, distinguished looking gentleman who had a pad of paper and pencil. Here and there he would stop people whom he met and inquire, "May I inquire who you are and what you do?" And when told by the trembling one, he would reply vaguely, "Ah yes," and walk on. Now what d' y' s'pose that means?

* * *

Douglas Fairbanks has begun his big "Thief of Bagdad" picture in the most gorgeous and magnificent set ever seen in Hollywood. They say it will be a picture along lines never before seen on a screen.

Regarding the last minute retirement of Evelyn Brent from the leading part and the substitution of Julanne Johnston, the "low down" is not so sensational, after all. Nobody believed the official announcement that Miss Brent was leaving because Douglas did not make enough pictures per year. The real reason is said to be simply that Miss Brent had become somewhat too heavy for the extremely svelte lines of the heroine. Not so thrilling after all.

* * *

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has made his



Mabel Normand (would you ever guess it?) in the rôle of "The Extra Girl," her next Mack Sennett production



Above: George Melford and one of the homing pigeons he makes use of in "Salomy Jane." Right: Zane Grey, celebrated novelist, comes to the movies. Paramount is filming "To the Last Man," a typical Zane Grey story



Viola Dana gives a party to her friends on her own front lawn in Hollywood. Note the size of the friends



triumphant advent into Hollywood to star for the Lasky Company. Knowing that Douglas, Sr., bitterly resented the fact of the boy's being taken out of school at thirteen to be made into an actor, everyone wondered what would happen at the train when he came in. Douglas, Sr., gracefully evaded the difficulty by sending his brother to mingle with the in-laws of his former wife. Doug, Jr., goes over to his father's studio to play tennis with Dad every day.

* * *

A terrifying rumor creeps out that Hope Hampton yearns to emote and be Juliet and all such stuff. At present, she is making "The Gold Diggers" at Warner Brothers Studio. One of the thrills of "The Gold Diggers" is to be Louise Fazenda as a society queen. Altho she is never seen ordinarily except with her hair slicked back and falling all over something, Louise is in fact a very pretty girl.

"How do you like being all dressed up?" some one asked as she came on the set with a low-necked gown.

"Well," considered Louise, "it's all right, but you have to be so awfully clean. But anyhow it makes me feel wicked and expensive."

* * *



Here is a funny old picture of Rex Ingram when he was in the movies. The others are Lillian Walker and Earle Williams

Let it be strictly understood that turnips are not in favor in the high places of Hollywood for the next few weeks. Elinor Glyn has returned to supervise the direction of "Three Weeks" at Goldwyns. And Elinor has a peculiar horror of turnips. Whether in some previous existence, she . . . Well, anyhow, during her last visit she was the guest of honor at a Hollywood soirée. She took one look at the dinner and staggered out. To an anxious inquiry, she said in an outraged voice. "Turnips! Turnips! Fancy their having turnips for me!"

* * *

Tom Mix shows an early American lady how to be beautiful tho masculine. His next picture will be "North of Hudson Bay." Below is Tremont Lincoln Gentze's first birthday party, to which were invited all the movie starlets in Hollywood



To really "belong" now, you must have received a message from the spirit land from Honore Balzac, the French novelist. His grandniece is in Hollywood, hovering around the production of her revered ancestor's story, "The Magic Skin," being made into a picture by the Achievement Films of Philadelphia. It appears that Mlle. Balzac, who is a thrilling young lady with onyx eyes, has a line, now and then, from the spirit world in the hand-writings of the late Balzac. Everyone crowds into her dressing-room when the spirit moves. From his spirit world, Balzac knows just when all the assistant directors will get a job with the megaphone; when all the little extra girls are to be starred and the other secrets.

* * *

The big motion picture exposition which has been in the planning for so

(*Continued on page* 72)



THE STUDIO

A sketch by R. O. Ward of one of the big spotlights in the Film Guild's Studio



Rankest Treason

Verse and Pictures



By

DOROTHY ROSENCRANS BRIGHTON

Suppose that when a thought confronts Adonis
There is no mantel there 'pon which to lean,
His little belted back half turned upon us
And solemn thoughts aracing thru his bean.
But just supposing this, is rankest treason
To all traditions — you see what I mean,
'Twould cause a riot surely, and with reason,
No man thinks, sans a mantel, on the screen.

Suppose that when a fire breaks out, young cutie
Has gotten her hair braided for the night.
She doesn't look like such an awful beauty
And yet no ruffled boudoir cap's in sight.
But just supposing this, is rankest treason
To all traditions—this you've surely learned—
Before she'd be seen capless (what a reason)
She'd sit right in her bed and be all burned!

Suppose that when the heroine is pretty
They show no fancy ball nor bathing scene.
Not one small glimpse as Eve—ah, such a pity,
And no flashback as slave or ancient queen.
But just supposing this, is rankest treason
To all traditions—none save critics care
The plot is weakened; all the old and seasoned
Know 'tis not how she acts, but how she's fair.

Suppose that when the husband grows quite weary
And plans to leave his wife—aye—do her dirt—
She bids him fond farewell in accents cheery,
Her eyes quite dry, her manner quite alert.
But just supposing this, is rankest treason
To all traditions—for when husbands flirt
There's one thing every movie wife agrees on:
It's time to rise and wave a Rubens shirt.



Treason to the movies is punishable by death for the first offense; for the second, a movie a night for fourteen years. Give us the first!





As wonderful for a quick brilliant polish as Cutex is for smooth cuticle

For years you have known Cutex. You have blessed it a thousand times when you have been in such a hurry and you have just *had* to get those neglected nails shapely and gleaming. You have adored the little manicure sets. You have marvelled at the magic of their cake and powder polishes.

Now, after years of fastidious experiment, Cutex has perfected a wonderful new Liquid Polish, as splendid for a brilliant, lasting polish as Cutex is for giving soft, even cuticle.



This brilliant new polish spreads smooth and thin and gives a lasting rosy lustre. Even a week's dishwashing leaves it gleaming and unbroken



No separate remover is needed. Just use a touch of the polish itself and wipe off each nail

In every particular, this Cutex Liquid Polish is ideal. It spreads smooth and thin. It dries almost instantly into such a lovely gleaming smoothness. It never leaves ridges or brush marks and it would never think of cracking or peeling off.

You will be simply delighted with its dainty rose lustre that lasts for a whole week. No matter how incessantly you use your hands, your nails will keep their smooth unbroken brilliance. Even water does not dim the lustre

No bother of a separate polish remover

And finally here is just another new convenience. You need never have the bother of a separate remover to take off the old polish. Just a touch of the polish itself wiped off while it is still wet will leave the nail absolutely free of the old polish and ready for the new application.

Cutex Liquid Polish, just like all the other Cutex preparations, is 35c separately. Or ask for the sets in which it comes. Sets are from 60c to $3.00.





Special Introductory Set that includes the new polish—only 12c

Send 12c in stamps or coin with the coupon below for a special Introductory Set that contains trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream (Cuticle Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. N-9, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Can.

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CUTEX *Liquid Polish*

Their Crowning Glory



Claire Windsor rolls her own—or—er—that is, fixes her own. But then, of course, it is bobbed and that makes life comparatively simple for Claire. We wonder what proportion of cinema stars have bobbed their hair? It seems to be about fifty-fifty





Above: Mabel Normand's famous curls are arranged for her. It is said that this is the only time Mabel will sit still for more than five minutes. Left: Agnes Ayres has her coiffure retouched, so to speak, before she goes on the set. This colored woman, whose name has escaped us, "does" the hair of at least half the cinemese in Hollywood

EVERY YOUNG WIFE MUST MAKE THIS DECISION

What will her face be in one—in five—in ten years' time?

NEW surroundings—new responsibilities—new adjustments to life. And with all these a new loveliness in her face. Yet in a few years it has gone! What has become of it?

Should she have trusted this loveliness to keep on renewing itself through the strain of her new responsibilities? Did she allow the soft brilliance of her clear skin to grow dull—its smoothness to be marred by little roughnesses? So many girls lose this young freshness in the first few years of marriage.

But today they know that this loveliness must be guarded, that it will be lost unless the *right* care be given.

Many a wife has learned that she can keep her skin supple and lovely by giving it regularly the two fundamental things it needs to keep it young—a perfect cleansing at night and a delicate freshening and protection for the day. And she has learned that the Pond's Method of two creams based on these two essentials of her skin, brings more wonderful results than any other.

Two Creams—each different—each marvelous in its effect on her skin

Two Creams she would not give up for any others in the world! First the exquisite cleansing of Pond's Cold Cream that leaves her skin so delightfully fresh, so luxuriously soft. Then the instant freshening she adores with Pond's Vanishing Cream and its careful protection that she has learned prevents coarsening. These two creams keep for her the smoothness of texture and that particular fresh transparency that she wants to be her charm ten years from now as it is today.

DECIDE TO USE THIS FAMOUS METHOD

Keep your skin charmingly young—for years

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it softens your skin and penetrates every pore. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black that comes off shows you how carefully this cream cleanses. *Do this twice.* Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. The appearance of your skin and the compliments of your friends for as long as you use these Two Creams will prove to you how wonderful they keep your skin. Begin tonight to use Pond's Two Creams regularly—buy both creams in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.



Photo by Lejaren A. Hiller Studios



Every skin needs these Two Creams—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 132T Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Two Down, And One to Go





Milton Sills as Roy Glennister, and Noah Beery as McNamara, stage a pretty fight in "The Spoilers." This is an example of the terrific reality of the modern motion picture. No more doubles, no more fakes to mar the illusion of real people doing real things



Keeping your child's hair beautiful



What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men



Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

The Movie Encyclopaedia

by

THE ANSWER MAN



THE OL' LADY.—No, I remember your letter well. I wish you could have had a dictagraph in my office when I read your letter. You would have heard some nice things. So you dont think the falcon in "Robin Hood" should have had a bonnet on. Maybe you're right. I agree with you on the second, but you want to calm down to low speed on your third. Yes, Arline Pretty is. Thanks, and do come again.

GINGER.—Thanks for your valuable hints on how to economize. What we all want however is some hints on how to live without economizing. About Herbert Rawlinson—he was born in England and is not married now. Vincent Coleman is married. Baby Peggy's parents are alive and she is playing in Universal's "Editha's Burglar."

JOE C.—Welcome, since this is your first letter to me. Betty Compson is at present in Europe playing in pictures. Gloria Swanson is not married now. Thanks, and come again.

REGGIE.—Yes, Reggie is a cute name as you say, but what is the rest of it?

RAMON NOVARRO FAN.—You are a wonder. Most girls would rather admit that they are thirty than to admit that they snore. His real name is Ramon Sammanyagos. Address him at the Metro Studios, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

GALEE.—I cant say that I agree with you. I prefer feasting to fasting. Ask Edward our office boy. He knows. Thanks for the information. Constance Talmadge is five feet five. Well I am glad you dont think I am a woman.

PAULINE B.—So you are in love: Whew! Love is like hash, you never can tell what you are likely to find in it. Yes, the Valentinos are touring at this writing. No, "Footlights" is one play, and "Footlights and Shadows" another. Yes, Richard Barthelmess is quite in love with his baby.

JOHN Z.—You mustn't mind that. A woman is built to worry about somebody's staying out late at night, and if it isn't a man, it's the hired girl, or the cat. Thanks, that was Jack Mower as the policeman in "Manslaughter." My error, please forgive. Cullen Landis and Helene Chadwick are married, but not to each other. Thomas Meighan at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, L. I.

E. F. L.—Thanks—you say that you know Malcolm McGregor is married and has a daughter three or four years old.

DOLLY BUBBLES.—Thanks for the violet. It doesn't require nerve to write to me. Thomas Meighan in "The Ne'er Do Well" and "Homeward Bound." Marie Walcamp is not playing now. Yes, Leatrice Joy is 24. No but Juanita Hanson expects to go on the stage. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh. In January—the fifth. Yes indeed, to your P. S.

FRECKLES.—The trouble is, many people when they get married, quit being friends. Here goes—Jack Holt is married and has three children. Playing in "A Gentleman of Leisure" for Famous Players.

TEMPERAMENTAL SIXTEEN.—I suppose the reason that so many people tell me their troubles is because they haven't anybody else to tell them to. Misery loves company, but company does not love misery. No, Kenneth Harlan is not married yet. Flo Hart was his first wife. Gloria Swanson is twenty-six. Lewis Stone is married and Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn. So long.

MAVIS M.—You seem to have more respect for the opinions of our ancestors than I have. Since they came first, are they not the younger, and therefore the less experienced. Yes, you were right. Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor are playing in "The Virginian." You have the same favorites I have. Righto!

BETTY MARIE.—I am not so good as you think I am. I have many vices, but my principal vice is advice. Kenneth Harlan has been married once. That was Lloyd Hughes.

FANNY H.—Very few companies are buying original scripts these days. You want to write a stage play in order to make money in the movies. About two hundred words to a reel.

TINKER BOB.—I dont mind answering questions, but when I am asked such questions as What is the secret of life—that ignis fatuus of the scientists of all ages, and about the atomic theory in reference to ether, and about the adequacy or inadequacy of vaccine, about the physical basis of solar chemistry, about the immortality of the soul, about the theory of the cloud belts of Jupiter and Saturn being raised by the sun's heat, about the single authorship of the Iliad, and so on, I must reluctantly and humbly say, "I pass." You want more of Pat and Micky Moore. Just a little—more!

Y. Y. U. R.—Glad you liked the music. Even a hand-organ sounds good to a person in love. So you dont think I am as old as I say, my answers are too peppy. I sprinkle them with cayenne you know. Claire Windsor in "The Acquittal" with Norman Kerry and Richard Travers.

RUDDY'S FRIEND.—He's got plenty of them too. You know that there was a disagreement in his contract which forbids Valentino from playing in any other company but Famous Players for almost two years.

HILARY T.—Well, in the long run you will find that it is much cheaper to learn from other people's experiences than to let them learn from yours. Casson Ferguson is no relation to Elsie Ferguson. At this writing the Bushmans are traveling, but mail will reach them at the Hotel Majestic, New York City.

MARIE C.—So you have heard a lot about Henry VIII, but you want to know more. Did you know that he applied unsuccessfully to the Pope for a divorce from Catherine of Aragon, his wife; so he had himself declared head of the church; married Anne Boleyn after the convocations of York and Canterbury had declared his marriage with Catherine invalid. He had Anne Boleyn executed in 1536 and married Jane Seymour ten days after the execution; in 1538 he was excommunicated by the Pope. His third wife having died in 1537, he married Anne of Cleves in 1540; was divorced from her the same year and married Catherine Howard, who was executed on a charge of adultery in 1542, and married Catherine Parr in 1543 and she survived him. Not such a dull life. What! Well I am glad you received Ramon Novarro's picture. Now I suppose you are happy. Thanks.

PATRICIA P.—Joseph Striker was Jacques in "The Woman in Chains."

MARILYN C.—I dont see how they can keep up your spirits by preventing us from putting them down. Kenneth Harlan is twenty-eight. No, I am not married. Single blessedness for mine.

MARGARET R.—But they do say that when Hope Hampton arrived in California three of the four Warner Brothers were at the train to meet her and she was presented with a $3,000 automobile which came as a total surprise. Aren't some people lucky? Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope. More Hope.

FORGET-ME-NOT. — Why "Robin Hood" was the hero of a group of old English ballads; represented as an outlaw and a robber, but of a gallant and generous nature, whose familiar haunts are the forests of Sherwood and Barnsdale, where he fleets the time carelessly in the merry greenwood. There is no evidence that "Robin Hood" was ever

(*Continued on page* 73)

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all inquiries: The Answer Man, CLASSIC, Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y. Use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear, also the name of the magazine you wish your inquiry to appear in. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must wait their turn. Let us hear from you.

A Twin Complexion Treatment

IT is hard to think of the sun and the wind as injurious influences; yet to the delicate skin of the refined woman neither is an unmixed blessing.

Both sunburn and windburn are drying, roughening, and coarsening to the complexion; while the dust that accompanies wind tends to clog the pores.

Pompeian Day Cream is a harmless preparation of exquisite fineness made to protect the skin during the activities of the day from exposure to the elements.

Not Entirely Oilless

Unlike some "disappearing" creams, Pompeian Day Cream is not entirely oilless; on the contrary, it contains just sufficient oil to make it desirable for naturally dry as well as for normal or oily skins, and to offset the drying effects of sun and wind.



Restoration by Night, with Pompeian Night Cream

To all appearances Pompeian Day Cream vanishes upon application; it actually leaves an invisible film on the skin which serves as a protection against weather; furthermore, this soft, dull film eliminates and prevents shine and makes a powder foundation to which Pompeian Beauty Powder will adhere evenly and smoothly for a long time.

The sleeping hours may be made a period of benefit or of harm to the complexion, according to whether the skin is properly prepared for natural restoration or carelessly left to the heavy hand of time.



Protection by Day, with Pompeian Day Cream

If a woman retires with her pores filled with the dust and grime of the day, with her skin dried and roughened, wrinkled by mental concentration or worry, then the night hours will serve to perpetuate these faults.

How to Keep the Skin in Condition

But if she will follow the simple night treatment recommended she can clear the pores, soften and soothe the skin, relax the facial muscles, subdue the wrinkles, and nourish the underlying tissues.

First, a cleansing with Pompeian Night Cream, then a second application gently smoothed into the pores, and she is ready to let the great restorer, "balmy sleep," repair the ravages of the day.

The Twin Treatment

The twin complexion treatment of Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Night Cream provides the two essentials of day-time protection and night-time restoration. If faithfully used, these two preparations alone will enable any woman to greatly prolong her hold on a youthful complexion.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (New style jar) 60c *per jar*
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM . . . . . 60c *per jar*
POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE . . . . . 25c *a can*

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER . . . . 60c *per box*
POMPEIAN BLOOM (*the rouge*) . . . 60c *per box*
POMPEIAN LIP STICK . . . . . 25c *each*

Mary Pickford Panel and Samples

Send the coupon with ten cents for beautiful new 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford. With this panel we send samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2128 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Creams

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

Your Skin Needs Special Care in the Autumn

By MME. JEANNETTE

As a rule a woman is in her best health with the beginning of the autumn.

But how about her skin?

Frequently she is aware that she has been negligent in her care of it during the lazy months of summer.

I have said it before, and I will continue to say, "Consistency is *the* virtue in caring for your skin." You are nourishing its tissues; and it is very like your body—you can't eat a surfeit of good food for a week and then *forget* to eat for the week that follows! Yet you do this when you use complexion creams only *part of the time.*

At Night—

Soap and water is the habitual way of most women in cleansing the skin; but Pompeian Night Cream is, in many cases, more thoroughly cleansing.

Pompeian Night Cream may be used as lavishly as the individual user desires; there is no such thing as using too much, but enough should be used to cover every part and feature of the face, as well as the neck and the arms, if they too would be kept in beautiful condition.

I do not advise too much rubbing and massaging—just enough to thoroughly distribute the cream. When you remove it with a soft cloth, all dirt and dinginess is also removed, leaving your skin soft and smooth and lovely to the touch.

In the Morning—

In the morning you will find that the night treatment has prepared your skin to gratefully accept an application of Pompeian Day Cream. This is a foundation cream for the day's powder and rouge, and it is a protection to the skin as well.

Then the Powder—

If the autumn finds the skin still somewhat darker than usual, you should use a darker tint of powder than you customarily do. Pompeian Beauty Powder in the Rachel tint may be used on naturally fair complexions until care has restored their own delicate pinks and white tones, when one may again use the White or Flesh shades.

Cover the face and neck well with the powder, and then dust it off lightly and evenly, moistening the eyebrows, eyelashes, and lips to remove any traces of powder from them.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2128 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below



SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY

Sempre Giovine Meaning "Always Young"



The Pink Complexion Cake

60c

Oh, Youth! Tender as the blush of early dawn and fresh as the sparkling dew! What can I do to preserve thee! This longing finds echo in every human heart.

Youth is not merely a matter of years—for the old may look young and the young may look old. A fine, clear complexion gives youth to the appearance. Keep *your* complexion "always young" with Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay.

A Smooth Satiny Skin

results from the use of this fragrant complexion cake, requiring three months in the making and composed of the very affinity oils of the skin itself.

It cleanses — nourishes — beautifies — rids the pores entirely of dust and blackheads, makes a splendid powder foundation and produces a smoothness as velvety as roses' petals.

Prove to yourself that such a wonder beauty cake really exists by sending your name and address for a 7 day trial size cake free. It will show you why those who use Sem-Pray-Jo-Ve-Nay are "always young."

Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay Company
Dept. 12-76
Grand Rapids, Michigan



A Powder Foundation — 50c

Exquisitely Perfumed — 50c

Natural Health Tints — 50c

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page 62*)

long, opened July 2 in Los Angeles. It is a grand affair in honor of the Centennial of the Monroe Doctrine. It isn't clear just what the Monroe Doctrine had to do with the motion picture industry. But anyhow the United States Government was sufficiently impressed to issue special souvenir half dollars.

* * *

Bill Hart, who has gone thru a long cruel experience with his domestic trials and tribulations, has decided to return to the business of making motion pictures. He is to begin at once at the Lasky studio.

* * *

A terrible rumor has it that Jane Cowl intends to film "Juliet" when she comes to the Coast with her dramatic company. All this will do will be to drive two young ladies to the brink of suicide. Both Norma Talmadge and Mary Pickford hanker and yearn to play Juliet on the screen sometime. Norma wants to wait until she can get Valentino as Romeo; Mary's difficulty is that she cant persuade Doug to play Romeo. She realizes that it would be taking a long box-office chance to film Shakespeare; a handicap which would be overcome if Douglas and she were to appear together.

* * *

One of the most interesting openings ever held in Hollywood took place at the Writers' Club the other night when "The Talisman," the first production of the Associated Authors, was shown. It is practically a sequel of "Robin Hood," taking up the adventures of Richard the Lion Hearted after Robin Hood turned back to England. The audience was thrilled when the King referred feelingly on the screen to the "Earl of Huntingdon whom I treated unjustly" and a piece of the real "Robin Hood" film flashed on, with Doug and all the rest of it.

* * *

Charlotte Merriam, one of the newest invaders of Hollywood, was an army girl; born in Fort Sheridan. Her father is Col. Henry Clay Merriam, commanding officer at Fort Preble. She shoots and rides and swims. On a recent location tour in Inyo county where she was making exteriors for "The Huntress," Colleen Moore and Snitz Edwards collaborated on a barbecue for forty Indians who worked in the piece.

* * *

Charlie Chaplin has settled the question which has been agitating the public mind. He is not going to retire. After he finishes the cutting of "Public Opinion," the dark and tragic play which he has been directing, he will take a vacation; then begin work on a five-reel comedy.

(*Continued on page 74*)

A kiss in the movies by Corinne Griffith and Frank Mayo. It is from "Six Days," but six days for this sort of thing isn't nearly long enough



(*Continued from page 70*)

more than a mere creation of the popular imagination. Why, Conway Tearle is five feet eleven and Betty Blythe five feet seven. Adele Rowland had a small part in "Vanity Fair." Lionel Barrymore after "Eyes That Wont See" expects to return to the stage under Belasco.

IRISH.—You say you want interviews with Richard Dix, Conrad Nagel and Thomas Meighan. I'll speak to Susan Elizabeth Brady about that.

OLGA 17.—Good morning glory! I see you are here again. Welcome to our city. Always glad to see your name at the top of a sheet, for then I am sure to read some sensible questions and comments. I agree with you about "Glimpses of the Moon." So Ramon Novarro is your Crane Wilbur of old. Write me soon again.

ROSALIE.—The best benevolence is that which comes from hidden sources. I thank you. We published a list of the studio addresses recently. You want Norma Talmadge on the cover. How do you like this one?

RUTH K.—Yes, I live alone. Many of our great men, including myself, lived alone, or were addicted to seclusions, including Swift, Goethe, Shakespeare and Thoreau. Yes, Ruth Roland is thirty-one and has hazel eyes. Norma Talmadge twenty-eight and brown eyes. Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. Harrison Ford has brown eyes.

H. B.—Address William Farnum at Fox Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

BLUE EYES.—Thanks for the new name you give me—*multum in parvo*. I hope that as time goes on it will be *more* in little, and finally much in more. Tom Mix is with Fox. His last picture was "Tempered Steel." Warner Baxter in "If I were Queen." Yes, "The Remittance Woman." Dont mention it.

DESDEMONA.—Since you insist upon knowing, my beard turned grey before the hair on my head. Altho the former was about thirty years younger. I suppose it was because I worked my jaws more than my brains. No, I dont happen to know what Pearl White's mother's name is or was. Is it any wonder my head is bald? Bebe Daniels is with Famous Players.

DOUG. MCL.—Sobiet! Yes, Lionel Barrymore is now married to Irene Fenwick, the stage star, and Doris Rankin, his former wife, is now married again. Just a case of no time lost. H. B. Walthall and Alice Lake in "The Unknown Purple."

SUNSHINE.—Well, I presume one would say Oxford ties. Norma Talmadge is doing "Dust of Desire." Ernest Truex and Florence Eldridge in "Six Cylinder Love" for Fox.

MARY LEE.—I cant say that I admire those new fashions. It has always been a mystery to me why women's legs dont get cold in winter. Creighton Hale is playing in "Broken Hearts of Broadway" and "Trilby."

BLYTHE I.—Well, I advise you not to marry for money unless you want to trade your liberty for a golden collar that will always be uncomfortable. You want to see Jack Gilbert, Tom Mix and Carol Dempster in the gallery. They will all appear in due time.

YVONNE.—The female of the species usually write longer letters. So you are going back to college. Good for you. Wish I could go too. There is so much to know. Even at eighty I dont know it all. You want to see more of Pauline Garon and Mae Murray. Cheer up. Better times coming.

(*Continued on page 79*)

Enjoy thirst-



At a cool and cheerful place, he rules with a smile of welcome. He's quick with his hands and quick with his thought, and he knows how to serve just what you want~when you come in all thirsty and hot.

Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga



$15.00 an ounce

$8.00 a half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is $15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Other Offers

Direct or from Druggists

Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 80 drops, a supply for 80 weeks:
Lilac, Crabapple..$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet $2.00
Romanza... ....$2.50
Above odors, 1 oz. $15
½ " $ 8

Mon Amour Perfume, sample offer, 1 oz. $1.50

Souvenir Box
Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

Send The Coupon Now!

Paul Rieger & Co., (Since 1872)
159 First Street, San Francisco

Enclosed find 20c for which please send me sample bottle of Rieger's Flower Drops in the odor which I have checked.

☐ Lily of the Valley ☐ Rose ☐ Violet
☐ Romanza ☐ Lilac ☐ Crabapple

Name.....

Address.....

.....

☐ Souvenir Box—$1.00 enclosed.

☐.....$.....enclosed.

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page 72*)

I have given up guessing about this romance stuff, but anyhow Charlie is building a new house at Beverly Hills and Pola is helping to pick out the furniture. You can make whatever you choose out of that.

* * *

I dont know what name will be on the screen as purported the author of Jack Pickford's new story of the Kentucky mountains; but I can tell you who really wrote it: Sister Mary. It seems that Jack could not find a story, so Mary, between whiles of her own production, "The Street Singer," just licked the end of her pencil and thought deeply and—well, there's the story.

* * *

Little Beth Milford, who is to play the leads in H. C. Witwer's "Fighting Blood" stories, stepped out of the Music Box Revue to play the part. She cherishes a note as a farewell souvenir. It seems that one night she received a note from Frances Starr, who was sitting in a box, asking her if she would not pose for a painting for Miss Starr's husband, Haskell Coffin. She did so and it led to a picture contract.

(*Continued on page 85*)

Photograph by John Ellis



At the top of the page is one of the many beautiful scenes from "The Girl of the Golden West"

"Big Tree," a full-blooded Apache Indian, appearing in Reginald Barker's "The Master Woman"

How the One Natural Color for Cheeks Was Found

Day and Night Tests That Told Why Rouge's Familiar Shade Was Wrong—and Eventually Duplicated Nature's Own Color

MOST WOMEN now know and use the new natural tint which is fast replacing the unscientific and unsatisfactory purplish-red rouges. But how many are aware of the peculiarly interesting story of its discovery?



"In Noon's Glare, Atop a High Roof"

We are apt to take the most marvelous discoveries of this age as a matter of fact—even one of such importance to the realm of beauty as a tint that is a perfect match for Nature's own artistry! Suddenly science gives the world of women a tint which tinges the cheeks in such a true tone as the very strongest sun's rays, or the weirdest effects of night lighting cannot separate from the underlying flesh tone, and we accept it without thought of how it came to be. Yet behind the simple, single tint which gives any and all complexions a divine and perfectly natural mantle of color is the story of man's indomitable perseverance — two years' ceaseless experiment — over two hundred failures, and eventual success.

The search for the perfect tint led a dignified scientist to a cellar's depths — and to the roof of a city's tall skyscraper. Tint after tint—tone upon tone—were tried in every conceivable light. In noon's glare, atop a high roof. In the streets below, where the sun's rays filtered through fog and smoke. And in the artificial lights of night—trying lights in which old-fashioned rouges all became the same ghastly, or unlovely purplish red.



"Beneath Trying Artificial Light"

On a patient assistant's cheeks shade after shade was tried. Some of the shades required ingredients from far countries—many were days in the blending. Then, suddenly it happened.

The Tint That Was Tried In Desperation

One morning the scientist used in his mortar one of the rarest ingredients in the laboratory. It was of peculiar orange hue. Scarcely a color to try on the cheeks! But he idly applied it on his assistant's cheeks—and a *startling change took place.* The peculiar orange tint altered instantly to the true tone of the skin beneath! Still doubtful that he had found the one key tint for any complexion—under all conditions—in every light—they hurried to the roof and put the new tint to the severe test of direct sunlight. The same beautifully diffused, natural color! Down to a darkened room, where neither glaring incandescent lamps nor variously shaded rays of electric light revealed anything but a coloring that appeared Nature's own! The same day, preparations were started to supply the demand that such a discovery was certain to create. Now, this new Princess Pat Tint is an article of standard use.

It enhances the color of countless women who had steadfastly declined to use any of the old-fashioned rouges which are so obvious in even the kindest light.

Princess Pat Tint is Waterproof!

Where the new natural tint is made, further improvements have transpired; a less costly use of the chief ingredient has brought its price within reach of all; an entirely new process *has rendered it absolutely waterproof!* Even a morning in the surf will not streak it! Princess Pat Tint is not affected by perspiration, so it is worn without concern the day long, or evening through! Yet it vanishes instantly with a touch of cream, or use of soap.

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It is an interesting thing that this scientific preparation that has been used for so many years as a surgical dressing should possess these remarkable properties as a deodorant.

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LISTERINE  *—the safe antiseptic*

The Girl Who Couldn't Stop Crying

(*Continued from page* 39)

When the World War broke out, she was dancing with her brother and sister in Brussels. There was a rumor in the city that the British troops were coming to the rescue. So they all rushed out to cheer. Only they turned out to be Germans instead.

German sentries were on every street corner and she was to all intents and purposes a prisoner of war. It was no part of her intentions to stay cooped up in Brussels however. By dodging sentries, she reached a railroad station and hid in one of the freight cars. In that way she finally got to Ghent and from there the Belgian train men helped her to get to Calais.

She managed to get herself across the Channel and found an engagement in London in a big musical comedy in which she made a great hit with a specialty dance. She went back to Paris and was one of the big hits of the Folies Bergère.

After the war, she made her way, dancing all the while, to Australia, by way of Canada, arriving in Canada just in time to get into the Halifax disaster.

She was dancing in New York when Sam Goldwyn saw her and persuaded her into pictures. The leading man of her first picture was Tom Moore who persuaded her into matrimony.

Not very long ago, Moore went to London to do a picture and the little bride went along. They visited his old home in Ireland and then came back home to America. The day they landed in New York Moore had an offer to do a picture there.

But not for Renee—too cold. She came out to the Coast to get warm and it proved to be her great opportunity.

Until this Barker picture, her two biggest parts were in "The Strangers' Banquet" and Fox's "The Strongest."

DISILLUSION

By Edward H. Pfeiffer

I walk thru the darkness
With silence, my friend.
I am dreaming of lovers
And love without end.

A dark form is pressing
A woman's bright face.
A pang of sweet envy—
I slacken my pace.

I grope and draw nearer,
And peer thru the night . . .
'Tis only a shadow
Embracing a light!

The Genius of Gesture

(*Continued from page 35*)

Nonsense Rhyme. Fantastic "ifs" such as these might etch a Joseph Schildkraut.

A young man, twenty-seven, young and beautiful and gifted. A young man sought by the world. You might assume that he would in turn seek the world again, dance in it, dine with it, make merry with it. But he doesn't. He has never accepted a social invitation. He never dances. He never dines out. When he is not on the stage he is in the dim and book-lined room, reading. Living, I suppose. Living his own life, perhaps, more authentically than most of us do. He knows about six people well. Of these six, three are his mother, his father and his wife.

The world, he says, is not interested in Joseph Schildkraut, the man. But only in The Chevalier and in Liliom and in Peer Gynt. The men he is on stage and screen. Very well, they shall have him as Liliom and Peer Gynt, but Joseph Schildkraut they shall not have.

He shrinks from "Fame," and asks what is it?

Acting seems futile . . . it may have been a mood. If one writes a book, or a poem, if one paints a picture, one survives. One goes on. One is preserved for posterity. But an actor! A shadow across a screen. When an actor is gone, when his little day is done, what remains of him? What has he left? Nothing. A name. A memory. Fragile gifts to the generations. He struts, the actor, a few slight hours upon the boards in other guises than his own, and then is gone.

Posterity is the only reality. The only worth-while thing.

"I should like to be a bank-clerk, with children . . . but of course, I shall have children. Children are what we fling ahead of us into the ages. Children are our immortality."

Another curiousness, that he should be so lightly touched with Egomania as to care so deeply about the Tomorrows that will not know him, save by name.

Out of the world he knows he has picked Beauty and Posterity as the final essentials. Beauty of living. Beauty of loving. We, the World, are afraid of these two, he says. Either we bruise them or we turn away from them. And Posterity. For posterity there should be survivals of art, children, symbols of immortality.

Perhaps, he suggested, he hasn't had to struggle enough. With him,



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Most pictures are now taken with a smile, showing pretty teeth.

Look about you. Note how many smiles now show glistening teeth. That was not always so.

Millions of people are now using a new teeth-cleaning method. Every day they are combating the dingy film on teeth. You will also do so when you make this test and see the quick results.

Film is unsightly

It is film that makes teeth dingy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. If not frequently removed, it may form cloudy coats. It is also the basis of tartar.

That film absorbs stains, so the teeth look discolored. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Dental science has long been seeking ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. Together they act to curdle the film and then remove it.

Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists the world over are advising their daily use.

A new-type paste

A new-type tooth paste has been created, to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent.

These two film combatants are embodied in it. Millions of people have adopted it, largely by dental advice. To the homes of fifty nations it is bringing a new dental era.

Pepsodent brings two other very important effects. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Results are quick

Results are quick and convincing. You can see and feel them.

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DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th Street Dept. 6 New York City

acting is in part due to heredity, for the elder Schildkraut is also an actor of enduring worth. And the elder Schildkraut didn't wish the young Joseph to be an actor. He wanted him to be a musician and for years he studied music, the violin. . . . Once the parental objection was overcome, the path was easy of ascent. To have played Richard the Second, Liliom and Ibsen's Peer Gynt at twenty-seven is to have slain most of the Goliaths. Perhaps, he said, if he had had to struggle harder, had to climb with greater difficulty, the rewards would have been sweeter and more precious.

So much for an observation. A romantic recluse. An artist more than touched with the eccentricity of genius. A young man with a beautiful face and a ringing laughter. With a sense, not so much of humor as of the grotesque. Living in his book-lined room, with the things that have been his since childhood. Considering Futility and Beauty and Posterity.

Good and Bad Authorship

(*Continued from page* 11)

prerogative of helping to make good pictures out of their literary masterpieces.

This business of making a book or play into a picture is frequently a difficult job, requiring much thought to translate words into visible action. After we writers for the screen have spent weeks and weeks trying to keep the spirit of the thing which we are adapting, it rather gets our goat to have authors cry out, without any distinction or discrimination, that *all* picture writers are butchers who get a savage joy out of mangling their works.

Let them give us better books and better plays and we will see what happens to the screen. Or, better still, let them give up some of their valuable time and learn screen technique, so that their self-admitted creative ability can express itself directly in terms of the screen. If they are as non-commercial as they admit, let them stop writing mediocre plays and books and try to learn how to write really good pictures. Perhaps they can then convert the picture industry into an art.

WHILE THE FOREST SLEEPS . . .

By GLADYS BRACE VILSOCK

While the forest sleeps . . .
The lake is holding the moon in its heart,
As I am holding you in mine.
Over the water drowsed with love,

A white swan drifts,
Drifts over me,
And sings its dying sweetness to the moon,
And sings to you.

The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page 73*)

HOT KISSES.—Send along the pictures. Will be glad to see them.

ANNE D.—Well, the reason that I say harsh things sometimes, is because a word to the unwise is not sufficient, and I have to take a club. Roy Stewart is playing in "The Love Brand." You refer to Edward Burns. Cant give you Norma Talmadge's home address but you can reach her at 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

MARION.—Most of the players write the stories themselves. A great many have secretaries. You're welcome.

LARIS.—Which proves the truth of the old Chinese proverb, "First impressions rule the mind." John Bowers is with Ince. John Barrymore at the Lambs Club, 144 W. 44th St., New York City. Niles Welch in "Rags to Riches." All right, send me violets when I die.

FLORENCE K.—Sincerity is all that is right and best. Cant tell you much about Harrison Ford. You think he is one of the most prominent men on the screen. Yes, he played in "Little Old New York."

C. G. B.—Yes, the salt wells in Onondaga County, New York, near Syracuse and Salina are a large and important industry. Michigan has the largest output next to New York, and many other States produce it to some extent. But the home supply is not equal to the demand, and there is a large annual importation into the U. S. No, June Elvide is not playing now. Bryant Washburn in "Rupert of Hentzau." Yes, indeed, I always did like Alice Joyce. Mary Miles Minter is not playing now. Clara Bow was last year's winner. Constance Talmadge twenty-three. Dont mention it.

BETTY HAND OF OAK LANE.—I should say not. The Terrys you mention are not related. Alice Terry is five feet two and Rex Ingram will probably continue to direct. There is more money in directing, you know.

A GIRL FROM CUBA.—You write a very interesting letter.

RUTH D.—The reason that I answer such questions is that one of my functions is to assist the inquiring, to animate the struggling, and to sympathize with all. Irene Castle is five feet seven and weighs 115 pounds. Auburn hair and grey eyes. Address her at Ithaca, N. Y.

J. BROWNIE.—No, Baby Marie Osborne is not playing now.

RUTH.—I'm sorry but I never send out pictures of myself. The only picture I have is the one up above. Write me again.

EDNA C.—I enjoyed your letter, but it was terribly long. Your terminal facilities are defective. Mary Pickford was born in Canada, and I am not giving out her age. What's the difference, she will always be our Little Mary, no matter how old she is. She is five feet, has hazel eyes and blonde hair. Playing in "The Street Singer." Colleen Moore in "April Showers."

MARIE K.—Please dont say to me "May your shadow never grow less." I am trying to reduce. Yes, indeed, Jackie Coogan is living with his parents, or maybe they are living with him. Yes, I think Valentino will come back to pictures.

LLOYD M.—Sorry, but there is nothing I can do for you.

EILEEN.—I haven't heard what Sessue Hayakawa intends to do, but I am inclined to believe he favors the stage.

ANTI.—Yes, he disappeared, but I dont know whether he ran away with a woman, or from one. Rod LaRocque is not married. Pearl White has been married to Victor Sutherland and Wallace McCutcheon,

(*Continued on page 86*)



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Trilby

(*Continued from page* 32)

breaking the silence, "Remember the way Trilby used to sing, all off the key? How long ago that seems—two years, isn't it?"

And—"I wonder whatever became of Svengali and his wee bit fiddler," the Laird would burr, "that mon was almost crazy enough to be a genius, and he could sniff a sausage cooking three blocks away!"

One day in a two-month-old newspaper they found the name Svengali, a Madame Svengali whose voice was the musical sensation of the hour. "So," the gushing reporter had written, "might the Angel Israfel have caroled. The purity of her tones is almost unearthly in its sweetness, melting strong men to tears."

"Wonder if our friend of the facial foliage could have married a great singer," Taffy chuckled. "When we get back next month we must go to hear her. I should like fine to see the Laird melted to tears!"

The Cirque de Bashibazooks was crowded when the three friends took their places in a box on the first night of their return to Paris. Little Billie's elbow nudged Taffy's ribs excitedly as a familiar figure parted the curtains at the back of the stage and took his place at the piano. The frock coat was new, the unkempt beard was trimmed, and the long hands that swept the keys were somewhat cleaner than of yore but there was no mistaking Svengali.

"Who do you suppose——" the Laird began, but Little Billie had leaned suddenly forward, staring down at the woman's figure advancing toward the footlights. She was gowned in a classic robe which fell about her majestic figure in statuesque folds. The suggestion of a Greek marble was heightened by the whiteness of the face under the filleted bands of dark hair. She stopped in the full center of the stage, and Taffy felt a chill sensation at the roots of his hair. *For one* foot was advanced beneath the trailing robe, a bare white foot in a Greek sandal—the most beautiful foot in Paris——

"You see?" Little Billie breathed in his ear. His hands were crooked around the red velvet railing as tho to keep himself in his seat.

"But it couldn't be," Taffy gasped stupidly, "Trilby couldn't sing a note and listen to that!"

From the deeply curving lips that they remembered came a stranger voice, unearthly pure and clear, its fires the cold flames that are prisoned in ice floes in unsailed seas, soaring effortlessly to the very gates of Heaven, falling about their astounded ears in a bright rain.

What she sang they could not remember afterward, only the wonder of it, the strange awe, as tho they had listened to some celestial visitant. For a moment after she had disappeared behind the sweeping velvet curtains the audience sat silent still held by the spell, then Svengali was bowing greasily to a mighty surge of applause, but Trilby—or she who sang with Trilby's lips did not reappear.

Without a word the three rose and left the box. Their knock on the dressing-room door was answered by Svengali, whose face seemed to retreat watchfully into his beard at sight of them.

They stammered incoherently, looking beyond his barricading arm at Trilby, their Trilby sitting unmoving in a deep chair with closed eyes. For the sake of old times—if they might speak to—to Madame Svengali and tell her how much they admired her singing——

Thus Taffy and the Laird, but Little Billie spoke not at all, only stared as one at some supernatural manifestation. The musician's eyes were hostile, the eyes of the cornered rat, but his voice was greasy with loving kindness. "The gentlemen were mistaken, Madame was no one they knew. A resemblance, perhaps? But Madame was very tired, before she sang again she must rest—if they would excuse——"

Little Billie interrupted rudely, "D'you suppose I dont know Trilby? Dont point your finger at me, you fakir——" he made a step forward as if to push Svengali aside, "Trilby! Dont you remember Little Billie!"

"Yes, tell the gentleman yourself, my dear," the musician said softly. He almost purred, little bright eyes never moving from the pale face that turned toward him at his words, "tell the gentleman that he is mistaken in thinking he knows you!"

"You are mistaken—in thinking you know me," said the deeply curved lips obediently. There was not the slightest trace of recognition in the gaze she turned upon the three at the door, and Taffy began to back away, hot with apologies, but Little Billie advanced upon Svengali, jaw dangerous. "She's afraid of you or she wouldn't have said that! Let me in or I'll come in anyway——"

"Dog!" panted his ancient enemy, and without warning was upon him, squealing, kicking, biting, winding

(*Continued on page* 82)



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Advocate of Self-Expression

What Čižek, famous painter and revolutionary pedagogue, is doing in his school is told by Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

When Harris Met Gorky

An account by Herman George Scheffauer of the time when Frank Harris attempted to interview the great Maxim Gorky.

Play-Going Pests in Paris

George Middleton writes humorously of the difficulties encountered by Americans in Paris on their first trip to the theate

Why Do We Misbehave?

Is there more lawlessness than there used to be because there are more laws and easier ways to break them? John H. Anderson discusses this.

These, Too, Will Delight You

A reproduction in full color of a painting by Leon Gaspard and a discussion of his work by Edgar Cahill; two pages of humorous sketches by August Henkel; paragraphs gleaned from the writings of the French columnist, Sebastien Dudon; extracts from "The Diary of a Small Boy," by Lydia Steptoe; a one-act play, "Red Hair," by Helen Woljeska.

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Trilby

(*Continued from page* 80)

the long hands into Little Billie's hair. Taffy and the Laird dragged their companion away, leaving the little Italian panting and dancing; as they glanced back they saw that the woman still lay in the long chair without motion, her eyes gazing away into nothingness.

"We must have made a mistake," Taffy burbled uneasily, knowing no mistake had been made, "couldn't have been she, Trilby couldn't sing——"

Little Billie stared down at the empty stage with suffering eyes as a strange pianist appeared. Madame Svengali—his Trilby, that was all that mattered. He alone of the vast audience hardly noticed what happened as the white-robed figure came down to the footlights and began to sing again, for he was back in the low room at the Passage des Abbesses and Trilby was smiling at him from the model throne——

It was laughter that aroused him from his dream, cruel, derisive. The audience was in an uproar, cat-calls and hisses sounded shamefully from the gallery and Taffy's fingers dug into the flesh of his shoulder while Taffy's voice sobbed in his ear, "God! *She's forgotten how to sing!* She's doing it the way she used to! It's awful and look across there in the box yonder. Svengali! What's the matter with him?"

In the velvet chair opposite, the figure of the music-teacher lay sprawled in a strange posture, one hand clutching at his breast, but Little Billie did not glance at him. Hand on the rail he had vaulted down onto the stage in time to catch Trilby as she fell.

The story was in the papers the next morning under the scare head "Death of Svengali from Heart Failure in Opera Box Reveals Amazing Hypnotic Feat." For two years, the story went on to say, the music-master had hypnotized his wife so that she was able to sing correctly, but the moment his power was withdrawn only deafening discords came from the throat that had enchanted the world. Dazed and bewildered by the shock of yesterday's fiasco, the report went on to say, Madame Svengali was seriously ill and doctors despaired of her life.

Little Billie refused to believe the doctors. He knelt for hours by the bed where Trilby lay and tried to call her back from the far places where her soul wandered with all the power of his love. Sometimes the heavy lids unclosed and she smiled vaguely at them, but it was only at the very last that she spoke. "I should so love to—have been happy and had—a home—and a little baby. But you mustn't spoil — his career — Little

(*Continued on page* 95)

Bombed Into the Movies

(*Continued from page* 26)

are "Without Benefit of Clergy," "Doll's House," "Rubaiyat," "The Infidel," "Science or God," "Wheels of Fortune," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" "Lest We Forget," and most recently a Carter de Haven comedy called "Christmas." He is now working with Jane Novak in a divorce drama.

Miss de Lacey admits that his name is not a Philippe. She says that his first name as a baby was Andreas: further than that she refuses to reveal. With engaging frankness she states her reason. She fears that some relative might hear of him and claim him. So far as she knows, he has no relatives left; but why take chances? Why indeed!

Little Philippe has so many mothers—yet no mother. In every play he has another pretend mother. For the purposes of identification, he calls them his "screen mammas" while Miss De Lacey he calls his "regular mamma."

The Sport of Kings—and Movie Stars

(*Continued from page* 19)

inhabited by cannibals, and the party set sail heavily armed with rifles, revolvers, and machine guns. They did not come into combat with the cannibals, but they nearly lost their lives in the terrific storms.

Then there is the thrill of the big race. John Bowers has his schooner *Uncas* in the great international race that will be held this summer from the Santa Barbara Yacht Club to Honolulu.

And Allan Hale is building a speedboat which he expects will capture the motor races at Los Angeles.

Aye, verily, the sport of kings—and movie stars.

SQUARING THE TRIANGLE

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Look with what wisdom you can bring,
At hers and yours, and my angle.
Squaring the circle's an easy thing,
But who can square the triangle?

How the Motion Picture Has Influenced Young Peru

(*Continued from page 22*)

As a result, the Peruvian woman has now not only changed her manner of dressing and is reforming her figure by a lesser indulgence in sweets, but she goes in for sport and sport clothes. "Esport" they call it down there.

The languorous-eyed, black-gowned Peruvian woman has emerged from behind the carved gratings of her balcony from which, ever since the days of the "conquistadores," she viewed the world and is now to be seen in suitable sport dress, or walking costume on the golf links or city streets.

With this change of dress has come a freedom of action, that was undreamed of a generation ago. In the films perfectly nice girls talk to men alone. That was an eye-opener for the Peruvian girl and her chaperon. It had been the custom of the country for a young girl never to be allowed to remain in a room alone with a man. Also "ladies" are shown in American films as working. Often they do their own housework, or earn their own living. This is something that no Peruvian lady could do. A Peruvian girl, no matter how poor she was, until very recently never dreamed it was possible that she could support herself, could go out and work. It simply wasn't done. These antiquated standards are rapidly changing.

Another very important effect of the moving picture in Peru, is bringing home to the male population the truths of fairness, honesty and playing the game.

No Peruvian school teaches athletics. There is no such thing as interschool games. Hygiene and physical fitness as we know them are unheard of. But when a Peruvian boy sees a Douglas Fairbanks film, in which physical fitness and fair play are the usual themes, it gives him something to think about. The idea dawns, that standing on the street corners or in front of cafés eyeing the señoritas as they pass, or whispering things in their ears, or taking dope, or imitating the *pasos* of the popular matador, is perhaps not the only ideal of a well-spent youth.

Sportsmanship is not a South American virtue, that is, as we know it from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. Honesty and good sportsmanship are qualities which the human animal is not necessarily endowed with, but they are qualities which

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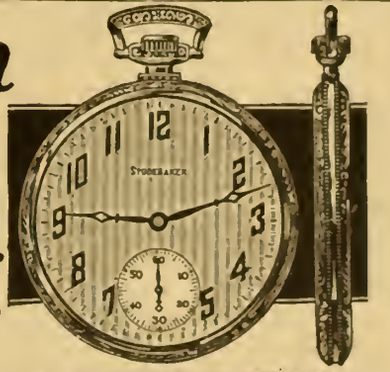
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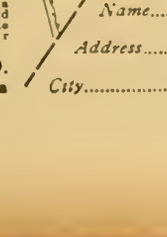
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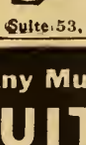


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The result is evidenced on all sides. And not only in Lima but in small Indian towns. In the little fishing village of Ancon where the cinema is shown in a mud hut with wooden benches for seats, I have seen the audience, which consists of Cholos (the Peruvian Indian), get up and cheer the bravery of "El Leon de Sierra" (The lion of the mountains) or the Samson-like feats of Elmo Lincoln or Ruth Roland's gallant escapes in "La Hija del Sol." The audiences in the smaller towns are for the most part illiterate, and an elected reader translates the captions. So realistic is the story to these primitive people that they will sometimes throw things at the villain and always shout and cheer when the heroine escapes.

Over the summit of the Andes far down the other side in the tropical Peruvian colony I saw a Mrs. Vernon Castle film. The audience consisted entirely of Indians. She was not popular, as primitive people want red-blooded action. This accounts for the popularity of the serial thriller, featuring such stars as Pearl White or Ruth Roland.

Charlie Chaplin's universality is manifest when a Hill man untouched by civilization, who has never been away from his village and who has probably never seen a derby hat and doesn't know that a small man in large-sized clothes is traditionally funny, can yet meet a European or North American on the common ground of laughter.

Foreign Films

(*Continued from page 25*)

when a girl of his age with whom he often used to play has mysteriously disappeared.

The young Holmes will find where his friend is. She has been kept in the clinic of a mysterious doctor, who believes in the theory of restoration to youth and who is prepared to begin the practice himself. The victim is the young girl, who, however, is finally saved by the courageous Bobby.

If the story is improbable, the acting is excellent, especially on the part of the young actor who promises to go very far in his profession.

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page 74*)

Harold Lloyd has broken up his long association with Hal Roach. They began producing together when they were extra boys at the Universal and saved up $300 to make a cheap comedy. Everything is amicable, but they have decided to dissolve their partnership of nine years' standing. Lloyd will work at the Hollywood Studios and his future comedies will be less given to stunts and will partake more of the character of "Grandma's Boy," which is his favorite child.

* * *

Natalie Talmadge Keaton is going back to the screen again. Buster, Jr., is now a year old and his fond mamma will play the leads in his Pa's next comedy.

* * *

Lenore Ulric has fallen in love with Hollywood and will return next season to film "Kiki." She is now making "Tiger Rose."

COMPARISONS

By Ellen Rogers

Love never blooms the same for everyone.
But still it's strange that it should droop for you,
Who takes such care of things!
Besides, your plant had such a lucid, neat beginning:
A white-walled garden, with a bird's crisp singing,
And feathery cedars brushing sunlight thru.

While mine grew in a neighbor's backyard plot—
Bedraggled, drab enough to be my own.
With groping peccancy
I plucked it, soiled my skirts, and took to lying,
And listening blandly to my neighbor's sighing. . . .
Indecent, isn't it, the way it's grown?

REBUKE

By Aida Rodman De Milt

You speak to me of love—O do you know
What this would mean to her who bears your name,
Who bore your children and remains the same
True and devoted, ever keen to show
Your best to strangers, so where'er you go
Men deem you worthy of your whilom fame?
And I—if love of you were leaping flame
Within my breast no hint would I bestow.

For I respect my friend who is your wife;
The fact that she might never know is not
Inducement to betray her faith in us;
Speak not again of this, nor soil your life
So fair in all else with so foul a blot:
Forgive my having stirred this impetus!



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The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page 79*)

but not at the same time. Jackie Coogan born Oct. 26, 1914.

HELEN.—Yes, send twenty-five cents in stamps for the October 1919 issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE containing the story "Male and Female."

HOPE.—Well, love is like hash; you can never tell what you are likely to find in it. Mildred Davis intends to do some more honeymooning by going abroad.

MISS DOROTHY.—Where was Magna Charta signed? At the bottom. And you really intend to go on the stage. There is lots of time, why not try to get a little more knowledge. When you come to New York, look me up. Pola Negri in "The Spanish Dancer" with Antonio Moreno, Gareth Hughes and Kathlyn Williams.

BERT LYTELL FAN.—You are right, that was Barbara La Marr and not Alice Terry in "Trifling Women."

MYRTLE L.—I understand Harrison Ford is again the husband of Beatrice Prentice. May they never separate. He is playing in "Little Old New York." Dorothy Mackill in "The Fighting Blade" with Richard Barthelmess. Yes, he is five feet seven.

HELEN J.—That's right, someone once said "Woo the widow whilst she is in weeds." Katherine McDonald is twenty-eight, and she is married to Arthur Johnson. Madge Bellamy is nineteen and not married. Playing in "Evangeline."

CLIFTON.—You just write in for the September 1918 and September 1919 CLASSICS.

VIVIAN VAN.—It is very probable that Job never had to answer questions. You want a picture of Gloria Swanson's baby in the CLASSIC. Yes, her name is Gloria Somborn. Betty Compson twenty-five, and John Gilbert in "St. Elmo." You're welcome indeed.

TWO HEAP BIG FANS.—Do not confound great workers with ordinary plodders. Bebe Daniels hasn't bobbed hair. Just pronounce it Bee Bee. All right, send along the custard pie. Wallace Reid played in "Joan the Woman" with Geraldine Farrar. Fiancé is masculine and fiancée is feminine.

ETHEL E. D.—Yes, Kenneth Harlan is twenty-eight and born in New York City. You want to see Charles Meredith in more pictures.

NEWBERRY MAID.—Hello there. Your letter was filled with beautiful sentiment. Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis and you can reach him at Warner Brothers, Bronson Avenue and Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. Write to me again.

FRANK MAYO FAN.—Pauline Garon is five feet and weighs one hundred and five pounds.

CHRISTIANE C.—You are entirely in error when you say that I snore. I have no small vices. Address Richard Barthelmess at Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Lewis Stone in "The River's End." Alice Calhoun, Cullen Landis and Percy Marmont in "The Alibi."

MISS LOIS N.—Why Marion Davies lives on Riverside Drive, but you can address her at the Cosmopolitan Studio, 2478 Second Avenue, New York City.

CHICK M.—Oh, but there are beautiful flowers that are scentless, and beautiful women that are unlovable. Nazimova is forty-four and Antonio Moreno has brown eyes and hair. Bebe Daniels has blue eyes.

HOUSTON BILL.—Shake Bill. Glad to see you. Madge Bellamy is only nineteen and Patsy Ruth Miller is also nineteen. Clara Horton is twenty. Tom Mix is

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playing in "Soft Boiled." Yes, Mary Pickford is Douglas Fairbanks' second wife.

DORIS G.—Yes, I know you are a woman, when you think, you must speak. May Allison is back to earth, and she is married to Robert Ellis. No, my beard doesn't give me much trouble, the only time it does is when I eat corn on the cob or watermelon.

LITTLE GIRL.—Agnes Ayres is with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

EVA.—Yes, I should have answered you, but you dont seem to realize all the questions I receive. Why dont you write to Miss Brady, she will be glad to hear from you. Paul Willis is not playing now. Hasn't been for some time. All right, I'll try to straighten you out on the Moore brothers. Tom was married to Alice Joyce, but is now married to Renée Adorée. Owen was married to Mary Pickford, but is married to Kathryn Perry now. Joe was married to Grace Cunard and Matt is not married. Oh yes, there really is nothing finer in music than the opera "Samson and Delilah." You want to know what Tamar Lane is? Well, in my estimation he is a very good looking young chap. Send me your picture in that dress. So long, little Eva.

JEANNE.—Thanks a lot. Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans.

GREY EYES.—Darkness has its uses; we can see farther in the night, for are not the stars more distant, than the sun? And you dont care for Pola Negri. Claire Windsor in "The Eternal Three." Gloria Swanson in "Zaza." Rod LaRocque and Eddie Burns in "Jazzmania."

MRS. J. B.—Always glad to hear from the mamas. Dont send the twenty-five cents to me, you would never see it again. Send it direct to the players for their pictures.

KAYE H.—Have passed yours along to the editor.

WILMA Y.—To a woman, the romances she makes are more amusing then those she reads. Yes, Mahlon Hamilton was interviewed in the April 1921 issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Agnes Ayres in "The Love Chase." Oh, I dont mind answering questions. I turn them out by the yard now.

MADCAP.—I can see you are all for Gaston Glass. Jack Holt and Sigrid Holmquist in "A Gentleman of Leisure." Marguerite Courtot in "The Steadfast Heart."

SPARK PLUG.—Your letter was mighty interesting and I wish I could print it.

TILLIE THE TOILER.—Thanks for yours.

SAZZY SUSIE.—Yes, and Friendship is a plant that one must often water. Yes, May McAvoy intends to go on the stage this fall. Bert Lytell is playing in "The Lone Wolf" series, for Cosmopolitan. Lillian Gish is two years older than Dorothy. Marion Davies with Cosmopolitan, Jackie Coogan will be nine; Wallace Reid was thirty-one. Gloria Swanson is five feet three. No, they are not the same. Whew! You sure do answer questions, dont you.

MADELINE MARY.—My real name you're after, is it? Hump! Yes, I like your stationery. It is very smart. Chic! Yes, you were born the same day that Richard Barthelmess was. Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver thirty-nine years ago. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynn and Barbara La Marr married to Jack Dougherty.

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Dramatic scene from Rex Ingram's "Trifling Women" (Metro Pictures Corporation).

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Flashes From the Eastern Stars

(*Continued from page* 51)

Mensch," by Ernst Teller; an American play not yet selected, and "Lear," with Rudolph Schildkraut.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is making preparations for the first of the Blackton Productions which will be released by Vitagraph. It is understood upon good authority that Commodore Blackton will produce at the Brooklyn studios of Vitagraph where he made the Blackton Productions which became famous for their exceptional artistic as well as box office values.

Charles Dillingham has returned from London, Paris, Vienna and Budapest with a bundle of new plays and novelties for his theaters—the best that the market afforded in England and on the Continent.

"Before buying any foreign play, I obtained the famous 'Italian Marionette Players,'" said Mr. Dillingham. "These marionettes are a form of art which allows of great scope and assures the interpretation of the author's intentions, only they are not so wooden as many of the unionized American actors. They are the one great novelty of the London season," he insisted. "This is a troupe of more than five hundred marionettes, with a repertoire of some twenty-five operas, innumerable burlesques, ballets and vaudeville acts. The musical settings are by Rossini, Cæsar Cui, Donizetti, Mazzenet and Ottarine Respighi. The Teatro del Piccoli is an expressive of the soul of Italian art as is the Russian ballet of the soul of eastern Europe."

Sam Wood is seeking a beautiful girl, professional or amateur, to play the leading rôle in a new picture which he has already started at the Paramount Long Island Studio. It's getting to be a serious matter with him, for he has been searching for weeks without being able to find the type he wants. He felt he couldn't delay production any longer and has begun work without her. The rôle is that of Diana Kayne, in a screen version of Arthur Train's story, "His Children's Children." Two additions were made last week to the cast. They are Mary Eaton of the Follies and Hale Hamilton, star of both stage and screen. Mary Eaton will be starred in the fall by Flo Ziegfeld.

Cauliflowered ears have been vying with dimpled cheeks in the Casting Department of the Cosmopolitan

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Corporation during the last few days and a new screen idol may soon be recruited from the pugilistic ranks. Cosmopolitan is filming H. C. Witwer's popular fight story, "Cain and Mabel," featuring Anita Stewart. The script calls for a boxer as one of the principals, and Casting Director Clarence Elmer is devoting his entire time to interviewing ring gladiators. Among those who have already admitted that they are ready to take the count in the picture are: Jack Britton, ex-welterweight champion; George Ward, welterweight contender; Johnny Basham, lightweight champion of England; Clay Turner, the Indian fighter, Danny Frush and Gene Delmont.

Two masked bandits broke into a United States mail train on the Raritan River Railway two miles beyond South Amboy, N. J., last Sunday. One of the desperadoes escaped and the other is thought to have lost his life in the South River when he leaped from the speeding train with a mail pouch. A mail clerk dived into the river and rescued the mail. The attempted robbery was staged under the supervision of the United States Post Office Department. Colonel Paul Henderson, Assistant Postmaster General, and Major James A. Buchanan, chief of the Bureau of Information, provided the means by which to stage the mail robbery. They were co-operating with Whitman Bennett, producer of "Loyal Lives," a thrilling romance of the unsung heroes who protect the United States mail—the postman and the railway mail clerk. It will be released by Vitagraph and is the first of six pictures Mr. Bennett will make for them.

Glenn Hunter is at work on "Grit," his last picture for the Film Guild. Clara Bow, one of our Fame and Fortune Contest winners, will play opposite him. She has signed a contract with the Film Guild.

"Success," a play by A. A. Milne, will be seen next season with Norman Trevor in the leading rôle.

Herbert Brenon has arrived in New York to make preparation for his next Paramount picture, "The Spanish Dancer," with Pola Negri as the star. It will be based on the famous play "Don Cæsar de Bazan." Mr. Brenon has been visiting art galleries and museums in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and interviewing several authorities on the Spanish customs and dress of the period in which the story is laid.



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as he is to-day

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I MAKE MUSCLE

I am not a doctor—I don't claim to cure disease. That is a physician's job. But follow my advice and the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. I build strength and endurance. I make muscle. Follow my instructions and you will increase your arm one full inch in thirty days—yes, and put two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that is only a starter. Meanwhile, I work on those inner muscles surrounding your heart and other vital organs which affect your entire physical being. You will soon feel the thrill of life pulsing through your veins. You will have pep in your old backbone. There will be a flash to your eye and a spring to your step. You will radiate vitality and have the strong robust body to put it over. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Come on and make me prove it. That is what I like, because I know I can do it.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 45)

house as a group of incompetents. They notice her departure, but never think of following her.

Meanwhile there is a melodramatic flair when an escaped convict is determined to exact vengeance against the judge for sending him up the river—and the girl aids him to escape. The introductory scenes are by far the best—particularly the one featuring the prison delivery. But the picture becomes tiresome and dull and falters toward its conclusion. A discrepancy creeps out when the immaculate hero journeys down to Cherry Street attired in evening clothes and a top hat. As if he were slumming!

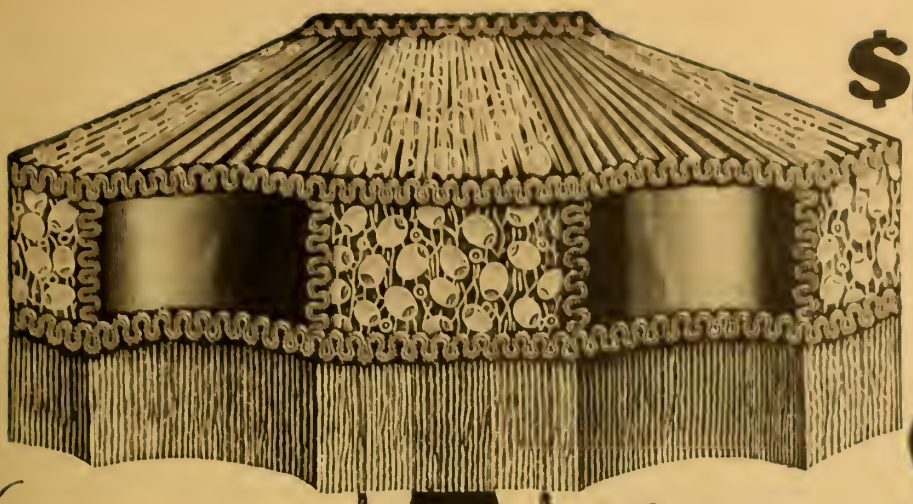
The acting of the three cronies is entrusted to Claude Gillingwater, William H. Crane and Alec Francis. All give mellow performances with the first mentioned surpassing the others. Eleanor Boardman's heroine is easy upon the eyes but her interpretation merely skims the surface. Careful editing would improve the picture, which despite its shortcomings contains a few appealing moments.

ANY picture carrying as its theme the evils of dope is not expected to prove very enjoyable entertainment. But because it presents a terrific indictment of the drug habit and is offered as a sincere attempt to diminish the scope of this terrible evil, "Human Wreckage" (Film Booking Offices) will earn encomiums, regardless of the fact that many will consider it made for commercial purposes. It tells a story recognizably real, touching the high places as well as the low places in the social scale, thus revealing that no one is immune from the deadly influence of narcotics.

The continuity doesn't always behave. There are times when lesser characters are neglected entirely to give emphasis to the major plot—which concerns a powerful attorney becoming addicted to morphine and causing his wife untold anguish, until she is unable to cope with the vice and is about to become an addict herself, when her husband, realizing the terrible consequences, shakes off the grip of the drug.

Mrs. Wallace Reid has doubtless employed her own personal experiences with other persons afflicted with the craving for narcotics—and the story which involves her is much more genuine than the by-plots concerning characters from a lower station in the social scheme. Yet these

(*Continued on page* 94)



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Greed

(*Continued from page 56*)

Trina began to cry, remembering her cold-blooded selfishness and what he had done to her at the same time. She piled the gold back into its bag and locked the trunk. The key she wore in a tiny chamois bag around her neck.

At the kindergarten the next day the children were decorating for their Christmas celebration. It was four o'clock and the early winter dusk had set in. Everything was ready but the floor. The children went home and left Trina to do the scrubbing. As she sloshed around in the dirty water, she thought of her gold at home, her bright, clean, shining, gold. She wrung the mop dry for the last time and was terrified to see McTeague enter the room. He had been drinking.

"Wha-what do you want?" she gasped.

"Your five thousand."

"I haven't got it. Uncle Oelberman still has it."

"You lie. I've been to him."

"I'll give you half——"

"No. Every damn cent of it."

Trina did not reply. She slipped past him and managed to lock him in the room. He broke the lock without any difficulty and followed her to the cloak room. He took her by the throat and pressed his broad flat thumb into its soft throbbing whiteness. She made a funny litle gurgling sound and started to struggle. Presently he staggered out of the dark cloak room and shut the door gently after him.

At home he took Trina's little key and unlocked the trunk. He cursed the heavy load. He cursed the avarice that had demanded gold instead of bills, but he stuffed the canvas bag in the top of his trousers and went away. In the morning he was back at the Big Dipper Mine where he had worked as a boy.

In the morning the children coming to school in little chattering groups walked happily toward the cloak room. A black cat was sniffing at the door, curling its tail. They opened the door, and ran back screaming. They could see a little white hand with only two fingers on it, outstretched in its last mute and futile supplication.

One night McTeague awakened with a fear he could not define. "I dont see nothing," he muttered, "I cant hear nothing, but I feel something. . . ." He lay down again but he could not sleep. The McTeagues of the world can always sleep and the fact that he couldn't, filled him with a grim foreboding.



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He packed up his meager things and the bag of gold and left without more ado.

Two days later the sheriff and his deputies inquired at the mine for McTeague.

McTeague got off the freighter at a little town far down the line. There he fell in with a man named Cribbens. They formed a partnership and went prospecting in Death Valley for gold. Miraculously they found it and staked their claim. Their mine they called "The Last Chance." A new life began for McTeague.

A notice was posted in the desert for the arrest of McTeague wanted for murder, offering one thousand dollars reward. Marcus Schouler, as malign as fate, one day read the poster. He offered himself to the sheriff as a means of identifying McTeague. He further adorned his tale by saying that the five thousand McTeague carried was stolen from him. The sheriff and his posse, including Marcus, set out over the desert.

At midnight McTeague woke again suddenly. He fired his Winchester in the air. "Aw, show yourself, will you?" he cried inexplicably. Cribbens sat up in surprise. McTeague was wiping the sweat from his white face, eery by starlight. "What in hell's the matter with you?" Cribbens wanted to know. At dawn McTeague was gone and the posse arrived. But they refused to go into the desert—only Marcus, who dreamed of the gold, followed.

On the desert McTeague's mule dragged his feet wearily thru the hot sand. Foolishly McTeague had emptied his canteen at one draught. More foolishly still he had tied his bag of gold to the mule's back and the mule had eaten some loco weed. McTeague lay down beside the beast and went to sleep. He was awakened by the sinister "Hands up," of Marcus. Indifferently, McTeague complied.

"Water," said Marcus weakly.

"Gone," replied McTeague.

"The money," whispered Marcus, his tongue hanging out like a dog panting.

"On the mule," McTeague answered, as tho it didn't matter to him what became of it.

Marcus jumped toward the mule, which ran skittishly away. Both men started after it and Marcus drew his gun and shot it. As the animal fell, the gold pieces slid out of the bag in amazing brightness. McTeague lunged toward Marcus and in a trice Marcus had clamped the handcuffs to him.

Now they begin to argue about the possession of the gold. They forget there is no water, and that they

(*Continued on page 96*)

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"Thorns and Orange Blossoms"
*"Shadows"
"Rich Men's Wives"

* *Placed by Robert E. Sherwood, critic of LIFE, on his list of the fifteen best pictures of the year.*

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 90)

people in their efforts to peddle the stuff and the consequences of their acts show that they are not far overdrawn. There are five or six deaths —some of which are violent—which make the majority of scenes harrowing indeed. But one is not looking at sweetness and light in an exposé of the drug evil. Many will profit by the picture and naturally will watch their steps. The peddlers and addicts will on the other hand not be attracted to it, for its evils are too sharply emphasized.

A word for James Kirkwood. As the attorney he gives a highly effective study of human suffering when he becomes an addict. And George Hackathorne as a character in the clutches of "coke" brings a sharp touch of realism to the rôle. Mrs. Wallace Reid is sincere and earnest in her portrayal of the wife. Having dedicated her life to save others from this terrible affliction, she succeeds in bringing value to the picture.

♦

BAYARD VEILLER'S crook melodrama, "The Woman with Four Faces," (Paramount) carries a teaser title which will attract curiosity. The curious, however, once they are in their seats, will see a likely story which has been competently executed by Herbert Brenon, the director, even, tho the author (he should have known better) has allowed an array of inconsistent episodes to mar his work.

Imagine a quartette of crooks putting the papers in a safe instead of destroying them; imagine a district attorney using a personable girl, gifted at disguise and masquerade (hence the title), to gather the evidence; imagine this same prosecutor employing an airplane to lift a convict from a prison yard so that he might crack the safe in which the papers are hidden. The improbabilities may furnish novelty, but they also give it a pictury character. Directed with speed and acted with an assortment of expressions by Betty Compson, who is at her best in crook rôles.

ANOTHER Paramount, "The Law of the Lawless," is an old friend in a new disguise. The girl who sells herself on the auction block to wipe out her father's debts has been treated upon the screen for years. Here it serves in bringing out a gypsy background, the locale being somewhere along the lower Danube. But all the picturesque costuming in the world cannot make Dorothy Dalton other than a comic



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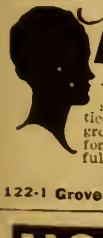
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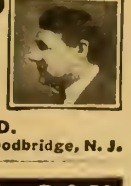
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opera figure. And Charles de Roche making his debut is colorless. Any one of a dozen Americans gritted in the saddle and possessing as equally good a physique could outshine the Frenchman. Even his fight with Kosloff when he would save the girl he bought from a tempestuous Tartar lacks the vigor which Sills or five and seven others could impart to it.

The body of the picture is taken up with the heroine displaying spirit against the indifference and caveman tactics of the gypsy. It's very old, very obvious and very mediocre.

CAPITALIZING upon a man's gift for expressing untold suffering is Lon Chaney's reward these days. Ever since he was cataloged as the actor of a thousand faces, the result of his work in "The Miracle Man," which picture, together with "The Penalty," showed him as unusually talented in portraying a helpless cripple, his rôles have been marked out for him.

"The Shock" (Universal) provides him another opportunity to show his skill at characterization in the part of a crippled crook who finds redemption thru the lovelight in a girl's eyes. Of course he is brought back to health by means of the shock caused by the Frisco earthquake. Ad interim he is saving the girl from a rotter and her father from jail. Fairly effective and Chaney's poignant humanities are given full latitude.

Trilby

(*Continued from page* 82)

Billie's career, Trilby! You must—run away and never see him any more."

"Trilby!" Little Billie groaned. "Oh, my dear, dont run away——"

A little later she whispered Svengali's name. "He was—kind to me. We were really married too——" with a piteous flash of pride, "so you can put—*Madame* on the head stone——"

"Trilby," begged Little Billie, "think of the old studio and the good times we had, think of the boulevards in springtime with the flower carts, and the cafés and theaters at night. We'll sit in the gallery at the Opera and hear the trumpets in 'Aida,' and we'll buy sausages and daffodils and little gold slippers for your feet—your beautiful feet, Trilby——"

Trilby laughed a ghost of her old gay laughter, "and I'll—sing——"

And then the only sound in the room was Little Billie's sobbing and the rattle of the busses outside, taking the tourists to Montmartre in search of its famous sin.

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice



Why is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed, too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

Your voice can be improved 100%

A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even Caruso had to develop his Hyo-Glossus muscle before his voice was perfect. You can develop a beautiful singing or speaking voice if *your* Hyo-Glossus muscle is strengthened by correct training. Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—famous in the music centers of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home. The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

Grand Opera Stars His Students

Hundreds of famous singers have studied with Professor Feuchtinger. Over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of his wonderful training. You do not know the possibilities of your voice. If you want to sing—but lack the proper training because you have not the time nor means to study—here is your chance. You can now train your voice at a very small cost in the privacy of your own home.

If you want to improve your speaking voice—if you stammer or stutter—Professor Feuchtinger will help you.

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Greed

(*Continued from page* 93)

are both dead men. A choking, bitter, galling rage flares up in McTeague and he beats Marcus over the head with the butt of his gun. Marcus falls, dragging McTeague down with him. McTeague tries vainly to rise. . . . He cannot. . . . He is handcuffed to Marcus. . . . Now he sits staring at the poured-out gold pieces touched into flame by a cruel hot sun. . . . A little bird lights daintily on the head of the dead mule. . . . It cocks its little head toward the heap of gold. . . . McTeague nods gravely . . . once or twice. . . .

Current Stage Plays

(*Continued from page* 6)

"Lightnin'." A comedy that crosses your heart—the one that Frank Bacon made famous.

"Sally, Irene and Mary." One of the best musical shows that have ever blessed the comedy stage.

"So This Is London." George Cohan poking fun at American and British temperaments. Not original cast.

"The Dancing Girl," a song, dance and laugh fête.

"The First Year," a comedy about "breakers ahead" on the honeymoon.

"The Passing Show," as usual a gorgeous revue.

"Whispering Wires," a mystery play that raises the hair.

PHOTOPLAY HOUSES

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

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Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand. — Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Cameo.—The Little Theater of the Movies. First and second-run photoplays. Good music.

LIFE

By Dorothy Quick

Life, once I loved you, when I was young,
Nodded assent when your praises were sung,
Trustingly yielded myself to your sway,
Followed your precepts day after day.

Now, I no longer am under your spell,
As I grow older I know you too well,
Know you will cheat me whenever you can,
Break me or make me, just as you plan.

Life, I shall laugh at you when I am old.
Perhaps you will wonder what makes me so bold—
And I shall answer you with my last breath,
Mine is the triumph, tho victory means death.

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EVERYONE admires and wants to dance with the person who knows the latest steps. There is no need of being a wallflower! By my remarkable new easy method a person can learn the newest dances at home. Much less expensive than from a personal teacher. So simple even a child can learn quickly. 90,000 have learned dancing by mail.

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OCTOBER

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Palm and Olive Oils —nothing else— give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap



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Often you meet a woman with vivid beauty that exerts an irresistible charm. It doesn't depend upon regularity of features, or the color of eyes and hair. A smooth, fresh, flawless skin—a complexion glowing with the radiance of health and free from imperfections—this is the secret of alluring attraction.

Cleopatra had it, and her name will always be the symbol of all-conquering beauty. She perfected this beauty, and kept it in this perfection in a simple, natural way which history has handed down for modern women.

How She Did It

By thorough, gentle, daily cleansing which kept the texture of her skin firm, fine-grained and smooth. Dirt, oil and perspiration were never allowed to collect, to enlarge and irritate the tiny skin pores. The lavish use of cosmetics practiced by all ancient women did her no harm, because every day she carefully washed them away.

Her secret—palm and olive oils, valued as both cleansers and cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt. The crude combination which served the great queen so well was the inspiration for our modern Palmolive.

Bedtime Is Best

Your daily cleansing is best done at night, so your complexion may be revived and refreshed during sleep. The remains of rouge and powder, the accumulations of dirt and natural skin oil, the traces of cold cream should always be removed.

So, just before retiring, wash your face in the smooth, mild Palmolive lather. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel.

In the morning refresh yourself with a dash of cold water and then let your mirror tell the story. Charming freshness and natural roses will smile back at you.

Once Costly Luxuries

When Cleopatra kept her loveliness fresh and radiant by using Palm and Olive oils, they were expensive. Today these rare and costly oils are offered in a perfected blend at modest cost. Palmolive factories work day and night. Palm and olive oils are imported from overseas in vast quantities.

The result is soap for which users would willingly pay 25c, but which costs only 10c, the price of ordinary soap. The firm, fragrant, green cake, the *natural* color of the oils, is for sale the world over.



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CLASSIC

A BREWSTER PUBLICATION



Alice Terry



Nature's Green

Palmolive takes its color from the palm and olive oil blend which is responsible for its mildness. It is as much nature's own color as the green of grass and leaves.

Remember this when you are enjoying its wonderful cleansing qualities and marveling at its mildness. Palmolive is a modern, scientific blend of the most perfect soap ingredients that the world has been able to discover in 3,000 years.

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This gentle, thorough cleanser never leaves skin dry and rough.

The smooth, creamy lather actually soothes as it cleanses. Yet it removes every trace of dirt, perspiration, and surplus oil accumulated in the tiny pore openings.

Your skin is kept free of imperfections which result from pore-clogging. It remains fresh, soft, radiantly clear.

How to use it

Never sleep without cleansing the skin. Wash with this mildest soap at bed-time—massaging the creamy lather well in. Then rinse very thoroughly. Dry the skin well, and—if necessary—apply cold cream.

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Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality fo

10c



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Protect Yourself Against These Sudden Embarrassments!

A chance meeting on the street, an unexpected invitation, a cup of coffee suddenly overturned, an introduction to some person of note—these are the occasions that demand complete self-possession, that demand calmness and ease. Those who become flustered and embarrassed under circumstances like these, instantly betray the fact that they are not accustomed to good society. But those who retain a calm dignity, who know exactly what to do and say, impress others with their fine breeding—and protect themselves from humiliation



DO YOU know the comfort of being always at ease—of being always sure of yourself, calm, dignified, self-possessed?

It is the most wonderful feeling in the world. You don't have to worry about making blunders. You don't have to wonder what people are thinking of you. You don't have to wish that you hadn't done a certain thing, or said a certain thing.

The next time you are at a dinner or a party, notice the people around you. See if you can't pick out at once the people who are well-bred, who are confident of themselves, who do and say the right thing and *know* it. You will always find that these people are the best "mixers," that people like to be with them, that they are popular, well-liked.

And then notice the people who are not sure of themselves. Notice that they stammer and hesitate when strangers speak to them; that they are hesitant and uncomfortable at the table, that they seem embarrassed and ill at ease. These people actually make *you* feel ill at ease. They are never popular; they always seem to be out of place; they rarely have a good time.

Some of the Blunders People Make

At a certain theatre, recently, a man made himself conspicuous, through a blunder that could easily have been avoided. He entered a lower box with two women — probably his mother and sister. Without thinking, he seated himself on the chair that one of the women should have occupied.

The whole secret of being always at ease is to be able to do and say what is absolutely correct without stopping to think about it. One should be able to do the right thing as easily as one says "good morning."

Would *you* have known what seat to take in the box? Do *you* know who precedes when entering a theatre—the man or the woman? Do *you* know who precedes when leaving the theatre, when entering and leaving a street car, an automobile?

People are often confronted by sudden embarrassments at the dinner table. Often corn on the cob is refused because one does not know how it should be eaten. Some people do not know that bread must under no circumstances be bitten into. Others make the mistake of taking asparagus up in their fingers. Still others use the finger-bowl incorrectly.

How would *you* eat corn on the cob in public? Would *you* dip both hands into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time? What would you say to your hostess when leaving? What would you say to the young man, or woman, you had met for the first time?

A New Knowledge That Will Give You Life-Long Satisfaction

What many people consider a "talent" for doing and saying what is correct, is really a very important social knowledge that you can acquire easily.

Would you like to know how to create conversation, how to overcome self-consciousness and timidity, how to make introductions that result in friendships, how to be an ideal host or hostess, an ideal guest?

Would you like to know all the customs of weddings, of funerals, of social calls, of formal dinners, of dances?

The famous Book of Etiquette will give you a new knowledge that you will find extremely useful. It will tell you everything you want to know. It will dispel all doubts, banish all uncertainty. It will give you ease, poise, confidence. It will make you a better "mixer," a more pleasing conversationalist. It will protect you from all the little sudden embarrassments that confront the person who does not know, who is not sure.

Free Examination Offer

Have you ever wondered why rice is thrown after the bride? why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning?

Have you ever wondered what to serve at a tea, how to give a "shower," how to decorate the home for a wedding, a party?

Perhaps there is some particular problem that is puzzling you. Perhaps there are several. If so, why not let us send you the two volumes of the Book of Etiquette to-day—without a cent in advance? When they arrive, pay the postman only $1.98 instead of the regular price of $3.50. Read them and let them solve your little personal problems. Study them carefully for 5 full days and then if you do not feel that they are a splendid investment, return them and we will refund your money.

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Current Stage Plays

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Ambassador.—"The Newcomers," a revue depending upon the performers rather than on setting and costumes. Will Morrisey does the Balieff stunt effectively at times. The show falls short of the general standard of Broadway revues.

Apollo. — "Poppy," a musical comedy which marks Madge Kennedy's first appearance in a musical show.

Astor. — "Dew Drop Inn." A return engagement of the lively musical comedy, with John Barton again the black-face comedian, who shakes a wicked foot and is nobly supported by Mooney, his dawg, and a superb tango-ing couple.

Booth. — "The Seventh Heaven." Hand-made on a melodramatic pattern in a Montmartre tenement in Paris, of an admixture of love, regeneration, humor and unreality. An excellent performance with Helen Menken starring.

Broadhurst.—"The Good Old Days," a prohibition divertissement by Aaron Hoffman, with George Bickel and Charles Winninger the contrary-minded gentlemen.

Carroll. — "Vanities of 1923," with Peggy Hopkins Joyce leading the delectable and innumerable vanities.

Casino.—"Wildflower," with lovely Edith Day flashing thru an exquisite musical score.

Cohan.—"Adrienne," a musical comedy with an unusually good chorus. Billy Van and Richard Carle, the latter of "The Spring Chicken" fame, take care of the laughs. Lou Lockett and Margaret Ross introduce a new dance, Adagio.

Cort.—"Merton of the Movies." In which Glenn Hunter self-visualized as a movie hero of the "great open spaces" plays havoc with our emotions as an arch comedian.

Elliott.—"Rain." A bitter tragedy by Somerset Maugham; a violent attack on the repressions of Puritanism. Jeanne Eagels is superb in the leading rôle.

Eltinge.—"The Woman on the Jury," by Bernard K. Burns.

Empire.—"Casanova" a play from the Spanish, adapted by Sidney Howard, and featuring Katherine Cornell and Lowell Sherman.

Forty-eight. — "Zeno," a melodramatic mystery play, by Joseph R. Rinn, with Effie Shannon the star.

Forty-ninth.—"Thumbs Down," a mystery play, centering around a District Attorney, a bootlegger, a matrimonial mêlée, and a butchery. A poor successor to "The Bat."

Frazee.—"Tweedles," a comedy written by a team of humorists—Booth Tarkington and Leon Wilson. Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon head the cast.

Gaiety.—"Aren't We All?" Cyril Maude in a delightful light comedy that revolves around a philandering husband and an indiscreet wife. Mr. Maude in a Grumpyish character sets a rare pace of fun and his support keeps it up.

Garrick. — "The Devil's Disciple." A Shaw satire, which as usual shows up the under side of militarism and politics. It ends ingallantly on a triangle. An excellent show with Roland Young as General Burgoyne alone worth seeing.

Globe. — "George White's Scandals." A *de luxe* edition of gorgeously gowned beauties that make scandals appetizing, including parodies on Chanve-Souris and the Moscow Art Theater.

Greenwich Village. — "Brook," by Thomas P. Robinson.

Hudson. — "The Crooked Square," by Samuel Shipman, with Edna Hibbard and Ben Lyon taking the leads.

Klaw. — "The Breaking Point," dramatized from Mary Roberts Rinehart's popular novel, is the vehicle of Lucile Sear's stage début. McKay Morris has the chief male part, Gail Kane is also in the cast.

Liberty. — "Magnolia," another Booth Tarkington comedy with its locale a Mississippi plantation and a Natchez gambling house, in the early forties. Leo Carillo takes the part of a young Southerner reared in the North, and Martha Byran Allen, the youthful favorite, that of a charming Southern girl.

Longacre. — "Little Jessie James," a musical comedy with Nan Halperin as Little Jessie. The Paul Whiteman band dubbed the James Boys takes care of the orchestration.

Lyceum.—"Little Miss Bluebeard," an Avery Hopwood comedy adapted from the French, with Irene Bordoni supported by Austin Farnum and Stanley Logan.

Morosco.—"Red Light Annie," a melodrama of the underworld dealing with the drug question. Mary Ryan in the leading rôle.

Music Box.—"Music Box Revue," Irving Berlin's 1923 extravagant display of beauty and humor.

National.—"The Black Flag," a fantastic piratical comedy with Pedro de Cordoba and Carroll McComas in the leading rôles.

New Amsterdam. — "Ziegfeld Follies," glorifying the American girl and featuring Patricia Salmon, the tent-show girl of the Golden West.

Playhouse. — "A Mad Honeymoon," Barry Conners' farcical melodrama in which a fat housemaid, a minister, and a constable, educated by correspondence, deluge the elected pair—Boots Wooster and Kenneth MacKenna—with delightful nonsense.

Palace.—Keith vaudeville. Always a good bill, and drawing more and more talent from the headliners of the regulars.

Plymouth. — "The Next Corner," a comedy by Kate Jordan, the cast headed by Florence Eldridge, Louise Closser Hale, and Basil Rathbone.

(*Continued on page* 98)

Classic's List of Stage Plays in New York That You Should See

"Tweedles"

"Rain"

"In Love with Love"

"7th Heaven"

"Merton of the Movies"







Miss Marilyn Miller, star of Ziegfeld's musical comedy, "Sally"

Photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago

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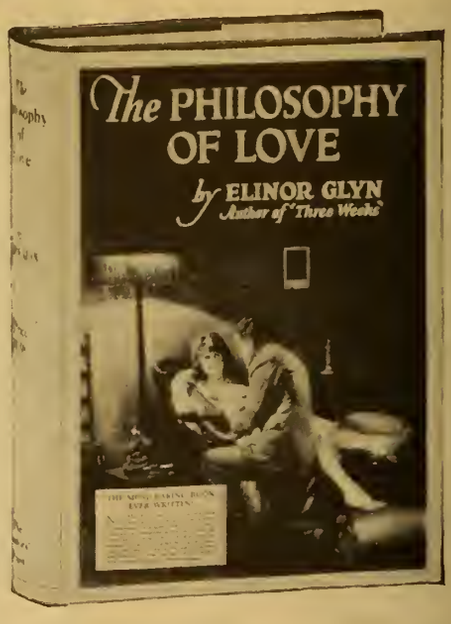
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—how to win the girl you want.
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—how to make people admire you.
—why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
—why many marriages end in despair.
—how to hold a woman's affection.
—how to keep a husband home nights.
—why most women don't know how to make love.
—things that turn men against you.
—how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
—the "danger year" of married life.
—how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming
—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
—how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
—how to attract people you like.
—why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
—how to make love keep you young.
—must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
—how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
—how to tell if someone really loves you.
—things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."
—how to make people do the things you want them to.

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DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"— and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage —and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

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Courtship days lay the foundation of your future happiness or woe in married life. You have shown the very best side of your character to that sweet girl who has in full faith given her body and soul into your keeping. She looks up to you as the Prince Charming of her maiden dreams—the answer to her prayers for a big, strong, virile husband—a real red-blooded man capable of fathering healthy little ones.

Don't Betray the Girl You Love

Her eyes are clouded by Romance and her love for you. She cannot know the things about your past that YOU know. Her judgment is prejudiced and she cannot see thru the Eyes of Love your many faults and weaknesses that are so apparent to everyone else. You fear to tell her that you are a victim of Youthful Errors, bad habits and excesses—that you are a pitiable apology for a real man. Yet you dare not deceive her and wreck her happiness.

Rout Out the Crop of Youthful Errors

You have sown a big crop of "wild oats." You know quite well that the girl you love will reap most of the harvest if you continue in your present weakened contaminated and devitalized condition. YOU KNOW THAT—and you know that her faith in you as a man would not survive the truth. You are facing the crisis of your life. Your decision now will influence your whole future and hers. It looks dark and hopeless to you, but there is a way out. I can help you. I have devoted my entire life to the study of Nature's unfailing corrective forces. I have helped to save thousands of men in your condition. I want to save you!

You Can Be a Man Again

Brace Up. Be true to the best that is in you for the sake of the girl you love. You can come back. You can banish the weakness and deficiencies that threaten to ruin your married life and blast the happiness of that pure girl. You can get rid of Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, Asthma, Hay Fever, Nervousness, Biliousness, Impotency, Lost Manhood, Vital Losses, and the numerous other results of Youthful Errors and Excesses (see consultation coupon) You can aid Nature in restoring your Vital Powers and Manhood and fit yourself for the joys of Marriage and Parenthood with

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.. Catarrh	.. Neurasthenia	.. Prostate Troubles
.. Hay Fever	.. Short Wind	.. Youthful Errors
.. Asthma	.. Flat Feet	.. Vital Losses
.. Obesity	.. Constipation	.. Impotency
.. Headache	.. Biliousness	.. Vitality Restored
.. Thinness	.. Torpid Liver	.. Falling Hair
.. Rupture	.. Indigestion	.. Deformity (Describe)
.. Lumbago	.. Poor Memory	.. Stomach Disorders
.. Neuritis	.. Rheumatism	.. Successful Marriage
.. Neuralgia	.. Nervousness	.. Pimples
.. Flat Chest	.. Gastritis	.. Blackheads
.. Insomnia	.. Prolapsus	.. Round Shoulders
.. Bad Breath	.. Heart Weakness	.. Lung Troubles
.. Bad Blood	.. Poor Circulation	.. Weak Back
.. Weak Eyes	.. Increased Height	.. Drug Addiction
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Age ... Occupation ... .

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WHAT YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS

How to Breathe and Build the Body
The Importance of Vitamins
Personality and Perfumes
Early Fall Fashions and Style Service

The Memoirs of Mme. Vavara

A new serial with a wide appeal. If you are a young girl standing at the threshold of life, the frank confessions of a woman who has lived deeply will be as guide posts on your journey thru life. If you are a mature woman you will appreciate more fully the wisdom and truth embedded in the account of Mme. Vavara's life as written by herself to her youthful ward in a French convent. This clever woman, famous for her beauty and brains, does not hesitate to conceal anything in her own life which she believes will tend to instruct this young girl. This story by Stanton Leeds is one to enjoy and to remember.

November

Beauty

Beauty Secrets for Every Woman



The Second Crusade

An Explanation and an Apology

A CERTAIN person whose opinion we respect has said that an editorial should be more impersonal than our last one was—the one about the movies as a field of incredible contrast. But we cannot be impersonal about Mrs. Wallace Reid and her heart-breaking picture, "Human Wreckage."

We confess to being among those doubting ones who questioned the motive and criticized the taste of this unprecedented film. We went to the opening night in New York frankly, out of curiosity, legitimate perhaps, but with no idea of praise or even of respect.

And we, like many others remained to pray.

No one could impugn the motives of Mrs. Reid if they had seen her standing up in a box, after the picture, while flowers in gracious tribute were laid at her feet; standing there white faced and weary-eyed, the tears rolling down her cheeks, very near to collapse, a tragic, pitiful, inarticulate figure.

Here is a gallant crusader who was not deterred by an adverse public opinion; who bared her grief that others might see and be warned; who has sacrificed herself to the common good; who has consecrated her life, more than nobly, intelligently, to the elimination of a ghastly traffic.

"Human Wreckage," is a profoundly moving picture handled with dignity and restraint. There is nothing cheap or sensational about it. Quite the contrary. A tremendous and unmistakable sincerity animates everyone who had anything to do with it. It is a grim, terrific tragic indictment of stupidity and criminal indifference toward these "living dead," whose pitiable army is vaster than you or I ever dreamed of.

Altho our motive be likewise misinterpreted, we say in all sincerity, that every man and woman in the United States should go to see this picture: not as a Christian duty, but for the sake of being intelligently informed on a subject that has been heretofore shrouded in darkness. We realize, of course, that the only effectual appeal is to the emotions first. . . . Well . . . go to see the picture. . . . That is all we ask.



Photograph by C. Smith Gardiner

The second generation of the movies is at hand. We hope for this boy who has adopted at the age of thirteen the profession of his father, that he may have the vision and courage of that well-loved star

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.



Photograph © by George Maillard Kesslere

PEGGY SHAW

Another Follies girl who has made good on the screen. Well, why shouldn't they? She made her début with Fox a year ago and will be starred soon in "The Arizona Express," to be made in the West



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Who has the opportunity of a lifetime in "Greed," as the ill-fated Trina Sieppe

ZAZU PITTS



Photograph by White Studios

JAMES KIRKWOOD

Whose performance in "Human Wreckage" is to be commended for its power and restraint



Photograph by Freulich

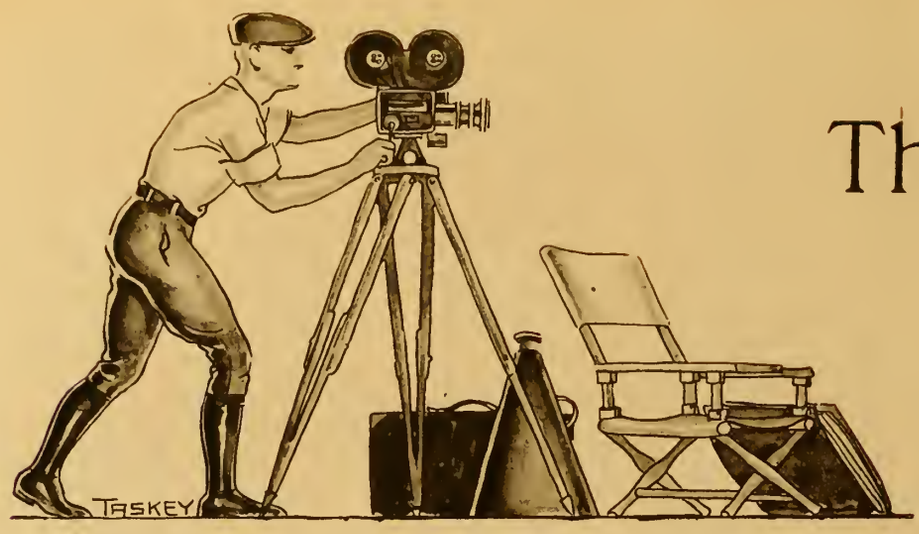
This man is almost too handsome. We would suggest that some director "shoot" him. It would certainly improve his picture. You may see him in "Merry Go Round"

NORMAN KERRY



DOROTHY DALTON

Is vacationing in Europe after the manner of movie stars. She will spend a great deal of time in England with her father, and possibly make a picture over there



The Camera

Mr. Bausch Lens

HARRY

I DONT know about a man and his valet; but I know that no woman is a heroine to her cameraman. I know; I am one of them. From first to last I have photographed about every star in the business.

The hardest woman I ever tried to photograph is Ina Clare. She has a difficult mouth which requires very careful treatment and she will not co-operate with you in this treatment.

She can be very charming when she chooses; but she is very sure of her position in the theater world and she isn't too much excited over the movies anyhow. The consequence is she will not give you the right amount of help necessary to solve the problem of photographing her difficult mouth.

On the other hand, there is Mary Pickford. Mary is not the cinch to photograph that some people seem to suppose. Oddly enough, only one side of her face is ever photographed in profile.

This was the most exasperating lesson that Ernst Lubitsch, the German director, had to learn when he began to direct in the Pickford studio.

In Europe they have an entirely different standard of art. The public in Europe does not seem to insist that every heroine be fatally beautiful. They recognize the fact that plain women might also have a life story. In America, the movie public is frankly indifferent to the fate of homely women —on the screen at least.

The first lesson that the astonished Lubitsch had to learn was that Mary Pickford had to do all her emotional storms with her right side to the camera.

Mary helps the cameraman however so skilfully and adroitly that it is a cinch to take her pictures. You have to take care not to make her face look too long—and you leave the rest to Mary. In the projecting-rooms she studies her own face as an Indian trailer studies footprints. She is a past mistress of make-up and she knows how to control her acting to co-operate in the fullest way imaginable with the cameraman.

Marguerite Clark in her younger days, had a round baby face, but she was not so easy to photograph for all that. She had a way of wrinkling her brows that absolutely wrecked your best close-ups unless you arranged the lighting with great skill. The job of photographing Marguerite Clark was also complicated by her sister. This older sister is Miss Clark's business manager and general guide, philosopher and friend. She makes a great deal of trouble on the sets by interfering with the arrangements of the cameramen.

Another girl who frowns away many good close-ups is Blanche Sweet. Like a lot of girls with real characters behind their beauty, Blanche has somewhat irregular features. She has a great width at the cheek bones and a face that tapers so rapidly that it gives her the appearance of having hollow cheeks — which she really hasn't. This effect





Photograph by Arnold Genthe



Photograph (left) by Evans, L. A.

Did you know that Blanche Sweet (left) frowns away many a good close-up? And that Billie Dove (above) is particularly hard to photograph? And that John Barrymore (above) looks beautiful from any angle? And that Nazimova (right) directs her own lighting and so forth?



Photograph by Hoover Art Studio

Man's Angle

Confesses To

CARR



has to be overcome with lighting. Another difficulty you have to look out for with Blanche Sweet are her eyebrows. When she frowns, it gives the odd effect of eyebrows that grow straight across and meet. I do not wish to give the impression that she is not a beautiful girl; because she is. The difficulty is that she has certain features which cast photographic shadows.

To my mind, the most beautiful girl on the screen is the hardest to photograph. This is Mae Murray. With that little rose-bud, bee-kissed mouth, her aura of golden hair which stands about her head like a golden haze; and her lithe beautiful body, she is a perfect picture. But these effects are not easily achieved. The cameraman has fairly to burn her up with lights.

She spreads a white coat of liquid make-up that is like kalsomine over her whole face before she goes on the set. Her bare legs and body are practically painted white.

On the sets, they put a strong back light behind her which makes that beautiful hazy effect. They hit her full in the face with strong sunlight arcs. I dont see how she ever stands it without going blind. No girl on the screen ever used anything like the light and the make-up. She is very particular about her photography, but she knows her job and knows how to help the cameraman.

The direct opposite is Lillian Gish. She uses almost no make-up at all. Beyond a little powder, Lillian is photographed just "as is." Where most girls spread on make-up, Lillian gets the same results by skilful lighting. She is lucky in having the same photographers for many years. Billy Bitzer has reduced photographing Lillian Gish to an exact science. He knows every curve and angle to shoot from and to shoot at.

Carol Dempster is a photographic problem just in the exact ratio that you can get her to do her hair up on her head. Her eyes are lovely. When she raises her hair up on her head, her eyes become the center of the picture.

When she used to insist upon wearing it in long corkscrew curls, it framed her face and made it look thin. Like most young girls, however, she thought it made her look too old to wear it on top of her head.

The most extraordinary instance of a woman refusing to help the cameraman was Doris Keene. She is too great an artist to be young and the evidence of her maturity is beginning to show at the corners of her mouth. In "Romance" she absolutely insisted upon using the same costume she had worn during the long and triumphant runs in London. One feature of this costume was a pair of jingly crystal earrings. The result was that your eye was caught by the glitter of one earring and traveled instinctively to the other earring, straight across the line of her mouth.

One stage star nearly drove the cameramen to drink; that was Laurette Taylor.

She is a high-tempered, headstrong woman of brilliant mind and obstinate



Photograph by W. F. Seely



Photograph © by Strauss Peyton





You wouldn't believe that Tommy Meighan (left) was a difficult camera subject; or that Constance Talmadge (above) was even more so; or that Bert Lytell (above) was in the same class, as well as that appealing Carol Dempster (right). Now would you?

will. When she made "Peg O' My Heart," she presented a fearful problem. She is a woman of mature years, as everyone knows, with a grown son. To make her look a girl of fourteen was considerable of an undertaking.

When the picture was first started, she was very wilful and insisted on having her own way in every particular. She nearly drove the cameramen to suicide.

Finally they resolved to discipline her. They took the pictures exactly as she directed them to be taken. Then they took her into the projecting-room and showed her how they looked. That cured her. From then on, she was a lamb in their hands and turned out a marvelously beautiful picture in which most of the close-ups, by the way, were made by placing her at quite a distance from the camera and using a telescopic lens.

Even some of the great beauties of the screen are hard to photograph. One of the most difficult I ever saw was Billie Dove, who was a wonderfully beautiful girl. She had a bad shadow on her face. If you threw the light on her face to kill this shadow, you made her face look flat and broad.

The same is true in a lesser degree with Constance Talmadge. Constance is one of the most beautiful girls on the screen and one of the hardest to photograph.

Norma Talmadge is a very curious problem for the cameraman. In any one position, Norma is not difficult to "shoot": but when she turns her head, it spoils the show—in other words, any one aspect of Norma is a comparatively easy task, but changing versions of Norma's face are difficult.

Alice Joyce is much more beautiful than she screens; Mrs. Wallace Reid, much more slender; Priscilla Dean not nearly so tall; Andrée Lafayette taller, Marion Davies, fairer, face and hair, and so on. It is just as true to say that the camera changes us all (a little) as to say the camera does not lie. I can see both sides of that argument.

Nazimova would be a homely woman but for the art and brains she uses in getting herself photographed. Every close-up of this great Slavic actress is practically a painting in which she herself, dictates the lights and shades and composition.

Mary Astor, a new comer to the screen, has about the most perfect set of screen features I have ever shot. Actually, this young girl is rather insignificant-looking but she photographs like a million dollars. There is only one bad angle and that is a three-quarter view with her head drooped. These youngsters are no trouble at all They do just what the director tells them to. Give them a few more years tho, and they'll be directing the directors. It is those who are midway in their experience that make the trouble for us, and cause endless retakes

What applies to the women also applies to the men of the screen.

The easiest he-star to photograph is John Barrymore. He has a profile like a cut cameo. His manner is charming; every attitude is grace personified; his face is one of the most expressive and mobile it has ever been my privilege to shoot. It is true that he is a bit temperamental and one can never be wholly sure that he will be there, but if he is, there is no trouble.

Valentino would be easy to photograph were it not for his ears. He has very small and misshapen ears which the cameraman has to be careful to hide.

Tommy Meighan is rather hard to photograph, and so is Bert Lytell.

Dick Barthelmess, altho willing and anxious and handsome, presents considerable difficulties. His face is somewhat broad and has to be watched carefully. Ramon Navarro is another handsome youngster, but he is easy.

Character actors always present a stiff problem. Sometimes their make-up is so grotesque that the mere elongation or exaggeration of a single feature will burlesque a most serious effort. For all its problems my job is interesting, a regular handbook of human psychology. I wouldn't give it up for the world.

Life's Little Ironies in Verse

EXPERIENCE

By Constance Blessing Smith

OH, once I loved deeply,
(Some women do this;
They fling all their freedom
Away in a kiss.)

Yet, wisdom or folly,
That course lived its day,
At present I'm using
A much safer way.

For now I love lightly,
I love with a laugh,
The thrill's quite as pleasing,
The trouble—*one half.*

FATALITY

By Helene Mullins

HE had lived so long
In despair's shadowed cell
That when success came
Its sudden brilliancy
Blinded him.

It was his destiny
To live in darkness.

WHY?

By Lee Shippey

WE rail at life,
And yet we sigh
To see a white hearse
Passing by.

ANACHRONISM

By Albert Brush

YOU lean indolently
Against the ship's rail,
There are six wild geese in the sky
And three white-breasted birds
On the water.

What right have you
In a Japanese print?

UNRECOGNIZED

By Friedrich von Falkenburg

DO not weep, little stars,
Because the meteor
Passed you by without a
Word of friendly greeting.

One I have known for years,
Today rushed swiftly by
Without a smile or nod . . .
And yet, I do not weep.

ROOTS

By Dorothea Dallett

I HAVE chased a butterfly,
I have dreamed a dream,
I have floated miles and miles
Down a summer stream.

I have always thought to find
Deep reality,
Something always led me on
But eluded me.
Will I ever find that thing
Rooted like a tree?

Passing loves I've often felt
Deep within my heart,
Stab they did but passed away—
Of me were no part.

Now my own has come to me,
Happiness I've found;
I am rooted like a tree
In the solid ground;
No more errant, restless thoughts,
No more roaming 'round.

DOULEUR

By A. R. Wagner

WHEN a girl
With youth and prettiness,
Glances at a man
Demurely under shadowed lids.
With carmined lips apart
In half a smile,
And elicits no response—
It is worse
Than the tragedy
Of the first grey hair.



MARIE-JEANNE DU BARRI

Famous Heroines No. 1. Posed by Claire Windsor

Here is Madame Du Barri's own description of herself taken from her memoirs: "My lovely face, my locks which waved most enchantingly over my eyes, which were melting, sparkling and liquid as crystal, my mouth, small and red as a cherry, my delicately formed nose, my excessively fair skin, my elegant and sylphlike figure, in fact, the perfect beauty of my person made my mother conceive the greatest hopes of success." Everyone knows of the tragic "success" of the little milliner's girl with Louis XV, that eventually led her an ignominious dance to the guillotine



Photographs by Russell Ball

There is an air of nobility about Alma Rubens, with her sculptural early Italian face, the fine pallor of her skin, the remoteness of her eyes. . . .

Divine Discontent

By FAITH SERVICE

IN a recent article in a fan magazine Alma Rubens is referred to as "a Duchess" and other elegant things. We get the point, exactly. There is an air of nobility about Alma. Perhaps it lies in her seeming abstraction; a sense of noble detachment from the more harassing and mundane things of life; a sort of plastic serenity; a garment of glamour covering undertones of purple and passion. Or it may lie in the set of her head, poised and proud; in the remoteness of her eyes, when she is gazing into space; in the fine pallor of her skin, the firm modeling of her lips.

But Alma is red blooded as well as blue blooded. She is human as well as haughty.

Alma is frank, too, frank and direct. She doesn't "set the stage." She talks like one young person to another, without an ever present sense of "I wonder how this will look in print."

Some gelatin goddesses might, for instance, think it more judicious not to say that they'd leave the screen if they could do something else better. Not Alma. Between you and me, we hope that she doesn't leave the screen even if she does develop into an Edith Wharton or an Anzia Yzierska or something. For we cant imagine Alma doing anything, even writing, better than she does screening. It would be a pity to hide her sculptural, early-Italian face behind a noiseless typewriter. Her art is noiseless, as it is, why not leave well enough alone?

Besides, it will probably seem incredible to most fans to know that to be a star, a cinema celebrity, is not enough. To be fêted and adored, publicized and pictured, and bowed down to—what more could the heart of a maid demand?

But the heart of Alma Rubens desires more.

Over the Honey Dew melon at the Ritz, our talk went something like this:

ALMA: I wish to goodness I could be a writer. I wish it so much that I've begun to try my hand at it, and if I succeed . . . (*gesture of eliminating several studios.*)

MYSELF: Well, if you do, what then?

(*Continued on page* 76)





Renée

This is Alma as we shall see her in "Under the Red Robe." But she is not satisfied with motion picture starring. She wants to write. . . . She says: "I admire most those people who are able to sacrifice everything . . . for the sake of the thing they most want to do and can do best"



Foreign

European Studios

MAURICE

agree to meet each other later, at a fixed date, to relate what has happened during their separation. The girl arrives in her luxurious dress, happy at her success, and the boy sends a mutual friend with a letter. He cannot come, he is very ill, and about to die. But as films now require happy endings, George Pearson, who wrote this story, was obliged to modify the epilog. And we then know that all this is the story of the book our young author is writing.

FRANCE

It is not the first time that two producers have directed together a picture in France. This happened before the war at the Pathé studios. And now, two good directors, L. Mercanton (who made "Phroso" and many other films, one of which, with the late famous stage actress Mme. Réjane) and René Hervil, have presented their new photoplay "Sarati the Terrible." This is a story of adventure which takes place in Africa and which has proved very lucky to French producers.

Two brothers who are rivals and who will find at the end a nice looking girl who will happily metamorphose

"THE English studios are just like the American ones," Betty Compson said to me when I saw her for the first time at the studios of the Famous Players-Lasky in London, "I mean this one," she added, thus confirming what Mae Marsh had said previously.

Before us the studio No. 1 presented the aspect of the Paris Moulin Rouge, with its orchestra, its crowds of dancers, while the electric wings of the mills were turning slowly. Some of the dancers were considering the American star with considerable curiosity. On his pedestal, near the camera, Graham Cutts, the director, smiled at us from time to time. "He is a very clever producer," said Betty, "I am glad to work with him, and I like the story so much besides."

"Woman to Woman" is the title of the play which ran so successfully in England, and which will be the name of the British film in which Betty Compson plays lead. She will be seen as a dancer of the Moulin Rouge, where an Englishman (Clive Brook) will notice her and fall in love with her. And both will be happy . . . at the end of the picture.

"Love, Life and Laughter," otherwise called "The Story of Tip-Toes," the new film directed by George Pearson, has obtained a legitimate success. It tells us of the adventures of an ambitious girl (Betty Balfour) who succeeds in her ambition to become a music-hall star, and of a boy (Harry Jonas) who remains as he is, a poor author. Both



At the top of the page is Maria Corda as Delilah, in the Austrian film, "Samson and Delilah." Left is little Miss Myrtle Peter who is appearing with Betty Compson in the British made picture, "Woman to Woman." Below is Pasteur (center) played by Charles Mosnier in the French photoplay of that name



Films

At a Glance

ROSETT



the eternal triangle into a quadrangle, and Sarati, the villain, are the principal characters of this new photoplay which has many good qualities and is among the best pictures lately made in France.

On the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the great scientist Pasteur, Jean Benoit Levy made a picture which follows faithfully the principal episodes of the life of the famous benefactor of humanity. In spite of its actuality, this is a very interesting picture possessing the advantage of being educational and also attractive as a story when it shows to us how Pasteur made, after long hesitations, his first experience on the body of the little Meister. The rôle of Pasteur is perfectly revived by Charles Mosnier.

ITALY

I had the opportunity of meeting Carmine Gallone, one of the best of the Italian producers. Speaking to him of the present situation in Italy, I referred to what I wrote in CLASSIC about my visits to that country.

"You are right," he replied, "many mistakes have been made in my country. A few producers among my friends as well as myself have seen the danger, and we have decided to take steps to alter things. We have formed a Consortium which will be for Italy what 'The Allied Artists' is for the States. It includes A. Genina, G. Righelli, A. Palermi and myself. But no doubt we shall be joined by others, by Guazzoni (the producer who made 'Messalina'), for instance. We shall not forget to pay frequent visits to other countries in order to see what is being made there and to follow the progress of others."

Carmine Gallone has just completed a

(*Continued on page 86*)



Above is Albert Bassermann as Christopher Columbus, the title rôle of a German film





At the top of the page is a scene from "Jola," a Russian picture in the typically Russian manner. Above is Soava Gallone, an Italian star, as the daughter from the Italian film, "The Poor Mother." Left is a scene from another desert picture, "Sarati the Terrible," a French photoplay with two directors

Photograph by Aubert



Scaramouche

"He was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad."—RAFAEL SABATINI

Ramon Navarro, in a striking study by W. F. Seely in the title rôle of Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche"

Ashes of Vengeance

By PATRICIA DOYLE

I AM Anne de Breux. I am a little girl and a cripple. I have many long hours with nothing to do, so I have decided to write down the story of my sister, my beautiful sister, Yoeland. It is an exciting tale, full of thrills and romance, and while it was happening, nobody paid much attention to me, but I kept my eyes open and listened and thought, and my darling Rupert and his—that is, Yoeland told me of the things I could not see.

Yoeland's story really began when my brother, the Comte de la Roche, brought home to our castle, M. Rupert de Vrieacs as his bond servant. The De Vrieacs, altho they are Huguenots, are as noble and of as ancient a lineage as our own. It is another story how the last scion of this illustrious family came to be a bond servant of ours, and perhaps I would better tell that first.

The De Vrieacs and the De Breux were bitter enemies, had been for several generations. Altho I cannot understand how anyone could hate either Rupert or Charles, the feud between our families was started by the unhappy and unfortunate marriage of Yvonne de Marbleu and Raoul de Vrieac, and has been ended only by the marriage of—— But I must not tell the end of my story first.

It was after the cruel massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when Rupert was the affianced of Margot de Vainceoire, another Protestant. My brother Charles, who is irresistible to women, who wears lace at his wrists, tho they are hard as steel with gallant sword play, had started a flirtation with the Vainceoire, a froward piece, to be sure. He did it merely to annoy and harass his enemy Rupert, but the girl, it seems, took it seriously, and when young Rupert found her in the arms of Charles, he immediately challenged him to a duel.

Now these are hot-blooded times and altho I am young and carefully guarded the reports of these stirring conflicts reach even my secluded life. The Comte de la Roche is one of the finest swordsmen in France, but Rupert bested him and instead of taking his life as is customary, presented his liberty to him with insulting courtesy. I do not understand these amenities exactly, but I know it humiliated my brother to accept anything from his enemy. It was intolerable to one of his proud spirit to owe his life to one he hated, and Charles dreamed and thought of nothing but revenge.

He got it much sooner than he expected it, too. It was during the terrible days of August, 1572, and the fact that Margot de Vainceoire was in Paris and a Huguenot, and that Charles was also there and a Catholic, that he was able to guarantee her safe escape from the city. He saw to it that she was not one of the thousands of martyred Protestants whose blood will forever cry for vengeance on the house of the De Medici. The price he exacted of Rupert for the safety of his fiancée was five years of serfdom in our household. He was revenged indeed. The ignominy was now De Vrieac's; but Rupert has borne himself so nobly and comported himself with such exceeding honor that out of the ashes of vengeance has come at last love, triumphant and glorious.

When Rupert first came to Castle de la Roche in my brother's train, he was treated exactly like any other of our servitors. His mien was haughty and unbending, not at all that of a servant, but he was never insubordinate in the performance of his duties, tho it must often have chafed and galled his proud spirit. Charles seemed to take particular delight in humiliating him and as for Yoeland, well, she treated him worse than the scullions that helped in the great kitchen. That is, she ignored him altogether, or if she wanted any disagreeable duty done she would say, "Here, fellow, take this refuse out to the swineherd, and make haste to return. I want my hound plucked and brushed before even."

Such unwelcome tasks were usually left to the lowest menials in our retinue, and the fact that Rupert performed them always with a grave and deferential courtesy often gave my sister to blush. Yoeland was a ravishing woman, with hair like a falcon's wing and skin like the red and white



The fascinating Comte de la Roche with his men in the inn where he and Rupert de Vrieac fought the duel that resulted in intensifying the family feud ten thousand times over

roses that clambered over the castle wall. When she blushed she was more than beautiful. Rupert's mouth was stern but his eyes laughed, laughed at Yoeland when she ordered him about and that made her self-conscious and uncomfortable, and she ordered him about the more, and played harder than ever, the great lady. Sometimes I was wont to think Rupert did it on purpose, tho of that, I cannot be sure. Even so, he must have been dolorous indeed to be separated from the lady of his heart and to be serving in so shameful a capacity in his enemy's household.

I loved him from the first. He was so handsome and so tall and to me, tender as the mother I had long since lost. He used to carry me all over the castle gardens in his strong arms, Yoeland walking arrogantly before. Sometimes Yoeland would forget to be cool and severe. "Ah, Rupert," she once said, in that husky sweet voice of hers, that was the toast of all her admirers, "'Tis a pity to see you thus. I shall speak to my brother."

"Nay, Lady," Rupert replied, drawing himself up proudly, "I pray you say no word in that direction. A De Vrieac pays his debts, no matter what it cost him."

And then Yoeland became more aloof and cruel than ever. We De Breux, alas, are cursed with a flaming and intractable pride, and Yoeland, high spirited and great hearted tho she was, suffered from it too. Even after Rupert had heroically risked his life for us in a battle with one of the starving wolves that oft-times prowl about the castle, it did not alter her mood. She seemed to resent the fact that she, too, owed her life to Rupert. Of that awesome battle, I cannot speak, it was too terrifying, and altho I loved and do still love my sister dearly I fell out of patience with her for her attitude toward so gallant a gentleman. If I had known then as much as I do now, I could have understood that because she talked of him all the time, even tho that talk was all abuse, was that he interested her more than she would have found possible to admit.

"You think this oaf, handsome little Anne?" she would ask.

"Yes, truly," I would answer. "And he is no oaf!"

"Well, I like him not. I find him most ill favored, dour and gloomy as a donjon keep. I like him not."

Affairs progressed in this wise for some time and then something happened. Something always happens, give it but time. My uncle, the Vicomte de Briege, came one day to pay us a visit. He brought most unwelcome tidings. Denise, his fair daughter and my sweet cousin, he had betrothed to the Duc de Tours, a most wicked and profligate man but of great estates and riches. This was grievous news to Yoeland, for she loved her cousin dearly, and when she heard my Aves that night, she wept a little and I could say naught to comfort her.

"'Tis sad, sweet sister, to marry where you do not love," she said, kneeling beside my cot, "and I know Denise cares only for that

ASHES OF VENGEANCE

Fictionized by permission from the Joseph M. Schenck production. Directed by Frank Lloyd and starring Norma Talmadge. The cast:

Yoeland de Breux	Norma Talmadge
Rupert de Vrieac	Conway Tearle
Duc de Tours	Wallace Beery
Catherine de Medici	Josephine Crowell
Margot de Vainceoire	Betty Francisco
Comte de la Roche	Courtney Foote
Charles IX	André de Béranger
Duc de Guise	Boyd Irwin
André	William Clifford
Anne	Jeanne Carpenter
Vicomte de Briege	Howard Truesdale
Denise	Mary McAllister
Philibert de Bois	Kenneth Gibson
Father Paul	Forrest Robinson
Lupi	Frank Leigh

impoverished young nobleman, Philibert de Bois. I wish I might help her. Most certainly I shall return with our Uncle and give her what solace I may. Fare you well, bantling, and the good God keep my little Anne free from pain while I am gone. I shall take De Vrieac as lacquey."

"Ah, sister," I entreated, "subject him not to this further humiliation."

"He is our enemy, the enemy of our house," she repeated in a resolute voice, as tho reminding herself of that fact.

And so, when my uncle returned to the Château Briege accompanied by his niece, Yoeland, Rupert was one of her entourage. I hated to see him go. Altho everyone is kind to me here, from Nannette, my tirewoman, up to Yoeland, I am often lonely. Rupert was now my dear friend, my true knight, and when we had to part I gave him a talisman, as ladies always do when their knights ride a-venturing, to have and to hold while he should be away. It was a lock of hair, the smooth, fine flaxen hair clipped from the wax doll Charles had brought me from Brittany. I wanted to give him a lock of my own, but I wasn't allowed to cut it and I knew it wouldn't really matter to Rupert.

They found a gay party at the Château when they arrived. There was a temporary truce between the Catholics and the Huguenots, and a great many of both sides were there, including Margot de Vainceoire, the woman for whose safety Rupert had pledged five years of ignominious servitude. This beautiful sacrifice of honor had been made in vain, as it subsequently proved; for she accepted the suit, that very night, of a nephew of the Duc de Tours, and sent back Rupert's ring and the news of her engagement by André, his trusted henchman whom he had left with Margot for her protection. She must have been a poor thing indeed to jilt so fine a man as Rupert and that he should have grieved over so faithless a creature, causes me discomfort to this day. It was perhaps a greater blow to his pride than to his heart; and to think he had to keep his oath of service, tho naught could come of it; to have to endure the humiliation of a servant's lot and no reward at the end of it.

Ah, well, these things are ordered for the best I am sure. Altho I have not lived very long, I have had long times in which to think, and I discovered that this blow had softened Yoeland's heart toward him and piqued her interest as well. So much did he occupy her thoughts that when the Duc de Tours finally arrived to pay his respects, and promptly switched his attentions from Denise to the more striking Yoeland, she made no effort to conceal her dislike of the man. Nor was she impressed by the imposing following he had brought with him. More and more she thought of Rupert, but proud maid that she was, would not let him see it, only spared him any further humiliation at her hands.

At a great feast later in the week the Duc, who often drank too much wine, became intoxicated by the excellence and quantity of my uncle's hospitality—by the abuse of it rather—and so far forgot his high station as to kiss a little kitchen wench. The girl's lover tried right valiantly to protect her and the wicked Duc ran him thru without any more ado than one would stick a wild boar at a hunt. This foul murder, for such it was, so enraged the mercenaries that they determined upon revenge. And who can say that these lowly folk had not a truer idea of justice than the high-born lords who held them in fee? Suffice it to say, they planned an attack on all the members of the household, including my precious Yoeland.

But the ever vigilant and valiant Rupert learned of their plans and caused my sister to take refuge in the turret room, with sixteen of his men who had come with André to see their lord once more, to defend her. Thru a mis-

Catherine de Medici persuading her son, the weakling Charles IX, to sign the order for the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew's day





Yoeland de Breux takes leave of her brother as she is about to pay a visit to her uncle. Rupert is now her lacquey

taken tho understandable sense of hospitality Yoeland insisted that the Duc be allowed to join them. This proved a very serious mistake, for the men outside then became more determined than ever to get the Duc. Inflamed by good red Burgundy and exhorted by the half-wit serving-maid, they stormed the turret-room. Right valiantly Rupert's men fought to save the lives of their little garrison. They were outnumbered two to one and their besiegers held the point of vantage besides. I am thankful I did not know about this until it was over. I could scarce have lived thru that night. One by one Rupert's men were killed or wounded. The stone steps ran with their loyal blood. The devoted André was mortally wounded and died in his master's arms. So perilous had their position become that my brave, my peerless Yoeland seized a sword, forgot her maïdenhood and fought courageously beside her defender. Then Rupert's doublet was ripped open by a ferocious sword thrust which pierced his side, and he collapsed.

That would have been the end of both my loved ones, had not young Philibert de Bois and his men come unexpectedly to their rescue and put the offenders to rout. Father Paul, who was the chaplain of the Château, had let himself down from the east wing on a rope made of bedding and tapestries and swum the moat and never halted till he reached De Bois. 'Twas a fine brave thing to do, for a priestly man unused to the hardships and vigors of fighting.

Both Yoeland and Rupert told me the tale of the encounter, each laying all credit and praise at the other's feet, tho I doubt not that it was equally divided between them. Rupert is utterly fearless and Yoeland, for a woman, the bravest I have seen. It was when Rupert lay sore wounded that Yoeland, of the high hand, realized that she loved him. Forgot was all her pride, her former hatred. She let him read the tender message in her eyes and his own, tho they were dark with pain, answered her in kind. She nursed him with all care, finding happiness in the doing of it, until one day she sat mending his torn



De la Roche offers the Huguenot De Vrieac the badge of Catholicism as a guarantee of safety for his affianced, Margot de Vainceoire

doublet and came across a lock of fine gold hair pinned carefully in the innermost pocket.

Alas! She thought it was Margot's hair and that Rupert still loved her. Whereupon she became all cool and distant again and left the nursing to the servants. Rupert could not, of course, understand this change and it wounded him deeply so that he was longer getting well than need be. My sister cherished her grief and disappointment in secret and put on a bold and indifferent front for outsiders. If I could but have been there to explain!

To take her mind out of its sorrowful channel, Yoeland schemed and put into operation plans for the wedding of Denise and Philibert, which was successfully consummated. But my sister's troubles were not yet over; the most unbearable and trying was yet before her. On her way back from the wedding, she was captured by the Duc's men, right on the highway, and carried by them, bound and gagged, back to the turret-room. There Rupert lay likewise bound and helpless.

"What is the meaning of this indignity?" Yoeland demanded as soon as she was released.

"Peace, my beauty," the Duc replied, "and I will tell you. I never cared a fig for that little mouse, Denise. 'Tis you I love. You are the woman I want for my wife, and——" he hesitated, "I mean to have you."

Rupert nearly burst his bonds, weakened by loss of blood, tho he was.

"Never," Yoeland replied, holding her head high. "I despise you."

"Ah-ha," laughed the Duc. "No matter! You love this russed fowl, I have discovered," waving a disdainful hand toward Rupert.

A deep crimson gradually suffused the countenance of Yoeland.

"Ah, you confess it by your blush," declared the Duc.

Yoeland made no reply, only held her head higher than ever.

"Well then, marry me and he shall go free—unhurt. Refuse and he shall go free—but blind. See!" The Duc opened a door, behind which was Lupi, a professional torturer, heating, over a little brazier of charcoal, the long irons with which he expected to burn out Rupert's eyes.

Yoeland almost swooned with horror. "You shall not!" she cried out. "And it be the only way to save him, I will marry even you, scorpion!"

"Nay, dear lady," interrupted Rupert, "mind him not. I beseech you not to do this thing. I had rather be ten thousand times blind than see you wed to him."

"She shall be wed to me, my friend," sneered the Duc, "but do not distress yourself, you shall not see it. Lupi, do your work."

The evil creature entered the room with the red-hot irons held out before him. Yoeland, for all her high heart, closed her eyes and moaned in horror. Even Rupert drew in a mighty breath and the Duc turned away.

Suddenly, there was a sound of voices and many mailed fists beating on the door. It gave way before the onslaught and Rupert's own men entered the room. Lupi they slew without a qualm and awaited their lord's orders about the Duc. Rupert had the room cleared of all but himself and the Duc and there despite his wounds gave him a chance for his life in honorable duel. He was spared the necessity of killing the wicked man, however, by the sudden entrance of the poor half-wit serving-maid whom the Duc had wronged, who stabbed him fearfully in the back. That was the end of a coward and an unscrupulous wretch. It is sometimes given to these humble agents to be the instruments of a divine justice.

Yoeland then returned to Castle de la Roche, weary and sad. I was so glad to see her and Rupert that I cried tears like a baby. Whereupon Rupert took me up in his arms to comfort me, and pulling out that yellow lock of doll's hair, held it up for me to see. "Here," he said, "is your talisman. See how faithfully I have kept it for my little lady."

Yoeland gave one look at the thing, blushed a rosy red, and fled. Rupert sighed after her, and I sighed too, for I did not even know that they loved each other.

(*Continued on page 76*)



" . . . and so the feud was ended, for neither Charles nor Rupert dared displeasure My Lady Yoeland as they both loved her too well. . . . "



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

The Drama of the Decalogue

Photograph by Edward S. Curtis



Above is Moses with the Children of Israel before the Red Sea, on their way to the Promised Land

Left is Theodore Roberts as Moses, the great patriarch and lawgiver, with James Neill as Aaron

Cecil De Mille Makes a Picture of The Ten Commandments



Cecil De Mille held a contest recently which offered a thousand dollars for the best original idea for a motion picture. The winner was a suggestion that he film the Ten Commandments. The pictures on these two pages are from the prolog which serves to introduce a modern society drama. To the right is a group of musicians in the Pharaoh's palace

Photographs by Edward S. Curtis



These are the Children of Israel in bondage to Rameses II building the gates of the city which he forced them to erect to his glory

Elinor Glyn on the Technique of the Scenario

By AVERY STRAKOSCH

"NO writer can logically object to having his story hashed about by a scenario department, until he has thoroly learned the movie angle of his business, and has sent in his picture play in the right form."

This is the decisive statement made by Elinor Glyn, who after years of fame as an authoress, and as an intelligent and charming woman, remains apparently unspoiled. Talking with her in her drawing-room at the Hotel Ambassador in New York, where she remained for a few days recently, before going on to Hollywood to direct the picturization of her novel "Three Weeks," I was enchanted to discover a famous personality who admits the necessity of publicity, and who even asks to be granted one boon from it—that she shall be quoted correctly.



Photograph by Hoover Art Studios

Elinor Glyn, the celebrated English authoress, says: "The only perfect pictures I have ever seen in America are: 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' 'The Kid,' and Douglas Fairbanks in 'The Mark of Zorro'"

Slender of figure in a pastel négligée of silk, copper-red plaits of hair about her ears, gracing her with the medieval quality of Maeterlinck's Monna Vanna, narrow, fascinating eyes of sea green—this is the Elinor Glyn of today. It is truly difficult to fancy three grandchildren awaiting her return to England!

"You know," she continued, choosing her words carefully, the delightful music of a pure English voice slightly accentuated, "the modern author should make it a business to master the technique of scenario writing if he wants to have firm ground to stand upon, in requesting to see his works pictured coherently, as well as artistically. Authors in general have not come to the stark realization that they must practically do away with the colorful beauty of words—a real sacrifice, I grant you.

"One of the best ways that I know for gaining the experience of this new technique, is to place a chair or lounge in front of a blank wall or curtain, and seated there undisturbed, imagine one's story passing by: the figures, the *mise en scène*, all, across that blank space. You must see in thought your entire story, without the words that you have so carefully used to build up your plot. Put it all before yourself in action. Watch it go by, asking all the time, how is this? Does it lag, or does it gallop? Remember, there is nothing to explain all this to you, the unfolding of your story, *but* the action.

"The art of writing for the movies is as different from other writing, as is the art of the violinist from that of the pianist. No one would think of asking the master violinist to play the piano with the same degree of skill that he would have in playing his chosen instrument. Would you expect the pianist to take up his fellow musician's fiddle and do himself justice? No. But, if either one spent an equal amount of time in developing the technique for each other's instruments, you might then be justified in asking for satisfying, artistic results.

"And so it is, when writing for the movies. But——!" Here Mrs. Glyn stopped for a moment, an expression of challenge crossing her face. "When a writer has become a master of this technique, he has every right to complain about the absurd mill thru which his original idea is drawn and mangled, changed and distorted, to such an extent that upon production he blinks his eyes in amazement, thinking perhaps some mistake has been made, that it is not really *his* picture after all!

"Every story has to go thru about seven departments

(*Continued on page* 78)



After Rembrandt

Albin has gone back to the immortal manner of Rembrandt for the inspiration for this portrait of Richard Barthelmess in the title rôle of "The Fighting Blade"

The Promise Fulfilled

These Newest Stars in the Cinema Sky Have Left Obscurity Behind



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

ALLENE RAY

This young girl's beauty is the rare ash-blonde type. Since the Brewster Publications discovered her she has made good in pictures. She is at present with Fox, in "Times Have Changed"



Photograph © by Albin

MARY ASTOR

This exquisitely lovely girl has climbed steadily up the movie ladder in the last two years. She, too, is one of our contest winners, and the last and best news about her is that Famous Players have signed her for three years. Her first picture for them will be "Spring Magic"



Photograph by Apeda

FLORINE FINDLAY DE HART

By an imposing list of beauty judges this dainty little sixteen-year-old was acclaimed The American Beauty in our last contest. She is an interpretative dancer and is dancing both at the Rivoli and Rialto motion picture houses

CLARA BOW
(below)

Is the little ingénue flapper who ran away with that great whaling picture, "Down To The Sea In Ships." She has just signed a long-term contract with Preferred Pictures and is out on the Coast to make "Maytime," and "The Boomerang." Brewster Publications gave Clara her start



Photograph © by Lumiere

VIRGINIA BROWNE FAIRE
(below)

Perhaps you remember her in "Omar The Tent Maker," or in "Without Benefit of Clergy"? She has gone back to Universal City to support William Desmond in "The Skyline of Spruce." We found her, too

CORLISS PALMER

This charming daughter of the South has given up, temporarily, her screen career for the less exacting field of editorial and beauty research work, of which, she accomplishes a great measure

Photograph by Ira S. Hill



As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the proof of success is in the arriving. These beautiful and ambitious girls were every one winners of the contests of the Brewster Publications. We gave them their chance, and they have all made good. We are proud and glad to sponsor their artistic development

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser





"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle o' rum"





"Captain Applejack" was a great stage success with a long New York run. Now, those of us who missed these pirates on the stage will see them on the screen. The play was colorful and full of thrills and should lend itself beautifully to the silent medium. Fred Niblo is directing the picture for Metro. The girl in these scenes is Enid Bennett



It is almost too bad that the days of buccaneering are no more. There never could be a modern thrill equal to a Henry Morgan or a Captain Kidd episode. Thanks are again due to the movies for reviving (and safely) the picturesque picaroon and his exciting adventures

The Powers Behind the Screen

Who's Who in the Motion Picture Business

By STANTON LEEDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the first of a series of five articles on the history of the business end of the motion picture, and a discussion and description of the truly great personalities who have put the movies on the map*

POPULAR interest in the vital structure and framework supporting that incredible bonanza, the motion picture business in America, has multiplied and increased to the proportions of a gigantic national question mark, since the movie magnates two years ago parted the bulrushes and discovered in the bread basket of politics, a Moses to lead them from Egypt. This year a razor-edge has been given that same thirst for information by the government's attempt to discover if there were in the picture industry a combination in restraint of trade.

Reading the Federal Trade Commission's investigations, as published in the daily newspapers, people began to ask: Who are these persons so prominently mentioned? Who are Zukor, Laemmle, Cochrane, Hodkinson, Williams, Rowland, Fox, Powers, Sheehan, Selznick, Goldwyn and so on, and just exactly what do they stand for?

Incredible as it may seem to those close to the tense drama of the pictures' business and politics, they do ask these very questions, just as a year before they demanded to know why on earth Will H. Hays should resign as Postmaster General, even to head the chamber of commerce of motion pictures, even for $150,000 a year.

"Search me!" said the man on the street.

Even those who should be better informed, who see further than the gifts of a bankroll, who look far down the widening avenue of the future where statesmen are bound to adventure, even these shook their heads over Hays, muttering, "How are the mighty fallen!"

For years there has hung over the picture business, now the country's fourth largest, bootlegging excepted, an obscuring fog, thickest of all in its sanctums.

Few have been told what's what, who's who, *behind* the screen. Most of us, too, are all too inclined to forget that the golden-haired girls, the laughter-coaxing comedians, the stories that entrance us at the cinema, are no more than the advertisements of a gold mine, the heralds of an army, an army with commanders and even a field marshal who foresaw, in part, the mass impact of pictures upon the hearts and minds of a world of people.

Foreseeing it, he attempted its control. The attempt brought disputes and battles. Came the peacemaker, then, but to explain why and how he came, to suggest something of the vision before him, something of that vast and majestic view of an unconquered empire of emotions—to do this convincingly, we must go back a way.

It need not be too long a way. The history of the motion picture starts in the eighties with experiments that led to patents, but it was not till early in this century that the Motion Picture Patents Company and its subsidiary, the General Film Company (comprising Edison, Biograph, Vitagraph, Essanay, Kalem, Melies, Selig and others), began marketing these patents at a profit by selling to theater owners, called exhibitors in the trade, the right to use them along with the manufactured film.



Photograph by Apeda

Adolph Zukor, perhaps the most important figure of the cinema today, is compared to that tremendously powerful and diplomatic statesman, Disraeli. He is president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Because it controlled these patents, the General Film Company was the only source of supply. The little arcade owners found themselves soon in a state of feudal dependence. This is shown by court records. Exhibitors, those who dared, protested, and among these last was Adolph Zukor, at that time, ten years ago, the owner of several nickelodeons in the vicinity of New York's 14th Street.

To the great ones in the General Film Company the name meant next to nothing, so, when he called, they kept him waiting. One hour. Two hours. Three! While he waits, observe him.

(Continued on page 81)



These are the first pictures to be taken of the beautiful Italian villa that Harold Lloyd has built at an approximate cost of two-hundred thousand dollars

The home, of which the picture on the left is the exterior, is located in the most exclusive section of Los Angeles, the Wilshire district



A corner of the reception hall with its two fine old chairs, its grandfather clock, and its many spindled railing. The woodwork is oak



One of the guest rooms which is done in orchid and a delicate green. The rugs are soft grey velour. A room of comfort, convenience, and charm



Here is the lucky Mr. Lloyd and the fortunate little Miss Davis on their own front lawn

The Lloyd romance seems to us a particularly happy one. They certainly seem satisfied

Hollywood Homes

No. XII

Exclusive views of the beautiful new home Harold Lloyd built for his bride, Mildred Davis





Above is the breakfast-room in coolest green and ivory. It looks out on a little covered portico that faces the tennis court. On the tiled floor of the portico is a famous urn, one of the rare pieces of Capo di Monte in this country. It has been in the Lloyd family since the sixteenth century. Below is the south side of the reception-hall, with a priceless old hand-wrought chest and "The Storm," by Colone, a German artist



Above is one end of the large and luxurious living-room. Its color scheme is rose and grey and Alice blue. Here the Lloyds have collected many art treasures; the pictures are some of them famous originals; the desk is a beautiful piece, hand carved; the table, an antique, and so on. Here too, they are "at home" to their friends. It had to be a big room to hold them all

An Old Story

Told to FAITH SERVICE

Vera Gordon is what she has always been and must always be—herself. She has in incalculable measure the sympathetic, world-enduring, passionate and patient artist-soul. To the left is a character study and below her latest portrait. We shall see her soon again in "Potash and Perlmutter"



Photograph by Bloom, Chicago

I HAVE spent most of my liberally literary career, well, liberal anyway, writing about movie stars, ingénues, vampires, grande dames, *ad lib.* And I would be hard put to it to remember one who was not possessed of pulchritude of one sort or another, many who were bearing the banners of an abortive youth and almost none who did not bear in some wise a first or second cousinship to the well-known bisque doll, or "Cytherea," or something.

Few, if any, are frankly what they are. Few have struggled long and discouraging years, bringing up a family, doing their own work, constantly going without this or that, constantly frightened by the twin Ogres, Bread and Rent, and still preserving within themselves, intact, the triumphantly unextinguished torch of Art. There are so many ways out of this, when one is young and pretty, so many short-cuts, so many detours.

But Vera Gordon has justified my faith in many things—even stars. Here is one "artist," and she is that, who has travailed and come thru. Oh, it's an old story, I know. All opinions to the contrary, I believe that mute, inglorious Miltons have lived and loved and died . . . still mute and still inglorious. But it ceases to be an old story after one has come thru. Then is the test called acid. Failure is easy to bear for great and humble souls. But Success! Success is another matter. Many a great and humble soul, stoically simple and erect under the most bludgeoning blows of obscurity, has faced about and showed a front of brass, when Success has come.

But Vera Gordon is what she has always been and must always be, Vera Gordon. Herself. She is stout. And she doesn't let it annoy her. She dresses plainly and without any attempt at re-making herself. If you saw her coming out of the door of her apartment, you would rate her as merely another Jewish woman going to market to buy matza for the "fem'ly." That is, if you didn't look

(*Continued on page 79*)



Photograph by Mishkin



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

JEAN ARTHUR

This young charmer was selected by a prominent group of New York artists in an unpublicised campaign by William Fox for new leading lady material. She is to be featured with John Gilbert in "Cameo Kirby." This, we think, is a remarkable tribute to her ability

The Photographer Takes the Stage



All Photographs by White Studios

Above is Claiborne Foster, the girl of "Two Fellows and a Girl," the newest Cohan success, which runs true to form. That is, it has been persistently rapped by the critics, yet fills its house nightly. Below is a scene from the same play with Claiborne Foster, Ruth Shipley, John Halliday and Allan Dinehart





Above is Lucile La Verne as the Widow Cagle in "Sun-Up," a really remarkable drama put on by the Provincetown Players. So great has been its success that it moves up to Broadway this fall. Classic recommends it



Photograph by White Studios

Above is Ben Ali Haggin's beautiful living curtain for the new Ziegfeld Follies. He calls it simply, "Lunette"



Photograph by White Studios

Left, Elizabeth Brown and her dancing partner, G. G. Sedano, who will contribute one of the most artistic and unusual dances this fall to the vaudeville stage

Photograph by Muray



Classic's Monthly Department of the Theater

Left is Martha Bryan Allen in "The Devil's Disciple" and right, by way of contrast, is Elsie May in "The Passing Show of 1923"

Photograph by White Studios



MUSIC cue for the love scenes between Flavia and Rassendyl in "Rupert of Hentzau": "I Flavia Truly," by Carrie Jacobs Bond.

✢ ✢ ✢

"Anyhow," said our peerless pal and critic at the above mentioned movie, "Elaine Hammerstein's interpretation of the Queen is consistent, if nothing else."

"Yes," we answered—and you'll die laughing—"the Flavia lasts."

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At the climax of the most passionate tête-à-tête between the queen and Rassendyl, a subtitle remarked: *"What is life without the one you love?"*

"You said it," intensely muttered one-of-those-for-whom-the-movies-are-made. No doubt these grown-up eleven-year-olds have run right down thru history. "Give me liberty or give me——" thundered Patrick Henry in 1775.

"Th'ow 'at gemmun a fish, suh!" remarked one of the members of the revolutionary convention.

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By the way, dont deny yourself—if you are that sort of person—the pleasure of seeing the first part of "Lawful Larceny."

It's Naldi . . . but it's nice!

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In the New York *Tribune,* Harriette Underhill speaks of Baby Peggy as being four years old. On the same day, Quinn Martin, in the New York *World,* discloses her age as six.

And yet both of them, we'd bet, would hop on some poor director if he made the slight error of having an armored tank in the Battle of Hastings.

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They agree, however, that Baby Peggy is the most talented child actress on the screen. The polite question is raised whether Baby Peggy, with her remarkable intelligence, is eligible to the child motion picture actress class. We know of others, in their early twenties and thirties. . . .

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Speaking of Things That Have To Be, such as the method in which a movie ingénue enters her father's Wall Street office, why are the organists in the movie theaters permitted a constant ego-debauch of what, we suppose, they imagine is improvisation? With the innumerable modern improvements a four-manual organ carries, all these doctors of music seem to be able to produce is detached grunts and squeals, disassociated snatches and fragments in lacerat-ingly sudden crescendos and the Big Bertha-like rumblings of the sixty-four-foot diapasons.

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Such performance on the noblest of instruments permeated our troubled spirit at "Trilby," and Heaven knows "Trilby" was irritating enough. And now we have two standards to judge a bad movie by. A—one that puts us to sleep and B—one that makes us conscious of the organ. If something is not done to these organists, we are going to join the Kuklux Klan and have every miscreant chained to a steam calliope with riveting, blasting and subway express attachments, and place them in vaulted cells with a triple echo.

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As a matter of fact, there probably is heavy rivalry between the musical directors in the Ritzy movie houses and the organists. "You go your way," says the organist to the conductor, "and I'll go mine."

Whereupon the full orchestra and the complete organ give a joint rendition of Tschaikowsky's "1812" Overture.

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Fantasie in "The Brass Bottle": Arabian soldiers in Japanese medieval armor rowing out to sea in an Alaskan Indian war-canoe.

Which evidently means that to Maurice Tourneur a spade is not only a spade but a combination pogo-stick, beach umbrella and mashie-niblick, as you please.

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And in "The Purple Highway," Madge Kennedy points to a print tacked upon her attic wall. She has wistfully labeled the picture her "Dream Ship." But the picture is Maxfield Parrish's reasonably familiar one of an evil crew of Moorish pirates sailing with the wind, hell-bent for trouble.

Of course you cant see that in the movie. so we take it our carping is out of order.

✢ ✢ ✢

Or perhaps it's a welsh rarebit dream ship.

✢ ✢ ✢

Pola Negri, *on dit,* has forsaken Charlie Chaplin to roll those roly-boly eyes of hers at Bill Tilden, the tennis chap. Here is a chance for some bright little girl or boy to rise and remark that tennis is a love game that keeps the players in the courts most of the time.

(*Continued on page* 96)



The Celluloid Critic

Laurence Reid Reviews the Latest Photoplays

WITH the fall promising an unusually heavy crop of good pictures—so good in fact that the producers must needs lease several Broadway legitimate theaters to give them extended runs, along comes Paramount and steals a march on the field. They have beaten the gun—to use an expression of cinder-path circles—with "Hollywood" which comes as the real saving grace of a summer burdened with disappointing attractions. Merely a handful have scored and these will not reach the open country until the leaves have turned a golden russet.

This "Hollywood" is at once the most interesting and novel excursion into Picture Land that has ever raced across a screen. True, Rupert Hughes used a similar idea in "Souls for Sale," but where he faltered was in treating his subject without drawing upon his imagination. He followed conventional lines in conceiving a story which presented a girl reaching stardom in the movies only after she had encountered the customary pitfalls. The manner in which she was thrust into pictures carried a familiar theatric touch, and the introduction of various celebrities of the silversheet bordered upon circus publicity.

In other words they composed a separate unit—a body of stars who had nothing in common with the development of the story. Furthermore the author exposed the tricks of the profession—thus destroying the illusion. His was an excursion into a fictional Hollywood. And one could not accept it as real.

Tom Geraghty and Frank Condon, on the other hand, have painted a genuine Hollywood—the studio center serving as a background for the telling of a semi-whimsical, semi-wistful story of a screen-struck girl who, because of the adulation of her small-town villagers, thought herself destined for the heights of stardom. How deftly drawn is this character may be appreciated in the modest assumption of greatness. She thinks she is beautiful and talented—yet there is nothing of a superiority complex about her. Where the authors introduce a real novel touch is in having her fail where her plain relatives have no trouble at all in posing before the camera.

You can imagine the humorous possibilities of such a plot—you can imagine the

Mr. Reid selects "Hollywood," directed by the man who was responsible for "The Covered Wagon," James Cruze, as the best photoplay of the month. He says, "'Hollywood' is the most interesting and novel excursion into Picture Land that has ever raced across a screen"

unlimited opportunities to emphasize all the color, background and detail of studio life. It is at once humorous and tragic, wistful and quaint.

James Cruze, whose good-luck star is following him persistently (he jumped right into "Hollywood" after "The Covered Wagon"), has brought out all its spirit, vitality, charm and humor. He has deftly balanced each element so that it progresses evenly without once adding a single false scene. It is another triumph for him—but the major honors go to the authors for conceiving a genuinely novel play. One may appreciate that it is a well-constructed story in the manner which the girl's struggle for recognition is visualized from the day that she looks on enraptured at a movie in a typical picture theater back home—to the day when she realizes that she has failed. Each effort she makes to get into the circle of Fortune's Darlings is drawn with all its emphasis. There is a reason for everything and everything is in place.



The girl goes to Hollywood because her quaint grandfather must have a healthy climate. One indication of rhyme and reason. The old man is a type and is quickly chosen, tho he didn't seek the job. While we are mentioning these characters, let us state that they appear the more genuine because Cruze selected them from stock—thus they appear to be everyday folks. Hope Drown plays the girl with wistful charm and a depth of understanding, while Luke Cosgrave is another Frank Bacon as the quaint grandpa. He undergoes a complete metamorphosis in Hollywood and really provides a most colorful and amusing characterization.





Above: Lew Cody and Marjorie Daw in "Rupert of Hentzau." Below: Jackie Coogan in "Circus Days." Left: Madge Kennedy in "The Purple Highway." Right: Shirley Mason in "The Eleventh Hour"



So the girl makes the rounds of the studios and naturally encounters one star after another. You will see there is even a reason for their introduction without exploiting their fame to catch the shekels at the box-office. Directors, casting directors, and studio managers give her the cold shoulder. And the details which show her adventures on the lots are accurate and interesting. A large assortment of close-ups are given of Meighan, Doug, Mary, the De Milles, Will Rogers, Bill Hart, George Fawcett, Hope Hampton, Ben Turpin—and approximately thirty others—including Fatty Arbuckle, whose moment is brief as the casting window is closed in his face.

The biggest mirthful moment is the result of a dream visualized by the girl's rural lover as he tosses in a Pullman on his way to Hollywood. He fancies her being pursued by sheiks 'n' everything. And in every episode as long as the dream continues, there is Laurence Wheat in his B. V. D.'s shaving himself. He may be on a busy corner of Los Angeles or a member of a wild orgy in some Arabian palace. But is always shaving. A picturesque, erotic dream which touches the high spots of spectacular appeal, adventure and humor.

Eventually all the girl's relatives get into the movies. Even the rural swain has no difficulty in signing a contract. The conclusion shows them happily married in one of the colossal mansions which are presided over by successful stars. Twin babies are their reward. Even they are selected for small bits. And the bird is not forgotten. He supplies atmosphere. Thus they all get into the movies except the girl. And her failure rings true.

A picture which serves as rich and colorful entertainment — packed with humor and pathos — a picture which also serves in stopping screen-struck girls from making the pilgrimage to Hollywood, thinking that the fortunes of the Make-Believe world are theirs for the asking. Such fine story interest, such excellent details — such stars in one picture make it as conspicuous in its field as the *Leviathan* is upon the ocean. The real Hollywood at last.

UNIVERSAL'S "Merry-Go-Round" possesses sentiment and charm and there is at times a definite poignancy about it which brings a wistful appeal. We wonder what Stroheim would have made of it had he been allowed to follow it thru to a conclusion. His successor, Rupert Julian, has brought out some sparkling bits—and at the same time he allows himself to be swallowed up in conventional grooves.

The tale—really a screen version of "Old Heidelberg"—presents a sentimental heartache of a pathetic organ-grinder who transforms a playboy into a gentleman who respects a young girl's innocence. The scene is Vienna's Coney Island—Der Prater, and as she grinds out the tunes to the stern commands of the relentless concessionnaire, well played by George Seigmann, there comes into her life a gay lieutenant bedecked in a brilliant Austrian uniform. There is some counter-conflict when he is married to a lady of royalty, but his charter is born upon the battle-field. And he returns home after the convenient death of his wife to lift the girl from drudgery.

The important factors of this picture's entertainment are the backgrounds, atmosphere and the compelling performance by Mary Philbin, who approaches Lillian Gish in her poignant moments.

WE find "Circus Days" (First National) an ideal story for Jackie Coogan's expression, since it places him against a background of tan-bark and big tops. No tale of circus life has ever failed to hold the spectator's attention—since its chief quality—heart interest—is exposed in every little detail. Where this story falters is in its planting of Jackie as the much-abused child in a brutal uncle's home. It is easy to see that he will eventually run away when the circus comes to town. The brightest moments are when he doubles for a tiny bareback rider — performing some clownish stunts modeled after an act in the present Ringling show. The pathos is exaggerated, thus destroying the illusion of reality. And Jackie's emotional gifts are suppressed to a great extent. A frail story, bolstered up with some circus incident — which will interest after a fashion.







Above: Anton Waverka in "Merry-Go-Round." Below: Mae Murray and Monte Blue in "The French Doll." Right: Andrée Lafayette in "Trilby"

Above: Barbara La Marr and Ernest Torrence in Maurice Tourneur's fantasy, "The Brass Bottle." Below: Tom Mix in "Soft Boiled"





Photograph by Ed. E. Morrison

IF we must have pictures of mythical kingdoms, let us at least have them after the manner of Anthony Hope's adventurous yarns, "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Rupert of Hentzau." The latter, produced under the auspices of Selznick, is a sequel to the other—and presents the wily Rupert and his gift at intrigue in a conventional sort of way. There is nothing about the opus to stimulate the imagination—the story being so ancient and obvious. But at least it is done ever so much better than the volume of mythical kingdom stuff which reaches the screen.

Rex Ingram was missed in the production of the Selznick number. While it has been directed so that its court flavor is dominant, it lacks the vitality of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Furthermore, it does not boast such a good cast. "Zenda" made Navarro. As Rupert he suggested the wily, unscrupulous nobleman much as Hope painted him. Lew Cody is good in the rôle, but fails to color it with the fascinating deviltries. Lewis Stone, also in "Zenda," is much better suited for the part of the king than Bert Lytell who never realizes a real kingly bearing and dignity. Elaine Hammerstein gives a colorless performance of the queen, acting—as she has always acted—without any inspiration or enthusiasm.

IT looks encouraging to see Fox turning toward the artistic heights. Not that its "Soft Boiled" is destined for a place in the sun, but that it indicates this company has packed up its wild, melodramatic troubles in its old kit bag and has ceased making pictures for the Toms, Dicks and Harrys of a moron world. The above-mentioned piece takes Tom Mix out of his chaps and places him in store clothes to lead a dizzy pace in a farce-comedy. The idea is brittle, revolving as it does around an eccentric uncle's will, a clause of which compels the heir (Mix) to curb his temper for thirty days or lose his inheritance. Simply a variation of the "Brewster's Millions" formula.

There is ample room for the star to attempt some comic high jinks—at which he is fairly successful. But the picture repeats itself too often—and there is too much of Tom Wilson in blackface. The conclusion brings the long-awaited release of temper when Mix foils the bad man with rights and lefts *à la* Dempsey. The number stops several times to introduce some unimportant hokum, but with all its faults, it is Tom Mix's best in a long time.

(*Continued on page 97*)

The Rime of the Ancient Ham

By A. H. GIEBLER

After the manner of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with the hope that the imitation, however crude, will give an affirmative answer to



Thomas Gray's highly rhetorical question: "Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?" and thus keep Sam from turning in his grave

A Movie Fan, about to ooze himself into a Picture Dump, is estopped by an aged barn-stormer

It is an ancient Thespian,
And he stoppeth a Bozo,
Who, coin in hand, would fain attend
A moving-picture show.

The Fan thinketh he's being panhandled

The Fan, impatient, craned his neck.
He took a look inside,
Saw Usherettes in pantalettes,
"Say! Have a heart!" he cried.

And adviseth the Ham to take the local constabulary into his confidence

"There was a time, a gladsome time——"
"Aw! Can the chatter, Pop!
They're showing 'Fruits of Sin' tonight.
Go tell it to a Cop!"

The Fan waxeth sore and is about to tap the old guy on the conk

He holds him with a skinny hand,
"There was a time," quoth he.
"Lay off! Lay off!" The Fan was wroth.
Eftsoon his mitt dropt he.

But the Ham putteth the hypnotic eye on him and he is constrained to listen

He holds him with a glittering eye.
The Fan, he lit a pill,
And listens like a husband meek.
The Old Bird hath his will.

The Ham admitteth he hath seen better days

"I am a veteran of the stage,
To this sad state become.
To ribald ones with vulgar minds
I'm nothing but a Bum!

The Ham press-agenteth himself somewhat

No rambunctious termagant, as some
I moved to laughter, tears;
Nor passion tore to shredded rags
To split the groundlings' ears.

And runneth on in the same strain

I reflected Nature's every mood
With utmost care and quiddity;
Erred not in sad or jocund speech
To e'er o'erstep her modesty.

This statement is open to question. (All actors talk that way, however)

I played Broadway in every town,
'Twas always S. R. O.
I stood 'em up and packed 'em in,
At each and every show.

The Fan heareth the jazz and his goat slippeth its tether

I never worked a one-night stand,
Tank circuits left alone——"
The Movie Fan here beat his breast,
For he heard the saxophone.

The Ham comforteth him

"Why listeneth thou? That sound but tells
Of a comedy on the screen.
My woeful tale's more sad by far,
Than comic thou'st ever seen.

See paragraph above but two

The ghost walked regular every week,
My salary, Broadway top.
Thus Fortune smiled on me for years,
And then she took a flop!



And starts a monolog about them days that was but ain't no more

But years the mimic boards
I trod.
Homage was mine, and
oft
Crowned heads have melted
to applause
At Nature's mirror held
aloft.





The Ham complaineth bitterly about the picture pestilence

The cursed pictures hit the land,
And every vacant store,
With lurid pictures was bedecked,
And signs above the door.

And remarketh on the easy prices of the early odeons

With canny phrase and puny price,
They lured the yokels in.
Any Jack could take his Jane,
For one dime, however thin.



By golllies, it didn't look as if the leaping tlutypes were going to get anywhere at first, did it?

At first I smiled. Some called them Art!
Ye Gods on high! I laughed!
The actor's art is in his speech.
Could words be photographed?

Dopeth out a gag to cop out some of the easy pickings

That night did fond hope fill my breast,
This reptile I would woo,
And pluck the jewel from its head.
I dreamed of savory stew.

He neglected to run the cards

But as time flew the dumb things grew
To a gargantuan size.
But still I laughed and did not see
The writing in the skies.

Trieth to crash the studio gates, but gets the gate himself

I haunted then the movie lots.
Ah, what a blow to pride!
To cool my heels in anterooms,
But seldom get inside!

They used to show 'em in tents, too. Remember?

There came a time, however, when
About, about on every hand,
A raucous ballyhoo disturbed
Street, Avenue and Strand.

Discovereth that he is no Shelk

When once or twice they looked me o'er,
Alas, my hair was thin;
I did not sport a bulldog jaw,
No cleft was in my chin!

The Movies always did spend a lotta jack on juice

One walked abroad, and everywhere,
There flamed and gleamed at night,
The symbols of the Cinemas,
In red and green and white.

And that a tall hold on technique getteth him nowhere

It mattered not that I did know
My book of drama thru.
They wanted Youth, but callow Youth,
And naught but Youth would do!

'S a fact, the Movies hit the legitimate an awful wallop 'long about that time

The mushroom grew and grew and grew
Till temples of my art,
Went dark and silent as the tomb,
Where I did strut my part.

He runneth on about his hard luck

There passed a weary time. My throat
Knew only water as a drink.
My purse was empty of all sound
Where once fat coins did clink.

Old 20% was getting his!

I sought my Agent's house in vain,
He spoke in accents sad:
'There's nothing doing in our line,
The world's gone movie mad.'



His stomach thinketh his throat is cut

From lack of food I grew so gaunt,
My palsied hands did twitch.
If stomach or if spine complained,
I could not tell the which.

The Ham helpeth the four-a-day people put the pictures on the pan

Were others too, who felt the screw,
Vaudeville, once despised,
Its votaries became my brothers.
And as we fraternized,
We sent a pæan of hate aloft.
We damned the movies' eyes!

He taketh an awful slam at the early lens lice

The while jo-millers, buffoons, clowns,
Golden guerdons earned.

(*Continued on page* 88)





Concludeth that Bill said a wise mouthful

Bethought me then of Shakespeare's line,
Wherein the Great Bard said,
'The toad, tho venomous, despised,
Hath a jewel in his head.'





Blow Your Own Horn

By DOROTHY DONNELL

But it was almost impossible to see Jack . . . so wholly was he surrounded by fair faces, marcelled heads, and an aroma compounded of the most expensive scents of Araby

THE decks of the steamer, warping majestically up the harbor, were packed with olive-drab heroes who had just finished their job of making the world safe for democracy. Sirens and whistles blew piercing blasts of welcome from either shore; the bronze goddess of Liberty bestowed a metallic smile of approval upon them as they sailed past her; and all over the broad land the mayors of a hundred cities worked feverishly upon Addresses of Welcome.

Somewhat apart from his fellows stood a young man with a square chin and a spunky grin that tried to deny the wistfulness in his very blue-blue eyes. Seven million people in Manhattan—and not one of them would be glad to see him back! He wished humorously that he had elected to return by way of Boston where there would have been only two million and a half people who wouldn't have been glad to see him! The sole relative Jack Dunbar had in the world was a small brother whom he had parked on a farm in the Middle West when a gentleman by the name of Wilhelm had started something he couldn't finish several years before. There was not even a mayor to shed oratorical tears over him, for he was a rolling stone, and in his pockets at this moment jingled not a particle of moss.

"If I'm going to keep up the habit of eating I've got into," Jack reflected, "I've got to get a job, and I have a sneaking notion that the guys that heroically gave their voices for their country yelling 'hooray!' when we marched away are going to get writer's cramp when it comes to putting us on their pay-rolls now!"

The mountain ranges of sky-scrapers gave way to docks and huge electric signs advertising the virtues of pills, tires and breakfast foods, the tugs grunted and panted as they nosed their charge into dock and one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine relatives and friends surged forward crying: "George!" "Peter!" and "Bill!" The two thousandth passenger delayed until the others were all disembarked, then sauntered down the gang-plank, hands jammed into pockets, lips puckered into a gallant whistle which changed to a yelp of surprise as a small figure catapulted itself from the crowd upon him.

"Buddy! Why *say*—and I thought you were in Ohio growing up into presidential timber!"

"I was but I ain't," Buddy replied succinctly, gazing at his soldier brother with worshipful eyes, "I stowed on a freight when you wrote you was comin'. Gee! I was scared I was going to miss meeting you—the brakeman called a cop to jug me when the freight got in this mornin'!"

"How come you're down here then?" Jack demanded, trying to sound gruff and elder brotherly, and failing shamelessly.

"Oh," said Buddy cheerily, "I jollied the cop into bringing me down on his motor-cycle!"

They were afraid of emotion, and veered manwise from its dangerous vicinity. Buddy proving to have seven dollars in his pocket they discussed their joint future over a sumptuous banquet of pancakes and doughnuts in a near-by quick lunch. Buddy stated emphatically that he was not going back to the farm. "Mrs. Smedley made bully pies," he admitted, "but she was always after me to wash, and besides when a feller is born an orphan like me he'd better stick to his brother, see?"

When Jack glimpsed the bill for the pancakes he decided that the city was no place for them, an opinion that a day's search for a job confirmed. At the close of the afternoon he exchanged his soldier uniform for a suit of hand-me-downs at the Misfit Clothing Store of one Abraham Levy. "I guess we hit for the tall grass, kid. I cant do much of anything but I cant do it better in the country than in the city. Let's go!"

The following afternoon found them trudging along a road in upper Westchester where fate gave them the cue to turn the corner immediately after Mr. Small, multi-millionaire, with a prejudice against chauffeurs whirled the crank of his imported car for the fifteenth fruitless time, accompanying the operation with lurid language which even to one accustomed to the conversation of drill sergeants was a revelation.

"I sent my daughter out of earshot," Mr. Small explained as Jack and Buddy paused entranced to harken, "this is the fifth time this afternoon she has had to take a walk in the fields while I got this contraption of the devil started. When I get home I shall buy a push cart and do my traveling in that hereafter——"

"Let me look at it," Jack suggested, "I'm a bit of a tinkerer. I can make most anything go, even an army mule."

With a kind of awe the millionaire watched while he tightened a bolt here, adjusted a plug there, and touched the starter. A satisfying roar from the engine was the result and Mr. Small's eyes brightened. "All I could make her do was hiccough like a damned topper," he fretted, "young man, you've saved my life. My doctor tells me I mustn't get angry. You're a wonder you're——"

"It wasn't anything," said Jack modestly, shaking his head at the proffered bill, "anybody could have told you what to do."

Mr. Small returned the bill to his pocket reluctantly. "Then, if you wont let me repay you with money, young man," he said, "here is a million dollars' worth of advice. Never tell people someone else is as good as you are, never be modest. Brag! Bluff! Blow your own horn, young man!"

Jack laughed. "It's no use trying to make people think you're something you're not," he declared, "you cant get away with it."

Mr. Small had been watching him closely, now as a man overcome by his own humor he burst into immoderate laughter from which words trickled: "—be a good joke—that old snob Jolyon! And Mrs. Yates would hurl Julia at your head—and Dinsmore Bevan, ha, ha, ha!" Gradually he became more coherent: "Say, I like to prove my theories and I can afford to do as I like. I'll give you one hundred dollars to impersonate a millionaire at a house-party I'm on my way to now."

BLOW YOUR HORN

Fictionized by permission from the F B O release of the screen adaptation by Rex Taylor of the Owen Davis story. Directed by James Wesley Horne. The cast:

Jack Dunbar	Warner Baxter
Nicholas Small	Ralph Lewis
Ann Small	Ann Perdue
Augustus Jolyon	Eugenie Acker
Dinsmore Bevan	William H. Turner
Gillen Jolyon	Ernest C. Warde
"Buddy" Dunbar	John Fox, Jr.
Julia Yates	Mary Jane Sanderson
Mrs. Jolyon	Eugenie Forde
Mrs. Gilroy Yates	Dell Boone
Percy Yates	Billy Osborne
Timothy Cole	Stanhope Wheatcroft

Here is a part of the amazing house-party: the rich Mr. Small and his daughter Ann, the finicky financier, Bevan, the ambitious (unduly) widow, Mrs. Yates



Rapidly he unfolded his scheme which included a mythical Rolls-Royce supposedly wrecked, forcing Jack and Buddy to don borrowed clothes, with a Texas oil well in the background—to explain, Jack judged cynically, any solecisms of speech or ignorance of the proper fork for the fish course.

He had already opened his mouth to disclaim any interest in the preposterous plan, but no words came. Lips still ajar, he was gazing beyond the baldish head of the whimsical millionaire at a vision in cool summer colors who had just appeared strolling thru the grove. "Is it safe to come now, Papa?" asked the Vision, smiling cherry-lipped, "a few little damns wont matter."

Jack bowed, gracefully from the hips as he had seen the Frenchmen bow, and turned to Mr. Small whose pursy figure seemed surrounded with a glow of reflected radiance. "I agree to your proposition—on one condition," he said suavely, "and that is that the scheme be confidential for one week, no matter what occurs."

"You have my word for it!" the millionaire chuckled.

"Then," Jack deftly slipped a card into the other's hand, "wont you begin by introducing me to your daughter? And explain how my car was wrecked so that my brother and I are forced to make such a poor appearance."

The chuckle exploded. Mr. Small's expression as he complied with Jack's request was dubious like that of a man who doesn't quite see the point of a joke. And when, a little later, he stood by and watched the members of the Jolyon's house-party vie with one another to make the handsome young Texas oil magnate welcome, his dubiousness was that of a man who has walked confidently off an unsuspected step in the dark.

"Isn't Mr. Dunbar a *dear?*" gushed Mrs. Yates, a stout widow with a cattish tongue, kittenish ways, and a daughter of more than marriageable age, as she glanced across the table at dinner, "wasn't it *fortunate* Mr. Bevan is the same size and could lend him clothes and my little Percy's things just fit that *sweet* child Buddy! What a *romantic* chance that brought him to *us* here—it is almost enough to make one believe in *Fate* isn't it, Mr. Small?"

Across the silver centerpiece her neighbor watched the debonair figure of his creation dividing his smiles between unattractive Julia Yates and his own daughter, Ann, while on the other side of Ann, quite isolated by an inattentive, charming bare shoulder, Augustus Jolyon, the son of the host, partook dreamily and in solitude of his alligator pear salad. Augustus had neither parlor graces nor shekels, but he did possess ancestors. His blood was blue, which no doubt accounted for the bleak pallor of his complexion, and his features were all inherited from a long line of forebears which was probably the reason for their being so curiously assorted. It was a matter of understanding between Ann's father and Augustus' parents that their children should marry, and Ann had been apparently resigned if not enthusiastic when they started out for the house-party.

Mr. Small had always rather fancied himself as a practical joker, but now he began to wonder whether he had not been an extremely impractical one. If only he had not given that idiotic promise of one week's silence! He would see that young upstart after dinner and put him in his place.

But it was almost impossible to see Jack after dinner when the party had returned to the drawing-room, so wholly was he surrounded by fair faces, marcelled heads and an aroma compounded of the most expensive scents of Araby. Fuming inwardly, Mr. Small watched Mrs. Yates coo over him, watched the slightly shop-worn Julia ply him with flattery, watched his own daughter, Ann, actually blush in a Mid-Victorian manner at something the shameless young scoundrel whispered to her—Ann who read Shaw and Wells and was wont to discuss sex inhibitions and birth control with her young men friends!

Mr. Small cast a glance about for Augustus who, as prospective hus-



Bevan shook his head: "Not practical, my boy! Sorry but I am not interested in portable Niagaras. Why dont you try our friend from Texas?"



Percy and Buddy doing their share toward making the house-party even more interesting

band, should by right be a prey to the green-eyed monster, but that pallid youth had cornered Dinsmore Bevan and was explaining his invention of a device for the wireless transmission of power to the skeptical financier. " . . . millions in it!" he was saying, "think of it, the power of a Niagara in your own home by pressing a button!"

Bevan shook his head. "Not practical, my boy!" his tone patted Augustus indulgently on the head, "sorry, but I'm not interested in portable Niagaras. Why dont you try our friend from Texas?" His gesture told Augustus to be a good boy and run away and play, but the young inventor took his derisive suggestion seriously. A gleam of hope came into the pale, near-sighted eyes he had inherited from some maternal uncle, he set his great-grandfather's rather weak chin determinedly and a moment later had Jack in another corner, listening to his tale.

Mr. Small sought his host. "Jolyon," said he, "have you spoken to your boy about the matter we discussed the other day? What did he say?"

Mr. Jolyon shrugged his shoulders. "To be quite frank," he admitted, "Augustus did not take to the idea just at first. His remark was, as I remember, something to the effect that he didn't want any wife because she would be sure to get hair pins into his transmitter, and powder onto his batteries, but I reminded him that marriage was a family custom of ours, and he finally yielded."

"As a wooer," said Mr. Small dryly, "Augustus is not exactly ardent. However I cannot say that Ann is precisely sentimental herself, altho she has agreed to my wishes. I think under the circumstances," his glance wandered toward Jack, "we would be wise to announce the engagement at once."



Ann Small smiled a trifle grimly into Augustus' downcast face as they took their places side by side. "It hurts me as badly as it does you, Gus!" she said, "still, dont you think it would be the sporty thing to register pleasure instead of looking as if the body was still in the next room?"

Jack Dunbar was in the act of signing his name when the announcement of the engagement was made. The result was a large, heart-broken blot but he pressed Augustus' hand warmly in congratulation. "May I be the first," he said, "to wish my partner happiness."

"*Partner,*" cried Small and Jolyon in chorus, while Ann brightened visibly.

"Why, yes," Jack explained, "Augustus has told me of his invention and I think with my knowledge of wireless we can make a big thing of it. He has offered me a half-interest, and Mr. Bevan here has just purchased my interest for fifty thousand dollars," and

(*Continued on page* 93)

Flashes From the Eastern Stars



RODOLPH VALENTINO has signed a long-term contract with Ritz Carlton Pictures. After his return from Europe where he and his wife are vacationing and at the close of his Famous Players contract (February, 1924) he will start to work. He is thrice welcome back. The screen needs this picturesque personality. He wants Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk" for his first picture, but Richard Rowland of First National has already bought the screen rights. . . .

The Metro Picture Corporation announces that after several months of negotiation it has succeeded in signing Laurette Taylor to star in picturizations of two of her stage vehicles, "Happiness," and "One Night in Rome," both written by J. Hartley Manners. Miss Taylor passed all photographic tests in "Peg O' My Heart."



Photograph by P. Apers, Paris

Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick will appear on Broadway this fall, it is understood, in a new play under the management of David Belasco. Broadway rumors have it that the piece is being put into shape by Achmed Abdullah.

Elmer Clifton likes to do things on a large scale. During the filming of "Six Cylinder Love," he journeyed down Long Island and shot one of the biggest mob scenes ever filmed. The "extras" were a flock of sixty thousand ducks!

Lew Cody will be seen in a play on Broadway soon, to be called "The Panama Kid." At present he is on the Goldwyn lot making "Law Against Law."



Lynn Fontanne, known for her work in the rôle of Dulcy, is now at work in the New York studios of Distinctive Pictures Corporation in a film entitled "Second Youth." She plays opposite her husband, Alfred Lunt. She opened on the stage in "In Love With Love."

Having completed "The Fighting Blade," Richard Barthelmess will do as his next picture the celebrated novel "Wild Apples." After six months' research work, Inspiration Pictures have decided that Mr. Barthelmess will bring to the screen Nathan Hale, portraying the character of the American patriot

Top of the page: Anna Q. Nilsson sacrifices her beautiful hair for the sake of "Ponjola," while Donald Crisp looks on. Above: Otto Krueger and Gustave von Seiffertitz, noted character actor in "Under the Red Robe." Left: Raquel Meller, a Spanish beauty imported by the Selwyns to head a Continental type of Revue. Below: The newest Follies deserter, Mary Eaton, learning about the movies from Sam Wood who will direct her in "His Children's Children"

Photograph from Paramount Pictures



who died in the cause of liberty. This was decided upon as a result of many requests to see this favorite star in the rôle of the revolutionary hero.

Glenn Hunter has started work on his first picture for Paramount, "West of the Water Tower," an adaptation of the anonymous novel which is now having a sensational sale.

Jane Harvey, for many years the outstanding player of mother rôles in moving pictures, today mothers guests at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, where she has been working as a floor clerk since her retirement from the screen three years ago. Until her retirement Mrs. Harvey was a familiar figure in pictures,



Photograph by Abbe

having played mother parts to such moving-picture stars as Chaplin, Owen Moore, Shirley Mason, Petrova, Nance O'Neill and Pearl White.

The first of J. Stuart Blackton Productions to be released by Vitagraph is "On the Banks of the Wabash," a story inspired by the famous song classic written by Paul Dresser.

Editing of "The Midnight Alarm," David Smith's magnificent fire thriller, is being finished at the Vitagraph studios in Brooklyn. This picture has a special cast headed by Percy Marmont, Alice Calhoun and Cullen Landis.

(*Continued on page* 89)



Photograph by White Studios

Above: Regina Wallace who is to play opposite McKay Morris in Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Breaking Point" early this fall. Left: Lillian Gish and Henry King and the oldest actress in Italy on location before Marion Crawford's villa overlooking the Bay of Naples. Below: A study in contrasts—the first and smallest steamboat, *Clermont*, and the last and greatest, *Leviathan*. The replica of the *Clermont* was used in "Little Old New York"

Photograph by International News Reel





On The Seven Hills of Rome

Authentic Backgrounds for "The White Sister"

Above is the Villa Albani, Rome, which was built in the fourteenth century by Cardinal Albani (later elected Pope). It is now owned by Prince Torlonia, who generously permitted its use for "The White Sister," the Marion Crawford story which Inspiration Pictures made in Italy with Lillian Gish. It is considered one of the greatest beauty spots in Europe. Right is a convent near Porto San Giovanni, Rome, where many of the exciting incidents of "The White Sister" were shot





A palazzo near Rome, above "... the turgid Tiber's crimson flow. ..."



Vespers

"The Saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all."—COLERIDGE.

The pictures on these two pages are the beautiful and authentic backgrounds for "The White Sister." The entire picture was shot in Italy; in Rome and Naples for the most part, which means that this film will be heavy laden with the "fatal beauty of Italy." "See Naples—and die" is the immortal phrase of that dream city. We cannot afford to miss this picture. The scene above is Lillian Gish on the balcony of the Villa d'Este, Tivoli

All Photographs by Abbe

Classic Considers—



Photograph by Pach Brothers

ROBERT J. FLAHERTY
F. R. G. S.

Because he is the only person who ever made a successful movie without hero, heroine, villain, or plot. With "Nanook of the North" he put the Esquimo on Broadway and familiarized the entire country with his life and habits. Adventurer, scholar, explorer, he had no idea of expressing himself thru the camera until he was marooned for a year and a half on arctic ice. Because Famous Players have financed an expedition to the South Seas so that he may do for the tropic South what he has done for the frigid North



Photograph © by Lumière

Photograph by Kendall Evans



GILDA GREY

Because she is absolutely unique in her field — the champion shimmier of the world. Because she has a tremendous following both in "The Follies" and at "The Rendezvous" where she dances — that is — shakes a wicked anatomy to the gustatory delight of audience and patron. Because she has defied anyone to produce a more perfect pair of legs than her own—and to date, nobody has

HARRISON FISHER
(above)

Because there is not a young girl the length or breadth of the United States who is not familiar with his drawings, and doesn't want to look like them. Because he is one of our most prominent and successful illustrators. Because he is handsome, clever, successful, not too young, a bachelor, an artist and a rare good fellow besides



A Camera Study

George Walsh has forsaken athletics for æsthetics. In his new picture for Goldwyn, "The Magic Skin," he is cast as a dreamer and a poet starving in his garret. It is said that George actually starved himself for weeks before this picture so that he might acquire that yearning, æsthetic look. We find this poetic glamour becoming and we marvel anew at the versatility of these movie stars. The little girl on the stairs gazing so admiringly upward, is Bessie Love, another many faceted star

The Hollywood

Transcribed by



Above, Mary and Doug and Theda—Pickford, Fairbanks and Bara. Right is Claire Windsor in a new rôle, getting ready for Hallowe'en. Below is Netta Westcott (center), an English beauty, over here to adorn our films. Olga Printzlau and Eve Unsell of Preferred Pictures are on either side



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull



Below is Buster Keaton with his staff of "gag men." Buster must be hard to please, or something. They dont seem to be doing so well with the tragic comedian



BEFORE I ever write again about a happy Hollywood bride, I am going to make her bring her husband by the hand and file him for reference.

All of which anguished cry arises from the case of Renee Adoree. It appears that while we were all dripping fond and happy tears over her domestic bliss, she was burning midnight oil in the manufacture of a burning suit for divorce. And the suit for divorce was filed the other day. In it she accused her hubby, Tom Moore, of cruelty. She said he accused her of having a "past"; of calling her mean names. So there's another young illusion gone.

The lovely Renee can doubtless find some consolation in the fact that she has made the greatest sensation of any girl in Hollywood this year. She is regarded as the greatest "find" of many seasons as an emotional actress.

* * *

All of which brings us to the case of Mabel Normand. I attended a luncheon one day last week at the Writers' Club, at which the topic was brought up of screen genius. The writers and directors who were there all agreed that the greatest single genius that has ever been produced by the screen is Mabel Normand and that some day she is likely to tear loose and produce something that will be immortal in screen history.

* * *

For the first time in her life, Mabel has really been in earnest over a picture. Until this one, she has been the despair and agony of her directors' lives. They would get all set to "shoot" and perhaps the star would appear; and perhaps the star would not. Also the star was just as likely as not to go to lunch on an important day and not appear for four days.

But, while the "Extra Girl" was in the making at the Sennett Studio, a new Mabel made her appearance—a grave, reliable and *punctual* Mabel. The explanation probably is that Mabel is very hard pressed financially and realizes she has to get busy and saw wood. Some of her investments have gone wrong.

Boulevardier Chats

HARRY CARR

Mack Sennett, on the other hand, is said to have made another fortune in real estate piled on top of the fortunes he already had. I understand that Sennett's realty holdings inside the city limits of Los Angeles exceed one hundred and thirty acres, mostly city lots and tracts being held for subdivision.

* * *

As a realty king, Sennett has but one rival in the motion picture colony; this is Ruth Roland who is said to have made two millions in Hollywood real estate during the last five years. And Miss Roland says with the most charming candor, she still has the first nickel she ever made.



* * *

Conrad Nagel is another realty millionaire. Conrad has a very valuable ranch near Duarte in the foothills. On it he raises melons. Every week he says he goes out with the firm determination to give orders to the realty men to cut it up in subdivision lots; but the melons look so nice and green and pleasant that he cant bear to do it.

* * *

By the time this appears in print, Mary Pickford's keepsakes will be distributed among the loving families of Hollywood. Mary presented Rev. Neal Dodd, the "chaplain of Hollywood," with a whole trunk filled with stuff to be auctioned off for the benefit of his church. Among other treasures was the little velvet suit she wore in "Lord Fauntleroy"; her lace handkerchief which she used in "The Street Singer," etc. There were slippers and scarfs and all manner of wearing apparel.

* * *

Speaking of Mary, they say her studio speaks in hushed whispers of the awful indignity that has occurred. This young girl, Lucile Rickson, who is announced by Marshall Neilan as the rising genius of the age, is to be in Jack Pickford's next picture and she is to take the part that Mary herself had in a previous version of the story. Instead of being properly impressed, Miss Rickson accepted the situation with such *sang-froid* that she began to call Mary "old dear"



Photograph by K. O. Rahmn

Above, Jack Pickford and his wife, Marilyn Miller, on their own back fence. Below is a scene from Warner Brothers' "Little Johnnie Jones," with Johnnie Hines in the center. Bottom of the page, Eleanor Boardman and her director, Tod Browning, snapped during the making of "The Day of Faith"



Above: Reading from left to right and upside down, it is Malcolm McGregor, keeping fit for film fights





This is the age of Youth, certainly. Here is little Bruce Guerin stopping the traffic in "The Gold Diggers," and right is Miss Callista Riddles, a featured player in "Mothers-In-Law." Below is Wallace Beery proving a disputed point to Kathleen Clifford. They are Richard the Lion-Hearted and Queen Berengeria, tho we always thought that was an ocean liner





and requested her to hand her a make-up box. Miss Pickford is a very democratic young lady; but "old dear"—well. The fact is that Miss Rickson has attained the venerable age of fourteen and that explains everything.

* * *

And as to Mary. . . . One day last week, one of the Los Angeles newspapers published a symposium of opinions from well-known citizens, mostly bank presidents and such, about what policy the city should pursue in its industrial future, etc. Among those quoted was Mary Pickford. Mary offered a plan of such sane, sagacious reasoning, such breadth of vision and withal of such practical and feasible value, that it is probable it will be preserved in permanent form.

* * *

There was a baseball game on the Fairbanks-Pickford lot the other day in which Eddie Sutherland, the assistant to Charlie Chaplin, broke his wrist. To save questioning, Eddie had a card printed which he had the head waiter hand around to the guests at the café where everybody eats luncheon. The card said: "Believe it or not. I hurt my wrist playing baseball. It is not a permanent injury. It will be well in six weeks. Thank you."

* * *

Whether from policy or because the Hollywood sunshine has softened her heart, the lovely Pola Negri has changed her methods. Gone is the old hauteur. She loves everybody now. She says "My Tony," as she calls Señor Moreno, is the finest actor she has seen in America and that Herbert Brenon is the best director she has ever worked with. But she says, hereafter, she is going to do her acting in her own way and not let anybody bamboozle her into the idea that Americans demand restraint in acting. Not to be outdone by Mary Pickford's version of the same story, Pola's picture, "The Spanish Dancer," will have some of the most gorgeous sets ever seen in motion pictures.

* * *

That other brilliant Polish lady, Nazimova, is decorating Hollywood with her presence again. Nazimova looks charmingly young and beautiful and mysterious. Whenever you met anybody in Hollywood, they used to say "Howd' do"; but now they say "Hello-o-o-o-o." When Nazimova does, it sounds very spiffy and cultured but when the others try it, it sounds very much like a yodeler practising his art.

* * *

Norma Talmadge has been held up with her new picture, "The Dust of Desire," by an untoward circumstance. Her director, Miss Frances Marion, has whooping-cough.

* * *

All of which brings us to another point. Pictures

(*Continued on page 72*)

Spreads smoother dries quicker

-the new liquid polish

A polish that will not form lumps and gummy ridges on the nails. That spreads smoothly and evenly all over the nail. It is tinted just the shade that fashionable women are using this season.

Every requirement for a liquid polish was considered when Cutex was working out this formula. The new Cutex Liquid Polish dries almost instantly. Before you have finished the second nail the first is so dry and firm, touching will not mar it. It will not peel off, nor crack. Its brilliant even lustre lasts a whole week.

And finally, it needs no separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure you just put on a fresh coat of Liquid Polish, one nail at a time, wiping it off instantly before it dries. This leaves your nails smooth and clean, ready for the fresh manicure.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish for 35c or in the $1.00 and $3.00 sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and $1.50.



Charming Introductory Set
including the new Liquid Polish—now only 12c

Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. N 10, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept N 10
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial bottle of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name_____

Street_____
(or P. O. Box)

City_____ State_____

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*



The Happy Hour

Posed by Johnnie Walker and Mildred June in "The Worm"

MB.—This charming tho innocuous portrait was substituted at the last minute fora page of burning kisses from "Alimony," because, forsooth, it caused both a managerial and an art department blush!

How do they accomplish it?

The women who give their skin the hardest wear manage to keep their faces young long after other women have grown old and unattractive.

THE actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with cosmetics. It must be fresh in spite of late, weary hours.

How does she accomplish this? By careful study of her skin she has discovered the *two indispensable things* it needs to keep it in the fresh, beautifully supple condition she demands.

First the perfect kind of cleansing at night that leaves the face soft and clear—every bit of dirt, every trace of cosmetic, every shadow of weariness taken away. Then the exquisite morning freshening that keeps the skin flower-like through the day and guards it completely from every coarsening thing.

These are the two fundamentals of skin loveliness. For these two things many well-known actresses depend on the two entirely different creams that Pond's developed especially for this method of keeping a woman's skin young and fresh—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. And many other women write enthusiastically about the smoothness these creams give their skin.

See what this famous method will do for you

Do this every night. With the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it penetrates every pore of your skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day are taken off your skin and out of the pores. *Do this twice.* Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

And every morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream evenly. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! Nothing can roughen it. And it will stay that way all day.

To see how Pond's two creams actually improve your skin, use this method regularly. Buy both creams today in jars or tubes. The Pond's Extract Company.



Every skin needs these Two Creams—The Cold Cream for cleansing, The Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Mae Murray, one of the most alluring of screen stars, says, "I have found that Pond's Two Creams give the complexion a lovely freshness and smoothness."

Charming Peggy Wood says, "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses easily and leaves my skin feeling fresh. Then the Vanishing Cream is a lovely smooth base for powder."

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

The common troubles that make a woman's skin look older—Pond's two creams banish them

Accumulation of oil and dirt in the pores. For this condition cleanse every night with Pond's Cold Cream, which is so light it penetrates the glands and *takes out excess oil and dirt together.* Then every morning put on Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep your face fresh through the day.

Premature wrinkles, scaling, dry shine—are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them, keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and keep some on over night. Feel your skin relax. Then by day Pond's Vanishing Cream prevents your skin from drying out again.

Coarsening Sun and Windburn. The daily repetition of weather damage ages your skin. For everyday exposure, use faithfully the nightly Pond's Cold Cream cleansing and in the day the delicate yet sure protection that Pond's Vanishing Cream gives.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 132-U Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name . . . . . .

Street . . . . . .

City . . . . . State



No. II

Ups and Downs in the Life of a Star

Douglas MacLean and Marjorie Daw in all too realistic scenes from "Going Up." You know what happens to what goes up . . . but if you dont, just study the picture on the right. . . .

No. I



No. III





Beauty at Your Finger Tips

TODAY, as the possibilities of intelligent care of the skin are becoming more generally realized, it is literally true that thousands upon thousands of women are growing younger in looks, and likewise in spirits.

The secret of restoring and retaining a youthful complexion lies chiefly in the faithful and well-directed use of the proper sorts of face creams. The constant employment of creams by actresses in removing make-up is largely responsible for the clearness and smoothness of their skins.

First, the beautiful skin must be clean, with a cleanliness more thorough than is attainable by mere soap-and-water washing. The pores must be cleansed to the same depth that they absorb. This is one of the functions of Pompeian Night Cream. It penetrates sufficiently to reach the embedded dust. Its consistency causes it to mingle with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation, and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness, and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

Pompeian Night Cream (New style jar)	60c *per jar*
Pompeian Day Cream (*vanishing*)	60c *per jar*
Pompeian Beauty Powder	60c *per box*
Pompeian Bloom (*the rouge*)	60c *per box*

New 1924 Pompeian Art Panel and Samples

Send coupon with ten cents for beautiful new 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps." With this panel we send samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2128 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian
Night Cream
Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.

Forecasting Your Autumn Complexion

By Mme Jeannette

A little foresight *now* will lay the foundation for the health and beauty of your skin during the trying days of the Fall

It is during these months that every woman should form the habit of careful daily attention to her skin—her face, neck, shoulders, arms, and hands.

Don't Let Your Skin Get Dry

After the many hours of out-of-door life that always come with summer, every woman's skin tends toward an unhealthy dryness. Pompeian Night Cream is the exact cream to use at this time. It has every property necessary to counteract dryness. It is a direct agent for sanitary cleansing, and it smooths and softens the dry tissue of the skin till the pores again have a chance to "breathe."

I would advise a generous application of Pompeian Night Cream as unfailingly as you go to bed at night.

Rub the cream well over the surface, but do not attempt to rub *hard*; it is better and easier gently to *pat* the cream into the skin. Strike the surface covered with cream by using the flat of the fingers—quick little blows, and continue till at least some of the cream has disappeared.

Use soft cloths to wipe away the remaining traces of the cream, and whatever may remain will soften the skin during your hours of sleep.

Morning Loveliness

The first thing in the morning the skin may be "asleep," and there is nothing more helpful to arouse circulation than a wholesome splashing of cold water.

Pat the face dry with your towel, or your bare hands if you prefer.

When you apply Pompeian Day Cream, take care to spread it on all parts of the skin, and to blend it smoothly till it disappears.

Powder and Rouge

The Pompeian Beauty Powder should cover the neck and face with even thickness so you will not have a face of one tone and a neck of another.

Pompeian Bloom (the rouge) comes in a convenient little compact that rubs off easily for use and stays on well for the user. The new Orange tint is surprisingly natural, especially when used with the Naturelle or Rachel tints of Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick

This final touch is essential with the rose-petal cheeks—and its color is natural and healthy-looking.

Mme Jeannette

Spécialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES,
2128 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

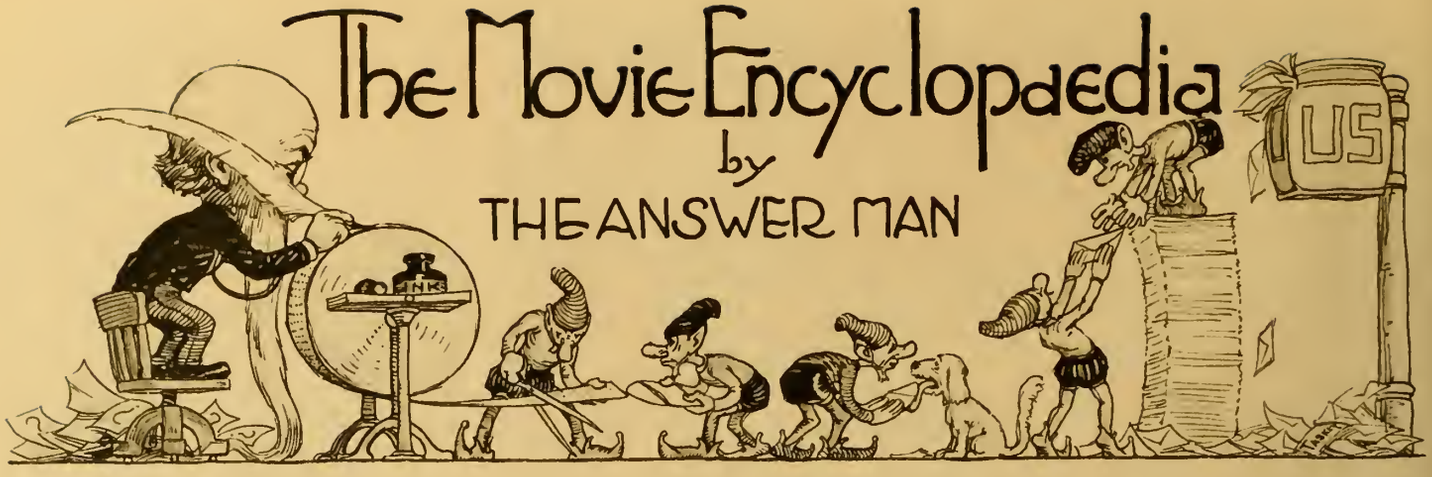
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

What shade face powder wanted?_____

The Movie Encyclopaedia
by
THE ANSWER MAN



ELSIE BABY.—Great things often result from little words of encouragement. Here's my hand, shake! Yes, Ramon Navarro. Address the players you mention at Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

VERA W.—Yes, those were real tears; tears the silent language of grief. Address Rod LaRocque at Famous Players, address above.

I. C. H. LITTLE ROCK.—Thanks for all the kind things you say about this department. You say love is a bird that sings in the heart of a woman. Yes, and some men are birds too. Address Dagmar Godowsky, care of Frank Mayo, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal. Write me again.

MAJORIE, CAL.—Well, you cant expect perfection all the time. Yes, and there will always remain something to be said of woman, so long as there is one on the earth. Barbara La Marr is to have the lead in "Damned." Yes, Joseph Schildkraut is to play opposite Norma Talmadge in "Dust of Desire."

EDITH P.—Come again Edith.

SINCLAIRE III.—Sounds like the name of a boat or something. I love these letters starting in "Several years ago I saw" and then to go on describing the picture. I'm sorry, my child, but I cannot tell you the name of the picture you describe. I'm more sorry than you are. Mrs. Wallace Reid is twenty-eight. Better luck next time.

BROWN EYES.—You cant quarrel with me, my lady, it takes two indiscreet individuals to make a quarrel and I shall not be one of them. Yes, Malcolm McGregor is married, and his last picture was "The Social Code" with Viola Dana. Rodolph Valentino expects to play in Ritz-Carlton Pictures, which he will start when his contract ends with Famous Players. No I dont mind answering questions. I wouldn't be able to draw my salary if I didn't answer questions.

Box 2576.—You neglected your John Hancock. I should say Dorothy Dalton is still living, but not married. Playing in "Leah Kreschna." Well, if you have a good library in your town you have a university. Why Edith Roberts and Taylor Holmes will play with George Arliss in "The Adopted Father."

MARIE S.—No your letter didn't give me a headache, thanks for the aspirin, however. That's what I call foresight. Thanks for your generosity, but I would rather you wouldn't send the cow. It would be a bit inconvenient in my hallroom. I'm quite able to get buttermilk at the dairy. I dont think Valentino has a brother, and I dont see how I can help you get into pictures. Come in again some time.

TEX.—Dont forget that it is awfully easy to be critical, but awfully hard to be correct. Madge Bellamy was born in Waco, Texas. Katherine MacDonald is twenty-eight and Madge Evans sixteen.

CAROL F. DETROIT.—There are very few successful gamblers in the world; and they are failures in everything else. Most companies are buying stage plays for motion-picture production. I wouldn't know who to tell you to write to. If other's purses be more fat, why should we groan and grieve at that. I'm happy with my $10.50 per.

MISS PROXIDE.—You cannot expect everlasting happiness in this world. Happiness, like the blue of the sky, cannot always last, for as the earth needs rain, to yield its fruits, so man needs tears to estimate life at its true value. William Farnum is married to Oliva White. So you would like to meet Richard Dix. Address Gloria Swanson at Famous Players. Marguerite Courtot is in New York. Her last picture was "The Steadfast Heart." Well, she has recently married Raymond McKee.

RUTHIE.—Of course I sleep on a bed, did you think I slept on the piano? The Ancients slept on skins. Beds were afterwards of loose rushes, heather or straw. The Romans are said to have been the first to use feathers. An air cushion is said to have been used by Heliogabalus, 218-222 A. D., and air beds were used in the sixteenth century. Feather beds were used in England in the reign of Henry VIII. The bedsteads of the Egyptians and later Greeks, like modern couches, became common among the Roman upper classes. Enough of that. No, Richard Dix is not married. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. Yes, she used to play in Western pictures years ago. Thanks for your good wishes.

MARTIN.—It is like playing ping-pong with a medicine-ball to answer questions like yours in this department. This is no place for essays. To answer your questions the way I want to, would take two or three pages. Yes, Glora Swanson is playing in "Zaza" and you can reach her at Famous Players. Antonio Moreno has played in "My American Wife." "The Exciters" and next in "The Spanish Dancer."

Box 2576.—What again? I'm afraid you will have to try that job yourself. Madge Kennedy has started her second picture, "Beyond the Salt Frontier" for Kenma. Neysa McMein wrote the story, and Anita Loos and John Emerson put it in scenario form. That's it, courage counts.

MISS DOROTHY.—Well, if you love life, dont squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. Ivor Novello is twenty-four; Kenneth Harlan twenty-eight and Conrad Nagel twenty-seven. Vivian Martin is on the stage and Justine Johnson is in Europe. Constance Binney has just signed a contract with C. C. Burr and she will play in "Clipped Wings." Katherine MacDonald's last was "The Scarlet Lily."

A NAVARRO FAN.—I wish I could help you, but the greatest pleasure of life is love. You will have to take your own choice, the question was—which is the better at kissing, Rodolph Valentino or Ramon Navarro. Your drawing was good, but it bears not the slightest resemblance.

WANDA R.—No, I dont care whether you write on your mother's paper or not. Norma Talmadge's "Ashes of Vengeance" is to be shown at the Carnavolet Museum in the Paris, as well as at the Apollo Theater in New York, for an indefinite run. Yes, Mary Pickford's last is "Rosita."

LEONA W.—Insurance is an effort to discount death and destiny. Build up your own insurance surplus by right living, simple eating and plenty of sleep and exercise. You'll find too, that your enjoyment of things takes less force with good health and spirits back of you. May Murray has blue eyes, and blonde hair. Yes, she used to dance in New York. Yes, Alice Terry wears a blonde wig in pictures.

BETTY C. SWAMPSCOTT.—No, I have no record of the present whereabouts of Betty Carpenter. William Collier, Jr. was the hero in "Cardigan."

ALEEN.—Well if you fight, fight for honor, glory or money, whichever you are most in need of. May Murray is married to Robert Leonard, her director. No, Eugene O'Brien has never been married.

LENORE.—How about this for speed? You refer to Robert Frazer in your first and Eddie Burns as Buddy. Frances Ring is Mrs. Thomas Meighan.

SARIE.—Yes, I believe there will always be wars. Tearing down the work of ages and building up anew cannot be accomplished without tremendous shock. Robespierre, Danton, and Marat tore down and Napoleon built up. The shock that split Europe wide open and shook

(*Continued on page 73*)

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all inquiries: The Answer Man, CLASSIC, Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y. Use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear, also the name of the magazine you wish your inquiry to appear in. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must wait their turn. Let us hear from you.

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Viora Daniels of Christie Comedies

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page* 64)

last year gave you the impression they had been named by some one who worked in a match factory. They were Eternal Flames and Embers of Remorse, and Fires of Passion, and Coals of Agony and Ashes of Vengeance. Now they have returned to dust. There is Norma's "Dust of Desire," and Frank Borsage has one called "Dust on the Doorstep," and there's "Children of the Dust." And I suppose Buster Keaton will be getting out one like "The Duster."

* * *

Bennie Zeidman is on a still hunt for another boy genius to appear in a Peck's Bad Boy series that he is about to make for Sol Lesser. He wants to find another Jackie Coogan. "I suppose," he said to one anxious mother "that this remarkable child of yours is more talented than Jackie Coogan." The woman nodded. And when Bennie added, "Every woman that comes in here tells me her child is more remarkable than Jackie Coogan." "Yes," the woman said eagerly. "But my dear man; you dont understand. My child is not like the others: he really *is* more remarkable than Jackie Coogan." But the fact still remains that every producer Peck's Bad Boy series that he is about



Lucien Littlefield with a strange circular hirsute adornment, which causes him considerable distress

He goes out only after dark now. He had to grow 'em that way for his part as the Jester in "The Palace of the King"

The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page* 70)

the world was the greater because that was accomplished in two or three decades which would ordinarily require centuries. Progress is always preceded by calamity. That which appears to be calamity is often a blessing in disguise. Here, here, when I get started, I never know when to stop. Niles Welch in "Reckless Youth." Dell Boone is his wife.

AGATHA B.—So you think I look like that. Irene Castle is five feet eight inches, and she is free from Robert Tremain (maybe). Yes, Elsie Ferguson is also free from her husband, Thomas Clark. I'm also free—from women.

LITTLE WESTERNER.—Anna Q. Nilsson has been married twice so far as I know. Now she is Mrs. John Gunnerson. Mary Pickford was Mrs. Owen Moore. Jane Novak has a daughter Virginia, aged six, but I dont think she ever was a dancer.

MOLLIE AND MOVIA.—All the way from Australia. James Kirkwood has just married Lila Lee. She is twenty-one and he is forty. I wish them luck. Yes indeed Bebe Daniels is full of pep in real life. Bryant Washburn and his wife are playing in "Mine to Keep." A proper and fitting title for man and wife. And let it ever be thus. Stop in again some time, girls.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S EYEBROWS.—Now, I ask you! I know of no cure for grey hair. There are various remedies that will restore color so long as you keep using the preparation, but nothing will turn it permanently. . When you get up in the morning and discover that grey hair No. 20 has made its appearance, dont get the glooms, but smile sweetly and say "Ah, wisdom and good sense are coming. For, every hair that fades or fades away, figure that you are the gainer by about one ounce of brains." Do you want to hear any more? Pauline Garon is twenty. Betty Compson is to make four pictures abroad. The Gish girls are with Inspiration. Gloria Swanson's daughter Gloria is two years old. Right at this address.

SHIRLEY K.—So you want more of Pauline Garon. I'll see what can be done with the editor-lady.

YANKEE GIRL.—Yes, I must admit that my beard is growing day by day. Harrison Ford in "Little Old New York." You write a very interesting letter. Stop in again.

BETTY AND BESSIE.—The two bees. Glad you like music. Even a hand-organ sounds good to a person in love. There's one stops in front of our building about three times a week. Yes, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath are sisters. Leatrice Joy about twenty-five. Marguerite de la Motte was Constance in "The Three Musketeers." Yes, Marion Davies bobbed her hair. Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. Miriam Cooper is twenty-seven. Mae Murray also twenty-seven. Marion Davies twenty-six. Johnny Hines and Mollie Malone with Warner Brothers.

RETHA F.—But the nervous fluid in man is consumed by the brain, in woman by the heart; it is there that they are most sensitive. So you are fond of Jobyna Ralston. So am I.

HELENE C. Mc.—But the heart of a woman never grows old; when it has ceased to love it has ceased to live. Address Baby Peggy at Century Comedies, Jackie Coogan at Metro and Alice Brady, Famous Players. Mary Philbin is twenty. John Gilbert twenty-eight.

(*Continued on page* 85)



In manicuring, it softens the cuticle, prevents soreness and adds to lustre of nails.

Hinds Cream cleanses the pores, heals sore, eruptive conditions, and refreshes sallow, withered complexions.

Protecting The Beautiful Complexion



A perfect base for face powder. Apply a little cream. When nearly dry dust on the powder.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is a soothing, refining cream that by daily use prevents any tendency to roughness or irritation. An invigorating cream that tones and freshens and protects the complexion from injury by dusty winds or chilly atmosphere. A cream that softens the skin to a velvety texture. This cream is so simple to apply, so sure in its improving results that it readily becomes the favored complexion cream of all who try it. Its economy is due to the small amount required—only enough to moisten the skin. Let the use of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream become a part of your daily program.



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George Hackathorne and Claire McDowell, who has been his screen mother in four successive pictures

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page 72*)

in the world is searching the world for another Jackie Coogan—and not finding one.

* * *

The most promising lad now in pictures is little Ben Alexander who made his first appearance as a tiny tot in Griffith's "Hearts of the World" but who is now half grown—enough so to make a hit in "Penrod and Sam." He has been signed for a long-term contract by Maurice Tourneur.

* * *

Bill Hart's return to the screen is being received with great acclaim. The other night he appeared with a number of stars at the Motion Picture Exposition. He received the greatest ovation of them all, altho the aggregation included such celebrities as Mary Pickford and Pola Negri.

* * *

"Lilies of the Field," the New York stage play which ran for seven months at the Klaw Theater, is to be filmed by First National.

* * *

Donald Crisp has gathered together a collection of extras for the soldier scenes of "Ponjola" which looks like an officers' club. Nearly every one in it is a former British officer and many are titled. Just by way of contrast he has one full-blooded Zulu.

* * *

For years Carmel Myers and Bessie Love have been pals. They went to school together and have been the closest friends ever since. During all these years they looked forward to playing in a pic-

(*Continued on page 87*)

How the One Natural Color for Cheeks Was Found

Day and Night Tests That Told Why Rouge's Familiar Shade Was Wrong—and Eventually Duplicated Nature's Own Color

MOST WOMEN now know and use the new natural tint which is fast replacing the unscientific and unsatisfactory purplish-red rouges. But how many are aware of the peculiarly interesting story of its discovery?

We are apt to take the most marvelous discoveries of this age as a matter of fact—even one of such importance to the realm of beauty as a tint that is a perfect match for Nature's own artistry! Suddenly science gives the world of women a tint which tinges the cheeks in such a true tone as the very strongest sun's rays, or the weirdest effects of night lighting cannot separate from the underlying flesh tone, and we accept it without thought of how it came to be. Yet behind the simple, single tint which gives any and all complexions a divine and perfectly natural mantle of color is the story of man's indomitable perseverance — two years' ceaseless experiment — over two hundred failures, and eventual success.



"In Noon's Glare, Atop a High Roof"

The search for the perfect tint led a dignified scientist to a cellar's depths — and to the roof of a city's tall skyscraper. Tint after tint—tone upon tone—were tried in every conceivable light. In noon's glare, atop a high roof. In the streets below, where the sun's rays filtered through fog and smoke. And in the artificial lights of night—trying lights in which old-fashioned rouges all became the same ghastly, or unlovely purplish red.



"Beneath Trying Artificial Light"

On a patient assistant's cheeks shade after shade was tried. Some of the shades required ingredients from far countries—many were days in the blending. Then, suddenly it happened.

The Tint That Was Tried In Desperation

One morning the scientist used in his mortar one of the rarest ingredients in the laboratory. It was of peculiar orange hue. Scarcely a color to try on the cheeks! But he idly applied it on his assistant's cheeks—and a *startling change took place.* The peculiar orange tint altered instantly to the true tone of the skin beneath! Still doubtful that he had found the one key tint for any complexion—under all conditions—in every light—they hurried to the roof and put the new tint to the severe test of direct sunlight. The same beautifully diffused, natural color! Down to a darkened room, where neither glaring incandescent lamps nor variously shaded rays of electric light revealed anything but a coloring that appeared Nature's own! The same day, preparations were started to supply the demand that such a discovery was certain to create. Now, this new Princess Pat Tint is an article of standard use.

It enhances the color of countless women who had steadfastly declined to use any of the old-fashioned rouges which are so obvious in even the kindest light.

Princess Pat Tint is Waterproof!

Where the new natural tint is made, further improvements have transpired; a less costly use of the chief ingredient has brought its price within reach of all; an entirely new process *has rendered it absolutely waterproof!* Even a morning in the surf will not streak it! Princess Pat Tint is not affected by perspiration, so it is worn without concern the day long, or evening through! Yet it vanishes instantly with a touch of cream, or use of soap.

On any complexion, remember there is need for only *one shade.* There is no uncertainty of matching; for the one tint is instantaneously transformed to blend with any type—blonde, medium or brunette; and this tint may be applied as lightly or as full and deep as you choose — with the same perfection of result.



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Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply—without charge. At no cost to you and without any obligation, your prompt use of coupon below will bring to you Princess Pat new, natural tint.

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Ashes of Vengeance

(*Continued from page* 31)

Then my noble sister went straight way to our brother Charles and bespoke Rupert's freedom. So eloquently did she plead his cause that Charles was moved to absolve him from his oath of service and said so, right magnanimously.

Rupert was surprised and gratified, yet hurt. He was sure now that Yoeland did not care for him, since they were allowing him to go away. Incredible to say, he did not now want his freedom. I was heart-broken and wept grievously for hours. Yoeland, the haughty, cried too and when I saw her tears I marveled at them.

I am sure I do not know how it would have ended if she had not broken down when Rupert came to bid her farewell. Slowly the realization dawned on him and such amazed delight blazed in his eyes that had I been looking into them instead of Yoeland, I should have been blinded.

"Yoeland," he murmured, "Yoeland, my beautiful," and took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

I turned my head away. It was too great ecstasy for me to see.

They are to be married within a fortnight and so that ends the feud. For neither Charles nor Rupert dare fall under the displeasure of My Lady Yoeland. That would be too grave a risk, as both of them love her too well.

And now the story is ended—or rather just begun. The two lights of night and day shine soft across the castle walls, making long shadows on the grass, and I am very tired, but oh, so happy.

Divine Discontent

(*Continued from page* 22)

ALMA: I'd leave the screen and take to the pen.

MYSELF (*incredulously*): You *cant* mean that you would rather scribble than star? Personally, I cant imagine what has brought you to such a pass.

ALMA: But what does it all amount to, after all? What does it get you? Where does it get you? A little money, easily spent. A little fame, easily forgotten. A little temporary glory. An illusion. While your youth lasts, or your good looks . . . then . . . poof!

MYSELF: But there are those who survive indefinitely. After all, life itself is indefinite. Nothing goes on forever. The true artist . . .

(*Continued on page* 84)

Reduces 53 Lbs. in Nine Weeks!

Society Leader Takes Off Every Pound of Excess Weight—From 191 Lbs. to 138 Lbs. Mrs. Bayliss Tells the Way She Did It



WALLACE

NEVER dreamed you could do it Mr. Wallace," wrote this well known young matron of Philadelphia's social elect. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records purchased late in November. A reduction of more than fifty pounds in three months! But read her own story:

"Here I am, back to 138 lbs. after my *avoirdupois* had hovered around the impossible two-hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace I am dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore. Best of all, I am back in the saddle. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin to music' I offer in humble apology this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them should you desire.

Very sincerely yours,
JESSICA PENROSE BAYLISS."

How It Was Done

Most women of bulky figure would make almost any sacrifice to attain the symmetry Mrs. Bayliss' photo reveals. But you need not sacrifice your health, comfort, or even convenience. The process is *enjoyable*. You use Wallace's records but ten minutes a day! Yet the reduction is felt within five days of starting; the second week will bring a noticeable improvement; the third or fourth week will find you lighter by many pounds.

The beauty of Wallace's method is its absolutely *natural* reduction, and *redistribution* of weight. Unlike the drastic dieting and drugging methods, there is no loss of flesh where you cannot afford to lose it.

Observe the photograph; do you see any suggestion of gauntness in face or neck—or flabbiness of arms? The Wallace reducing records play away only *excess* flesh.

There Is No Need of Starving or Otherwise Punishing Yourself

Scores of society women have reduced by this now famous course in reducing, Many of them would never have done so had it required the strenuous and tedious effort and self-denial once thought to be the only means of defeating superfluous flesh. "It is downright fun" is what most folks say, from the first day they take up this exhilarating form of reducing.

It is *easy* to get thin to music—and extremely easy to prove that you can. The first reducing record awaits only your word that you want it. Try it only five days—and note the result in even this short time.

Almost a Pound a Day

In the case here recorded, the reduction averaged almost a pound a day. Much depends on the individual constitution; for reducing in this natural manner takes place only as fast as the system is prepared for the change. Some lose seven or eight pounds in the first five-days test period; others but two or three. But you *can* and *will* reduce to normalcy if you want to; whether you are only five pounds too heavy, or fifty.

What You Should Weigh For Your Height and Age

Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 yrs Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 yrs Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 yrs Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	145	156	163

Consult the table of weights printed above; see just how much you are over the weight that is best for your health and appearance. Then make up your mind that you will weigh what you should; you can, very easily—and very quickly, if you send for the first reducing record and make the start.

Free Proof—Send No Money

Just try Wallace's way for one week. That's all he asks. Don't send any money; don't promise to pay anything now or later. The trial is *free*. If you don't see surprising results in even these few days—simply mail back the record and you will not owe Wallace a penny. Let the scales decide. Here is the coupon that brings everything; can anyone suffering from overweight decline such an invitation?



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1600 Broadway WARNER BROS Classics of the Screen New York City

Elinor Glyn on the Technique of the Scenario

(*Continued from page* 34)

before it is accepted. First, it is read, then passed on to the considering office, where it is criticized before reaching the scenario department. There the actual changes are made, and it is sent to the continuity writer; after this, it is placed in the director's hands. His point of view is often biased by the subject, which may be about a nation or a class whose manners and customs he knows nothing about! The director changes things pretty much as he wishes, as does the advisory committee. Then of course there is the star of the production, who must have his or her little alterations. When all this is done, the censorship committee awaits what is left of a once original story. And there you are! Or rather, there your once beautiful story *isn't!*

"The actual meaning of your idea? Alas, it no longer exists! Supposing your story is of a man who stumbled out of a window. Have it by accident or otherwise, as you will. You, as the author, had a definite reason for this to happen. And, having your reason, had doubtless, a logical result, as it affected the man who tumbled, and also as it modified the lives of those with whom he was connected. You worked out the psychology, the consequences of everything in your story; these, and other parts were the very life of it. *Life?*

"When the average motion picture scenario department finishes with your creation, it has been robbed of all which could make it convincing. All the well-planned logic and true psychology is gone, deleted. Your man and his tragic tumble have become perhaps even the comic adventure of a person who now evidently bears no plausible relation to anything in your story.

"And you? You have been made a fool of, because the picture play that cannot but insult the intelligence of the public, is brought out under your name! I believe, from what I have observed, that the American public is quite the most understanding in the world. It is therefore no small prejudice that you have aroused against you, as the author. You are guilty of offering 'bunk,' something that all the checks in the world would not have enticed from your pen, in the beginning.

"As I have been away from America for nearly a year I have not seen the most recent pictures. But I have been studying motion pictures in England, Germany, Sweden, and France. And truly, from the techni-

cal end of things, the American producers have no rivals! In the technical side of picture making they are perfection.

"Most of the scenarios of the Swedish and German productions are vague; yet they are stories of quality. They give forth something tangible to the educated mind. This is where the American producer falls down.

"Imagine the gross insult of a picture that depicts American social life, a society drama wherein the people act as no man or woman in any country, in this particular stratum of life would act. That's what we have to look at all the time. And the public will never be given dramas of real life as long as ignorant people are permitted to have power to produce and direct pictures. We must have people in authority in the scenario departments who know from the *inside* the phases of life which they are trying to interpret. We must have people who keep to the things they know!

"The success of my novels has been based upon the fact that I never write about things that I do not *know*. Recently someone asked me why I did not write about a certain part of England and the natives there. 'Why?' I asked, somewhat amazed. 'Because I only know about them thru hearsay. I dont know the reality of their existence, and could not write until I do.'

"The scenario departments receive many terrible scenarios that have to be changed. Naturally, it is hard for them to realize when they get a good one, which it would be wise for them to leave untouched. The diligence of the author in mastering movie technique will mean everything in the final O. K. which he alone should be allowed to place on the continuity of his picture. His knowledge of technique will influence producers to gather about them intelligent people who are not groping in the dark, but who, in knowing what they are attempting to do, will not be satisfied until they do it correctly."

An Old Story

(*Continued from page* 42)

very closely. For if you did look very closely and very discerningly, you would find in her eyes that thing which made her what she was and gave us what she gave us in "Humoresque"; the thing Fannie Hurst saw when she wanted her to play the mother-part; the thing Frank Borzage recognized when he cast her for the part—the first of a long line of directors who have perceived her.

The sympathetic, world-enduring,



Prettier Teeth

If you fight the film

While you leave teeth coated with a dingy film, their luster cannot show.

Look about you. Note how many teeth now glisten. And mark what they add to good looks.

The reason lies largely in a new method of teeth cleaning. Millions now use it daily. Accept this ten-day test we offer, and learn what it does for you.

Why teeth lose beauty

A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush alone does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

So much film remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the teeth's luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why so few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Better methods now

Dental science studied long to correct this situation. It found two film combatants. One of them acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods by many careful tests. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. In that were embodied these two film combatants for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over now advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations are employing it today.

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Pepsodent does two other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

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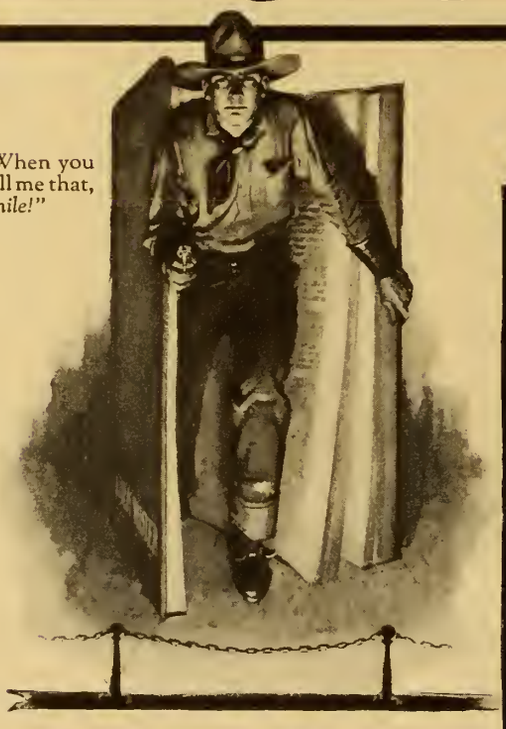
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passionate and patient artist-soul.

But in the movies one does not look for the passionate and patient artist-soul in a stout Jewish lady of forty summers.

It is preposterous. Out of no slim Adonis came the full notes of Caruso . . . but in the movies . . . p's's't! Anyone knows that in the movies art, *Art*, mesdames and sires, is accompanied by slim, desirous bodies, pickfordian curls and nitanaldian thighs, come-hither eyes, and sixteen fruitful summers. And where, in Vera Gordon, were the vanished sixteen summers? Where, even, were the come-hither eyes? Ah, no, ah, no, to the directors, ever searching, ever seeking for the Great in Art, Vera Gordon was what she might still be to any casual passerby, a stoutish Jewish lady asking for a part in pictures, *pictures*, if you please! And so Mrs. Gordon had all she could do to get by the keeper of the gate, let alone into the rarefied atmosphere of the Casting Director's official sanctum.

And thus, bearing her gift within her, guarding it, preserving it with the frankincense and myrrh of domesticity and child-bearing and anxiety, Vera Gordon watched the long, lean years go by.

In Russia, when she was thirteen, she had played a great mother-rôle, in the Hebrew tongue. Played it so realistically, with such force and veracity, that the governor of the town or province, or whatever you call 'em, issued an order that she should be allowed to play in the theaters when she chose, an exceptional honor to befall a woman in Russia. Later, she married and came to Canada, and then followed the record of the years between the then and now.

They haven't embittered Vera Gordon. If she has a slight contempt for "the men higher up," who mostly dont belong up, it is lost and absorbed by her passionate pity and love for the great mass of the people, the poor people, whose every day is struggle and whose every night a new and sad defeat.

"I know their needs so well, so very well," spoke Vera Gordon softly and with inescapable understanding.

This is being what a novelist called his novel, "The Mother of All Living." This is the spirit that has shone forth and given Vera Gordon at long last her "place in the sun."

The Powers Behind the Screen

(*Continued from page 39*)

A small man, with slender, expressive hands—that is the first impression. You are conscious next of the thin, colorless lips, drawn taut as if some eternal problem kept them forever so, but soon you are aware, most of all, of the broad forehead, the calm and steady eyes. Seeing these, you know you are facing no ordinary immigrant washed in by the endless stream from Europe. This man's ancestors were princes of Jerusalem, bankers, poets, visionaries. Grim necessity, the clutching fingers of European conditions — these later may have dragged his family's members down till they came to this country as piecework tailors, but before this, in the dim, far days of time, his personality, his imagination must have been nurtured tenderly and under favoring conditions.

Within speaking distance of him only once, this writer came to that conversation last year prejudiced against him. Such, frequently, is the effect achieved by press agents hired to boom a man! But facts speak louder than press agents, and the facts concerning Adolph Zukor came first to a stirring, dramatic climax in the anteroom of the General Film Company over a decade ago.

Like Disraeli who foresaw the British Empire cemented by a Suez Canal clinching India, years after the House of Commons had laughed him down — like Disraeli, Zukor waited patiently. Three hours passed. He was shown in, but he plead in vain.

The little he had picked up as a furrier he had sunk in these nickelodeons of his, but imposed conditions were cutting his profit. He had vision. He needed money. But what he saw, they could not see, what he asked they did not grant. They only laughed, and suddenly he was on his feet, his finger leveled at them, a curious bitter smile parting those drawn lips of his.

"Some day," he said, like Disraeli, "some day you will hear me. Some day you will listen."

It is convenient to tell the history of the motion picture industry in the terms of Adolph Zukor, but an inquiry into all the circumstances that have entered into that history from the day of that interview till now—such an inquiry makes telling the story in just those terms inevitable.

While he has not created circumstances, Zukor has set the pace. While he has not sown the seed, frequently at harvest he has found himself boss of the threshing machine. While conditions beyond his control



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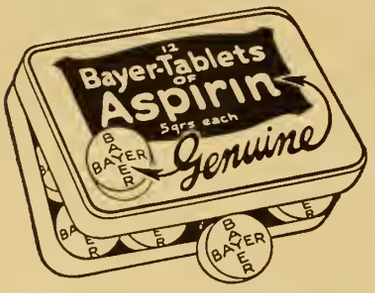
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have constantly developed about him, he has been quick to maneuver himself into positions of advantage, and his last, his ablest move, brought him that saving grace which — for simplicity's sake—is known as Will H. Hays.

This was a Machiavellian stroke, but its true inwardness seems to be understood only in Wall Street financial circles where they have followed the growth of the picture business to its present apex, where they remember best the exact manner in which the foundations of this pyramid were laid down in 1913, '14 and '15.

Thereabouts the General Film Company's hold on the basic patents was loosened. Distributing and producing companies sprang up: Mutual, Universal, Film Exchanges of America, Triangle, Metro, and finally Paramount. Able men took charge of them: Carl Laemmle, P. A. Powers, R. H. Cochrane, H. E. Aitken, R. A. Rowland, and finally the combination that included under the Paramount banner such men as Zukor, W. W. Hodkinson, Jesse L. Lasky, J. D. Williams, Arthur Friend, B. P. Schulberg, and Al Lichtman. But what, you will ask, was this all about.

Some flooded pipe-line must have poured rich, streaming gold into so great a body of activity.

It did. The stream grew to a river when shows were provided worth a quarter, half a dollar, a dollar, even two dollars. Nickels and dimes were all that was asked before. Shows had been short then. Half an hour of time, two thousand feet of film. It was argued that the public would not stand for anything longer, that eyes couldn't stand the strain.

One-reelers and two-reelers had been supplied by the General Film Company at the rate of sixty reels a week. Universal broke in with a thirty-two-reel program, Mutual with twenty-eight, Film Exchanges with an inconsiderable eight to twelve. All these were short subjects, but before the war change was in sight.

George Kleine, the Republican politician from Chicago, was to import from Italy a picture called "Julius Cæsar" and pack those anxious to see it into a Broadway theater.

"Quo Vadis," "Cabiria," others followed, but, even before this, exhibitors clamoring for something to keep the crowds coming had seized on such few five-reel features as were offered and promptly raised their prices for "feature days."

Soon it was evident that the public waited for "feature days," and willingly paid a quarter for the better show.

The five-cent days were over. . .



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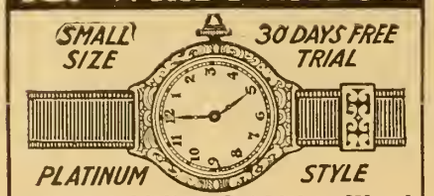
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Divine Discontent

(Continued from page 76)

ALMA: But where are there any true artists . . . on the screen? Who is to say whether they are true or not? Where is the celluloid Bernhardt?

MYSELF: Non-existent.

ALMA: Exactly. Oh, there are touches of genius, I know. I could name several. . . . But even so. On the other hand, if one can write one can defy time, all the time there is. Youth can pass and beauty can fade and still the gift can remain, one's own, independently.

MYSELF: What type of writing are you doing?

ALMA: Fiction. Short stories. Friends of mine, critics, shall I say, tell me that my ideas are good, but my treatment can be improved upon. That's enough encouragement to begin with. I'm going to keep on trying. The fact is, that I admire most those people, men or women, who are able to sacrifice everything, fame, comfort, glory, for the sake of the thing they want most to do and can do the best. I could bow down and worship a man or a woman who can live in a garret on twenty-five cents a day in order to do the thing they believe in. That's what dissatisfies me with myself. I have constantly the feeling that what I am doing is impermanent, unimportant and soon forgotten.

MYSELF: You are probably alone in that opinion. Perhaps the continued appreciation of "Enemies of Women" will help you to see that.

ALMA: If I could do something greater than a mere picture. "Driven," for instance. Did you see that? There was something tremendous and epochal. That was more than a mere picture. And yet the man who made that has turned to the making of "Six Days." Just another movie. The pity of that sort of thing is what hurts me; is what gives me this poignant dissatisfaction with myself.

* * *

The conversation went from there to other things. Lighter, lesser things, and it wasn't until after I had left Alma that I thought of what I should have said to her . . . which was, that this very dissatisfaction and restiveness of hers is the tormenting fire of genius, the lack of which she was lamenting. Hers are the growing pains of Art. And when one is suffering from growing pains one is passing from the adolescence of artistry into the maturity that endures.

Ave, Alma.



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The Movie Encyclopaedia

(*Continued from page 73*)

M. M. 21.—So you want to see more of Cyril Ring, who played in "Back Home and Broke." All right. Cyril, send along some photos.

BARON VON F.—Salute, my king! I will quote your letter—"Aha! My erudite friend! Permit me to quote you—'Things are never masterpieces when they first appear; they become masterpieces afterwards.' Would it not be more correct to say that they are recognized as masterpieces . . . afterwards? However—permit me, also to observe that I enjoy your question box—not for the questions and answers—but for your delightful philosophic injections. I do hope that they are received with due consideration." I thank you with all my heart for your very kind words. Write me again—do.

DOROTHY L.—You know what Robert Louis Stevenson says—"To marry is to domesticate the recording angel." Glenn Hunter in "The Scarecrow" and "West of the Water Tower." Mary Miles Minter is not playing now. Francis Bushman is thirty-eight, and Justine Johnston is in England.

GLORIA, NEW ORLEANS.—The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy. Gloria Swanson is twenty-six, five feet three and weighs 112. My error, Conway Tearle is forty-three instead of twenty-three. Norma Talmadge married to Joseph Schenck. Thomas Meighan in "Homeward Bound" and Conrad Nagel is twenty-seven.

ALICE G. BELMAR.—Well, eat-well is drink-well's brother. Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson in "The Affairs of Anatol." Viola Dana and Malcolm McGregor in "The Noise in Newboro," and "The Social Code." Write to Warner Brothers for Marie Prevost's picture. Claire Windsor is not married now and she has a son Billie. Address Marguerite de la Motte, Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. You're very welcome.

ETHEL W.—What beautiful stationery. Barbara La Marr at Universal, Universal City, Cal. Ramon Navarro is twenty-four, not married, born in Mexico—a dancer and playing in "Scaramouche." Savee!

THELMA O.; CAROLYN R.; MARGARET I.; GLENNA P.; DE ROCHE CRAZE; BETTY AND JACK; PEGGY; GERENE; FRANNIE P.; SWEET SIXTEEN; SIS HOPKINS; MAY H.; AND REX D.; Sorry to have to put you in the alsorans, but your questions have all been answered up above. Come again.

ANSELL W.—Quien sabe? Some say Nita Naldi is Italian descent. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck and she has lovely brown eyes. So long for tonight.

PAT.—That sure was a clever letter of yours. Norma Talmadge has been married about six years now. No children.

JEAN ACKER ADMIRER.—I am glad you do not think this department is dry. It would be if I allowed cobwebs to collect in my brain works. Why Jean Acker is twenty-five, five feet three, weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds, has blue eyes and brown hair. She hasn't been playing in pictures recently. You might try Loew's Circuit, 1540 Broadway, New York City. Thanks a lot.

ZELDA F.—Yes, Gloria Swanson is her right name. Cant tell you why she wears a sad look all the time. Didn't know she did. She has auburn hair. Yes, and some drink healths till they drink away their own health.



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Foreign Films

(*Continued from page* 25)

film called "The Poor Mother" (La Madre Folle) in which his wife, Soava Gallone, one of the finest actresses in Italy, plays a double rôle. In this picture she confirms her reputation as a wonderful comedian as "the poor mother," and a beautiful actress as the daughter.

RUSSIA

Russian film fans are always very busy. After the success reported by the film "Polikuchka," two other photoplays have been completed.

One of them is called "Jola" and deals, according to an old Russian legend, with the story of a woman somnambulist.

The other is "The Defeat of Satan" and is another legend of the time before Jesus Christ.

Both are very characteristic, as they are full of real Russian atmosphere (many scenes were shot in the Russian mountains or near the river Volga) and depict, of course, Russian customs and habits.

GERMANY

It is a pity that the cinema was not yet discovered when Christopher Columbus discovered America, if it had been, many cameramen would have certainly accompanied him in his long journey. But producers of different countries now wish to immortalize on the screen the name of the famous discoverer, and different pictures have been made which depict his life.

A few years ago—that is, near the end of the war—France sent Georges Wague to discover America in a picture entitled "The Adventure of Christopher Columbus." Altho this was very well acted, the photography and the continuity were not very satisfactory. And now Germany has just sent one of her actors, Albert Bassermann, to discover in his turn, the New World.

A very characteristic German picture is "Chaos." It is an astronomical and comic picture, quite original and attractive. It represents the type in which the Germans seem to excel.

AUSTRIA

I had the opportunity of seeing lately "Samson and Delilah," the new picture produced at the studios of the Vita-Film in Vienna. Of course it tells us the Biblical story, but another story is in it of the strongest man and the girl who won him. This picture is one of the best Austria has so far produced and the acting of Maria Corda, the Austrian star, is perfect.



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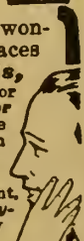
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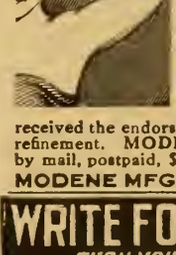


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The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page 74*)

ture together. At last it came not long ago in "The Magic Skin," being produced by the Achievement Films at Goldwyns. And when it came, Carmel found that her part required her to push Bessie over a cliff to her doom and such. Discouraging for sisterly love. Huh?

* * *

Erich von Stroheim is going to take his company to Death Valley for the final scenes of "Greed." At the height of the August heat which they will be in the midst of, Death Valley is a grand little summer resort. The last prospector who got out this summer reported the thermometer as standing at 172.

* * *

The most interesting project I know of in films is the announced intention of King Vidor to make a picture from Gulliver's Travels. He says he has had it in mind for years but never before has had the opportunity. Just at present, Mr. Vidor is filming "Wild Oranges."

* * *

Lloyd Hughes is one leading man who comes straight out with the truth. As a relief from the imagined aristocratic origins of most of them, Lloyd announces to the world that his father was a locomotive engineer in Arizona and before becoming a screen actor he was a butcher boy.

* * *

Lois Weber has thrown up her hands in disgust. She says, what with censors who murder the stories and producers who insist upon casting the pictures and directing the directors, she is thru. She is going to take a vacation until they come to their senses.

* * *

It's all off again with Pola and Charlie. Pola says she will never be Mrs. Chaplin, so that's the end of that. This shocking truth was borne in upon the public of Hollywood last week when both Charlie and Pola attended a big hotel opening. But Charlie was with Leonore Ulric while Pola was with "Big Bill" Tilden and Manuel Alonzo, the tennis players. "I realized five weeks ago that it was an impossibility," said Pola. "Charlie is lacking in all matrimonial requirements, he is too temperamental, I'm glad it's over now. I can think of my work again."

Leonore Ulric laughed when she was asked if she had matrimonial designs upon Charlie. "Not for me," she said briefly.



Earle E. Liederman as he is to-day

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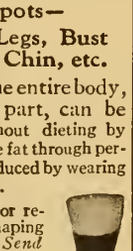
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DRAMA · OPERA · MUSICAL COMEDY · PHOTO PLAY · DANCE · SPEECH

The Rime of the Ancient Ham

(*Continued from page* 51)

Committing crimes in pantomime
While Art with scorn was spurned.

And rubbeth it in

And zanies, nit-wits, dumbbells, mimes,
Who ne'er had played a part,
Were crowned with laurel wreath and gold
By this Caliban of Art.

He meeteth up with a Movie Queen

As happened it, I once bespoke
A sceptered Movie Queen.
She earned a fabulous sum each week,
This Miss of seventeen.

And entreateth her to wise him up about how she puts it over

'Oh, child,' I said, 'please spell for me
Your secret of success.
What is the chicanery that holds
The public in duress?'

The dame giveth him an earful of apple sauce

'Well, sir,' she said, 'it's this a-way,
So far as I can tell.
When my first picture hit the screen,
The Public simply fell!

Dalsy Dumbell was starred in a piece but it was never released. The censors objected to the word "pajamas"

Of course, you see, I'm kinda cute,
In weepy, heart-sick dramas.
You'd ought to see my latest hit,
It's called, "The Cat's Pajamas."'

The Ham concludeth that Art has been vamped by a Flapper

Alas! I saw things clearly then.
Old Art, the doting fool,
Had been beguiled by simpering youth,
And was youth's easy tool.

Ain't it the truth?

Was like a vain and foolish man,
Who, when the years betide,
Puts off his old and faithful spouse,
And takes a younger bride."



Pert
The Waterproof Rouge
Lasts all day

BLITHE and debonair is she who uses PERT, for she has all the admiration that her own glad youth demands.

PERT is a cream rouge easy to apply and delightfully natural in effect. Orange-colored in the jar, it turns to a becoming pink as soon as it touches the skin. PERT is perspiration proof. That is why it lasts all day or evening; only cold cream or soap and water will remove it.

75c a jar. At drug or department stores or by mail.

Send a dime today for a sample of PERT Rouge, enough to keep your cheeks rosy for days. For another dime you will receive a sample of WINX, the liquid for darkening the lashes

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78 Grand St.
New York

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ZIP does more than merely remove surface hair. It actually attacks the cause under the skin, and thins quickly, gently and painlessly lifts out the hairs with the roots. The process seems almost miraculous but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with **ZIP**, and the colossal increase in sales, proves that it is the **scientifically correct** way to destroy the growth. Whatever preparation you use, demand that you **see the roots** after taking treatment and thus be sure that you are attacking the cause.

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To prove I can quickly and easily make you an accomplished dancer I will send you FREE, in plain cover, a lesson in Fox Trot, Secret of Leading, How to Gain Confidence, How to Follow and How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes. To help pay the cost of handling, mailing, etc., send 25c. Learn in private—surprise your friends. Act now and be a good dancer **soon!**





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64 East Richmond, Toronto, Canada.

The Fan comes out of his trance and says a few sweet words for the little dame

The Movie Fan spoke up at this.
"I've saw that little fluff,
In lots o' movie plays.
And say!
She sure can strut her stuff!

And wants to know why the flam pickette no time with his tale of woe

But lissen, Bo! You've hit the rocks,
As a one-eyed guy could see.
But why your mournful song and dance
Unload on Little Me?"

The Fan explains that he's gotta tell his troubles to somebody, or bust

"Ah, Sir! At times my soul is torn
With dire and woeful agony.
And till my doleful tale is told,
It will not set me free.

And how he unloadeth on anybody that's got a loose ear

I go from cinema door to door,
With my strange power of speech,
And when I can a listener find,
My tale to him I teach."

The Fan beats it and gets in the shuw in time to see the Boat races and the Ski jumpers

"All right, Old Coot,
I've heard your spiel.
It's a sad tale, too, at that.
But I gotta see the show inside.
Here's where I leave you flat."

Flashes from the Eastern Stars

(*Continued from page 57*)

Vivienne Segal, prima donna of "Adrienne," and Robert Ames, who is appearing in "We've Got to Have Money," were married recently in Maryland.

Mae Marsh has signed a contract to star in the Warner Brothers' picturization of David Belasco's play, "Daddies." She has left for the Coast.

Ralph Graves is to play opposite Marion Davies in her new Cosmopolitan picture, "Yolanda," which has started at the Forty-fourth Street studio. He will have the romantic rôle of Prince Maximilian. Lynn Harding, who is to play Charles the Rash of Burgundy, has arrived from London to begin work. "Yo-

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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

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Mail coupon today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer, and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.... dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn (dark red).... light brown.... light auburn (light red).... blonde....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

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It has been two months since I have finished your course on the Hawaiian Guitar and *I can play* anything I wish. The course was all that could be desired and I am perfectly pleased with my playing ability since finishing your course.
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I shall certainly be very glad to recommend your course whenever the chance is mine to do so. Mr. W. R. Johnson has not phoned me yet, and if he does not phone in a day or so, will write him. Am sending a letter to Miss Helen Slavik today which I think may help to secure her enrollment, and I shall be glad at any time to write a personal letter to anyone whom you may suggest.
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and these you acquire in a few minutes. No troublesome scales or runs, *you begin to play harmonious chords immediately!* We don't care if you never saw a note of music in your life, we *guarantee* to teach you to play *just as the Hawaiians do!*

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You have always wanted to play some instrument, so we have made it unusually easy for you by furnishing everything--a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, complete Conservatory Course of instruction and 52 pieces of especially selected music.

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landa" is an elaborate costume picture of the fifteenth century when Louis XI reigned over France and Edward IV over England. Robert G. Vignola is directing.

Seena Owen, who returned recently from Banff in the Canadian Rockies, has signed to star in Whitman Bennett's screen adaptation of "The Leavenworth Case," by Anna Katherine Green. Mr. Lionel Barrymore co-starred with her in "Unseeing Eyes," and among other functions they performed, while on location, was acting as judges in a baby show in which the contestants were swarthy little Indians.

Lloyd Hamilton, the motion-picture comedian, has left Los Angeles for New York where he will immediately begin production at the D. W. Griffith Studios in Mamaroneck, on his first five-reel comedy. The story in which he will appear is called "Black and White" and is the same production in which Al Jolson was rehearsing when he fled without notice to Europe.

Griffith is contemplating a film epic of the American Revolution. He has a scenario prepared and one star selected, Carol Dempster. It has been proposed that the Daughters of the American Revolution sponsor it.

George Pembroke, well-known juvenile lead on stage and screen, has signed up with George Beban for his current production to be made here in the East. Mr. Pembroke will be remembered for his work in support of William Faversham in "The Prince and the Pauper."

David Belasco has completed the installation of a new lighting equipment at the Belasco Theater. The outcome of scientific research and the result of years of experimental work, it will revolutionize stage lighting. He believes the most interesting, important and potential department of play production—aside from acting—is lighting. Heretofore, color lighting on the stage has been accomplished by the use of gelatin mediums. This process was and is unsatisfactory. Mr. Belasco's innovation will make it as extinct as the dodo.

Greenwich Village, New York's so-called Bohemia, with all its hokum, sophistication, and free thought, has been transferred this week to the Paramount studio in Long Island where Sam Wood is producing "His Children's Children." The scene shows a café in the village, a composite of the Pirates' Den, The Black

(*Continued on page 92*)

Special Announcement

of Interest to Every Reader of

CLASSIC

CLASSIC is to have an addition. Effective with the November number, SHADOWLAND, the Brewster Publication expressing the arts, will be combined with CLASSIC, the Picture Book de Luxe. The new title will be CLASSIC AND SHADOWLAND.

October will be the last number of SHADOWLAND to be issued as an individual magazine, and will be on sale at all news-stands on the 23rd of September, at 50c per copy. Whether you have bought this magazine before or not, you should get the October SHADOWLAND. John H. Anderson, Sheldon Cheney, William McFee, Mary Fanton Roberts, Allan Ross Macdougall, Lydia Steptoe, Perceval Gibbon, Ernest A Grunsfeld, Jr., and a host of others have contributed to make this, the last to be issued under the exclusive title of SHADOWLAND, the most beautiful and interesting number ever put out. By all means tell your news-dealer to save a copy for you.

Subscribers for both the CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND will have their time on Classic extended to make up for copies still due on SHADOWLAND. SHADOWLAND subscribers whose names do not also appear on our CLASSIC mailing list will receive the new CLASSIC to fill out their unexpired time on SHADOWLAND.

Please remember the date for the new CLASSIC and if you are not a subscriber, tell your newsdealer to be sure and save the November CLASSIC AND SHADOWLAND for you, out October 12th—price 25c per copy.

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O. F. Bale & Co. EST. 1888

21-23 Maiden Lane New York

Flashes from the Eastern Stars

(*Continued from page* 90)

Cat and other familiar resorts in New York's artistic center. Tiny Tim, the candy man, who sells the soul candy, which "stirs the emotions and charms the heart," is one of the interesting figures of the Village who is shown in the scene. He peddles his candy to the extras on the set just as he does nightly in the cafés downtown.

News has just come from abroad that Pedro de Cordoba, well-known artist, is to be starred in "I Will Repay," the Henry Kolker production being made in Great Britain now. Prior to this Mr. de Cordoba played the lead in "The Fires of Fate," a picture made in Egypt. At present he may be seen with Madge Kennedy in "The Purple Highway."

A punster has had the nerve to submit this: "Ever since an ambitious publicity man put a whale on top of Pike's Peak to advertise Elmer Clifton's 'Down to the Sea in Ships' we have been expecting to hear that someone has hitched 'The Covered Wagon' to a star."

Daniel Carson Goodman is cutting and editing his third production for Equity, titled "The Daring Years." The cast includes Mildred Harris, Charles Emmet Mack, Mary Carr, Tyrone Powers and Clara Bow.

"New York is the logical place to make pictures," says Richard Rowland, general manager of First National, who confidently expects to be producing the major portion of First National's releases in the East. "The scenery in California," he goes on, "has been overworked and production on the Coast is so far away from the home office that it is impossible to watch proceedings. Until business can be regulated so that the heads of the company are at the scene of activity, we are going to continue to hear these complaints registered against the ridiculous cost of production. The man who furnishes the bank-roll and who is personally interested in the production of the picture should be able to consult with his director by word of mouth. Telegrams, telephone and letters have proved eminently unsatisfactory in many cases. There is no prettier country for outdoor scenes in the spring, summer and fall, than New York and vicinity. The Hudson River, the Adirondacks, Long Island and the Catskills furnish scenery that cannot be duplicated anywhere else in the world."



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Two Shades: *Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes.*



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Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST

622-L, Ackerman Building, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 55*)

he smiled brightly on Mr. Small, who was fizzing like a bottle of soda water. "One week from tonight—*one week*," he repeated significantly, holding the millionaire's eye, "we will show you all the first demonstration of wireless power ever made!"

The sputtering Small met the triumphant smirk of Dinsmore Bevan, and remembered a long list of old scores to be evened up. What a story it would make at the club—the Wise Boy of Wall Street gypped by a tramp. It was too good to spoil, and anyway he had given his promise that this audacious rascal should have a week in which to blow his own horn. He burst into a roar of laughter, prodding a knowing elbow into Jack's ribs. "A week, eh? Not much time, my boy!"

Jack's blue gaze sought Ann gravely. "Oh, I dont know," he said, "after all, the world was made in seven days, you know. Perhaps it can be made over in a week, who knows?"

And Ann, the modern, saw fit to blush again, as tho his remark could by any possibility have had anything to do with her!

To quote Buddy, the week that followed was "the snake's hips." He was not quite clear just how the miracle had been wrought but Life had taught him to ask no questions, and so he took what was offered—two helpings, and made no comments until he and his brother were safely in bed in the luxurious room that looked to his awed gaze like one of those movie palaces the swell skirt that marries the he-man hero lives in.

"Say, I saw you and Ann in the garden this afternoon," he confided at such a time, "now dont get sore, only do you think it's straight to kiss another guy's girl?"

"Ann isn't another guy's girl," Jack's voice came from the darkness a trifle tremulously, "she's *my* girl, Buddy! She and Augustus dont want to get married, and this afternoon she promised to marry *me*, only we are going to keep it a secret till the evening we test out the invention."

Buddy extended a small, hard hand in congratulation. "That's the ant's Adam's apple!" he avowed. "Say, I bet that Yates dame with the demountable complexion is going to be sore! She has you picked to do a Mendelssohn with that Julia of hers. Say—dont squeeze too hard. I bumped my finger today—yeah, on Percy's eye! He said your wireless was no good, and *I* said he was a



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A double-page spread of pen pictures by Kliz that show many of the screen favorites from a humorous angle.

November
Motion Picture Magazine
On the stands October first

liar! It's going to work all right, isn't it?"

"Sure it is!" Jack said cheerfully. Horn-blowing was getting a habit with him nowadays, but in his heart he was not so sure, and as he sat a few nights later at the transmitter which had been placed in the Jolyon drawing-room waiting for the first faint ticking which would prove success, his confident smile covered a sick fear. If the thing should fail, he must in common honesty give Bevan back his check, and start out again on the road that led away from Love and Happiness—and Ann.

He started from his thoughts at the sound of her name, spoken acidly on Mrs. Yates' tongue, "Ann is at the cabin with Augustus tonight, is she, Mr. Small? I thought that she would probably prefer to await the result—at *this* end."

There was no mistaking the insinuation of the emphasis, especially as it was accompanied by a spiteful glance toward the man who had not chosen to become her son-in-law. Small whirled with a snarl upon Jack. "*What?* D'you mean to say that you've *dared*——"

Jack interrupted sternly. Hand on the transmitter, every nerve tense with listening for the first tick, he faced the millionaire's purple rage steadily, "I have dared to love your daughter, yes! But I would never have spoken of it to her if Augustus had not confessed that they did not care for each other."

"But—that's carrying the joke too far! A common soldier—a tramp ——" Small turned to the others, sputtering out the story of the imposture, waving a pudgy diamonded forefinger at Jack who stood very straight as tho at attention under their curious, hostile eyes, "and now this—this impostor dares to tell me he hopes to marry my daughter—ha! ha! That would be a joke—a fellow without a penny——"

"How about the check I gave you?" Bevan's voice was ugly. For reply Jack silently took the slip of paper from his pocket, tore it across and handed it to him. At almost the same moment the instrument beside him began to tick! Jack laughed exultantly, facing them, head high. "A common soldier!" he said with a great breath, "that's the finest compliment you could pay me! And as for the rest—yes, I am penniless—except for a half share in Augustus' invention!"

Dinsmore Bevan smiled a sickly smile. "I was hasty," he began propitiatingly, "suppose I write you another check——"

The jangle of the telephone inter-

(*Continued on page* 96)

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Bear State Film Co., Hollywood, Calif.
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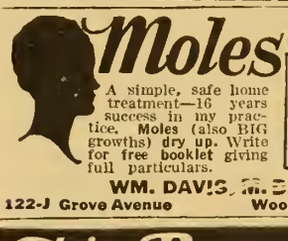
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Blow Your Own Horn

(*Continued from page* 94)

rupted. Jack picked up the receiver and his face went white as he listened. "You say the cabin is electrified and you cant get out? Augustus is unconscious? For God's sake keep away from anything metal, and I'll be there——" he turned upon them, "one of the high tension wires must have fallen against the ridge-pole flashing! They'll be roasted alive——"

Mr. Small had sunk down into a chair. He seemed to have shrunken all in a moment until his clothes hung loosely on him. "I thought—I cut the arterial lead——" he muttered. "I wanted the experiment to fail so I could buy Bevan's share——" he began to whimper, "save her, young man, and I'll give you ten thousand dollars—twenty——"

But Jack was gone. A small pajamaed figure met him in the hall, and for one instant he paused, gripping Buddy's shoulder with fingers that left a mark for days. "Do you know any prayers, kid?" Jack asked him tensely, "if you do, get down on your knees and say them till I get back—with *her!*"

Obediently Buddy slid down and prayed the only prayer he knew. "Now I lay me down to sleep"—he was still repeating it in a voice hoarse from fatigue, an hour later when they all returned, with Jack in the midst of a worshipping throng. From the clamor of many voices, disjointed facts floated thru Buddy's sleep-dazed brain, Jack had climbed the steel tower of the power line and jumped down on the broken wire swinging it free from the cabin. . . .

The figures of his brother and Ann seemed to recede in his head, and then grow to enormous size—he had never seen such a large kiss even in the final close-up of a movie! "—it's the red-blooded—he-men that gets—'em every time," Buddy muttered sagely from the depths of a long and varied cinema experience as the waves of sleep rolled finally over him, "just the same — that guy, Shakespeare, was right—you gotter—blow—your own—horn——"

Iris In

(*Continued from page* 46)

Furthermore, we cant see that Pola has changed for the better. So far as Tilden and Chaplin are concerned, it's always love fifteen to forty with both of them.

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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 49)

SYMPATHETIC treatment has made the screen version of Du Maurier's classic of the *Quartier Latin*, "Trilby" (First National), something which belongs in an exclusive gallery of appealing canvases. All the refreshing sentiment and the vital pathos are admirably caught by the director who makes of "Trilby" a work comparable to the best of the stage productions of the play. In its favor is a dramatic story possessing fine screen possibilities — a story which lends itself to every form of expression which has been realized upon the silversheet. Its vivid characters stalk across the screen giving substance and life to the tragic story of Trilby's romance with Little Billie—and the unhappy fate which snuffs out her life as she is determined to rid herself of the malign influence of the dread Svengali.

Trilby is enacted by Andrée Lafayette who was brought over from France to create the rôle. She gives a performance marked with poignant charm—and singing with divine romance. The Svengali of Arthur Carewe is a capital study—a study sinister and uncanny—quite as Du Maurier sketched it. And the other immortal characters are excellently limned by competent players—who seemingly caught the spark of the playwright.

The picture offers no variation from the original. It is executed with fine understanding and feeling. The types, atmosphere and background are thoroly convincing. We enjoyed the unhappy ending the best—since it is faithful with the play. There is a happy finish for those who do not enjoy stark tragedy in their screen fare. Even this conclusion does not mar the vital fabric of the story. "Trilby"—anyway you look at it, richly deserves a place in the sun.

HAD Maurice Tourneur treated "The Brass Bottle" (First National) in the spirit with which it was written, he would have carried the spectator along on a fanciful journey. Instead, he has failed utterly to realize its delicate whimsy. The author of the tale was evidently influenced by the tales of the Arabian Nights — particularly, "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," and 'fashioned an imaginative story saturated with whimsical humor. An illogical piece if taken seriously, but because it was tempered with delicate satire, it made most enjoyable reading. But Tourneur has not caught the spirit of

(Continued on page 99)

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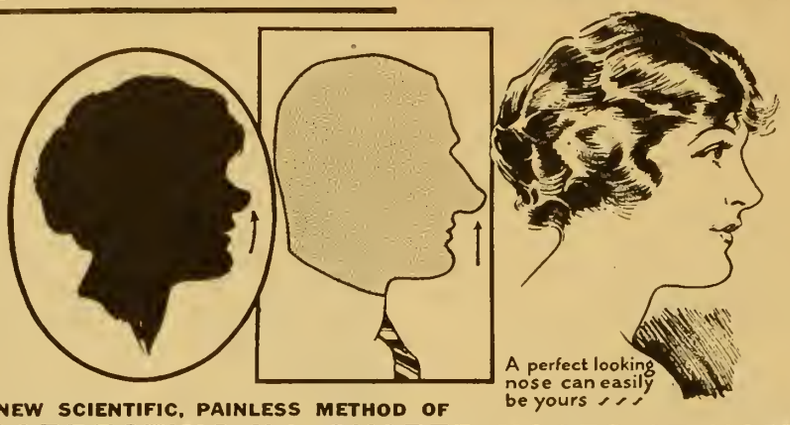
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Current Stage Plays

(*Continued from page 6*)

Provincetown.—"Sun Up." A passionate tragedy of the North Carolina mountain folk. The Widow Cagle is superbly played by Lucile La Verne.

Republic.—"Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments of the Irish and Jew in which the irreconcilable is reconciled thru emotion.

Ritz.—"In Love With Love," the story of a flirt caught in her own love net. Lynn Fontanne holds you in suspense with a reality that makes your heart beat.

Selwyn.—"Helen of Troy." A musical comedy, the book by Kaufman and Connolly and the lyrics by Kalmar and Ruby. It has a coherent plot and deals with adventures in a collar factory.

Shubert.—"Artists and Models," a revue; the professional version of the Illustrators' Show. It includes sketches by James Montgomery Flagg, Henry Wagstaff Cribble and Clarence Buddington Kelland. Adele Klaer, who acts, paints, and writes poetry, has the lead.

Vanderbilt.—"Two Fellows and a Girl," typical Cohan comedy-drama, panned by all the critics and flocked to by the public.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show" with Jobyna Howland, Joan Hay, Walter Woolf and George Hassell surrounded by a chorus of one hundred beauties.

ON TOUR

"Blossom Time." A musical comedy based on the life of Franz Schubert.

"Bombo," black-face extravaganza.

"Cameo Girl," and "Listen to Me," musical comedies of one-night stands.

"Caroline," a musical gem.

"Dew Drop Inn." Second company.

"Irene," with an all-star cast composed of the original principals of the company. A musical comedy.

"Irene Castle's Fashion Show," including dancing and musical numbers.

"Kempy," an English comedy.

"Lady in Ermine," a musical comedy concerning a romantic legend about an ancient castle.

"Lightnin'." A comedy that crosses your heart—the one that Frank Bacon made famous.

"Loyalities," a Galsworthy play with an English cast—the story of semetic conflict.

"Partners Again," a Potash and Perlmutter comedy.

"Sally, Irene and Mary." One of the best musical shows that have ever blessed the comedy stage.

"So This Is London." George Cohan poking fun at American and British temperaments. Not original cast.

"The Crash," a melodrama by Lincoln J. Carter and Ralph Kittering, produced exclusively for the road.

"The Dancing Girl." Song and dance.

"The First Year," a comedy about "breakers ahead" on the honeymoon.

"The Fool," a drama. about a minister who tries to follow the life of Christ in modern locale.

"The Heart of Paddy Wack," with the old favorite Chauncey Olcott.

"The Old Soak," a play on the order of "Lightnin'," with Raymond Hitchcock, the lovable inebriate.

"The Passing Show," as usual a gorgeous revue.

"You and I," a society comedy, wherein a career is sacrificed to matrimony and refound in the next generation.

"Wang," with the arch comedian, De Wolf Hopper, a charming revival.

"Whispering Wires," a mystery play that makes the flesh creep.

"Wildflower," which has a delightful musical score. Second company.

(*Continued from page 97*)

Anstey's original. He resorts to heavy touches of slapstick which rob it of a fanciful flavor, tho he does succeed in making it mirthful occasionally.

"The Brass Bottle" features the struggles of a young architect who comes into possession of an ancient antique from which emerges a grateful genie after an imprisonment of six thousand years. Every wish of the architect is gratified as a result. But the illusions—the black magic of the story are unfortunately missing. What is revealed is an array of hackneyed gags with Ernest Torrence as the genie, Tully Marshall as a musty, old professor, and Harry Myers as the architect executing the high jinks. The fanciful note is very faint. As a result the picture is often stupid. And it could have been such an effective fantasy.

AS long as Mae Murray continues to maintain her penchant for worshiping at the shrine of Terpsichore—just so long will she fail to develop any hidden talent which may reveal her as an actress of parts. This star because of an indulgent director—who happens to be her husband—is allowed to pout and pirouette to her heart's content. The result is Mae has lost all sense of poise.

"The French Doll" which created a mild flurry upon the stage is hardly substantial enough to carry one along with unbounded interest. Its theme is hackneyed, treating as it does upon the pursuit of riches by a grasping French papa and his irrepressible daughter—who have come to America to chase an eligible young man from New York to Miami. There is no vital spark discernible. It follows an even course straight to an orthodox movie climax—in which the young eligible is captured after the girl becomes wounded in a shooting affair. The picture is neatly staged and photographed. But the star needs repression.

WE cannot mention any director in James Young's class who can be so dependably erratic. He balances such a fine achievement as "Trilby," with an impossible piece of claptrap such as "Wandering Daughters" (First National). The fault here is not entirely Mr. Young's. In the first place, the story which is bared to the mercies of the screen is an inconsequential, stupid affair concerning the morals of young girls—an idea which has long outlived its usefulness in film circles,



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but which the producers imagine is still good meat for the masses. It is a lot of bunk—this story, which presents its characters in an ever-continuous walking marathon from one set to another. The moral establishes that it is the wandering boy who produces the wandering girl. It is told against a colorless society background. A poor story, poorly directed.

THE serial form of melodrama—wherein much excitement and thrills are compressed into a harum-scarum tale of feature length is exposed again in Fox's "The Eleventh Hour." The idea goes back—very far back—to the days of the ten, twent', and thirt' gallery god stuff—when Lincoln J. Carter and Hal Reid turned them out overnight. This happens to be one of Carter's which has been revised and made up to date to fit the modern age of inventions.

Once upon a time, Louis Sherwin, the adaptor, scoffed at such intensified hokum, when criticizing the drama. Possibly he was laughing up his sleeve while he doctored up Carter's pet plot. It keeps moving—that's something in its favor. And it concerns a government agent in conflict with a group of conspirators determined to embarrass our fair country. The agent fights them singly and collectively and before he rescues the girl—you will see plenty of melodramatic fireworks which include daring rescues, escapes, hot steel, hot furnaces, hot love and pursuits thru land, sky and water.

A WEIRD attempt to make capital of the jazz craze and the attendant moral when the young irresponsibles absorb some common sense in Paramount's "Children of Jazz." It is mad, bad hokum—without rhyme or reason—a tale which thrusts its characters in wild orgies—which takes them thru the air in planes and thru the water in schooners—which puts them down in a secluded island presided over by a quaint figure of yesteryear. The idea employed is that of cave-man tactics in taming the young irresponsibles. Jerome Storm, the director, is out of his element here. The rural touch comes to the surface ever so often. It is poorly arranged and episodic and badly overplayed by Theodore Kosloff. Wildly improbable, but which holds the attention because one will want to see how crazy it becomes.

THERE seems to be no way of judging what stage plays will become entertaining on the screen. Here is "Lawful Larceny"—which in

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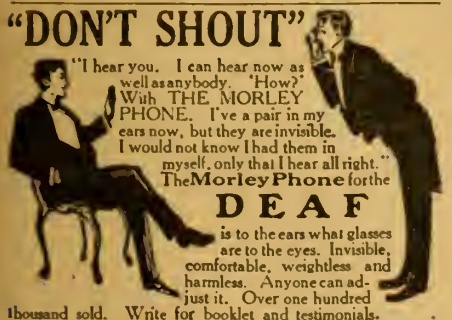
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the spoken version wasn't so bad, nor was it so good—but upon the screen, it is colorless, dull and stupid. It has been doctored too, probably thru fear of the censors. But we did glean that it concerns our old friend, the playful husband—who deceives his wife—who pays, pays, and pays—until she goes to the rescue and matches her wits against the wily adventuress.

The sponsors have not injected a single dramatic episode. In fact, the punch is entirely missing. There are several interludes which have nothing in common with the story—and these feature a display of cabaret life—with Gilda Gray and several Follies girls shaking their torsos—to the delight of the extras and the spectators. The story is commonplace and the acting is uninspired.

IN speaking of stupid stories, the prize must be given "The Love Piker" (Cosmopolitan-Goldwyn) for turning out a picture which literally stands still in its tracks. Whatever merit the original tale carried has been lost in transference to the screen. There is no humor, no sentiment, no pathos, no drama, no suspense and positively no movement. A tame, boresome account of a snobbish girl who falls in love with the young engineer in her father's company. There is no reason to continue further—you know the following episodes. Let us explain, however, that the conflict rests upon such a delicate premise as the girl's refusing to marry the youth because his father is an uncouth pipe smoker. Oh yes, he develops some manners in the end—and the wedding takes place per schedule.

MADGE KENNEDY must be given more suitable stories than "The Purple Highway" (Paramount) if she wants to bask in the spotlight of her erstwhile popularity. The piece places a heavy strain upon this able pantomimist—who does manage to appear genuinely human in a sticky, sentimental adventure of a girl placed on the heights by a couple of artistic failures. They write a musical comedy for her and she neglects them in responding to the advances of a wealthy stage-door Johnnie. The customary movie ending is tacked on to leave us smiling when we say good-bye. There is little resemblance in this piece with the original—once known as "Dear Me." Monte Blue conveys the impression that he has lost his last friend in the rôle of the neglected playwright.

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Vol. XVIII — DECEMBER, 1923 — No. 4

COVER PORTRAIT—BABY PEGGY

Painted by E. Dahl from a photograph by Horwitz

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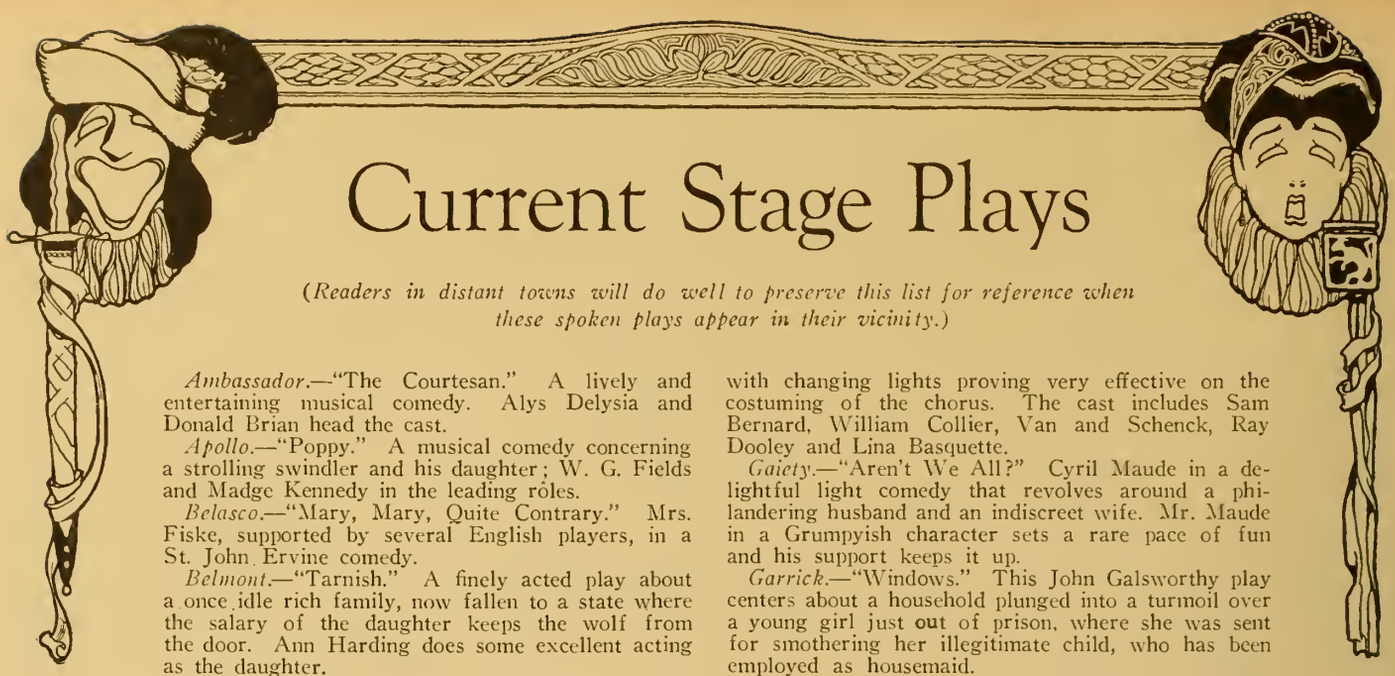
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CLASSIC comes out on the 12th of every month, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE on the 1st, BEAUTY on the 8th.

Announcement for January

Kenneth Macgowan, the youngest and most brilliant of theatrical authorities, is going to write an article every month for Classic on "The Play of the Month" * * * Laurence Reid, the best of the movie critics, will head his monthly department with "The Movie of the Month" * * * Should be interesting. * * * A stage star has interviewed a screen star, and each one insisted upon talking about the other. * * * Anyway, Doris Kenyon *tried* to make Richard Barthelmess talk about himself. * * * Leonore Ulric tells what she thinks of California. You'd be surprised! * * * The loveliest assortment of pictures we have ever offered. * * * Why dont you buy Classic. * * * It is the most beautiful screen magazine on the stands. * * * And dont forget, the January number is a Christmas Number. * * *



Current Stage Plays

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Ambassador.—"The Courtesan." A lively and entertaining musical comedy. Alys Delysia and Donald Brian head the cast.

Apollo.—"Poppy." A musical comedy concerning a strolling swindler and his daughter; W. G. Fields and Madge Kennedy in the leading rôles.

Belasco.—"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." Mrs. Fiske, supported by several English players, in a St. John Ervine comedy.

Belmont.—"Tarnish." A finely acted play about a once idle rich family, now fallen to a state where the salary of the daughter keeps the wolf from the door. Ann Harding does some excellent acting as the daughter.

Bijou.—"The Whole Town's Talking." A farce by John Emerson and Anita Loos, well-known motion-picture scenarists, written around a movie director who ignores the Eighteenth Amendment.

Booth.—"The Seventh Heaven." Hand-made on melodramatic pattern in a Montmartre tenement in Paris, of an admixture of love, regeneration, humor and unreality. An excellent performance with Helen Menken starring.

Broadhurst.—"The Dancers." Richard Bennett in a play by Gerald Du Maurier. Review later.

Carroll.—"Vanities of 1923," with Peggy Hopkins Joyce leading the delectable and innumerable vanities.

Casino.—"Wildflower," in which lovely Edith Day flashes thru an exquisite musical score.

Century.—Sir John Martin-Harvey's English company in repertoire.

Century Roof.—"The Nine O'Clock Revue." Arthur Hammerstein's London importation with an English cast. It is a simple but colorful revue.

Cohan.—"Adrienne." A musical comedy with an unusually good chorus. Billy Van and Richard Carle, the latter of "The Spring Chicken" fame, take care of the laughs. Lou Lockett and Margaret Ross introduce a new dance, Adagio.

Comedy.—"Children of the Moon." A modern story of a moon-mad daughter, a lover and a possessive mother. Florence Johns does fine work as the daughter.

Cort.—"The Swan." Eve Le Gallienne in another play from the Hungarian of Franz Molnar.

Daly's.—"Ginger." A lively musical comedy with Tom Swift and Nellie Breen.

Elliott.—"Rain." A bitter tragedy by Somerset Maugham; a violent attack on the repressions of Puritanism. Jeanne Eagels is superb in the leading rôle.

Eltinge.—"Red Light Annie," a melodrama of the underworld dealing with the drug question. Mary Ryan in the leading rôle.

Empire.—"Casanova," a glamorous eighteenth-century romance adapted from the Spanish by Sidney Howard, featuring Katherine Cornell and Lowell Sherman.

Forty-eighth.—"Zeno." This melodramatic mystery play, by Joseph R. Rinn, deals with the newest brand of crooks, electricity and radio.

Forty-ninth.—"For All of Us." A play by William Hodge. The cast includes the author, Florence Mason and Marion Abbott. Review later.

Frazee.—"Tweedles." A comedy by that team of humorists, Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, built on a skeleton of family pride. Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon, the young pair conspired against, do good work while reducing all the overly proud to mere "Tweedles."

Frolic.—Grand Guignol Players of the Grand Guignol Theater, Paris, in repertoire of drama and comedy given in French.

Fulton.—"Nifties of 1923." An interesting revue which includes a color ballet with changing lights proving very effective on the costuming of the chorus. The cast includes Sam Bernard, William Collier, Van and Schenck, Ray Dooley and Lina Basquette.

Gaiety.—"Aren't We All?" Cyril Maude in a delightful light comedy that revolves around a philandering husband and an indiscreet wife. Mr. Maude in a Grumpyish character sets a rare pace of fun and his support keeps it up.

Garrick.—"Windows." This John Galsworthy play centers about a household plunged into a turmoil over a young girl just out of prison, where she was sent for smothering her illegitimate child, who has been employed as housemaid.

Globe.—"George White's Scandals." A *de luxe* edition of gorgeously gowned beauties that make scandals appetizing, including parodies on the "Chauve-Souris" and the Moscow Art Theater.

Greenwich Village.—"The Shame Woman," by Lulu Vollmer, author of "Sun Up," a current success.

Harris.—"The Nervous Wreck." An excellent farce by Owen Davis. Otto Kruger plays the part of the nervous wreck, a young clerk sent West to cure himself of the diseases he imagines he has. He wishes to be left alone to die peacefully, but June Walker, as the entrancing heroine, tries to run away with him and thus starts an endless amount of trouble for him.

Hudson.—"The Crooked Square," by Samuel Shipman with Edna Hibbard and Ben Lyon taking the leads.

Jolson's.—E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe with a capable and supporting company in repertoire of Shakespeare's plays.

Klaw.—"Nobody's Business." Francine Larrimore and Frank Conroy in a good-humored comedy.

Knickerbocker.—"The Lullaby." An Edward Knoblock drama starring Florence Reed. This is the story of a sinning woman's life.

Lenox Hill.—"Sun Up." A passionate tragedy of the North Carolina mountain folk. The Widow Cagle is superbly played by Lucile La Verne.

Liberty.—"The Magic Ring." Mitzi, after a two-years' absence, returns as a street urchin in a fantastic musical comedy which revolves about a magic ring. Harold Levy is responsible for some very catchy musical numbers of the play.

Little.—"Chicken Feed." A comedy dealing with small-town life, setting forward what happens about the fifteenth year of married life. Roberta Arnold is featured.

Longacre.—"Little Jessie James," a musical comedy with Nan Halperin as Little Jessie. The Paul Whiteman band dubbed the James Boys takes care of the orchestration.

Lyceum.—"Little Miss Bluebeard." Irene Bordoni in a comedy that cleverly misses being *risqué*. The plot hangs on the belief of the heroine that she is married to two men. Miss Bordoni sings several fascinating ballads.

Henry Miller.—"The Changelings." A comedy by Lee Wilson Dodd. The cast includes: Henry Miller, the producer, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, Laura Hope Crews.

Morosco.—"Scaramouche." Vivienne Osborne and Sidney Blackmer in a play dramatized from Rafael Sabatini's book of the same name.

Music Box.—"Music Box Revue." A new edition of Irving Berlin's extravagant display of beauty and humor.

New Amsterdam.—"Ziegfeld Follies." The 1923 edition of the Follies.

Palace.—Keith vaudeville. Always a good bill, and drawing more and more talent from the headliners of the regulars.

Playhouse.—"The Player Queen." A play by William Butler Yates; and "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," by George Bernard Shaw, with Pamela Gaythorne,

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Tweedles
The Nervous Wreck
In Love with Love
Children of the Moon
Casanova

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Plymouth.—"Launzi." Pauline Lord in a play from the Hungarian of Franz Molnar, adapted by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Review later.

Princess.—"The White Desert." An interesting play by Maxwell Anderson with George Abbott and Frank Shannon.

Republic.—"Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments of the Irish and Jew in which the irreconcilable is reconciled thru emotion.

Ritz.—"In Love With Love," is the story of a flirt caught in her own love net. Lynn Fontanne holds you in suspense with a reality that makes your heart beat.

Sekeyn.—"Battling Buttler." A peppy musical comedy about a husband who impersonates a prize-fighter having the same name as his, which enables him to steal away from his wife on many supposed training trips.

Shubert.—"Artists and Models," a revue; the professional version of the Illustrators' Show. It includes sketches by James Montgomery Flagg, Henry Wagstaff Cribble and Clarence Buddington Kelland. Adele Klaer, who acts, paints, and writes poetry has the lead.

Thirty-ninth.—"A Lesson In Love." Emily Stevens and William Faversham in an interesting and emotional comedy-drama.

Times Square.—"Helen of Troy." A musical comedy, the book by Kaufman and Connolly and the lyrics by Kalmar and Ruby. It has a coherent plot and deals with adventures in a collar factory.

Vanderbilt.—"Two Fellows and a Girl," typical Cohan comedy-drama, panned by all the critics and flocked to by the public.

Winter Garden.—"Greenwich Village Follies." A beautiful spectacle seasoned with goodly humor.

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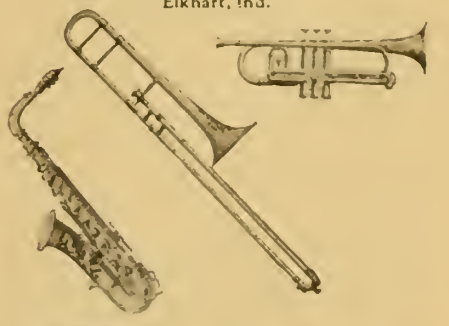
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"The First Year," a comedy about "breakers ahead" on the honeymoon.

"The Fool," a drama about a minister who tries to follow the life of Christ in modern locale.

"The Gingham Girl." Good comedy and better music.

"The Heart of Paddy Wack," with the old favorite Chauncey Olcott.

"The Music Box Revue." Extravagant in girls, costume and song.

"The Old Soak," a play on the order of "Lightnin'." With Harry Beresford, the lovable inebriate.

"The Passing Show," as usual a gorgeous revue.

"The Perfect Fool." Edwin Wynn making it perfect.

"Thumbs Down." A somewhat wild but amusing mystery play.

"Up the Ladder," a drama concerning the newly married and their extravagance.

"Wang," with the arch comedian, De Wolf Hopper, a charming revival.

"Whispering Wires," a mystery play that makes the flesh creep.

"Wildflower," which has a delightful musical score. Second company.

"You and I," a society comedy, wherein a career is sacrificed to matrimony.

QUESTION

By Wright Field

You have said that you love me . . .
I have not tasted food today,
And the water that I drank
Has been wine. . . . Last night,
Heaven spilled itself across my bed
In the glory of moonlight,
And kissed down my eyelids
Into a trance of delight
More exquisite than dreams . . . all day
I trembled with the ecstasy
That swam about me . . . if it is thus
To know that you love me,
How shall I bear it
When . . . you kiss me?

THE EGO

(To any man—or woman)

By Wright Field

What are you, anyway,
That your small pin-pricks of opinions,
Hopes, fears, desires, and prejudices,
(Especially the latter!)
Should be thrust upon a World
That has annoyances of its own,
And a hard enough time, as it is,
To get along with you,
Without your small stings?

. . . . . .

Should a worm,
Sucking its life from an apple,
Rear its humble form indignantly,
And hurl advice or venom at the apple-tree
That tolerates, shelters, and feeds it?
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Is your apple-tree;
Be glad it tolerates you,
And keep your worm-like views
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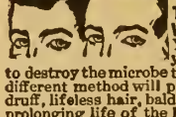


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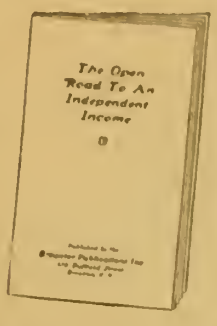
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DON'T be a fatalist about your skin!

Don't say to yourself that you have a naturally poor complexion, just as some women have a naturally good complexion.

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Begin now to overcome this condition! You *can* make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give this *new skin* the special treatment it should have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

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A PORTFOLIO of PLAYERS
STAGE AND SCREEN



Photograph by Ira D. Hill

Hope Hampton has been conscientiously and persistently working toward better things, and for her part in "The Gold Diggers," the critics had only praise



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

This sterling actor, like so many others, divides his time between stage and screen. He is now playing in the New York stage success, "The Jolly Roger," and has just completed an English film

PEDRO De CORDOBA



Photograph by Richard Southall Grant

ANN PENNINGTON

Whenever a show in New York is in danger of flopping, the powers just call in little Miss Pennington and the day is saved. Pinch hitting seems to be her "métier." Piquant is an overworked word, but it belongs to Ann



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

We cant resist quotıng Classic's ovvn "Iris In" about this fascinating woman. Speaking of "Lawful Larceny," Hanemann said, "It's Naldi, but it's nice!"

NITA NALDI



CONRAD NAGLE

Whose work is steadily improving under the Goldwyn banner. He has just completed "The Rendezvous" and will play Paul in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks"



Photograph by Strauss Peyton

This starlet has had hard luck, but it has turned now, and she is playing Beatrice Chew opposite Glenn Hunter in "West of the Water Tower"

MAY McAVOY



Photograph by White Studios

MADGE KENNEDY

This irresistible comédienne is twinkling on the stage in "Poppy" and is at the same time on tour in her photoplay, "The Purple Highway"



Paramount

POLA NEGRI
The genius of the screen



Edwin Bower Hesser

MABEL NORMAND
The most temperamental



Clarence S. Bull

BLANCHE SWEET
The most extraordinary personality



MADGE BELLAMY
The prettiest

Questions and Answers

WHEN they know you are from Hollywood, you are due for a cross-examination; and when I am cross-examined, this is what I tell them:

THE QUESTION: Who is the finest artist in the movies?

THE ANSWER: Taking all things into consideration, the finest artist among the men is Charlie Chaplin; Lillian Gish among the women.

And if it comes to a decision between the two, we will have to agree upon what we mean by an artist. Charlie is a conveyor of ideas. Lillian Gish is a delineator of characters. Charlie is never anybody but himself and never tries to be. Charlie expresses himself and his quaint original angle on life. Lillian expresses other people and their angles on life. Strictly speaking, I suppose you might say that Chaplin is not an actor at all. That is to say, he never merges his own character into the representation of some character out of life. Charlie is essentially a painter. Only he uses himself and a camera instead of an easel and a brush. No artist in all the history of art has given to the world more exquisite pictures than the perfect little thumbnail sketches that Chaplin paints. He is a poet, only he uses his own feet and a pair of big shoes instead of iambic tetrameter. Charlie's little pictures of wistful poverty are among the great satires of the world's literature. Lillian Gish, on the other hand, is a great actress in the sense of casting off her own personality and putting on another like a coat.



Kenneth Alexander

CORINNE GRIFFITH
The second most temperamental

It is an incorrect use of terms to call Lillian a genius. Mabel Normand is a genius—perhaps the most remarkable that ever came to the screen. Pola Negri is another. Lillian is not a genius. She is a master workman. With Mabel Normand, acting bubbles out of her soul like water from a spring. I dont believe she gives it much thought. Also if she gave it much thought, she would hurt her work. She is at her best when she "just does it." The same is true of Pola Negri. One of the reasons why "Bella Donna" failed artistically was because Pola began figuring out what to do instead of plunging right in as she has done when she had a director she knew and trusted. With Lillian Gish, on the other hand, it is all conscious effort. She is always shooting at a mark. She studies the character she is to portray as a surgeon studies a disease. She even figures out in her own mind what such a girl would eat; what she would do on her holidays; what kind of friends she would have. She may never use these points on the screen; but it helps her to get "clear under." I think her work in "Broken Blossoms" was the highest point to which screen acting has ever been lifted.

LILLIAN GISH
The finest artiste

Abbe



THE QUESTION: Who is the most intelligent woman on the screen?

THE ANSWER: It lies somewhere between Mary Pickford and Louise Fazenda. Mary has the level keen intelligence of a captain of finance. I think she could make a success of any business in the world. She would be a glowing journalist; I am inclined to think she would be one of the most remarkable newspaper editors the world of journalism has known. With absolute seriousness I nominate Mary for this woman cabinet member they say is due to happen before long. She has vision and a level sanity that is almost appalling. I have never known any big public man with such an ability to reduce a situation to its native elements. Louise Fazenda is another type of mind. She is almost as shrewd and keen in a business way as Mary but she



Edwin Bower Hesser
THEDA BARA
The most charming socially



Witzel, L. A.
FLORENCE VIDOR
The most beautiful



Witzel, L. A.
RUTH ROLAND
The best business woman



Hoover Studio
LOUISE FAZENDA
The most original

Harry Carr Settles These Cinema Queries Once And For All

sometimes allows herself to be blinded by fits of self-pity and a variety of self-consciousness that manifests itself as "acting." You are not sure when you are down to the real genuine Louise Fazenda, or when she is just "acting." Without any comparison, however, she has the most original, daring and flashing intelligence of any girl in the movies. Mary always makes me think of a bank with shiny desks; Louise is more like a circus. Mary may emerge some day as a great financier; I shouldn't be surprised to see Louise become an author of real note and genius.

THE QUESTION: Who is the most charming socially?

THE ANSWER: The most finished social charm I ever met in the movies came from a Russian princess who was working as an extra. She had escaped from Siberia in a box car with thirty drunken Russian Cossacks who were trying to assault her most of the time and who were held at bay by her wit and charm of manner. I cant remember her name and dont know what became of her. She just blew in and blew out again. Of established actresses, the most charming woman I ever met is Theda Bara. I imagine it is somewhat studied and planned for on Theda's part; nevertheless she has charm and poise and a light flashing wit and at the same time depth and a rare tact and a delightful instinct for the color of words and the natural boundaries of a social conversation.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
The finest artist

© Strauss-Peyton



THE QUESTION: Who is the most extraordinary personality?

THE ANSWER: Is it Mabel Normand or Blanche Sweet? Certainly one of the two. Mabel is the only person I ever knew who seemed to take a delight in putting her worst foot forward. Mabel is one of the most thoroly and widely read women I have ever known but she religiously conceals the fact. If Mabel buys the *Atlantic Monthly*, she carries it home wrapped up in the *Police Gazette*. Mabel has a good angel that she always keeps locked up where nobody can find her. She has a bad angel whose name is Wild Impulse. The good little sweet, tender-hearted child who is the real Mabel sits at one side saying, "Dont, oh dont" to the reckless little Mabel who rushes wildly, intemperately on, refusing to listen. Blanche Sweet is another girl who keeps the best of herself where nobody can see—who covers up a tender, sympathetic heart and tries her best to be something other than the sweet lovable girl that she is. Underneath the Blanche Sweet that the world knows is a strange tragic note that is hard to explain and understand.



© Strauss-Peyton

MARY PICKFORD
The richest and the most intelligent

THE QUESTION: Who is the richest woman in the movies?

THE ANSWER: In her own right, Mary Pickford. She has a large fortune in securities that are like greenbacks in the bank. It is estimated that Mary is about twice a millionaire. Ruth Roland is also a very rich woman as a result of her real-estate investments. The ultimate extent of her fortune will depend somewhat upon the future of Los Angeles. With her immense oil fields; with a wealth of cheap electric power in her mountains, with her great fruit and cotton interests and her proximity to the Orient, it looks as tho Ruth had in the future of Los Angeles a pretty safe bet.

If we consider her husband's fortune as hers, which it is, in fact, under the California law, then Norma

(*Continued on page* 82)

The Powers Behind the Screen

Who's Who in the Motion-Picture Business

By STANTON LEEDS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the third of the series of five articles on the business end of the motion picture and a discussion and a description of the truly great personalities who have put the movies on the map*

"THE exhibitor," producers are wont to complain, "is the original cry-baby."

However that may be, the chorus against Adolph Zukor, after he set out on his ambitious project of supplying regularly each year two feature pictures a week, rose to a scream. It was maintained that high prices would scare off the public.

The idea was general, but it grew to be the particular white-headed pet of W. W. Hodkinson, the Cassandra of the picture business. Much given to prophecy, his warnings have rarely been heeded, but that they deserved better of his hearers is shown by his own success and his record as an independent distributor of a program of unusually well-selected pictures. "Down to the Sea in Ships" was his. So was "Journey's End."



Photograph by Pach, N. Y.

W. W. Hodkinson, the Cassandra of the picture business. Much given to prophecy, his warnings have rarely been heeded; but that they deserved better of their hearers is shown by his own success as an independent distributor. "Down to the Sea in Ships" was his offering

Tall, reserved but courteous, with a precise manner of speech that bears witness to his gift for balancing all the forces that assert their weight in any particular problem, he was the first president of Paramount, and on the subject of the company's attitude toward exhibitors, he and Zukor had words.

It has been said authoritatively of Adolph Zukor that he will express, in private, without reserve all the stored-up antagonism he may feel toward some rival, and the next minute receive this same rival in his office, welcoming him with all possible sympathy and attention, but this quality, that is also Lloyd George's, did not signalize his difference with Hodkinson. Their interchange of compliments is one of the classics of Broadway.

Its upshot was a meeting of the board of directors. Hodkinson found himself suddenly out in the cold, and, from time to time, others have followed him from the realm ruled by Zukor—notably B. P. Schulberg, who, on his own, discovered Katherine MacDonald, the American Beauty, to a waiting world; Hiram Abrams, now managing for Pickford, Fairbanks, Griffith, Chaplin and others, their own distributing concern; Al Lichtman, at thirty a salesman with an amazing reputation for results; Whitman Bennett, a Harvard *summa cum laude* man and now producer of his own pictures, and John D. Williams.

These men are Zukor men, and they have the Zukor idea just as surely as S. R. Kent, Famous Players' present sales-manager, has, but that John D. Williams ever was with Adolph Zukor seems to have been forgotten.

An Australian, he was disregarded until he loomed up, apparently from nowhere. Associated with him was H. O. Schwalbe, erstwhile secretary of the Stanley Company which owns a great chain of theaters in censor-ridden Pennsylvania—in fact, that great state, if not its performing censors, is said to eat out of this company's hand.

At any rate, with this immense market back of them, Williams and Schwalbe proceeded to organize the co-operative company which they called the First National.

"Paramount has the stars," they said. "That's Zukor's talking point. Till we get 'em away, we cant sell the country."

Now exhibitors, of course, had the neat notion that if they were to make pictures themselves they wouldn't have to buy them from Paramount. If they didn't have to pay so much to Paramount, they would make more themselves. Williams and Schwalbe found that these very ideas were rich, red meat for them.

In return for pictures to come, exhibitors banked money in the First National war chest and this money was used to assist such producers as D. W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, Marshall Neilan and so on, to make their own pictures. The pictures, of course, were First National's to distribute, and on these pictures exhibitors having a First National franchise had a primary claim.

The money was also used to hire stars to appear in pictures. From Zukor, Williams and his crowd coaxed Mary Pickford and a merry war was on.

Thru the loss of Mary Pickford, Zukor found all his valuable contracts threatened. He countered by buying, or building, theaters. In short, he became again what he

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Cameo Kirby, Gentleman Gambler

John Gilbert in the picturesque title-rôle of the new Fox film, "Cameo Kirby," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photograph by Russell Ball



Photograph by
Victor George

When I Come Back

A Promise

By

RODOLPH VALENTINO



Photograph by
Donald Biddle Keyes

Above is a study of Valentino and his remarkable wife, Natacha Rambova, taken in their own apartment before they sailed for Europe. The little round pictures look like "before and after" his coming back to the cinema

THE only Valentino sits easily at one end of a neutral-tinted davenport in his New York apartment. The room is in disorder, stripped of its draperies and the little odds and ends that make of four walls a home. Trunks and boxes of all shapes and sizes are about. Expensive luggage of every description fairly litters the place. He is leaving with his wife, Natacha Rambova, for a belated honeymoon in Europe. The interviewer is confused, frankly, rattled. One has heard so much of this man and dreamed so much more, that when one finally is in The Presence, words simply desert, or worse still, mutiny, and intelligent questions become chaotic stammerings. Yes, one is a little excited. Not so Valentino. He is smoking cigarets in an inordinately long and preposterously slender ivory holder. If the couch is neutral-tinted, he is not. He wears a shining gun-metal grey-satin lounge suit with collars and cuffs and frogs of bright Chinese red. His voice is soft, a little throaty, musical as all Italian voices are. There is only a trace of accent, utterly charming. His vocabulary is remarkable. He speaks:

I have not been happy away from pictures . I want to start to work again and I believe that that may be soon. You know I have signed a contract with the Ritz-Carlton Pictures and Mr. J. D. Williams, who is doubtless known to you. The arrangement becomes effective with the expiration of my Famous Players-Lasky contract. In February I shall start making pictures again.

I think I have the most wonderful contract it has ever been a star's privilege to sign. I had many other offers too. Do not think that vanity; I am merely stating a fact. But the contract that Mr. Williams offered me is exactly the thing I have been looking for ever since "The Four Horsemen." I am to select my own stories, my own cast, and the director I think best qualified to handle the particular story I wish to make. I am at liberty to choose any member, or the entire staff necessary to the making of pictures these days. The entire responsibility will be mine. If the pictures fail, it will be my fault.

But I do not think they will fail. I have not lost my head entirely, and do not mean to try to shoulder everything, as so many motion-picture stars have been doing lately, and with such disastrous results. Oh, no. I shall pick my own director, but once he is mine, I shall be his—if you understand me? I shall place whatever talents I have in his hands and I shall try to the best of my ability to be guided by superior mentality wherever I find it. So, I do not think we will fail.

I dare not fail. I do not like poverty and I have had my share of adversity and disillusionment. Perhaps it has been good for me—I am sure it has—but I do not want any more of it. . . .

Valentino sighs a little, smiles a little, and lights another cigaret. His eyes are far away. He is hardly conscious of a listener. It is as tho he merely speaks his thoughts aloud, far-away thoughts, but not so long ago that they should be softened by the merciful hand of retrospect. So little a while ago . . . and he was starving poor. . . .

I have been so poor, so what you call broke, that I hardly got enough to eat. I remember that, and it keeps me forever humble. I think back on those days and I think that now I must be careful. I must not get the swell head, because that ruins development; I must not think people cannot get along without what I have to give them, because there was a time when they did; and if I do not keep faith with my—my—friends who like me, they will deny me and I shall be poor and obscure again. Yes, I have been poor, so poor that I used to haunt the free-lunch counters. And I always used to go at five o'clock too—spent the day tightening my belt and waiting until five o'clock. And the reason I waited till five o'clock was that all the working-men filled the saloons then and bought their glass of beer—you were supposed to buy a glass of beer, but I never had the price—and in the crowd no one noticed that I had eaten tho I bought nothing. I

(*Continued on page* 86)



A character study of Valentino by Russell Ball. Ruddy will start making pictures again for us in February—unless he has more bad luck with his previous contract. We hope not, dont you?

Foreign Films

FRANCE



Above is Sadi Lecointe, the French Ace, in a Phocea Film, "The Speed King." Right is a scene from the German film "Struensee," which deals with the love affairs of a great statesman and a Danish queen





Photographs (above, right and below) © Gaumont

WHEN a man begins to be too attentive to his past, it means that he has given up hope of a future. If national and individual psychology conform to the same rule, then one is inclined to conclude that the future of the film abroad is, to say the least, obscure. Nearly ninety per cent. of the productions now being made in Europe are either of a historical or legendary origin. It is hardly flattering to the creative talent of contemporary writers abroad that in every important producing country there should be such a marked and almost exclusive tendency to exploit the past and ignore the present. However, it would be unjust to lay the blame for this situation to artistic poverty, for the policy of exploring the past and ignoring the present has largely an economic significance. It is cheaper to go to a public library than to submit to the demands of high-priced authors, and as the Budget has become the Bible of industries as well as governments abroad, the rôle of the bookkeeper has assumed a greater importance than that of the author.

The current productions in France are an excellent illustration of this principle, yet the revealing thing about them is that the principle of economy can be carried out without any undue sacrifice of art or impressiveness. In fact, in many instances the artistic value of the picture is actually enhanced. This is particularly true of the ambitious eight-part drama, "The Boy King," being made by the Société Ciné-Roman, which not only dispenses with the author but evades the exactions of the property-man. The story deals with one of the most dramatic episodes of the Pre-Revolutionary era, in which Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, the pathetic Dauphin, and Lafayette figure largely. The background of the action is the Palace at Versailles, a majestic mass of architecture which lends immense dignity to the picture and which for the first time has been conceded by the government to filming.



Above is Mary Johnson in a Swedish photoplay called "The Old Manor." Right is a scene from "The Mysterious Emblem," a Gaumont production which is laid in the closing years of Napoleon

The impressive Gaumont production, "The Mysterious Emblem," likewise has recourse to history, dealing with the closing years of Napoleon and the intrigues of his loyal followers to bring him back to power: evidently an inexhaustible source of drama and dealt with in this instance very convincingly. Aubert, who has just brought Sessue Hayakawa to Paris to star in a modern film, also bows to the historical trend in "Buridan, the Hero of the Tour de Nesle," which goes back even farther

Cineman Glances Over the European Studios

to Louis X, in which intrigue runs deep and passion runs high and the plot thickens to the point of being oppressive when Buridan turns down Queen Marguerite of Bourgogne in favor of her humble but charming rival, Myrtille. From these pictures it can be seen that the film fans of France will in the coming season submit to an intensive course in history such as will beggar their school-day memories.

GERMANY

The origin of this whole movement back to the past can, of course, be traced to Germany, where the essential motive was less economy than an effort to escape the stigma of the present or very recent past by seeking shelter in the neutrality of history. With a world still hostile to all the earmarks of Kultur and to any illusions, however oblique, to the nefarious influence which critical eyes can still discern in contemporary Germany, the producers of that country were compelled to seek subjects which would disarm any lurking prejudices. The first result was a type of film like "Caligary," fantastic, bold, experimental, and without any mark of nationality. But presently this vogue wore out, and the German producers began to make their raids on the past, prying into the history and legends of all countries, and selecting subjects which belong to all times and all peoples. And the result has been of inestimable value to the film world, in that it revealed a hitherto unexplored realm, rich in possibilities, and now being thoroly exploited by all European countries.



Photograph © Gaumont



Above is a tender moment from "Over the Wall." Left is Raquel Meller, a famous singer and dancer, in the first film she ever made in Spain, "The White Gitane." She is in the United States

Photograph (left) Kadel and Herbert



Germany has now added two more films to its historical collection: "Struensee," which dramatizes a page from Danish history; and "Peter the Great," which centers around one of the great Czars of Russia. The former is a picturesque and stirring record of the career of Struensee, who rose from obscurity to a position of power in Denmark, became a statesman of talent and authority, but whose weakness (so it was considered) was a most undignified love for the common people. Struensee had the King and the whole Court against him in his plebeian taste, but he had Queen Caroline-Mathilde with him, which was ample compensation. But even in palaces the way of love never runs smooth, and as Struensee's heart was doubly compromised in that he had consecrated it both to a woman and to an ideal, he paid the ultimate penalty, the loyal and devoted Queen sharing his fate at the guillotine.

(*Cont'd on page* 83)



Above is Alma Taylor, England's Mary Pickford. Every country boasts at least a dozen! Left is a scene from "The Boy King," an ambitious historical film story made in France



Scaramouche

Written In Short Story Form

By

GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

THE old coach rumbled thru the rough streets of Gavrillac. Its squeaking was prodigious, its rumbling immense; but if these things disturbed the fat lady with seven chins who sat in the corner, they had never an effect on André-Louis Moreau.

He was a dark, lantern-jawed young man, whose conceit it was that the world was mad and that he, André-Louis, was made to laugh at the lot of common mortals. But now he was not sardonic, not even satiric. His hand held a little square of crumpled handkerchief, and his thoughts were among the stars in the land where the dead dreams go. The memory was that of a young girl, fair and fragile, a spitfire if she wished, but with all a spitfire's sweetness. This was Aline de Kercadiou, orphaned niece of Quintin de Kercadiou, a grand seigneur in those piping days of peaceful France, when Louis XVI played at locksmith in the palace at Versailles.

From this place and palace, where she had been under the patronage of a powerful lady, Madame de Plougastel, she had come home once more to the sleepy little Breton town, and the crumbling château. A letter on André's lap told this, and more. "You will find her much changed," it read. Aline changed . . . how changed . . . would she still be the Aline who had loved André-Louis long years ago?

"Look! Look!" whispered Philippe de Vilmorin, André's companion, divinity student and earnest revolutionist in those dark days when a republican was a marked man.

Down the steep street came a solemn procession. Four men were carrying a quiet inert burden, whose dark head swayed stiffly as they walked. Ahead of them stalked the gigantic figure of the gamekeeper of the preserves of that mightiest of all mighty nobles, the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr. As they stepped from the coach, a peasant told them: "It is Mabey. He was poaching on the preserves of M. le Marquis. They shot him dead."

Into the squalid hut of Mabey, Philippe followed the body and its bearers, and as the poacher's wife moaned and a naked child huddled crying in a corner, he knelt to pray for the soul of a poor peasant, become an outlaw thru that grim specter of starvation that stalked the land.

There was a rustle outside, the stopping of a mighty traveling carriage, and there entered, stooping at the narrow door, that rakishly handsome *roué*, that bewigged and beruffled scourge of the countryside, that minor tyrant, the Marquis de la Tour. With him, snuff-box and cane in hand, minced his friend, the little jackal who trailed the tiger, the Chevalier de Chabrillane. They sniffed, they smiled, they exchanged snuff-boxes, for all the world as tho they were in the gilded salons of Versailles instead of a filthy hut, looking upon foul murder.

Philippe the rebel, Philippe the hot-head, sprang up, his rage red in him, an accusing finger at the Marquis.

"You mock, Monsieur. You laugh. Will you laugh, I wonder, when God presents his reckoning to you for the blood and plunder with which your hands are full?"

Chabrillane sprang forward, but the Marquis delicately tapped his snuff-box. "Monsieur," he said coldly and slowly, "your revolutionary sentiments betray the indiscretion of which madame your mother must have been guilty."

Philippe was a priest and a man of peace. For a moment he failed to comprehend; then he struck the Marquis square in the face. Too late André saw the trap which had been baited for his friend. The outcome of such an act was a duel. The Marquis was the finest sword in France; Philippe but a clumsy boy.

"But, Monsieur," he cried, "see, he wears no sword. He is a student for the priesthood."

"But mine is at Monsieur's service," said Chabrillane, smiling like a great cat.

And so it was. The Marquis was lithe as a serpent;



"You have killed him!" cried André. The Marquis ran a lace handkerchief along his blade. "Of course. He had a too dangerous gift of eloquence." Below: She swirled out, swung to the heavy curtain behind her, and met André on the stairs



Philippe stood square on to his adversary. A moment sufficed, the Marquis slid his foot far forward, and his sword ran red.

"You have killed him!" cried André.

The Marquis ran a lace handkerchief along his blade.

"Of course. He had a too dangerous gift of eloquence."

Supporting the body of his friend, André called after him. "Come back, you cowardly murderer, and make yourself quite safe by killing me too!"

The Marquis sprang forward, his sword held like a whip. But Chabrillane held him back, and La Tour d'Azyr turned away, never dreaming that in the shrill-voiced boy he had left behind was to be one of those searing sparks that soon set all France ablaze.

For André's first thought was of vengeance. He would have justice. So for justice he went to his godfather, Quintin de Kercadiou, the country squire, whom the villagers suspected, not without due reason, was father to this child of unknown parents, André-Louis Moreau. He had paid for his education, had sent him to the law school of Louis le Grand in Paris; certainly there was room for suspicion of the crusty old bachelor.

Kercadiou had been a friend to Philippe, surely he would help avenge his death. And so André ploughed up the long hill, past the



"Oh," cried the girl in dismay, "now you've gone and spoiled it all." Too late André realized that he had disturbed a rehearsal of a band of strolling players

working windmills, and into the bare and rather savage hall of his godfather. As he waited, he could see thru a long window, the shimmer of silks, the ruddier glow of velvets, the shake of a ruffled sleeve. What gallant, he wondered, could be wooing Aline. Suddenly the pair rose and wandered into the glare of sunlight. One was Aline, the other . . . the Marquis de la Tour!

He fairly sprang at his godfather with the story, and Kercadiou held up his hands in horror . . . horror not at the death of Philippe, but at the presumption of accusing the Marquis of murder. For remember, this was in a far-off France when nobles were wont to shoot peasants off slate roofs for want of better amusement.

Furthermore, Monsieur le Marquis was pressing a certain suit with Mademoiselle Aline. It would endanger her marriage into a mighty house if trouble were made. In short, there was nothing to be done, and André had better keep his hands out of it.

André stormed, he swore he would seek justice at Rennes, where was the King's Lieutenant, he swept out into the hall, and there tore Aline's lace handkerchief to shreds. It had been next his heart for many a year, and now as it lay at his feet, Aline herself swept thru the open door. With a cry of joy she ran toward him, would have taken him in her arms, but he drew away in disdain, and plunged out of the door and down the hill. At the inn he hired a horse and set out at a gallop for Rennes, just as the wondering Aline was picking her handkerchief from the stone floor.

Rennes was roaring with revolt. It was a market town, but no mean metropolis in its way, and its citizens were all a-smart with the indignities the Nobility had heaped upon poor France. The King's proclamation, it was rumored, had been made null by the Nobles; the people's rights had been swept away. So students and townsfolk swirled about a great statue like a surf-torn sea, and on the statue stood a lean young man, calling on his countrymen to arm.

But this was not business to André. He swept thru to the Palais de Justice, and at last was accorded audience by the King's Lieutenant, who was tasting some rare old Tokay by way of a weighty day's work. He was blustering and blowsy, his face was a mess of marks and sears, his nose was a stalk concluding in a bulb, but he was, withal, a man of soft sentiments, and as André spoke with passion of the past day's doings at Gavrillac, he wept. Tears coursed down his countenance. He felt bitterly for his fellow men, he was near total inundation in salt water, when he remembered to ask, "Who is this villain?"

SCARAMOUCHE

Fictionized by permission from Metro. Rex Ingram's production of the adaptation by Willis Goldbeck of the Rafael Sabatini novel. The cast:

André-Louis Moreau.....Ramon Novarro
Aline de Kercadiou.....Alice Terry
Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr.....Lewis Stone
Climène Binet.....Edith Allen
M. de Kercadiou.....Lloyd Ingraham
Philippe de Vilmorin.....Otto Matiesen
Mme. de Plougastel.....Julia Swayne Gordon
Binet.....James Marcus
Madame.....Lydia Yeamans Titus
Chevalier de Chabrillane.....William Humphrey
M. Benoit.....J. Edwin Brown
Mme. Benoit.....Carrie Clarke Warde
Le Chapelier.....Bowditch Turner
George Jacques Danton.....George Seigman
Polichinelle.....John George
Rhodomont.....Joe Murphy
Innkeeper.....Snitz Edwards

André-Louis told him in a ringing roar. The Lieutenant of the King ceased crying. He turned a rare and ruddy purple instead. His eyes would have flashed save that they were too fat and flaccid.

"You dare," he squeaked, "you dare accuse the Marquis! You dare suggest I should hang him! Out! Get out!"

But as he rose, the angry André could not forbear a final shot. "I always heard, Monsieur, that Justice was blind but beautiful. Today I have found that she is in truth blind, but as for beauty . . will Monsieur but look to the left?"

Monsieur looked. There stood a mirror, and he beheld the bulbous nose, the rolls of fat, the mighty paunch, and behind it all, the leer of André-Louis Moreau.

"Arrest that man!" he howled. But it was too late. André was gone, leaving nothing behind but the wrecked nervous system of the King's Lieutenant.

A diversion in the crowd drew his attention. On the outskirts a soldier leveled his musket, and as the smoke blew on the light breeze, the student on the statue toppled, clutched at empty air, and fell to the stones, dead.

A hundred set on the soldier. He was beaten, battered, nearly killed. André leaped to the statue. At last it was his, the opportunity to carry on the work of his first and finest friend, Philippe de Vilmorin. His voice ran out across that roaring market place.

"Citizens of Rennes, the motherland is in danger!"

Swift silence fell. The rest of that speech is garbled, unknown, forgotten. But long after its words were lost, its spirit went the width of that long land of France, roared thru rough countryside and coppice, roared thru the sun-baked streets of old Marseilles, roared a song in the ears of Rouget de Lisle, roared down King, and camp and courtiers. And all on account of a country lawyer from Gavrillac!

A shot did not stop him. The crowd raved, rose, rioted. Stones flung sharp against the Palais. The King's Lieutenant sought himself a screen, and sent for the dragoons. They came galloping, a half a hundred of them, swirling dust and swinging sabres. The square turned shambles, the mob turned tail. And as André was about to mount his horse, a thin, ascetic-looking man pressed a pistol in his hand.

"My name is Chapelier," he said simply. "I like your courage!"

Life was duller at the Château. But it was full none the less, for this night the mighty Marquis came to press his suit, and that astute chaperon, Monsieur de Kercadiou, slept noisily, with a fine blowing out of his lips, as his niece played on a polished harpsichord for the finer pleasure of Monsieur the Marquis.

He had just asked her for "Papillons," the newest piece from Paris, when she chanced to glance thru the great door. There fumbling at a window fastening was André, a pistol in his hand. Her wits worked fast, in a moment she had made her excuses. "Papillons," was in her room . . . she would go for it . . . and she swirled out, swung to the heavy curtain behind her, and met André on the stairs. He would have pushed her away, but she clung to him, and in a moment, they were in each other's arms.

Then came the dragoons, drumming up the long drive. In a second, she swung him thru a door, slammed it, stood with her back to it as the horsemen broke into the hall. The sergeant was desolated but he must search the house. And he did while Monsieur the Marquis and Mademoiselle looked on. Last of all they swung open the little door, and lo, beyond it was an open window. Too late had the law gotten the measure of Monsieur Moreau.

It was early in the morning when that gentleman awoke atop a haystack, with rough voices battering in his ears. He peered over carefully and behold a young girl, and what appeared to be her lover, trembling in fear, as a mountain of a man clambered over a hedge, and started for them with a cudgel like a club. The lovers cowered together, the angry father advanced, and André-Louis calmly slid down the haystack and landed on that gentleman's neck.

"Oh," cried the girl in dismay, "now you've gone and spoiled it all!"

Too late André realized that he had disturbed a rehearsal of a band of traveling actors. Their carts were about, their breakfast was smoking hot. And the gentle-



From within came the tinkle and clang of crossed rapiers, the thud of feet, a mutter of voices, then dead silence. The iron door opened and out of it staggered the Marquis

man upon whose neck André had alighted was hot too, with rage. But as he raised his voice in denunciation he also raised his eyes, and beheld, trooping into the meadow, a company of dragoons. That they were about all to be arrested for trespass was his thought, but André's wits were working overtime. He ran forward and stood at the sergeant's stirrup. Well out of earshot of the strolling players, he confessed that the large gentleman was his father, that he was a member of the company, and that (here a broad piece of silver changed hands) possibly the sergeant might care to drink someone's health so early in the morning. The silver piece proved satisfactory, but the sergeant had a last word as he rode away.

"There is a reward out," he called, "for a villainous vagabond named Moreau. Look sharp for him!"

André turned back triumphant, and once again his wits worked hastily as the big man said, "You have the thanks of Challefeu Binet. How can we repay you?"

Like a flash André answered, "Make me a member of your company!" Binet rolled his eyes and met those of Climène, his daughter on stage and off. She winked. And so André-Louis became Scaramouche, the jester.

It would be tiresome to tell of his exploits in the provinces, of how he practically wrote Binet's plays and ran the company, of how with their new Scaramouche, their success became greater and greater, and finally led them to the gates of Paris, and the famous Théâtre Freydau itself.

And there, who should be visiting her patron, Madame de Plougastel, but Aline? So it was not remarkable in the least that when the curtain went down on the last scene, leaving Scaramouche and Climène on the stage, André saw Aline in a stage box with the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr, and Aline gasped as he unmasked. For once the Marquis saw nothing; he was all eyes for the fair Climène.

But she, for her part, had eyes alone for André, and that night, terribly piqued by the appearance of Aline with the Marquis, he asked her to marry him. She consented gladly, and her father glumly agreed, and then got drunk on a bottle of his son-in-law's Burgundy.

The next day saw many things. Aline came to André in the inn where he lodged, and in a burst of rage, he demanded how she could marry such a man as the Marquis.

She said mockingly, "He will make me a great lady."

And for once André dropped his cynical, sardonic mask, and said, "God made you that, Aline!"



Madame Plougastel gasped to the Marquis, "He . . . he is your son!"

Not so easily was peace to be made. Argument waxed fierce and strong, and at last, upon Aline's speaking slightingly of Climène, André told her of their engagement. With an exclamation of disgust, she swept out. But worse yet was to happen. That night Climène could not be found; she had driven away, it seemed, with the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr. Midnight came, and morning, and still André waited for her to return. With dawn she appeared, shamefaced, but with a glittering jewel on her hand.

André's tone was more sardonic than ever: "Would it be impertinent, mademoiselle, to ask what price you paid for that stone?"

Angrily she replied, raging like a little gutter rat, angrily her father seconded her, and that was the end of Scaramouche as a suitor. But fortune favored him. Aline, driving in one coach, had seen the Marquis and Climène in another, and when La Tour ventured to call, she promptly showed him the door. Whereupon he sought Madame de Plougastel and whispered of an old scandal to be unearthed unless she smoothed matters out.

That night Scaramouche appeared for the last time on any stage. Sitting curtained in one box was Aline; in another the Marquis. And upon this night, André stepped forward to reap his revenge. At his first speech he tore off his mask, and burst into a revolutionary oration. All the old fire of Rennes still held good, the pit applauded, the nobles hissed. Chairs began to fly, the great chandelier snapped off. André shouted, "There he skulks behind the curtains. Show yourself, Monsieur de la Tour d'Azyr!"

Now the Marquis was no coward. His naked sword swept the rabble before him, and when a burly ruffian burst in Aline's box, he was there to save her. And so the last thing Scaramouche saw as he fled the theater was Aline in the Marquis arms. It made him more bitter than ever.

Paris seethed and smoldered. Sporadic flowers of revolt flowered and fell: Jean-Paul Marat was writing revolutionary tracts in an attic; Robespierre was boring his hearers to tears; burly Danton was roaring and raging at the aristocrats in the National Assembly. And the aristocrats of the Assembly were indulging in a merry little sport that went something like this. A deputy of the lower classes would make a furious speech; forthwith an aristocrat would challenge him to a duel, and as

(*Continued on page* 80)



THE "GOLD GIRL" OF "THE FOLLIES"

Catherine Stoneburn poses for Richard Southall Grant



Right is the left wing entrance from the driveway. Below is Mr. De Mille's private study with a pronounced Gothic influence

Below is one of the several dressing-rooms with its desk and handsome day-bed and Windsor chair all done in antique mahogany



This is perhaps the stateliest and most beautiful home in Hollywood. It is fitting that the labors of Cecil B. De Mille should find surcease here.. The home is characterized thruout by a rich simplicity and an almost monastic severity





The mantle above is Italian in design. The walls are a light brown, the woodwork a deeper tone, and the upholstered furniture a dull red, making a rare and autumnal harmony of this room

Left is the drawing-room done in a soft French blue and dull grey. The walls are paneled in gold. The woodwork is cream and the furniture mahogany, the rugs Oriental



Left is the long grey hall that connects the right and the left wings. Right is Mr. DeMille's desk in his Gothic study, over which he and his right-hand man, Jeanie Macpherson, decide on the famous De Mille productions



Hollywood Homes

No. XIV

Exclusive Views of the Palatial Home of Cecil B. DeMille

All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes



This is a rear view and part of the grounds

This is our idea of a noble back-yard!



Homer Croy writing his opinion of the boy who is to star in his story; and "when Homer smote 'is bloomin' lyre . . . " it sang Glenn Hunter's praise

Glenn Hunter—On and Off

By HOMER CROY

(Author of "West of the Water Tower")

THE other day I was in Long Island City, in the Paramount picture plant, and saw Glenn Hunter, all covered with grease paint and enthusiasm, playing the leading part in the filming of my novel, "West of the Water Tower." I watched him awhile and the only difference between us was that he had more grease paint.

The first time I saw Glenn Hunter was a few years ago, back stage, at one of the New York theaters. The play was "Clarence." I went to see him in his little cramped dressing-room which he had to share with another. The room was just about big enough to fill a fountain pen in. Glenn, on this particular occasion, was in his B.V.D.'s and was going thru the process of dressing for his part. He had a happy and rapt expression on his face. At last, a job. It had not always been thus with him. No, indeed! A few years before he had come to New York from a small town to set the city on fire. But the city was asbestos. The fire department knew nothing about the danger that hovered over the city. The firemen smoked and played checkers just the same. There was no conflagration. In fact, things got so bad for Glenn that he had to patronize the park benches. Here for several nights he lay down to sleep with the calm heavens above and a somewhat disturbed policeman beginning to prowl nearer and nearer.

As he talked he rubbed on the grease paint, climbed into his trousers, made himself ready. He was happy—he had a job—the world was a rosy place.

Time passed. When next I saw him, he was in his dressing-room at "Merton of the Movies," the highly successful play in New York in which he is the star. What a change had come over him. Money in his pocket. Why, he had money in the bank. I know, because while I was there three persons came in to collect. Glenn was seated in front of his mirror smearing on grease paint when the doorman popped in his head—a tailor had come for money. Glenn got out his check-book. Glenn started in again on the grease paint; again the doorman popped in his head—another check. Glenn now began to work on his eyebrows. Another knock . . . another check. He was being disturbed oftener than he had been by the policeman in the park.

Other people came to see him. Mr. Murray, his secretary, met them at the door. I could hear soft diplomatic words being spoken . . . then footsteps sounded down the cement court. A dozen people in all came to have a word with him. The time before, when I had seen him in his dressing-room, the only person who knew that he was there was the call-boy. Glenn talked to his secretary. They spoke of a car, of a chauffeur. When would Mr. Hunter order his car?—a few short years ago all he could have ordered was the motorman to stop.

And also in his room on this occasion was his "dresser." He was an able-bodied man and all he had to do was to hold Glenn's pants while Glenn climbed into them. Wha

(*Continued on page 76*)

Below is Rollin Sturgeon, who will direct this interesting story. Right is a romantic moment with Glenn Hunter as Guy Plummer and May McAvoy as Beatrice Chew



THE HERO AND THE HEROINE

Below is Glenn Hunter, about the most successful young man of his generation. In this picture he is courageously competing with "picture stealers" like Ernest Torrence and George Fawcett



THE DIRECTOR

Below is part of the staff that is necessary to the making of a picture. They are: W. J. Scully, assistant director; Harry Harris, cameraman, Bill Johnson, props; W. C. Smith, assistant cameraman; Anna McKnight, script clerk. Rollin Sturgeon is in the center, May McAvoy in the foreground and Glenn Hunter left

THE STAFF



THE STAR





Photograph by Moffatt, Chicago

THE INESCAPABLE RUSSIANS

Mlle. Elisins is one of the solo dancers of the really remarkable Pavley-Oukrainsky Ballet Russe, which augments and ornaments the San Carlo Opera Company

Fathers and Daughters

Fathers are, from all apparent indications, an extinct species like the Dodo. No one ever speaks of them or ever hears of them. Only mothers have their day. One reads volumes about "movie mammas" but never a line about papas. We have dragged a few of them into view, more or less famous



Left: In lieu of walking the floor o' nights, this is what Pat O'Malley does for his infant daughter, Patricia. We call your attention to the utterly absorbed admiration registered on young Miss O'Malley's countenance. Below: Tom Mix and little Thomasina, the rose of the rancho





Photograph by Melbourne Spurr



Above: Another mutual admiration society, Gloria Swanson and Joseph T. Swanson, Inc. Gloria's father is a Captain in the United States Army. Wonder if he tries to discipline her?

Left: This little girl is named Dorothy Sills and her father is named Milton. But it should be "Mike and Ike . . they look alike!"

A Lover of Life

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM



Eulalie Jensen comes from a colorful line. There are fascinating strains of French, Spanish and Italian in her blood, and romance and adventure ran riot among her ancestors. They have left their trace on her

Photograph (left) by Freulich
Photograph (below) by William A. Fraker



EULALIE JENSEN suggests all the infinite resources of *woman!* As I watched her, vivid, spirited, with a smile on her lips and a hint of tragedy in her eyes, she typified her sex—there seemed nothing she could not comprehend.

Miss Jensen intrigued my interest more than anyone I have met for many moons, yet I do not believe you could ever feel that you really knew her; there would always be depths she would not reveal.

Not that this would be intentional. She loves friends and insists that they bring the greatest beauty and fragrance to life, that they mean more to her than anything else; and she still has faith in this frail thing, friendship!

Perhaps it is just this ability to retain her illusions that sets her a little apart——

I mentioned the subject of many rôles. She laughed. "That is where I have made a mistake," she said. "There is no place for a feminine Lon Chaney—and if I had it all to do over again I would always be Eulalie Jensen at her best, wear pretty clothes and win fame. As it is, I have lost my identity in a number of character rôles. I have no personality the fans can recall. Sometimes I am blonde, sometimes brunette, sometimes young and the heroine, sometimes

the mother, or the vamp —you see how it is——" and she spread her hands in mock despair. "Of course, there's the thrill I get out of these different people I play. I would hate to give that up even for a big salary and an electric sign.

"One of the first films I made after coming back to pictures from a long absence was 'The Passion Flower,' with Norma Talmadge. I played Raimunda, the mother, and that sent me mothering thru several films."

Miss Jensen has just completed two highly colorful rôles: that of Madame Gaudin, in George D. Baker's "The Magic Skin," a sweet and gentle street singer, mother of Bessie Love; and Marie, a Gypsy dancer in Wallace Worsley's "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," where she is companion of the heroine, Patsy Ruth Miller.

"I haven't danced for a long, long time," Miss Jensen said, "and I enjoyed it. I felt the old intoxication. We were six months making 'The Hunchback,' and it was a delightful experience and a very wonderful company. Three fourths of the scenes were made at night and during the coldest weather, yet we always found a joke rather than a kick and I believe we formed friendships that will endure."

Miss Jensen is a real motion-picture pioneer. She was playing in stage productions of Henry Dixon when her curiosity led her to defy the rule set down by producers that no stage player could remain in the cast after acting in pictures, and went to the Cameraphone Company. They were experimenting with a method of synchronizing voice and movement, and she acted and sang thru "The Lakes of Killarney," disguised as Helen Johnson.

"They paid us ten dollars a minute, imagine it!" laughed Eulalie, "and days I worked I would make several hundred dollars. I would give anything for one of those early stills, they must have been marvelous."

Several high lights marked Miss Jensen's first efforts toward a dramatic career. She was an orphan at sixteen, a high-strung, spirited girl, full of confidence and imbued with the ambition to become a great star.

Her first opportunity came when Sarah Bernhardt's company, en route to her native city, St. Louis, advertised for extras. She recalls, humorously, how she stood in line waiting for hours and nearly died of joy when she was among the seven selected. For a week they were drilled in the simple matter of walking across the stage.

On the opening night at the Olympic Theater, Eulalie, fearfully made-up and trembling in anticipation of her coming triumph, saw the great actress chatting in the wings with friends and crept close to behold her idol. Receiving her cue, Bernhardt turned suddenly to find this

(*Continued on page 77*)



Photograph by Freulich

Eulalie Jensen as Marie, a Gypsy dancer in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Her last rôle is Madame Gaudin in "Slaves of Desire"



Photograph by Rabinovitch

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A sympathetic and beautiful portrait study of the great oracle of India. Poet, novelist, teacher, prophet and pacifist, this mystic Hindoo has solved the cosmic scheme of things to the satisfaction of millions of followers



Photograph by Apeda

The Photographer Takes the Stage

Photograph by
Pach Brothers



Photograph by
Maurice Goldberg



Across the top of the page is the opening number of the third annual "Music Box Revue." Left is Irene Bordoni in the title-rôle of "Little Miss Bluebeard," in which she sings her own type of songs as only she can sing them. Right is Adele Klaer in "Artists And Models," the revue staged by our prominent illustrators. Quite the most daring show in New York

Classic's Monthly Department of the Theater



Photograph by Apeda



Photograph by Muray

Above is Emily Stevens in "A Lesson In Love," in which she co-stars with William Faversham. Right is a scene from one of oddest and most interesting plays of the season, "Children of the Moon." The people are Paul Gordon, Florence Johns, who scores, and Grant Stewart

Photograph by White Studios



Left is a scene from another interesting psychological drama, "Chains." Left to right: Maude Turner Gordon, William Morris, Paul Kelley, Helen Gahagan and Gilbert Emory

Scenes From the Late Fall Openings





Above are Lowell Sherman and Katherine Cornell in the much-heralded "Casanova." Lowell Sherman has the title part, but Katherine Cornell steals the play from him. This performance boasts a Fokine ballet in which Desha dances. Her picture was in last month's Classic

All photographs by White Studios



Right is the Tunis scene from "Lullaby," Florence Reed's newest play. The action takes place over a period of seventy-five unsavory years in the life of a *femme de joie*. Above, in pleasant contrast, is a scene from "Tweedles," with Ruth Gordon and Gregory Kelley. Gregory is the Tweedle



Photograph by Tornello, N. Y.

Above is a scene from that popular key-note, "We've Got To Have Money!" The little wanters in the picture are (left to right) Louise Segal, Milton Nobles, Jr., Marie Louise Walker, Jerome Cowan and Robert Ames. Below is a bit from "The Nifties of 1923," an unpretentious revue "glorifying the American sense of humor." Sam Bernard is telling Ray Dooley not to listen to Willie Collier. He's a ——!



Photograph by Stage Photo Co., London



Photograph by White Studios

Above is Daphne Pollard (wonder if she is any relation to Snub?), who introduces English comics in the new "Greenwich Village Follies," our only "highbrow" revue. Her "Quota Song" is uproariously funny



The Celluloid Critic

Laurence Reid Reviews the Latest Picture Plays

THE parade of big pictures across the New York screen goes on apace. It begins to look like a celluloid landslide and the season has hardly begun. Marion Davies and George Arliss have had their innings with "Little Old New York" and "The Green Goddess" respectively, and now comes Mary Pickford in "Rosita," Lillian Gish in "The White Sister," and Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." And as we record these achievements "Scaramouche" and "A Woman of Paris" have gained admittance to the select circle.

In looking over "Rosita" (United Artists) we claim it is entitled to first honors because of its skilful treatment, its color and background, its dash and adventure, and the fact that it is seasoned with all the necessary elements for success.

This adaptation of "Don Cæsar de Bazan" thrusts Mary Pickford into a romance of old Seville—a radical departure for her. Her transition from shy girlhood to womanhood is accomplished deftly with a surety of touch and poise. Lubitsch, the German *chargé d'affaires*, has made the pattern so technically perfect that Mary, gifted actress that she is, never carries the entire burden of the story. She becomes a composite part of the dramatic scheme instead of carrying the tale by herself. Which of course gives the picture balance and color. It is peopled with so many figures and detail that one has time to catch the star in a new light. And she shines radiantly in scenes of exquisite charm and also in scenes which call for a flash of sophisticated comedy and emotional display. A different Mary, surely.

The Best Play of The Month Is "ROSITA" *With Mary Pickford*

If you think that Lubitsch has explored new channels you will be disappointed. He doesn't depart from the regulation American methods, but he does incorporate a German thoroness to the execution of his scenes which gives them more breadth of outline. He doesn't get out of sympathy with the author's design. A stickler for detail and color, he handles crowds in a way that eliminates the usual orthodox arrangement. He makes "Rosita" a dashing tale of a little capricious dancer who sways the carnival crowds with her banjo and a few songs against her king. If Lubitsch is successful with Mary Pickford he is equally successful with all his players. He seemingly understands their capabilities. He has made Holbrook Blinn act the picturesque monarch after the manner of Emil Jannings—with a suggestion of blunt humor.

A slender plot this picture carries, but its slenderness and simplicity furnish its appeal—an appeal which would be lost if it were woven with threads of intricate drama. We put it down as an artistic and colorful production.

The same story has been picturized for Pola Negri and is called "The Spanish Dancer." We are curious to see how the Polish actress' version compares with Mary Pickford's. Pola must come thru this time or suffer oblivion.

"THE Hunchback of Notre Dame" (Universal) is unforgetable—made so by Lon Chaney's fearsome, frightful portrayal of the title-rôle. He has carried out this design without the least semblance of restraint—and his ape-like bell-ringer of the famed cathedral will be cataloged as the most hideous sketch ever shown on screen and stage.



"Potash and Perlmutter"



"The White Sister"

Universal sets forth in the program: "We find it necessary to eliminate a great deal of gore." Yet here is Chaney in his uncanny study to counteract that statement. It seems to be a picture of all the tortures which can be inflicted upon a human being. It out-Hugos Hugo in this respect. These gruesome details could have been softened a bit and the vigor of the story would have remained just the same.



Mary Astor in "Spring Magic"

Gloria Swanson in "Zaza"

Technically it is finely executed. Its views of the cathedral are impressive and carry the suggestion of solidity and massiveness. Also the streets of Paris of yesteryear are well designed, tho they should have been "dirtied" up a bit to bring more realism. A good deal of the story has been buried beneath solid masonry—so much so that the romantic part is lightly considered.



Bert Lytell and Blanche Sweet in "The Meanest Man in the World"



To us the most picturesque personage is Clopin, the king of the beggars, played in a commanding manner by Ernest Torrence. This actor is in the best scene which shows him leading the half-starved mob against the cathedral.

If you dont mind a grotesque figure too sharply defined you will like the picture. It has Hugo's atmosphere and settings and the handling of the crowds is highly interesting.

THERE is a lyric quality to Lillian Gish's acting in "The White Sister" (Inspiration) which has never been recognized before. In that respect Henry King who directed this tragic story of broken romance has brought forth a talent which Griffith neglected in order to create an emotional outburst, of pent-up floods of passions and fear. As the frail, tender misguided child of fate, Miss Gish makes poignant appeal. It is heart-rending to see this tormented soul taking her separation from her lover with such courage and when learning of his death, turning her back on the world and finding peace and sanctuary in the Church.

There is a splendid clash of emotions when the girl takes the veil—an unforgetable scene—and daring in its execution. Then when the lover returns to find his sweetheart a nun the story releases a deeper poignant note. Here is Lillian Gish of wistful charm and poise, suffering the anguish which comes from conflict in her heart.

There are some irrelevant touches and the climax is too orthodox to ring genuine. We have the play of elements from all sides—nature releasing its unbounded fury, and the human puppets are swept aside like so many toy figures. The finish is regulation movie stuff. But the picture earns respect because of its spiritual quality—its poignant touches—its sweep of passion.

It strikes deep with its conflict of distressed souls and one emerges from the theater with a feeling of exhaustion—the tensity of scene when the girl takes the veil and when her soldier-lover returns to claim her, holding one in a tight embrace. A newcomer is Ronald Colman

who plays the broken-hearted lover and he gives a performance of quiet force and dignity. He never seems to be acting, which makes his expression all the more natural and genuine.

NO sooner is James Cruze finished with one success, than he fares forth with another. "The Covered Wagon" was followed by "Hollywood," and this rollicking romantic comedy gives way to "Ruggles of Red Gap" (Paramount). Judging from his skill in fashioning pictures which call for humor we would say that comedy is his *forte*. He treats this new screen version (it has been done before) with a deftness of touch, pointing his incident and enriching his characterization by giving each important figure a well-planted reason for being present. He makes the crude Cousin Egbert, the meek Ruggles, Effie and the Honorable George—jolly figures all—stand out like cameos. But he was fortunate in having players who could color these characters so well.

You'll remember that Cousin Egbert, the cowpuncher of Red Gap, embarrassed his wife with his bad manners after they had become society leaders. So she lugs him over to Paris to polish him up and employs a nobleman's valet to teach him deportment.

The antics of these figures so admirably limned by Ernest Torrence, as Egbert, and Edward Horton, as Ruggles, makes this picture a comedy gem. Torrence's facial expressions—his manner of making little details important—stamps him as a superior actor. Horton is an ideal valet—a meek, humble servant to the life. A spirited picture thoroly enjoyable.









Above: Ernest Torrence in "Ruggles of Red Gap." Left: Corinne Griffith in "Six Days." Right: Harold Lloyd in "Why Worry?" Below: Patsy Ruth Miller in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

HAROLD LLOYD'S latest essay, "Why Worry?" (Pathé), carries the bespectacled comedian back to the style of comedy which introduced him as a star. It is a rollicking farce, filled with absurdly funny bits of business—"gags" you might call them. A radical departure, we might add, from "Dr. Jack" and "Grandma's Boy." But he has the faculty of making anything he touches genuinely novel.

This is the tale—an old one, incidentally, of a hypochondriac who journeys to a South American republic to win back his health, but Lloyd dresses it with new ideas and brightens it with the most uproariously funny incident that has been flashed in a year. He steps right into a wild revolution, not knowing what it's all about. He sees these foreigners bowing right and left—as if to welcome him. So he bows in return with great ceremony when a native is shot thru the stomach and doubles over in jack-knife fashion. Just a return of the compliment.

Such clever touches as this mark the entire picture. Highly mirthful, too is the scene when the comedian and his faithful army of two—one, a huge giant, the other, the girl—defend themselves on the battlement against the approaching bandits. An extraordinary comedy this—one exceptionally original in its "gags" and incident. There's no stopping this Lloyd person. He turns them out good every time. Our advice for the patrons is a paraphrase on the fire warning—"Walk, do not Run to the Nearest Entrance. Do not Try and Beat your Neighbor to his Seat."

CARRYING on its abundant humor and satire that marked the stage play, "Potash and Perlmutter" (First National), comes close to being the brightest sober comedy-drama of the season. Superlatives have been paid this picture during production and we might add that it merits them. It is a richly humorous story of a cross-section of life, showing as it does a zestful spirit of Jewish initiative in conducting a cloak and suit business. The sparkle of the original is retained—the same sparkle which Montague Glass incorporated into his yarn and in the play which he wrote in collaboration with Charles Klein.

There is an enjoyable vein of friendly antagonism which releases a quota of laughs—and at the same time, it is dovetailed with tender strokes of pathos. The unfortunate Potash has enough business acumen to spot a live, "go-getter" when he sees one. So he takes the aggressive Perlmutter as a partner. Once they are associated we follow their "ups and downs" with unabated interest.

Intimate details are sharply defined—and lend sufficient color to the story. There is much satire and here

(*Continued on page 93*)

Iris In

by W·H·HANEMANN



Photograph by Stage Photo Co., London

Decoration thru the courtesy of Phyllis Monkman

LAMENT (AFTER THE GREEK)

WEEP, all ye Muses and true lovers of Art. They have put a wig on Farina.

They have put Farina in a wig. They have gilded the lily and brought a ton of egg to Newcastle. They have carried cows to Moscow.

Farina, who was perfection, who was the Darling of the Gods, has been mutilated. Weep for the disgrace, all ye Muses.

No more shall I gaze upon the classic simplicity of the countenance of Farina. My eyes are blinded with tears of rage; my body shaken with sobs of disappointment. Yes, they have no discernment.

O mighty Roach, O bluff Prince Hal, take off Farina's wig and let us rejoice again! Hear my prayer. Heed my lamentation . . . Poor Fish!

✢ ✢ ✢

The *schrecklichkeit* that prompted the above has eaten into our soul and led us to compose a fantasy, or whimsy, or fable, as it were. It is just crawling with symbolism and is called "What Makes the Movies So Terrible."

Cinema is the questionable illegitimate offspring of Proteus, the God of things as They are not. Her mother was Mazuma, wayward daughter of Mammon. When Proteus saw little Cinema for the first time, being a crabby sort of an old goof, he cursed her.

"May you always strive for perfection," said Proteus, "and never attain it. If by any mischance perfection shall be within reach, may you be so blinded by your futile efforts that you will never know how close you have come to it, but will spoil everything with your next attempt."

And so far as we can make out, the curse is still holding.

✢ ✢ ✢

Gloria Swanson endowed Zaza with a volcanic temperament, but for Slavish outlay of emotion, Pola Negri leads all the rest.

✢ ✢ ✢

If, however, "The Spanish Dancer" turns out to be at Hollywood as "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat," it would look as if there were going to be a total extinction of the Pola system.

✢ ✢ ✢

We are just childish enough to wonder if movie stars could enjoy a formal dinner if the host did not provide paper caps or toy balloons to bat about. Personally, we wouldn't take the chance.

✢ ✢ ✢

The general histrionic ability of the profession has put a new interpretation on the old saw, "Be good and you will be lonesome."

✢ ✢ ✢

Nevertheless, and in the face of all tradition, we are going to come right out and lead a cheer for Edward Horton. "Ruggles of Red Gap" is conceded to be a general disappointment, yet it does show that Mr. Horton has all the promise of a unique gift. He is a quiet actor. His is not the Reubens sandwich style of technique, wherein you are offered far more than can be digested—ham on top of Swiss cheese surmounted by sliced tomatoes, cole-slaw and Russian dressing. "For this relief, much thanks." Jetta Goudal is another person who takes her talent much the same way. And we certainly hope they will both win the renown they deserve for their daring unconventionality.

✢ ✢ ✢

Every so often the movie magnates explain that as yet they have hardly scratched the surface of the Great Art.

Hardly scratched the surface, our eye! They have gouged, gored, mined, stabbed, punched, riddled, reamed, ripped and all but staved it in.

✢ ✢ ✢

"I doubt," says Carl Laemmle in a foreword in the program of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "if Victor Hugo ever heard of Hollywood." If he had, Mr. Laemmle, it's a certified Grade A cinch that he would never have given you the picture rights to his novel.

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Photograph by Abbe

A Daughter of Tragedy

Ida Rubenstein, the great Russian tragedienne, as she appears in D'Annunzio's "Phædre." The costume is by Bakst. She will be in the United States this winter with the 1924 Folies Bergère, the well-known French revue. We trust that we may be privileged to see it unexpurgated. . . .



Flashes From
Of the Stage
Caught by

ALTHO it does not properly belong here, we cannot forbear comment on Charlie Chaplin's picture, "A Woman of Paris." The sophisticated, and it must be admitted condescending New York critics, took off their hats as one man to this picture. The most distinguished New Yorkers have written voluntary and gracious tributes to Charlie. We say without any hesitation it is the best picture we ever saw—the most interesting and original and mentally stimulating thing ever put on the screen.

The direction is superb. There is not a wasted gesture. Simplicity is the key-nôte, humanness, the harmony. It will doubtless start a revolution in picture-making, and it should. Charlie has been fêted and wined and dined like a prince. He sat in a box all by himself on the opening night, but the lobby was packed with flowers the most conspicuous of which, bore a card that said simply: "Mary and Doug."

Definite arrangements have been completed for the tour of the Theatre Guild Repertory Company, carrying out their long-cherished plans to make it possible to present to playgoers outside of New York noteworthy productions that heretofore have been confined to this city. Basil Sydney will head the repertory company. Three of the plays produced by the Guild will be presented on tour. These are: "He Who Gets Slapped," by Leonid Andreyev; Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," and "The Devil's Disciple," the George Bernard Shaw play now at the Garrick Theater, which has been running all summer and in which Mr. Sydney, as Richard Dudgeon, plays the principal rôle. The tour will embrace Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and other leading cities.

Immediately upon her return to the United States last week from an extensive European production trip, Betty Blythe was sought out by an American producer for a starring rôle in a big film spectacle. Miss Blythe has not quite decided as yet whether she will accept the part. Her latest vehicle "Chu Chin Chow" has opened at Albert Hall, London.

Elmer Clifton, director of "Down to the Sea in Ships," and other pictures plans to leave New York City for Virginia in the very near future. He will film several exteriors for his new picture "The Warrens of Virginia" at



Photograph by Campbell Studios

At the top of the page is Remo Bufano with two of the leading players from his own marionette theater. Left is Grace Divine, a young mezzo-soprano with the San Carlo Opera Company, which has improved in properties, production and personnel. Below is a Fifth Avenue bus at Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue being shot by Sam Wood for "His Children's Children"



The Eastern Stars

On the Screen

the Editor

the actual locations referred to in the play. Martha Mansfield and Harlan Knight are the principals.

It is now certain that Richard Bennett will star under the Shubert management this season in Gerald Du Maurier's London success, "The Dancers."

Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman starts work next week on his new screen production "Week-end Husbands." He is now busily engaged casting the picture which will be made in the East. Dr. Goodman's most recent picture has been released under the title of "The Daring Years."





At the top of the page is another pleasant anachronism from "Yolanda," Marion Davies' newest picture. Dont miss the ZR-1 above the set Right is Yvonne Hughes, another Brewster Contest winner who is making good. She may be seen with Gloria Swanson in "Zaza." Below is Vera Gordon and her family: mother, daughter Nadya and son William in their New York apartment

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Photograph by Ball



Florenz Ziegfeld announces the engagement of Mlle. Paulette Duval of Parisian music-hall fame, for the forthcoming "Follies," Mlle. Duval arrived under an assumed name and has passed the intervening time in New York unknown to all the wiseacres. She speaks, sings and dances in French. Our own Fannie Brice will share the honors with her.

After Lillian Gish completes her work on "Romola," her next picture for Inspiration Picture, Inc., she will begin making "Joan of Arc." The play will be pictured in France. "The White Sister" is still playing to crowded houses in New York.

"The Gift," by Julia Chandler and Alethea Luce, will have Doris Kenyon in its leading rôle. Anna Lambert Stewart is producer.

"America" is the title selected for D. W. Griffith's Revolutionary film, which he is making at the suggestion of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This is the first instance where a film has been requested directly by a public organization The title was selected after a poll of six universities, six grade schools, six clubs, and six sporting places where slang is most prevalent, including a prize-fighter's camp, a race-track, a pool-room, a dance-hall and a boy's playground. More than ninety per cent. of

(*Continued on page* 100)



Photograph © by E. O. Hoppé, London

A STUDY IN SYMMETRY

Anna Pavlowa and her new dancing partner, Laurent Novikoff, in their Egyptian number, with which they will inaugurate their American tour

The Slave of Desire

"The Magic Skin" Rewritten in Short-Story Form by Grace Lamb



The antiquarian, in great excitement, tells the young poet, Raphael Valentin, that he is entitled to the magic skin

"AND so," said the poet Raphael concluding his story with the smile that had won him almost as much fame as his famous verse, "and so, with my last wish, I won not only my life but my love as well. Happiness everlasting."

The little gathering in the sumptuous studio of the fêted poet Raphael looked at each other in a blurred perplexity. Palpably, they did not understand the story with which their charming host had been regaling them, faintly, bemusedly smiling the while he told of events as richly embroidered as an Arabian Night's tale, as fabulous as legends of Ali Baba.

Some of them present were old friends of Raphael's. They had seen him in his struggle for existence, they had watched him go wretchedly from hopelessness to hopelessness. They had caught glimpses of the intricacies of his fortunes after he had found the Magic Skin.

In these enlightened days magic skins were not to be believed in, and these men, artists, poets, painters, dilettantes and darlings of society, were skeptics, every one of them. Still, they could not but believe that magic skin or mere prey of variant fortune the young Raphael had come thru some amazing haps and mishaps. They had, perforce, to take his word for the explanation thereof. But now they were perplexed.

"If I follow you rightly," said one of the listening friends, "your friend the antiquarian told you when he gave you the magic skin that with each wish you might wish your life would dwindle by so much."

"*Exactement*," smiled Raphael.

"And," pursued the inquiring one, "the wish you wished to save Pauline from the murderous machinations of Fedora was the last remaining wish left to you. With that last wish your life was at an end."

"Of a certainty," again smiled the wilfully enigmatic Raphael.

"But . . ." said the friend, and he looked at the other friends in the circle about the cheerfully open grate, and spread his fingers apart in a gesture of giving the situation and the problem up once and for all.

Raphael was quoting, "'He who loses his life shall gain it,'" he was saying; "that *was* my last wish. With the making of that wish I was to pass into the Great Beyond. And yet you see me here tonight, in splendid health, in excellent spirits, in the full possession of my negligible but happily recognized talent and in the proudest possession of all, that of Pauline, my beloved wife."

"You speak in paradoxes," said one of the school of Futuristic painting.

"Ah, said Raphael, "I have tried your several patiences long enough. You have dined at my table, sipped of my wine, looked upon the incomparable loveliness of my Pauline. Now you shall hear my story. The story of the magic skin, as it really happened, coherently, and not as you have had it by word of mouth from this friend or that foe.

"You remember when my father, the Marquis died. Yes. *Eh bien*, and you remember how I was left penniless but with a pot

THE SLAVE OF DESIRE

Fictionized by permission from the Goldwyn production of the adaptation by Charles Whittaker of the novel by Honoré de Balzac, "La Peau de Chagrin." Directed by George D. Baker. The cast:

Raphael Valentin	George Walsh
Pauline Gaudin	Bessie Love
Countess Fedora	Carmel Myers
Rastignac	Wally Van
Antiquarian	Edward Connolly
Mrs. Gaudin	Eulalie Jensen
Mr. Gaudin	Herbert Prior
Champrose	William Orlamond
Tallifer	Nicholas de Ruiz
The General	William von Hardenburg
Emile	Harmon McGregor
The Duke	George Periolat
Finot	Harry Lorraine
Major Domc	Calvert Carter

of gold at the rainbow end of my heated imagination.

"You recall how I took an attic near Montmartre as many a better poet has done before me, and how I literally drank the midnight oil composing sonnets to a Lesbia that never lived.

"But did you know that I knew Pauline in those days? *Vraiment.* Pauline was the daughter of Madame and Monsieur Gaudin in whose attic I finally took up my abode when the life of the Quarter, unexacting as it was, became too much for even my ambitious strivings.

"Madame Gaudin alone did not storm in upon me when the week's rent was due . . . and was not forthcoming, as it was, *hélas*, so many times *not*.

And Pauline! If you had not seen her here tonight, still the ministering angel, still mild and magnificent, beautiful and beneficent, then I should be called upon to explain her to you in dithyramb and madrigal, in canzonet and monody, in strophe and antistrophe. Therefore, I may leave Pauline to speak for herself. For none can do it better.

"Ah, back in those days, how kind she was to me! She brought me food, secretly and sweetly, so that none, not even I might see her and be ashamed. She kept my poor, bare room spotless and with her own hands and even placed flowers here and there that it might not be so bare a shrine of poverty. Words cannot tell you the thousand and one ways in which Pauline sought to make my thorny path a flowery one. And I, I never saw it! I seem to recall that I did not even see *her*, altho, now in the late light of my great love, I cannot believe that the eyes I am pleased to call a poet's, that the heart I am charmed to believe is sensitive and lyric-strung, could have been so blind.

"You see, I was enamored of Fedora.

"To go into that would be to go into the cheap and claptrap folly of many another misguided young man, no better than he might be.

"I had lived long within my secret soul. I had, I had really fasted on Parnassus. I had thrown off the warm, hot touch of hands and the absorption of lips.

"Thus it was when I met Rastignac and the gay, dear soulless idler took me to the Salon of the Countess Fedora, in the benevolent hope that she might advance my prestige as a poet, I cared nothing for the advancement and everything for the hope of an amour.

"Fedora! Gay and gaudy, fated and frivolous! But she was a glittering snare and a delirious delusion to me. The scent of her hair, the shimmer of her arms, the scornful red trap of her mouth, these things remained with me by day and made painful my slumbers at night.

"She cared nothing for me other than to exploit me. Which she did, in her fitful fashion. She herself read my poems aloud at one of her *soirées* and it might have done me some little good had I not been more enthralled with the texture of her mouth than I was with the technique of my own verses.



The poor penniless poet gives up in despair, and his creditors take everything that he has

"I made the mistake of so expressing myself. A mistake because the most influential man there that night in my direction was also enamored of Fedora, and was not disposed to look kindly upon a young man likewise affected.

"Fedora played with me. As such women have played with such young men since the mad world first went mad.

"She made appointments with me only to break them if it pleased her caprices. She took her hot red roses I starved to buy for her only to watch me bleed upon the thorns. Ah, it was a cruel time!

"And as I grew poorer and poorer, more and more bereft of hope, less and less desirous of prolonging a life made up only of hungers, of one sort or another, Pauline grew more silently solicitous, Fedora more openly derisive.

"The day came when I walked toward the Seine, with that look in my eyes and that stride to my tired feet, that have so many times before wooed the Seine in the same manner.

"I was about to throw myself over when a poor wretch of the streets deterred me.

"Her hand, all emaciated and blunted, held fast to my sleeve.

"The ruined beauty of her face, ruined so long ago, God knows, besought me.

"'No woman is worth dying for,' she said, and I paused, arrested that she should have guessed my guilty, secret motive. I looked at her again. She was a woman, too. Doubtless, from the broken contours of her face,



the tired weight of her faded hair, doubtless she, too, had been once as beautiful and brilliant as Fedora. God, that a man should have given up his life for *that* . . . !

"I shrugged her hand away, not unkindly, but significantly, and she knew that I had understood her message to me, and I knew that she knew. She smiled. It was a pitiful enough smile. And she drifted off into the flotsam of the streets, a Magdalene who had paused for a moment to dash some precious ointment at my feet. . . .

"Well, and then I happened to go into the antiquarian's.

"I had one thing left. One thing of value that had not gone to buy the hot red roses for Fedora. It was a scarab belonging to my father.

"I was desultory enough when I went into the odd-appearing shop. I had scant hope of more return than enough to buy a supper, a dash of absinthe, perhaps . . . Judge, then, of my surprise when the old man turned several shades of green and yellow, began muttering in the most mystic and agitated terms and finally begged my leave for him to take it into his Master.'

"Shortly thereafter the Master himself emerged, slowly, and with effort, from an inner chamber. He made obscure signs to me, which I took to mean to follow him, and not caring much whether I was being lured into a den of thieves and cutthroats or merely in the private asylum of some addled brain, I walked after the old man.

"Oh, my friends, there was a great deal of talk, back in that illy lit, evilly smelling, unearthly chamber. Mystic talk of ancient things and lost keys and rites long buried in antiquity. But the gist of the whole was that the scarab I possessed was 'the key' to the Magic Skin. This splotched and unlovely affair hung upon a wall, secreted under a sliding panel. It hung directly beneath a painting of the Christ and had been so hanging, my friend the antiquarian told me, for age after ages long gone to dust.

"On the skin was traced in hieroglyphics which the Ancient made out for me, these words:



Above: A bit of the riotous good time Raphael asked for as the first wish granted by the magic skin

Left: With each wish the magic skin shrinks and when it has shriveled away to nothing, its owner dies



Pauline's father comes home from Russia unexpectedly and unaccountably laden with rare and costly jewels

Possess me and thou shalt possess all things
Wish and thy wishes shall be fulfilled,
But measure thy desires
For with each wish I must shrink
And in like measure
Each wish shortens thy life
Wilt thou have me
Take me
So be it.

"Of course, *mes amis,* I did not believe all this, that is, not wholly. Perhaps I believed it rather more than some men would, for I was a poet and a starving one. Still more, I was a starving poet in love, than which there is no more receptive mind!

"At any rate, I uttered the first wish that came to my mind as I dashed out into the street again, which was that I might meet with my old cronies and have a rousing good evening for once again; music, rich food, fine wine, women, song!

"No sooner said than done. . . . Emil, here, is the only one of you who shared that marvelous evening with me. He was coming along with some four or five of the other fellows in a hansom cab and they nearly ran over me, in my pitiful excitation, clutching my magic skin and looking, or so they thought, very drunk indeed!

"Ah, but we had an evening, eh, Emil?"

Emil, smoking in his corner, smiled and nodded, fires of reminiscence lit in his deep-set eyes.

"Well, that began it," Raphael continued, "surely a 'Strange Story' and with no respects, either, to Bulwer-Lytton.

"I cant say that I was happy. One is never, I think, happy, in such abnormal fashion. Besides, I found myself constantly making wishes and, resultantly, with each wish the miserable rag of a skin would shrink and, as I knew, my life shrank with it.

"It was this very phase of the whole strange matter that made me know that the whole affair was strange, indeed, but alarmingly true. For, with each wish that I made, and which was inevitably and instantaneously granted, my own vitality ebbed. My growing weakness was a more grisly fact to me than any of the benefits accruing from my wishes, prodigal enough at first, but gradually matters of the most miserly calculation.

"Most of you remember the incident of my uncle's death. Some of the details of that sordid event are not, perhaps, clear to you. As you may have heard, Fedora asked to meet him. I brought him to her home and he, poor moth, was, like most men, attracted to the brightness of her flame. What I suffered! What torments! The final and culminating one being an evening when, reflected in a mirror, I beheld the woman I desired above all fleshly things, in his arms.

"That night, that very night, he was attacked by ruffians and staggered into my presence, dying. His vast fortune descended to me. And when I saw the magic skin, and saw that it had shrunk to less than the size of a bank-note, I realized with a sick throb that I had wished for just such an eventuality. Yes, yes, my friends, subconsciously, perhaps, and then again, perhaps not, I had wished for the Duke's death. I had wished for it for two reasons: first because he coveted Fedora and next because I knew that I was the heir to his estates.

"Oh, well, then I took the house in Paris to which all of you have at one time or another, been the guests.

"It was in this house of mine, too, that I again saw Pauline, whom I had not seen in all the months that had transpired between my leaving my garret the night I went toward the Seine bent upon death, up to the time

of my receiving in lavish splendor in my own home.

"Pauline was glorious that night. I remember how I stood back to watch her descending my stairway, how I turned to a friend of mine and said, 'Here comes the most perfect woman in the world,' and how my friend, quizzically, said, 'More beautiful than Fedora, then, Raphael?' and how I answered, tranced, 'Ah, infinitely more beautiful than Fedora!'

"Then and there, one evil spell was broken for me. The evil spell of Fedora. And when I realized that the beautiful lady was Pauline, little Pauline Gaudin, who had attended me in my poverty-stricken garret, I was more than ever 'mazed and joyed. Her father, she told me, had made a vast fortune in Russia and they no longer kept a rooming-house for impecunious artists.

"That night, *mes amis*, my lust was killed and my love was born. They are different, I tell you that now, they are very different, love and lust. . . .

"We began to see one another every day and to make plans for our future. With the birth of love there came, also, of a natural consequence, the spontaneous birth of many, many more wishes. I found myself wishing this for us and that for us, I wished to perfect a happiness more glowing and glorious than ever before experienced by man and woman. And with each wish I grew weaker and more miserable. There was I, with happiness in my two hands, and all the while, my two hands growing more feeble and more futile.

"I was in despair, then. Happiness, and I could not taste it! The wine was at my mouth and the sparkle had died down. I tried in every way to destroy that accursed skin. It would not be destroyed. It would shrink only of its own accord, in its own manner, and with its shrinkage it drank my life-blood from out my impoverished veins.

"I became melancholic, and in order to attempt to regain some degree of health before our marriage, I made a journey into the Swiss Alps.

"There, I thought, away from Paris, away from Pauline, away from Fedora, who, after the fashion of women of her sort, had become malicious and passionate now that she had lost the thing she had despised, away from all of this, I might not have the urge to make any wishes. I might grow stronger.

"The end of it all came there in the Swiss Alps.

"It was my wont to go, every day, to a little shrine at the end of a devious mountain trail. There I would kneel and pray *le bon Dieu* to restore to me my manhood, to remove from me the devilment under which I lived and under which I was so soon to die. On one of these days I looked down the trail and was aghast to see two figures clambering toward me, the one a trifle in advance of the other. The first, so I saw, was Pauline. Faithful, dear Pauline, who, it transpired, had followed me into my retreat out of her loving anxiety. But the second one, also a woman, a woman with something horrible in her walk, in her attitude, the second *was Fedora*. Instantly, I was sick with a morbid terror. For well I knew that no such altruistic motive as anxiety had sent Fedora after me into the Swiss Alps.

"As you know, and as I know, Fedora had noised it venomously abroad, that my friendship for her had cost

(*Continued on page 98*)

Here is the course of true love *not* running smoothly as is its custom. The poet leaves his garret . . . and his sweetheart





Abandon

Ira L. Hill's vivid study of Gilda Gray in her Voodoo dance, in which she interprets all the mysterious and incomprehensible rites of conjury, snake worship, witchcraft, haunts and so forth. It is an amazing performance—of utter abandon. You really shouldn't miss it. It happens nightly at the Rendezvous

Classic Considers—



GAMBARELLI

Because she is première danseuse of that excellent ballet which adorns the Capitol Motion Picture Theater in New York City. Because she has performed the prodigious feat of dancing at eight thousand — yes, we mean thousand, not hundred—consecutive performances



Photograph by Hartsook, L. A.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Because he is the most widely read author in the world, beyond any question. Not one of his books has sold less than a half million copies; and when one figures five readers to each book and there are nine in all, the number of readers is tremendous. Principle Pictures intends to film all nine, starting with "When a Man's a Man." This record is absolutely unparalleled

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Because, in a recent poll of the five greatest American authors she was the only woman. Because her novel, "One Of Ours," won the Pulitzer price for 1922, which awards $1,000.00 to the American novel that presents the most wholesome atmosphere and approximates the highest standard of manners and morals. And last, because her latest book, "A Lost Lady," is better than any of her others

Photograph by Kadel and Herbert





TONY SARG

Because of all the puppets and marionettes in the world, his are the most unique and interesting. They are good enough for Victor Herbert to compose special music to their antics. The one above is from "The Chinese Willow Plate Story," which will have its première in December at the Belasco Theater. They say it is colored so gorgeously that it looks like a huge animated stained-glass window



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Getting Married and Unmarried!

By

LEW CODY

Mr. Cody and Miss Chadwick are playing together in a Goldwyn picture by Rupert Hughes, called "Law Against Law," which deals with the evils of divorce—not because of divorce itself but the unhappiness that results from the arbitrary and conflicting laws to which it is subject. We thought it fitting, therefore, that they be given an opportunity to have their say. It makes interesting reading

BEING a confirmed bachelor, I'm merely an onlooker in this game of marriage. It is perhaps incongruous for me to speak of divorces at all. However, sometimes those who stand on the sidelines get a more detached perspective than the players.

Perhaps if marriage wasn't such an easy proposition, the success would be greater. But then the whole thing is a strange business. Getting married is easy, trying to get unmarried is where the rub comes in. Two people can meet one day, get a marriage license the next and go before a minister or a justice of the peace or a ship's captain and, unquestioned, be married. The mariner, for instance, would not think of setting out on a long voyage without charting out his course with due regard for adverse winds and currents. But less wisely he will cast two people adrift upon the seas of matrimony that are infinitely more uncertain than the storm-swept ocean.

Then, if the hapless couple strike shoals and foresee ahead rocky coasts threatening to wreck their happiness and decide to turn back to the port of departure, people begin to ask questions.

If you take out a driver's license for an automobile, you have to fill out a questionnaire. But they give you a marriage license unquestioningly.

By all of which I mean that our present system seems in some respects fundamentally wrong. They never ask why you want to get married, but they ask a lot of questions and make much fuss over your trying to get unmarried. The point is, getting married is a far more dangerous business and should not be entered into lightly. But when people want to get unmarried, it is a pretty safe bet they have real reasons. They have tried out the thing, and know. Not that I am an advocate of easy and many divorces. Far from it. I regard marriage as the most sacred of human relations. But people do make mistakes.

I never before bothered a great deal about divorce, but when I was cast in Rupert Hughes' new picture, "Law Against Law," and discovered that in one state I might be thoroly divorced and in another state have three wives, simultaneously and all legally, the thing took on

(*Continued on page* 88)

Why Do People Get Divorces?

By

HELENE CHADWICK

Mr. Cody says: A man is most easily managed when he is managed unwittingly. A man should not hide all his faults and deny his wife the pleasure of reforming him. Miss Chadwick says: Men are strange creatures. For all their being men and strong, they are like little boys. On the other hand, they like women to ask advice of them . . . for man does feel that he is a superior being



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

DIVORCES seem necessary. Not every marriage, as we know, can be a happy one, and certainly it is better that a couple, discovering they have made a mistake, be given a chance to start over again and have some hope of happiness.

But when the number of divorces each year reaches the alarming number they have in America at present, it is patent that something is wrong somewhere. It is always interesting to consider reasons, and certainly there must be reasons for this untoward condition that sees tens of thousands of homes broken up yearly.

Faults very often lie at home. I think many matrimonial difficulties might be averted if the husband and wife understood each other not simply as such, but as man and woman. There are certain things, call them psychological or what you will, that are inherent in the relations between man and woman that must not be overlooked. A realization of these facts, and the practice of a certain tolerance, would, I feel sure, result in a mutual understanding that would in some degree, at least, lower the number of divorce suits taken into court.

Consider how many couples, on the verge of divorce, have been reconciled in court by an understanding judge who opened their eyes to things to which they had been blind. But not all judges can weigh all cases, therefore it becomes necessary for the principals in the case to take on themselves the responsibility of sound judgment.

First, every woman should consider the qualities a man demands in a wife, and sincerely endeavor to cultivate those qualities. Men are much the same in this respect; in their eyes a wife is a wife, and she must strive to be that.

Men are strange creatures. For all their being men and strong, they are much like little boys, and like to be petted. But too much petting palls. On the other hand, they like a woman to ask advice of them, that they, the men, may look down from the magnificent heights of their superiority. For man does feel he is a superior being.

So, a wife should learn that her husband is not always in the same mood; she should consider when he wishes to

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"A Snare and a Delusion"







Here is your favorite movie star in her favorite garment. Négligées cover a multitude of sins—if nothing else. As a matter of fact, they were never designed for use, being almost entirely ornamental. We like the black one at the bottom of the page. At least it is consistent—being utterly negligible as a covering!

Upper left is Betty Shannon. Upper right is one of Bluebeard's Eight Wives. Center is Agnes Ayres. Lower left is Ruth Roland. Lower right is Virginia Valli and center (bottom of page) is another of Bluebeard's wives. The real practical purpose of a négligée is first aid to vamping, but no woman will admit it







Photograph by Freulich

A Happy Young Man

By FAITH SERVICE

YOU so seldom meet a happy young man. You so seldom meet people admittedly happy, who can tell you why they are happy and expect to continue to be happy even in the face of the fact that they know they *may* not.

There seems to be, in this generation, a sort of crusade against happiness. It isn't the style. It is what the dictionaries might refer to as "disusé." It just isn't being done. It has come to be considered as "interesting" to be morose and melancholic, skeptical, cynical, super-Russian, thickly ironical. God and laughter and Santa Claus and Holy Matrimony, babies and blue skies and kind hearts and simple faiths . . . these are the dethroned idols of a vanished Yesterday.



Photograph by Pach Brothers

But Alfred Lunt, on the day I talked with him, was a very happy young man—by my observation and by his admission.

Happy for many excellent and solid reasons, such as the fact that he is in love with his wife, in love with his work, was having his first vacation in many years, had just finished a picture he thought was good, and enjoys his mother rather more than any other woman he knows. Not because his mother happens, by a fortuitous accident of biology, to be his mother, but because she is, by herself and in herself, a personage.

He told me sympathetic and delightfully appreciative things about her. How that he is the child of her first marriage, the only child. How she married again, a Scandinavian gentleman, I believe, and has two or three other children; two girls among them. How she always longed for one of her children, all of them if possible, to go on the stage. How delighted she is because he, Alfred, did go. How she still tries to urge the girls to go and is nettled because they refuse and are adamantly disinclined. And how she would have liked to go on the stage herself.

He told me something of his former home, still his mother's, in a mid-Western town, of how she makes her lips scarlet because it amuses her and arranges her beautiful hair into an intricate and interesting coiffure, "to charm," her fond son said, "the potato bugs, I suppose."

Mr. Lunt believes with some of the perhaps less popular moderns in the theory that a child owes rather less to the parent than the parent to the child. That if there be a bond of sympathy and congeniality, well and good. But if the bond does exist it is not because they are mother and child, of necessity, but simply because they are two persons with a common point of view and a respect, the one for the other. At any rate, and theories aside, it is obviously enough a very delightful relationship between them.

Well, his mother, then, is one reason for his happiness and I can think of no more basic, no better reason.

Secondly, not necessarily in the order of importance but in the order of my paragraphic tendencies, is his wife, Lynn Fontanne, who made the play and name and character of "Dulcy" famous.

Alfred fell in love with Lynn "at first sight." Yes, an authentic case of the old poetic, cardiac collapse. I have heard people say that there is "no such thing." There *is* such a thing. Mr. Lunt did it. It happened in this wise:

Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne were to rehearse in the same play, the name of which escapes me, and doesn't matter. Mr. Lunt was first upon the stage, a wholehearted, emotionally comfortable enough

(*Cont'd on page* 87)



Above is young Mr. Lunt living up to the title, and right, as he appears in "Second Youth," a Distinctive Picture

Alfred Lunt is happy because he is in love with his wife and in love with his work; two very excellent reasons

Our Boulevardier Steps Out



SINCE the collapse of her romance with Charlie Chaplin, the fair and fascinating Pola Negri seems to have forsworn masculine society altogether. Her inseparable companion now is Kathleen Williams who, in private life, is the wife of Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky studio. You never see Pola but that her pal, Miss Williams, is somewhere upon the horizon.

* * *

Pola is just beginning work on a new picture, "My Man," in which she plays the part of a rough lady from the apache districts of Paris. In this, she will get back to the kind of stuff she did in "Passion," upon which her reputation was built. Her leading man is to be Charles de Roche, the French actor; Huntley Gordon is also to play a leading part.





Top of the page: Neither a funeral nor a wedding, but merely extras from "The Judge and the Woman." Above: Off-stage entertainment by two of the cast of "Tiger Rose." Right: John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte, who are playing in Harold Bell Wright's "When A Man's A Man." Below: A recent wedding party, Lila Lee and her husband, James Kirkwood

* * *

Hollywood is consumed with excitement as to whether Pola was able to put it over Mary Pickford; their two pictures, "Rosita" and "The Spanish Dancer," being the identical story and handled in much the same way. Neither picture has, at this writing, been shown in Hollywood. Pola's admirers say she didn't have Mary's chance because "The Spanish Dancer" wasn't a star picture and Pola had to take her chances with the other boys and girls.

* * *

Mary is just beginning work on "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" with her old friend, Marshall Neilan, as director. They started in pictures at about the same time years ago in the old Biography days, and "Mickie" has directed some of Mary's finest work. But you know how it is with Mickie; he just cant get anywhere on time. So for the discipline of his soul, Mary has made certain important preparations. One is to teach her parrot to screech out, "Well, you're late again, Mickie." As a re-enforcement, she dug up an old phonograph record of a once popular song; so the first time Mons. Neilan wanders in late, he will be greeted by the old song, "I've Waited, Honey, Waited Long For You." None of which will worry Mickie in the least, you can be sure.



* * *

All the celebrities in Hollywood turned out the other night for the big opening of "Little Old New York," in which Marion Davies scored a triumph. Among them was Mary Pickford, also

And Reports The Hollywood Gossip To Harry Carr



Doug. They slipped in as unobtrusively as possible, hoping not to be noticed. At the first intermission, a fond mamma came galloping up the aisle with a cherub child and announced in a good strident voice, "My little girl wants to kiss you." Whereupon Mary got smacked. This spread the wild alarm. All over the house, other fond mammas leaped to their feet and started down the aisle dragging other angel cherubs presumably to be kissed. Happily for Mary, the first fond mamma had no intention of letting anybody jump her claim. She seen Mary first b' gosh; so, to the intense indignation of all the rest of the mothers, she stayed right on the job and monopolized Mary until the intermission was over.

* * *

They are having the time of their lives out at Mary and Doug's studio. Mary has got hold of some seventy old Biograph pictures made in 1913. Mary took us in the projecting-room and showed us one in which she appeared as a little page boy in tights. She was as fat as a partridge, so fat she could hardly show her eyes when she desired to emote.

* * *

Bill Hart seems to have come back to the fillums full of pep and excitement. His first picture based upon the life of Wild Bill Hickok was made in the almost unprecedented time of thirty days. And at that, he was much of the time on location out at Victorville where work is ordinarily slow. Among other things, Bill would seem to have scooped all the studios with the first Abraham Lincoln of the season. Everybody is making pictures with Civil War atmosphere and Abe Lincolns, possibly fired by the example of the Rockett boys in filming the life of Lincoln. Ince is making Barbara Frietchie with a Lincoln in it; somebody else is making "The Warrens of Virginia" and so on. Just by way of good measure, Bill also has General Custer, General Sheridan, Bat Masterson and the Earpes and other historical characters in his.

Bill's second picture is going to be one that he wrote himself—a story of the West of about twenty years ago called "Singer Jim McKee."

* * *

Theodore Roberts has been living a very strenuous life of late. He has been appearing in vaudeville during the evening hours in Los





Top of the page: Spring Magic from "Maytime." Above: Two little children from "The Light That Failed." Left, reading from top to bottom: Charlie Chaplin, Manuel Alonzo, Bill Tilden and Douglas Fairbanks; the best in their professions, screen and net. Below: Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish director, with his wife and children





Bert Lytell, Blanche Sweet and Bryant Washburn, between scenes from "The Meanest Man in the World." Did you ever try this on your piano? Below: An interesting view from "Law Against Law" especially posed for Classic by Paul Ivy and Richard De Vilbiss. Below: Madge Bellamy in "No More Women." Plenty of men, tho





Mabel Normand in her endearing rôle, The Extra Girl



Angeles and putting in his daylight hours at the Lasky studio.

* * *

Ambitious near stars will have to find another friendly angel in Hollywood. L. M. Goodstadt, the casting director who has discovered so many of them, has moved on to another job. From now on, he will be the business manager of Cecil De Mille's producing company. Before going into pictures he managed De Mille's theatrical interests. Since 1916 he has been in charge of the casting for Lasky. During that time he has seen Bebe Daniels, Jack Holt, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, Wally Reid, Wanda Hawley, Constance Wilson, and many other people now famous have peeked in thru his little window looking for movie jobs.

* * *

Bebe, by the way, is back from New York, about twenty pounds less fat than when she left this salubrious climate. Her first picture in California since her return will be "The Heritage of the Desert" by Zane Grey.

* * *

Norma Talmadge has a more than academic interest in the weather reports just now. She is making the night scenes of an Arab picture yet to be named. And her garb is not of the Arctic. She is an Arab dancing girl, and it seems that Arab girls dont wear. . . . Oh well, the director wants Norma to seem languid and tropical and warm; and the California climate has suddenly gone upon a most unusual rampage and the gooseflesh comes out on Norma, and the next time she makes an Arab picture she says it is going to be in a baker's oven.

* * *

The cold wave is probably the result of the eclipse. And while we are on—or under—that eclipse . . . The most favored spot in the United States from which to view it was a point on the Coast about a hundred miles south of Los Angeles. Everybody who could get hold of a day off and an auto went dashing madly to the scene; but the studio people had to work. So to appease their disappointment, the management of the big United Studios rigged up a regular theater of chairs on top of the largest studio. The players were excused and ranged themselves with awed anticipation. And then a darned old cloud came humping along and got in the way and so they couldn't see the eclipse after all. Yes, it's a hard life, mates. Especially if you live in sunny (?) California, and are a poor hard-working movie star.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Put them on your Christmas List

Everyone likes to have lovely nails

PRICES *and* SIZES
FOR EVERY
CHRISTMAS NEED

Gay Christmas packages at the right range of prices

FOR the fastidious dressing table the fascinating Boudoir Set with its cunning little compartments for cotton, buffer, Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cuticle Cream (Comfort) and three different Polishes, including the marvelous new Liquid Polish. This makes a substantial gift of worth and distinction. The buffer, stick and file alone seem almost worth the whole price, only $3.00. For $5.00 there is the still more elegant De Luxe set. The Cutex Ivory Case at $7.50 is luxuriously packed in a charming box of fine quality imitation Ivory.

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FOR the greeting that must be more personal than a card—the square little box at the bottom contains half sizes of everything essential for the nicest manicure. The Cuticle Remover, Cake Polish, Paste Polish (with the fashionable new rose tint), Nail White, emery board and the daintiest little orange stick, all gay and cordial in their little black and rose boxes. This compact set is almost indispensable for the week-end, the over-night visit or the office toilet kit, and it costs only 60c.

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HOLIDAY WRAPPER

FOR the friend who is always dashing off somewhere the special Cutex Traveling Set at the top slips in the dressing case. The Cuticle Remover, the cake of white Polish, the jar of pink Paste Polish and the convenient Nail White are tucked in securely with a separate pocket for the steel file, the emery boards and the orange sticks. This handsome lasting set is only $1.50.

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THE third set, for convenient use at the dressing table. How trim and complete it is. And it contains the Cuticle Remover, of course, absorbent cotton, emery boards, and manicure stick, and both the wonderful new Cutex Polishes, the Liquid Polish for speed and brilliance, the Powder Polish for a delicate rose-pearl lustre—all so conveniently arranged not a moment is lost in using it. $1.00.

Cutex Five Minute Set

You can get these Cutex Manicure Sets with the special holiday wrappers at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York.

CUTEX

The Movie Encyclopaedia

by

THE ANSWER MAN



PAULINE.—Better to have than to wish, so here is your answer. Richard Dix is not married and is playing in "The Call of the Canyon" with Lois Wilson. Yes, Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry are playing together. By all means write again.

HELEN M.—Too bad, too bad, but since misfortunes cannot be avoided, let them be graciously borne. No, Ramon Novarro is not married. He is twenty-four and has played on the stage. After "The Spanish Dancer," the fiery Pola Negri will play in "My Man."

ALICE ADMIRER.—Dont forget that a good thing is all the sweeter when won with pains. Hoot Gibson in "The Pony Express." Always send twenty-five cents when requesting a picture from a player. Address him at Metro, 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal. You're welcome.

FRANCES ANN.—No, I dont get much money, but I have a lot of fun. It is not what we possess that makes us happy, but what we enjoy. If you live according to nature, you will seldom be poor; if according to opinion, never rich. You refer to Edward Phillips. He was with Warner Bros. in "George Washington, Jr." last, and he played in "Sawdust." Jack Mower was the chauffeur.

ELEANOR G. C.—So you dont believe that I am an old man, but you think I am young and handsome. Well you keep right on thinking, you wont be violating the laws. Yes, of course I like May McAvoy. Lila Lee is eighteen, stands five feet three. Not married—for Richard Dix.

A FLAPPER'S DREAM.—Page Mr. Freud. Dont think Craig Ward is doing anything right now. Reginald Denny in "The Leather Pushers." Why Priscilla Dean in "The Storm Daughter." Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Prentice, and Mary Pickford has hazel eyes.

CHING.—So you think I ought to have my whiskers bobbed. Whewu! It's too cold. I usually retire about eleven. One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours after. Yes, Malcolm McGregor is married. Boy, oh boy! You say it was so hot where you were that when it rains, it dries up before it hits the ground. Tell me, did you have many playmates?

HECTOR.—Well, I wont say it. It wasn't a nice thought. I was reading in a little book I have which is over one hundred and thirteen years old that modesty is sure the chiefest ornament of our sex, and cannot be blamable in the men; it is one of the most amiable qualities that either man or woman can possess. You wouldn't think so today. Niles Welch was Roy in "The Cup of Life." Clever letter yours.

MOVIE FAN.—Why worry for something you cannot get; usually it is not a want but merely a desire. George O'Hara is with Robertson-Cole, also Mary Beth Milford. Reginald Denny with Universal. Rex Ingram and his wife, Alice Terry, are touring Europe for three months where the director is doing some research work for his next production, "The World's Illusion."

OKLAHOMA CITY.—The player you mention was said to be very much attached to his wife, nevertheless he went to court and got detached. Edward Burns is thirty-one, and Robert Frazer in "Jazzmania." Nita Naldi was born in Italy and she is playing in "Everyday Love." No, indeed, I dont mind answering questions.

R. VALENTINO FAN.—Well you wont see Valentino on the screen before February 1925. Monte Blue is thirty-three, and he and Irene Rich are playing in "Loveless Marriages."

LILLUMS.—You say you would like to have a picture of me eating green corn on the cob. All right, that's a go, provided you will give me a picture of yourself eating spaghetti. Marion Davies at the Cosmopolitan Studios, New York

BROWN-EYED SUE.—No, I do more writing than I do talking Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak, and to speak well, are two things. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four and that is his real name. Address him at Ince, Culver City, Cal. That was George Nichols in "Children of Dust."

SUNSHINE AND MOON.—You bet, the life of love is better than the love of life. Thomas Meighan is thirty-nine. Ray McKee is starring in a series of comedies, also in "Forgive and Forget." Gaston Glass is twenty-five.

BILL.—All right, here are your addresses. Kenneth Harlan at the Schulberg Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. Tom Mix with Fox. Pauline Garon in "The Turmoil" and she has blue eyes.

ADELINE Z.—Marjorie Rambeau is playing on the stage right now. And, by the way, she is playing in the same show with Maude Leone, who was the first wife of Willard Mack, and Miss Rambeau was his last. Irene Castle is playing in a concert tour right now. Why yes, Mae Marsh and May McAvoy both wear glasses when not taking pictures.

ALICE R.—Good-bye, but not forever. Charles Ray is going to play on the stage in "The Girl I Loved." Then there is Ruth Roland, Nazimova, Theodore Roberts, and many others who are going on the stage. Lloyd Hughes is married to Gloria Hope, and he is twenty-four, six feet tall. Green eyes and dark-brown hair.

JUANITA.—D. W. Griffith is producing a patriotic film called "America." The title was decided upon after a canvass of six universities, schools, clubs and sporting clubs. "America" won by a narrow margin over "The Spirit of '76." Bessie Love is to play in "Gentle Julia" for Fox. Yes, Mae Murray is with Metro.

E. H.—Yes, it is all settled. Joseph Schenck has announced that he is going to produce "Romeo and Juliet" with Norma Talmadge and either Joseph Schildkraut or Conway Tearle. I'm betting on Conway. Dorothy Dalton is twenty-nine; Lillian Gish twenty-seven; Dorothy Gish twenty-five; Bebe Daniels twenty-two and Viola Dana twenty-five.

RED TEX.—Thanks for the sketch, it was a good likeness.

CARL C. W.—Why the first cattle ever brought to America are said to have been introduced by Columbus in his second voyage in 1493. In 1553 cattle were carried by the Portuguese to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and are said to have increased there very rapidly. Thanks for the suggestion. Address Rodolph Valentino at 50 West Sixty-seventh Street, New York City. Yes, I think the majority of players were born in America. Garreth Hughes was born in Llanelly, Wales, in 1897.

ANOTHER VAMP.—I suppose you have just graduated from the vamp school. Well the trouble with exercise is that the more you exercise, the more you will eat and drink, and therefore you cannot hope to reduce much except by dieting. Remember your calories—about 2,500 for you. No, Mary Astor is not married; she is about eighteen. Gaston Glass and Clara Bow in "Poisoned Paradise."

HANOVER, PA.—Thanks for sending me the pictures. Last I heard of Lillian Walker she was in vaudeville. Leah Baird is playing in her own pictures. Yale Boss is back in pictures, but I dont know what happened to Mary Fuller. King Baggott is directing Baby Peggy, you know. Audrey Berry played in "Java Head."

DOROTHY VAN D.—Well the best rule I know of is this: Try to keep your body comfortable, and when it becomes uncomfortable seek an intelligent readjustment of your habit.

(*Continued on page 73*)

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all inquiries: The Answer Man, CLASSIC, Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y. Use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear, also the name of the magazine you wish your inquiry to appear in. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must wait their turn. Let us hear from you.

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DANA GATLIN HAS MANAGED, as if by a sixth sense, to uncover the headlong code of the adolescent youth of today. She knows why they are "Go-getters" and "Stand-patters," and she has turned the X-ray on all the little quirks in their emotions that they keep so well hidden from prying maiden aunts and teasing uncles, to say nothing of overanxious mothers and severe fathers.



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"THISTLEDOWN"

By DANA GATLIN

Beginning in the January

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

IT IS THE OLD STORY OF THE CHASE——
A SON OF THE IDLE RICH—A LOVELY WAITRESS——

"The waitress was new on the job at Thiebaud's—the young men being of the type that notes such things, noted that at once; they postponed their order to eye the waitress appraisingly. She was worth looking at, she had the singular delicate loveliness one sometimes sees in unexpected places."

BUT CAP AND APRON ARE A MASQUERADE——
AND FATE STAGES A SHOCK FOR THE GILDED YOUTH——

"He wanted to hold my hand a while ago," the girl said demurely. The old Alsatian made as if to heave his unwieldy frame over the bar. "He insult you, the dog? Wait, I fix him. I tell him who you are!—then I throw him——"

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Photograph by Edwards Hesteller

Our Boulevardier Steps Out

(*Continued from page* 68)

A whole city is to co-operate in the making of "Her Temporary Husband," which John McDermott is directing for First National. The city fire department, the entire police force, and two thousand five hundred residents of Long Beach, California, have volunteered.

* * *

Conway Tearle and his wife—Adele Rowland of vaudeville fame—have decided to make their home permanently in Hollywood and have moved the furnishing of their Long Island home out here. They gave an elaborate house-warming the other night at which Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd were the guests of honor.

* * *

Helene Chadwick has the real-estate bug. She has announced that, at the conclusion of her present contract with Goldwyn, she intends to retire from the screen and open a real-estate office. Art and all that is all right, says the fair Helene, but there never will come another easy-money period like this in the history of the world and—well somebody else can take care of art.

* * *

After he finishes "Black Oxen" with Corinne Griffith, Frank Lloyd is to produce "The Sea Hawk"; cast not stated. In connection with "Black Oxen," Lloyd says that he has found in Little Clara Bow, who was a prize winner in one of the Brewster "Fame and Fortune" contests, one of the real "discoveries" of his career.

* * *

Nearly all the Hollywood studios have shut down hard on visitors. One of the big producers has estimated that every visitor costs his studio

(*Continued on page* 78)



Photograph by Freulich

Top of the page: Myrtle Steadman and her son, Lincoln, another second generation movie team

Hoot Gibson, who will soon have his own company to make pictures for Universal release

The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page 70*)

Why George Hackathorn is five feet seven and is playing in "The Turmoil" with Eileen Percy. You better write in English.

BERLE F.—Better go back than go wrong. Yes, Katherine MacDonald is married to John Schoen Johnson. Antonio Moreno is thirty. So you want me to call on you when I go South. Thanks. Wish I could accept all the invitations I have. Barbara Bedford and Lloyd Hughes in "The Whipping Boss."

PEGGY.—I cant say when Eugene O'Brien will return to the screen.

CLYDE.—The best doctor I know of recommends rubbing vaseline or olive-oil into the scalp every night for preventing the hair from falling out. Look at my picture and tell me if you are willing to take my advice on how to prevent baldness. Yes, that was Kenneth Harlan in "Beautiful and Damned." I attended the opening of "Little Old New York." The Lee children have gone to London to play.

MISS THELMA.—Madge Kennedy in "Three Miles Out." Sounds as tho it might be interesting. Eddie Burns is with Metro. Little Priscilla Dean Moran, Jackie Coogan's adopted sister, is playing one of the children in "Daddies" starring Mae Marsh.

MILDRED A.—Good words cool more than cold water. Yes, Joyce Fair is a child. Yes, Mary Pickford married Owen Moore twice. Once by a preacher and again by a priest. Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters.

LOUISA.—So you have a flivver. As Bugs Baer says, "anything that happens to them is bound to be an improvement." You refer to "De Luxe Annie." It was released some time ago. Write to Metro for a picture of Rex Ingram. John Bowers, Frankie Lee, Sylvia Breamer and Marjorie Daw in "The Barefoot Boy."

SO.—Is that so? Of course Lila Lee and Bebe Daniels are friends. Bebe is twenty-two, and is playing in "His Children's Children." Doris May and William Farnum in "The Gun Fighter." House Peters and Evelyn Brent in "Held to Answer."

ME FOR J. WARREN.—No, I dont use my beard as a coffee strainer. What next! Of course I live in a hall room and love buttermilk. No Warren Kerrigan isn't married. I bet many a girl wishes he was. Yes, Dorothy Dalton has been in musical comedy. You know she was the original Aphrodite.

M. R. V.—They do say that Natalie Talmadge is expecting the stork any day now. Mae Murray is twenty-seven. Gloria Swanson is at the Astoria studio in Long Island. Anna Q. Nilsson is married to John Gunnison.

FRANK.—Frank you are. Yes, why dont you try writing to your favorite. They like to receive letters of criticism of their work. How did you like the cover of Strongheart last month? You know that dog certainly has a happy time of it, he lives on three pounds of porterhouse steak every night, and doesn't have to worry about reducing.

JULIA J. H.—William Duncan is playing in "The Fast Express" for Universal. Edith Johnson opposite him. Well if you pay nothing; dont grumble about the score. Yes, there is Nita Naldi. As long as your eyes are not too deep-set, you're all right.

BOBBIE.—Of two evils, choose the least. Why Taylor Holmes has been playing on the stage, but right now he is working on a picture. That was quite some list of



BEFORE USING

Even though the teeth be perfectly formed and regular they cannot be attractive and charming if stained with tartar and discoloration, and dull with lack-lustre

AFTER USING

A three-minute application of Renamel, after the morning tooth-brushing, leaves the teeth pearly white and glistening; every tooth a tooth of gleaming ivory

New Discovery Makes Dull Teeth Pearly White

Beautiful white teeth may now be every woman's possession. Remarkable new liquid removes all dullness and discoloration in few minutes—imparting gleamy whiteness and sparkle to any set of teeth

The Woman Who Dared Not Smile

By Richard Somners

EVERY man fell head-over-heels in love with Henrietta Blaine—until she smiled. Then the charm was broken.

Everybody agreed she would be absolutely irresistible if it only were not for her unsightly, discolored teeth.

Then, one day a miracle happened!

Henrietta appeared at May Osborne's dinner party and was seated at the table opposite George Gould. In the midst of a humorous anecdote George stopped suddenly and stared in disbelief at Henrietta whose lips were parted in a smile.

There followed an awkward pause at the table. All eyes were turned in the direction of George's stare and at once everybody knew: a wonderful thing had happened to Henrietta. Vanished was the ugly, yellowish stain that had for so long marred her teeth. Now they were white and radiant as oriental pearls—beautiful in their gleaming lustre and evenness.

And this is the story as Henrietta later told it to May in the privacy of her boudoir:

"Since childhood, I have been a chum of Martha Ryerson's, whose father is head of the famous Century Chemists. One night at the Ryerson home I told Mr. Ryerson frankly the tragedy of my awful-looking teeth and begged him to find a way to help me out. After months of experimenting this is the result."

Pearly Teeth for Every Woman

Ryerson's Renamel for the teeth is the most important beauty discovery in ages. There have been tonics, lotions, dyes and creams galore for the skin, the hair, the figure, but until now the woman with dull, discolored, yellow teeth has had no assistance beyond the ordinary "tooth washes" which merely remove dirt without relieving dullness or stain.

The application of this wonderful new dental discovery is simplicity itself. Any woman can apply it in her own home with lovely and immediate results. Merely apply a thin coat of Renamel (with soft camel's hair brush provided)—just after the morning tooth-brushing. Allow to remain on the teeth for two or three minutes—then wipe off with a dry cloth. And lo! a miracle has been performed. Every tooth is gleaming ivory—as white as virgin pearls—with all tartar and stain vanished completely.

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Renamel is not only harmless, but it is positively beneficial to the teeth. Your dentist will endorse its purity. It is pleasantly, but potently, antiseptic—destroying the tiny bacteria that often lurk in the crevices of the teeth.

If you really take pride in your personal appearance, read this wonderful trial offer, and mail the coupon *today*.

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(ONLY ONE BOTTLE TO A FAMILY)

THE first bottles of Renamel were made up for my personal friends and patrons at $3.50 the bottle, but to introduce this delightful product quickly to a few thousand women throughout America (thus paving the way for drug store sale), I have decided to distribute a few thousand introductory bottles direct by mail, at the actual cost of production—including the bare expense of compounding, shipping and the printed announcements—which we have figured down to $1.87.

You need send no money; simply mail the coupon. Do not delay. This offer may never be repeated. I cannot afford to accept over a few thousand coupons on this "no-profit basis." In the interest of good looks and self-respect, ACT NOW. Send the coupon today.

WM. RYERSON, *Chief Chemist*

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, one full-size bottle ($3.50 size) of Mr. Ryerson's Renamel for five days' free trial. I will pay postman the actual cost price of $1.87—plus a few cents postage—with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied, I may return unused portion of Renamel at the end of five days, and you will refund my money in full.

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If apt to be out when postman calls, enclose $2 with coupon, and Renamel will be sent to you postpaid.

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favorites you have. Enid Bennett with Metro in "The Living Past" with Harrison Ford. No, I dont mind. And so near Christmas too.

That Red-Head Gal.—Yes, the Classic was formerly called the "Supplement" and then "The Motion Picture Classic" and now it is called just plain Classic. Can you suggest a better name? No, dont be bashful. And you want to see more of Johnnie Walker and Cullen Landis. No, not much to offer you.

Margaret C.—You will have to wait until February 1925 to see Rodolph Valentino on the screen. Yes, Thomas Meighan; and Gordon Griffith was Sam. Norman Kerry has been signed to play opposite Mabel Forrest in "The Satin Girl."

A Pair of Cats.—I dont believe it. Anyway a pair is better than three of a kind. That is, speaking of cats. Jack Holt is six feet and weighs one hundred and seventy-five. That is his right name, and he has been playing for about six years. All right, stop in again sometime.

Sister Sue.—Well I did not know that business was as bad as you say it is, but I have often noted that the man who is always talking about the poor business outlook is usually the one who has a poor way of looking out for his business. Yes, that is Mae Murray in "Fashion Row." Lloyd Hughes is twenty-four. No offense, and I hope to hear from you soon again.

Gloria V.—Jane and Eva Novak have been signed to play sister rôles in Fox's "The Man Whom Life Passed By." Percy Marmont opposite Jane and Cullen Landis opposite Eva. Yes, Mary Pickford is thirty, but she doesn't look it. I'm sorry, Gloria, but I cannot tell you how you can get a screen test for yourself.

Margaret B.—Well you will find that most people love you most for what you have and not for what you are. And dont forget, money talks. Yes, Franklyn Farnum is with Fox. Better give up the idea for a while. Write me again.

Morgan A.—Well there's no watch on me. I cant afford one. The word "watch" comes from the Saxon "waeccan" signifying to wake, to excite, and is the name applied to the numerous species of timemakers which have sprung legitimately from what old stirps, or stock—the clock, the earliest history of which is lost in the night of the past, but which has played so wondrous a part in the civilization of the world; and who knows but in barbarism too, for the meaning of the term originally was "bell" and is still retained in the French *cloche*. My, I didn't mean to say so much. Viola Dana at the Metro Studios. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas. So you dont agree with me, and you say love is life, and that is what you make it. Well I agree with you. So much for that.

Margaret, Aurora.—Norma Talmadge is twenty-eight, and she was born on May 2nd.

May Mc.—So you think I look like Father Time. Time does not bow to you, you must bow to time. Just write to J. Warren Kerrigan at the Vitagraph Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Merrylegs.—I should say Betty Blythe is back. I am most anxious to see her in "Chu Chin Chow." Betty Compson in "The Royal Oak." Yes, Metro produced "The Promise" in 1917 with Mae Allison and Harold Lockwood. Yes, you did right. And you sure did write.

Desmond.—That may be true, but we ought not to judge a man's merits but his qualifications, but by the use he makes of them. Gloria Swanson is your sapphire

(*Continued on page* 89)

No Wonder Rouge Never Gave a Natural Color!

But at last Science has solved the baffling Secret of Nature's own lovely flush

SCIENCE now discloses that no known shade of purplish red—the familiar color of rouge—can ever duplicate Nature's perfect artistry. No matter how skilfully rouge is applied, the task is *impossible.*

In creating the wonderful new Princess Pat Natural Tint, *the great handicap of rouge came to light!* The startling discovery was made that to obtain perfect results, such as Nature gives, the color used *must positively change upon the skin after it is applied.* No wonder, then, that rouge never gave a natural color!



"The Amazing Million Dollar Beauty Secret Had at Last Been Discovered"

No more amazing development has ever been accomplished in beauty's name than the finding of Princess Pat Tint. No more fascinating story has ever been told than the long search by a famous English Scientist for the mysterious "X-Tint" which should duplicate Nature.

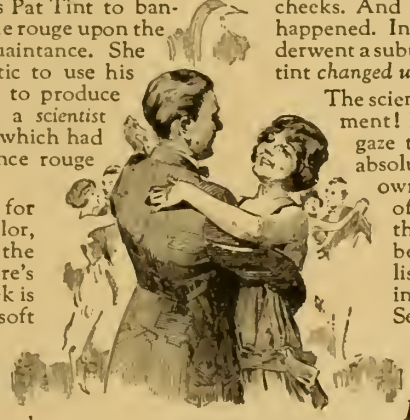
Like many great discoveries, chance gave the inspiration and a happy accident brought about the final triumph. Chance led the famous creator of Princess Pat Tint to banteringly criticize the tell-tale rouge upon the cheeks of a feminine acquaintance. She in turn challenged her critic to use his vast store of knowledge to produce something better. Thus a *scientist* turned his hand to a task which had baffled the *cosmetician* since rouge was first used.

Search was made first for some actual, definite color, which would simulate the marvelous beauty of Nature's handiwork when the cheek is divinely mantled with soft pink and creamy white. Time after time the attempt was made to perfect ordinary rouge, to so modify the familiar purplish red that it would appear natural. But with every resource of science available, the effort proved futile.

But the scientist worked on, with his assistant the subject for experimentation. Casting aside red tints as impossible, hundreds of different shadings of delicate color were used. Many were an improvement, but none perfect.

Then accident stepped in, and by sheer chance a rare and costly ingredient was used. The result was an unknown shade of delicate orange, beautiful indeed, but not the color one would *ordinarily* select to match Nature's perfect complexion. Idly enough, this new shade was tried upon the assistant's cheeks. And then a wonderful thing happened. Instantly the coloring underwent a subtle alteration. The orange tint *changed upon the skin!*

The scientist exclaimed in amazement! For beneath his startled gaze there had appeared the absolute perfection of Nature's own coloring, the blending of delicate pink and white that marks the transparent beauty of the famous English complexion. The amazing "Million Dollar Beauty Secret," Princess Pat Tint, had at last been discovered.



"At the Dance—Serenely Sure of Your Color"

Princess Pat Tint Is Waterproof

Still the scientist was not satisfied. He determined to make this new tint waterproof. And wonderful success attended his efforts. Now, one may actually enjoy surf bathing without the slightest impairment of coloring. Princess Pat Tint on the cheeks simply will not run or streak. Perspiration does not affect it. Yet Princess Pat Tint vanishes instantly beneath a touch of cream or the use of soap.

Princess Pat Tint comes in only one shade, of course; for the one shade *blends perfectly with every complexion!* It is as perfect in daylight as under artificial light. So it is no wonder that Princess Pat Tint has become a sensation—the demand in New York, Chicago, and other large cities has been simply overwhelming. Dealers everywhere are being supplied as fast as possible.



Meanwhile, however, we will be glad to send Princess Pat Tint Free to every woman who reads this advertisement.

FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply—without charge.

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Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

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Crossroads of Conversation

Could the telephone directory in the hands of each subscriber be revised from hour to hour, there would be no need for the information operator. But even during its printing and binding, thousands of changes take place in the telephone community. New subscribers are added to the list. Old ones move their places of business or of residence.

Though their names are not listed on the directory, these subscribers must be connected by the highways of speech with all others in the community. To supplement the printed page, there must be guides at the crossroads of conversation.

Such are the information operators, selected for their task because of quickness and accuracy, courtesy and intelligence. At their desks, connected with the switchboards in central offices, they relieve the regular operators from answering thousands of questions about telephone numbers that would otherwise impede the rendering of service. If they are unnecessarily asked for numbers already in the directory, service is retarded.

"Information" stands for the most complete utilization of telephone facilities.

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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

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which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Sunburns, Eczema, Acne, Birthmarks, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.
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Keep your skin soft with softened, perfumed water
Fastidious women have long realized that to keep the skin soft and sweet and dainty as nature intended it *must* be bathed in only softest water. Bathasweet gives water a limpid, silky softness that tells you by its very feel how good it is for the skin. Imparts a delicate perfume, too—the height of luxury. If you are not now using it a lovely treat is in store for you. Get Bathasweet at your drug or department store, 25c, 50c, or $1.00.
Or send us 10c for miniature can.
THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. A. B., New York City

Glenn Hunter—On and Off

(*Continued from page 36*)

a change—a private secretary, a chauffeur, and an able-bodied man to hold his pants.

But I was glad of it. Glenn knows what it is to be poor and to rise in life. So it was with Guy Plummer in "West of the Water Tower." And that is one reason, when I visited him at the studio, that he was putting so much feeling into the part of Guy. In the story Guy was at the bottom; he rose; he became somebody. And so had Glenn.

One day Glenn told me a little story that made me hopeful. When first he left his small native village and came to New York to be an actor, it was the town joke. "Goin' to New York to be an actor."—it was simply too funny for anything. An Actor? Ha-Ha! When he walked down the street they made fun of him, made cat-calls, squealed from behind windows, taunted him, mocked him. It was funny, they said—Glenn Hunter that everybody knew thinkin' he could be an actor in New York. Then they squealed at him again. It was the same way with Guy in Junction City in "West of the Water Tower." The town "came down" on him. Time passed, in Glenn's case . . . he had the real spark—and now when he goes back with his car and chauffeur he is the most welcome person in town. Some of the persons who used to give the cat-calls are now proud to shake hands with him.

It is by reason of these things that I think Glenn Hunter is such an admirable selection. He has run the gamut; he knows what it is to be down and he knows what it is to be up. I know of no one on the American stage so fitted for the part. Glenn has the goods.

FLORIDA

By Margaret Mayfield

Florida in February!
Where roses bloom
And lilies raise
White cups skyward,
Where violets peep
Purple-eyed behind their leaves;
And yellow oranges
Hang like golden fruit
Upon the shining-leafed trees;
Where motors unroll
Grey ribbons in the hard sand,
A road that nature fashioned;
Where Spain laid her iron heel
Upon the tropic soil
And left a medieval fortress,
Eternal memorial of her pride;
Where Spanish moss
Beards the trees in grey;
Where azaleas burst into pink stars,
Against a white porch;
Where palmettos wave their fans
In the soft breeze
This is Florida in February!

A Lover of Life

(*Continued from page 41*)

wild-eyed girl firmly planted on her gorgeous court train.

A moment of wild confusion, a volley of explosives, and Eulalie fled for safety to the flies from which she only ventured forth when the janitor closed the theater at midnight.

This didn't dampen her ardor. With persistence and the cherished slogan, "Never say can't," in her heart, she forged thru several minor engagements and landed on Broadway as a prima donna while still in her teens, appearing in such favorites as "The Wizard of Oz," "The Time, The Place and The Girl," and others of this type.

Miss Jensen grinned: "I must have been a difficult star—I thought being temperamental a part of the game and I wanted to play the game to the limit. I'm a fighter—I like the battle, and there were some spectacular encounters!" She laughed with relish at the memory.

She comes from a colorful line. There are fascinating strains of French, Spanish and Italian in her veins and romance and adventure ran riot among her ancestors. They have left their trace on her. One can readily picture her with a rose between her lips dancing the heart out of the victorious matador under flaming Spanish skies, or mounted on a white charger leading her downtrodden people to glory!

Sorrow has touched this woman too. She says she was left dumb for a time and the song and smile died from her heart. But her spirit couldn't be downed. Leah Beard sent for her to come to Hollywood and in her work she has found contentment.

"It takes heartaches, disappointments and bitter tears to teach one how to act, to understand another woman's emotional reactions," said Miss Jensen. "I do not say that an actress must pass thru, personally, the exact experiences she portrays in her rôles. For instance, she does not have to commit murder in order to enact such a scene. But having touched tragic depths creates in her a perfect comprehension. No woman has the right to grow hard—no matter what her griefs.

"I love my work, I love my people—those who speak my language. I love life—its struggles, its successes, its failures. It gives us tears but it also, gives us smiles.

"There it is——" she looked at me hopelessly. "You see, I'm destined to play many parts!"

Anyway, that is Eulalie Jensen—



Teeth Like Pearls

Don't leave that film-coat on them

Wherever dairty people meet, you see prettier teeth today.

In old days most teeth were film-coated. Now millions use a new-type tooth paste which fights film.

Make this free test, if only for beauty's sake. Ten days will show you what it means to you.

Those cloudy coats

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it. Much of it clings and stays under old-way methods.

Soon that film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's how teeth lose luster.

Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The new-day method

Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effect.

These discoveries are everywhere changing the old methods of teeth cleaning. They have brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

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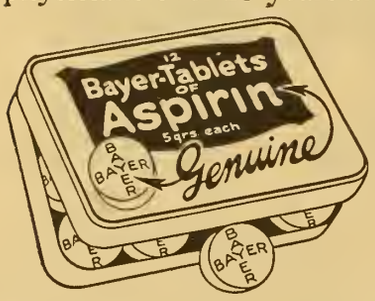
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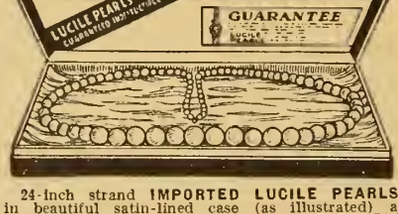
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ORIENTAL PEARL CO.

853 Kent Ave. Dept. E Brooklyn, N.Y.

Our Boulevardier Steps Out

(*Continued from page* 72)

at least one hundred dollars in time lost. On the other hand, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have adopted a policy of letting in everyone who wants to see the place.

* * *

Jean Hersholt claims the distinction of being the champion high-and-low fighter of the world. In Eric von Stroheim's "Greed," he staged a fisticuff three hundred and thirty-seven feet below sea level on the famous alkali skin in Death Valley. In a former production, he had a similar scene on Mount Hood, twelve thousand. In both instances he collapsed from the result of the abnormal atmosphere.

* * *

Mae Marsh has arrived in Hollywood to be in "Daddies" at the Warner Brothers studio under the direction of William Seitor. For company she has her husband and baby. Miss Marsh has starred away from the film colony and has taken a house on West Twenty-eighth Street, several miles away from the rest of 'em. She had a grand reception, her last Griffith picture, "The White Rose," having broken all down-town house records for Sid Graumann.

* * *

Ernst Lubitsch has assembled a somewhat remarkable cast for his second American picture now being made at Warner Brothers — "The Marriage Circle." Among others are Florence Vidor, Marie Prevost, Adolphe Menjou, Creighton Hale, Monte Blue, Harry Meyers. It is the gossip of Hollywood that Marie Prevost is due to be a great actress when Lubitsch gets thru with her. She plays the part of a vamp of a type new to the screen. The German director considers her to be one of the most promising actresses he has seen in America.

* * *

Henry Walthall has cancelled his plans to go back to the stage in order to take the part of the father in the next Booth Tarkington story to be screened by First National, "Old Fathers and Young Sons." The cast includes little Ben Alexander.

* * *

The press-agent sorrowfully admits he didn't mean quite what he said when he gave out Baby Peggy's salary as a million a year. It seems that Sol Lesser has agreed to spend a million a year on her productions.

(*Continued on page* 86)

New Books In Brief Review

IN modern literature the Problem is the thing. The plot-weary author, laboring overtime, seeks sedulously until he finds something new to worry himself and his public about. Having painted in sad hues various pictures of married life in his last novel, "Brass," Charles G. Norris, turns with equal gloom to the lot of the working woman in "Bread" (*E. P. Dutton & Company*). Last year A. S. M. Hutchinson in "This Freedom" forced his heroine to undergo all sorts of unpleasant vicissitudes in an effort to prove that marriage and office work do not mate well. Mr. Norris in an utterly dissimilar novel has the same end in view. But after all, are not these two authors bothering themselves and us with something which is no problem at all? The majority of women turn gladly, willingly from office work to married life. The comparative freedom of a home is vastly preferred by most women to the monotonous routine of an office. There are not many secretaries like Jeannette Sturgis who get any thrills over business dictation or typewriter keys. Not often do we find a woman sticking to the humdrum existence of an office when a dominating lover enters her life. There may be, there probably are such resolute spinsters who loudly contemn the holy state—but our guess is that ninety-nine out of every hundred are only whistling to keep up their courage.

Mr. Norris tells his story in rather a colloquial style, not altogether pleasing. The early part of the novel drags wofully, evoking yawns rather than interest. Jeannette Sturgis—brave and independent, efficient and headstrong—is remarkably well portrayed, as are her mother, the little music teacher; Martin Devlin, Jeannette's conquering husband, vulgar and rough, but virile and somehow splendid.

There is a certain power in his description of Jeannette's love for Martin and her struggle to stifle that love because it interferes with her passion for independence. Dramatic intensity, too, in the tragic end when bereft of everything but her once prized independence, she finds herself alone in the old-maidish flat she had chosen to take the place of life with the careless, spendthrift Martin. The poignant memory of that scene still lingers.

Mr. Norris runs to monosyllabic titles. In previous novels he has given us "Brass" and "Salt." Now we have "Bread." One wonders how long our creator of terse titles can keep this up. At this rate we can expect next year a novel by Mr. Norris, entitled, "Dough," dealing with the unsuccessful efforts of a poor man to amass great wealth.

THE story of the first and second Hungarian revolutions of 1918-19 is told in all the details of its terror and debauchery in a remarkable book entitled "An Outlaw's Diary" (*Robert M. McBride and Company*). Its author, Cécile Tormay, is a novelist of international fame. Her book is not merely the diary of an outlaw during a national upheaval, it is the record of a nation plunged into suffering and sorrow of an almost overwhelming description.

Miss Tormay wrote her thrilling record of the progress of the revolution day by day and week by week, secreting her manuscript wherever she could, and with the threat of death hanging over her if she were tracked and her writing discovered. Proscribed by revolutionary heads who had installed a "tcheka" as terrible as that of Russia, she fled from the parental roof after the death of her mother—one of many innocent victims of the revolution—taking refuge in lonely castles, provincial villas and rustic hovels. She secreted fragments of her diary between the pages of books, under the eaves of strange houses, up chimneys, in recesses of cellars, behind furniture and buried in the ground. It has survived in its integrity almost miraculously to serve as a memento when the graves of the victims it describes are forgotten, when the grass has grown over the gallows' pits, and when the writings in blood and bullets have disappeared from the walls of the torture chambers.

TO certain people "The Future of Painting," by Willard Huntington Wright (*Huebsch*), will seem the most important critical discussion of that art since the Trattato della Pittura, despite the intervention between the great Leonardo of Taine's lectures on Art and Reinach's Apollo. But these later works estimate a glorious past. Mr. Wright defines an epoch. The whole subject of modern art is made clear. Modern art, to be sure, is an outgrowth of painting, but only in the sense that those who practise it have been painters. Modern art is really the *new art of color*. With painting, as we have always understood the term and as the academicians understand it, the new art has nothing to do. Hence the controversy. It was trying to affect the optics with sharp, clean color values, not to suggest recognizable objects taking position in space. But recently it has found its true medium—namely, light. Light is pure color.

But if the medium has been discovered, machines for projecting its sharp effects remain to be perfected. Wallace-Rimington's color-organ and Thomas Wilfred's clavilux are far from satisfactory. Furthermore, the new art will conform to the old standards that have been the same thru the ages. Enlarging his field of definition, Mr. Wright goes to the Chinese for a statement of these standards.

UNCHARTED

By JEANNE OLDFIELD POTTER

There is a land of gold
Rimmed by a sea of light,
Never a day dawns cold,
Low hang the stars at night;
Even the young are wise,
Even the old are fair,
Time knows not where it lies,
Love has its dwelling there.

Jade to the rainbow sea
Falls its beloved shore,
Land that is calling me,
Land that my Youth forswore;
How shall we find the place
Close to the sun's warm heart?
I who have known its grace,
Dear, I have lost the chart.

IT must in honesty be admitted that one approaches a book by Upton Sinclair with a certain degree of prejudice. He is an inveterate digger-up of grievances. He has generally a chip on his shoulder. His hand is more or less against every man because he has brought himself to believe that every man's hand is against him. It would come almost as a shock to find Mr. Sinclair praising anyone or anything which is held in good esteem by normal and kindly disposed people.

All this is by way of preamble to the few remarks we shall venture to make on his latest book "The Goose Step." Of course it is an *exposé*, this time of American colleges and universities. It is, perhaps, not without significance that he is his own publisher, which suggests that either he could not get another publisher to take his book or that he would not entrust it to another. Anyhow

(*Continued on page 99*)



Scaramouche

(*Continued from page* 32)

the poor people were notoriously no swordsmen, the aristocrat would return one fine morning as did the Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr, smirk, and say: "Monsieur le président, my excuses for being late. With them I bring those of Deputy Lagron. Our debate of yesterday has been settled . . . permanently!"

So the president, Monsieur le Chapelier, and the hulking Danton, went forth to find a master sword, and the sword they sought was that of one André Louis, alias André-Louis Moreau, assistant fencing-teacher in the Rue du Hazard. Chance had brought André here, and chance had made him a swordsman above all others. So when Chapelier, whom he remembered from Rennes, offered him the deputyship of the defunct Lagron, with the proviso that he should put Monsieur le Marquis de la Tour d'Azyr under ground, he accepted with a will.

So it came about that Scaramouche took his seat in the assembly, made his speech, and the first day was challenged to a duel by no less a person than the Chevalier de Chabrillane!

The next day bright and early, the erstwhile Scaramouche brought his regrets for lateness, and "likewise those of Monsieur de Chabrillane. Our debate of yesterday has been settled" . . . He smiled at Monsieur the Marquis, ". . . permanently!"

The nobles gasped. The gallery cheered. Moreau was the man of the hour; Moreau was the idol of the people.

Presently it befell Monsieur le Marquis to visit Gavrillac to seek to soften the heart of Aline. Also it came to pass that Monsieur de Kercadiou, reading the official paper of the nobility, came to the item that one André-Louis Moreau had killed one and wounded four nobles in as many duels and days. He burst wildly into the room, where Monsieur le Marquis was being assured that he need no longer seek favor from Aline.

Monsieur de Kercadiou was a choleric soul, and he raved: "And I pray that André may soon meet a sword that will do to him as he has done to others! The scoundrel!"

Monsieur le Marquis bowed. "Your wish will doubtless come true. Tomorrow, we meet!"

Monsieur de Kercadiou began to feel very sick. But Aline hastened to stop the Marquis as he strode thru the hall. She would forget everything, she cried, she would marry him, if he would forego his duel with André. But scoundrel or no, he held

honor highest, and sadly shook his head.

Next morning, André's door opened to Madame de Plougastel, who begged him to accept service with the King of Austria. She had, she faltered, known André's mother. But he only shrugged his shoulders and prepared to go. Hardly had she gone, when Aline appeared. She prayed him to forsake the duel, but he, thinking her concern was for the Marquis, thrust her off and hurried away. His cab far outstripped the coach of Mme. de Plougastel, which Aline had commandeered to stop the duel, and when the two women arrived, an iron door barred the way.

From within came the tinkle and clang of crossed rapiers, the thud of feet, a mutter of voices, then dead silence. The iron door opened and out of it staggered the Marquis, his sleeve in ribbons, his arm reddening slowly from a slight wound. With a cry that André was dead, Aline fainted into his arms.

And this was the tableau that greeted Scaramouche when he emerged unhurt and enraged at having merely wounded the Marquis instead of killing him. He stared, spun on his heel with an oath, and that night accepted service in the provinces for the Commune.

. . . . .

The sands of time sifted fast; Saint Antoine was a roar of ruffians, a rattle of knives; from the South came the men of Marseilles, dirty, dusty, dragging cannon, singing the new song of Rouget de Lisle. Paris rose on her oppressors, the streets ran black with blood, the Swiss guard died on the palace stair; the nobles died on the palace stair; and out of a mass of crumpled bodies crawled Monsieur le Marquis, beaten, broken, bleeding, but a fighting man to the end. He staggered into the house of Madame de Plougastel and fell fainting at the feet of Aline. The women were wild with fear. They had attempted to flee the city, and had found the barriers closed. They had sent their servant for succour, and he lay dead in a ditch. A mile away were the mob, killing, burning, hacking, mutilating, singing, bearing heads on pikes, the dregs of Paris, dancing *La Carmagnole!*

In Gavrillac, a stranger, flourishing the tricolor cockade, galloped into the inn yard, flung himself off his horse and strode toward the fire. Quintin de Kercadiou spun about to meet him.

"André! Aline and Madame de Plougastel are in Paris! You must save them."

"Aline, yes. But Mme. de Plou-

Would You Think from this Photo that I Ever Weighed 200 Lbs?

By Jessica Penrose Bayliss
(of Bryn Mawr, Penna.)

"I HAD just about all the *avoirdupois* I could carry around when I first heard of getting thin to music. I am only 5 ft. and 5 in. in height and not of large frame, and 191 lbs. made me positively conspicuous as you can well believe. It was beginning to tell on my arches; I had difficulty in walking any distance. Dancing became out of the question, and I had become a regular stay-at-home when a friend prevailed on me to try the much-talked-of reducing records.

"The first session with this method was a complete surprise. I had expected it would be something of a bore—the things I had tried in the past had all proved so. But the movements that first reducing record contained, the novel commands and counts, and the sparkling musical accompaniment made it extremely interesting. I used it for over a week for the sheer fun of doing it. I felt splendid after each day's 'lesson.' Even then I scarcely took the idea seriously. Surely, this new form of play could not be affecting my huge superfluity of flesh; it must have been ten or twelve days later that I weighed myself.

"*I had lost eight pounds!*

"No one had to urge me after that! I secured all five of the records and settled down in earnest to reduce. A week later the same scale said 174 lbs. Another week only showed a six pound loss; but the week following I had taken off nine more pounds.

"As I progressed in the lessons I found them growing more and more interesting, and each new and unique movement began improving my proportions in new places. The over-fleshiness at my neck was a condition I never dreamed could be affected by these methods, but it was; even the roll of fat that had foreshadowed a double-chin disappeared in time.

"In six weeks I was dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore. I got another saddle horse. I started wearing clothes which did not have to sacrifice all style in an effort to conceal. And it is quite needless to say I was delighted and elated. At the end of nine weeks I weighed exactly 138 lbs.—a reduction of fifty-three pounds. I submit my experience in gratitude for what Wallace's wonderful records have done for me. I am humbled by the recollection of how I once fairly scoffed at the enthusiasm of others in what I deemed at the time a mere fad. I shudder to think that I might have remained indifferent to this method. Only a woman who has been over-whelmingly fleshly can appreciate what my new appearance and feelings mean to me. As for those who need reduce but a few pounds to make their figures what they would like them to be, it is pitiful to think that they do not know this easy way—or perhaps do not believe it."

What more can be said of reducing? Mrs. Bayliss' start was made with the full first lesson record which Wallace sent her without cost or obligation. The same offer is open to *you*. If you, too, do not see remarkable results in only a few days, don't keep the record, and don't pay Wallace anything. Why not use the coupon now?



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"Brittle nails and hang nails, that so mar the charm of the hands, are caused by lack of nourishment and often by the use of harmful cuticle "removers."

Every woman may now have pretty finger nails -- *and she should;* for well kept nails not only give charm to the hands, but are a mark of refinement by which one is often judged.

Flex-ol insures beautiful nails. It is a nourishing food tonic. A pleasant, easy-to-use lotion that is applied to the nails and finger tips, and allowed to remain, because it is *beneficial.* The tissues quickly absorb it and soon glow with the pink tints of health. Callous places, dead cuticle and painful hang nails disappear. The nails become flexible -- they no longer break easily. And take and *hold* the soft, pearl-like lustre so prized by gentlewomen.

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gastel has connections with Austria. I can do nothing for her!"

"But André! André!" The old man was nearly frantic. "She is your mother!"

Paris roared closer now. Aline heard them, André's mother heard them, the Marquis heard them. The door rattled, and as it flung open, Aline was in André's arms. The Marquis' pistol flashed in his hand, and André's was out of his sleeve, as Madame de Plougastel flung herself between them. "He . . . he is your son," she gasped to the Marquis.

And after that there is much to be told of the fortunes of André-Louis Moreau, of how he and the two women fled thru the city gates, cheered by the frantic admirers of Moreau, of how they settled down happily where the scars of revolution did not show; and of a certain Monsieur de la Tour d'Azyr, who disdaining safety with the son he had so persecuted, went out into the streets with his drawn sword, and died as he would have wished . . . fighting.

Questions and Answers

(*Continued from page* 19)

Talmadge is easily the Crœsus. She is wealthy in her own right; but her husband, Joseph Schenck, is an enormously rich man. He is the owner of the big Palisades Park in New Jersey. He is one of the big owners in Metro, a heavy owner in the West Coast Theater Company. In addition to which he is one of the owners of the Music Box Revue in New York, one of the dominating figures in the California banking world and an oil king. Tô Norma Talmadge, a hundred thousand dollars is small change.

THE QUESTION: Who is the most beautiful woman on the screen?

THE ANSWER: This is entirely a matter of individual opinion. Personally I think the choice lies between Florence Vidor and Madge Bellamy. Madge Bellamy is more beautiful off the screen than on; the reverse is true of Miss Vidor.

THE QUESTION: Who is most temperamental?

THE ANSWER: Is it Pola or Mabel Normand or Corinne Griffith? Well, it's this way: Mabel is the most undependable human being that ever lived. A director doesn't mean any more in her life than any impulsive little whim she happens to collide with. That's Mabel. Pola is different; she starts cyclones when things dont go to please her. Corinne Griffith is very young; very sensitive and very determined to have her own way—an appalling combination.



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Foreign Films

(Continued from page 27)

ENGLAND

If England has yielded to the historical trend, it has done so less from necessity than from conviction. If in Germany history is a refuge, in England it is an opportunity, and the British producers have withdrawn to the past because for the moment it appears to present an artistic appeal superior to the lure of contemporary events. Tho abiding strictly by the historical convention in such a recent film as "The Virgin Queen," a very effective departure from the rule of uniformity is made in such a film as "Don Quixote," in which legend is given precedence to fact and in which the grotesque adventures of Spain's amiable hero are visualized to a world which knew him only thru translation. The task of presenting Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's faithful servitor, in a language intelligible to all nations has been entrusted to George Robey, England's great character actor, who will make his first screen appearance in this picture, under the patronage of the Stoll Film Company. Robey has until now remained one of the few great artists with a world reputation who has evaded the lure of the films and his capture is an event for the picture world.

Another departure, in which the historical yields to this æsthetic, is the Stoll production of "The Indian Love Lyrics," the immortal songs now familiar the world over. On this slender golden thread is woven a fabric of romance and beauty providing a gorgeous mantle for an aëry form, the screen recreating the pathos and tragedy of the poems, and revealing poetry to be as fertile a field for the film as art.

RUSSIA

A Russian film, actually produced in Russia, is a rare event, but if "The Disinherited" is an example of what can be done in the heart of that enigmatic country, it is a pity that more pictures are not forthcoming. The story itself is Danish, founded on the novel of A. Madelung, but the incidents dealt with are a dramatic phase of Russian life in the days of the Czar. The picture was made by C. P. Dreyer, the Swedish producer, and among the artists appearing in the principal rôles are Mme. Piechowska, of the Korcha Theater, Moscow; V. Gaidaroff and R. Boleslawsky, of the Stanislawsky Theater; and J. Duvan-Torzoff, of the Drama Theater of Kiev. The adventure involved in the making of the picture makes almost as interesting a narrative as the



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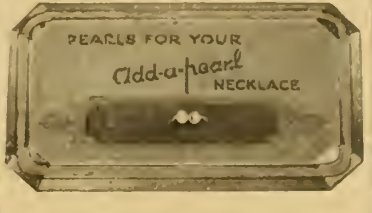
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In JANUARY

In JANUARY

Motion Picture Magazine

Wally's Last Word

AN EXCLUSIVE STORY *by Charles A. Post, Wally's best friend, in whose arms he died. It is not of the happy-go-lucky Wally, but of the Wallace Reid with whom Post tramped the hills by day making the fight; of the Wallace Reid who found only emptiness in fame and fortune.*

THIS ISSUE IS FULL OF CHRISTMAS FEATURES *as intensely interesting, as intriguing as any gaily wrapped Christmas package. Among its surprises are: the first instalment of "Thistledown," a six-part serial, by Dana Gatlin; an unusually beautiful folio of cinema stars; gossip, more intimate and chatty than ever, by the Editor, and articles in plenty.*

film itself. As the story deals with the tyrannical methods of the Czar, the Soviet authorities granted permission to the producer to film the actual localities mentioned in the novel, thinking that the picture would be excellent propaganda for the Soviets. However, when the picture was almost finished, the authorities observed that the producer was more interested in art than in propaganda, that the tragedy was being presented without any attempt to spoil it by intruding politics. They thereupon withdrew permission for further filming. But by then the better part of the picture had already been made, and the negative was slipped out of the country before the Soviets could lay hands on it, the few remaining scenes being taken in a Warsaw studio.

"The Disinherited" reveals the ugly machinery of tyranny, in which, whenever the existence of that tyranny is being threatened by enlightening influences, the lowest and meanest instincts of hatred and brutality are deliberately aroused by the dark influences serving the tyrant, so that the cause of liberty is forgotten in the exercise of these hatreds and brutalities. Despite the intenseness of the emotions which dominate the story, the acting is characterized by a masterly restraint and a well-marked tempo not often seen in other European productions, and those who have had the opportunity of estimating the talent of Russian actors thru the Stanislawsky troupe and the Balieff artists on their visit to America will have cause, after seeing the superb workmanship of their countrymen in "The Disinherited," to regret that the Russians have thus far played such a minor rôle in the advancement of screen art.

The Powers Behind the Screen

(*Continued from page* 20)

had been back in the old nickelodeon days, the days when he plead with the General Film for a chance—an exhibitor.

He was at this game until the summer of 1921 when he realized that there were more theater seats in the country than there were people willing to fill them.

Exhibitors, too, had begun to object violently to competition in their end of the game from a man they thought should devote his talents to producing and distribution. Gracefully, Zukor yielded. He began selling theaters that had ceased to pay.

The exhibitors' own organization, the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America, representing thousands

of theaters in forty states, next turned its attention to First National and thru its executive officers was in the process of delivering itself of a number of disagreeable comments when the picture world, abruptly, forgot all this family bickering. For a time they had eyes and ears for nothing save the Federal Trade Commission's bolt from the blue.

With a suddenness that startled Broadway, the newspapers printed the Commission's charge that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Paramount, Adolph Zukor, *et al.*, had been operating in restraint of trade and violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Hearings on this charge took place this year, but at the time the effect of all this was in turn as nothing compared to the fear of censorship which grew slowly, but surely—so surely that soon it overshadowed all other considerations.

More than any other business of like proportions the theater is dependent upon the whim, the caprice of the public, and censorship threatened box-office revenues.

The impetus which had brought it to such amazing and paralyzing proportions, of course, had its source in a real complaint. Fly-by-night producers had offered the public films with an indefensible moral tone, and, as a result, the whole industry had to suffer, but the real objection to censorship is not the obvious one.

As has been made clear before, the obvious objections can be sustained and have been, times without number. Censorship *is* sectional and local. Its ridiculous whimsies, however, are practised on the finished film.

What the *menace* of it did to the film in the process of manufacture or conception—this is what kept the officials of Famous, First National, Metro, Universal, Fox, Pathé, this is what kept Zukor, Laemmle, Rowland, De Mille, Brunet and Kane awake nights. This is what mattered.

Because of it, story writers, directors and actors were in the grip of a deadly fear. It had them by the throat. It paralyzed their initiative. It kept them from doing new things, from attempting anything unusual, however innocent, for fear of what some wild duck of morality, in charge of some backwoods' board of censorship, might think. Naturally, they stuck to the old stand-bys.

But the public was wearying of the old stand-bys. It knew them by heart. It could guess what was coming. Uneducated, as yet, to the point of holding the censor and censorship responsible, it began, more and more, to stay away from the theater.

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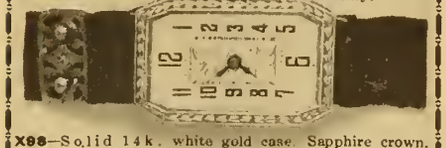
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When I Come Back

(*Continued from page 23*)

do not forget that. After all, who is this Valentino that he should lord it over others?

And so I do not let my head be turned. And that is harder than you think . . . so many letters I get . . . such crowds came to watch us dance . . . such mobs of people staring . . . but I cannot forget that once, I was nobody.

Valentino smiles once more and when he smiles, it is like the sun coming out. This man is proper stuff. He has the wisdom of lessons learned, the humanity of hardships endured, the philosophy that comes of experienced facts, and the intelligence—far more intelligence than he is popularly credited with—formed of those other attributes.

I shall be again the romantic lover. It is what I can do best and it is what most people want. I do not mean the matinée-idol type. Heaven forbid! But romance and drama are what most lives lack and I shall try to supply it. And above all I shall try to be human, understandable. I shall play characters that may be made comprehensible to everyone. I want my own ability tested. I want to act life, to create characters, to move an audience, not just to pose. I have kept my ear to the ground, I have studied, I have consulted hundreds, and best of all I have *thought*, and now I believe I know the thing that universally appeals to people. I promise to give it to them.

Our Boulevardier Steps Out

(*Continued from page 78*)

She is to get a percentage. The European papers have raged at the report that this child was to get this fortune.

* * *

Frank Mayo is to take the rôle in "Wild Oranges" that James Kirkwood had to vacate when a fall from his horse so nearly killed him. I understand that Kirkwood and Lila Lee, his wife, are to appear in the same picture very soon at the Thomas H. Ince studio.

* * *

Patsy Ruth Miller is an indignant young lady. She returned the other day from San Francisco where she had been working in Victor Seastrom's "The Judge and the Woman" and looked forward to a vacation. Her train got in at seven; at ten she was on the way back to San Francisco to appear with Douglas MacLean in "The Yankee Consul."

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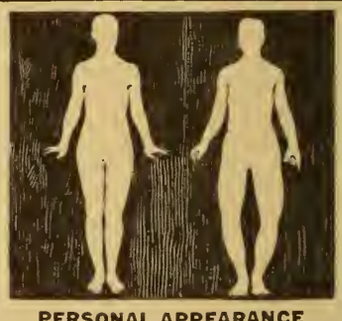
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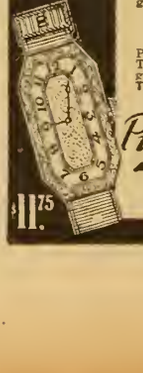
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A Happy Young Man

(*Continued from page 65*)

young man. Then Miss Fontanne walked across the stage. Just like that, *walked across the stage*. And that was, then and there, the total collapse, the complete emotional annihilation of the whole-hearted young man. He felt as tho the very foundations of the theater were under his feet. He felt as tho the heavens and all the stars had fallen to upon his head. He couldn't walk very steadily and he dared not attempt words of more than one syllable. "So this is Love!" is what he said to his arrested heart.

They planned, however, that despite the falling of the seven heavens upon them, they would not marry until each one, individually, had made good. Shortly thereafter Mr. Lunt "did" Booth Tarkington's "Clarence," which put him into Class I A, and very shortly after that Miss Fontanne did "Dulcy," which made them about even as to dramatic score.

They married . . . and they expect to live happily ever after!

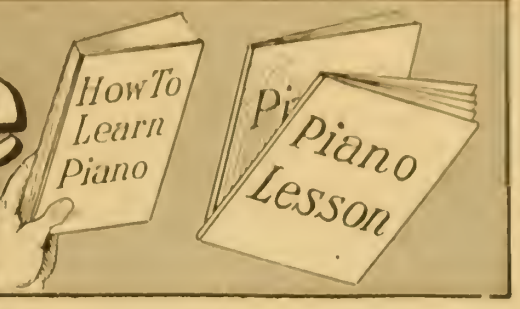
Mr. Lunt admitted with a slight upraising of his volatile eyebrows that he knows there are marriages which do not last, happiness that unhappily deteriorates with time and wear, "but," he says, "we have such a wonderful time together!"

Also, they have a sense of humor. More, they have two senses of humor, which you will know without being told if you were fortunate enough to see "Clarence" and "Dulcy." A sense of humor is the best ballast I know for matrimonial success and two senses of humor ought to be a ninety-nine-year lease of conjugal contentment.

What they would like to do, this happy twain, is to play together on the stage and perhaps, too, on the screen. They recently made a picture together and enjoyed doing it so enormously that Mr. Lunt believes the Public will enjoy it, too. As a matter of fact, he rather believes that the Public likes to see husband and wife playing together rather than the reverse and he would appreciate some points of view along this line.

Taking him by and large, Mr. Lunt is a very delightful young man. He has a trace of "Clarence," an atmosphere of the West he comes from, a necessary dash of New York sophistication and the theater, and an attraction which is completely unique. One could not classify him with any of the popular favorites. He is no kin of Valentino nor of Barthelmess, no shade of Charlie Ray or Douglas Fairbanks. He is essentially and entirely Alfred Lunt.

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Getting Married and Unmarried!

(*Continued from page 62*)

an interesting aspect. I began to sympathize.

There is no denying that the present conflicting divorce laws of the various states are an awful mess and that a great need of the nation today is some uniform measure. But one cannot help thinking that were people required to think more sanely before getting married, there would be fewer of them wanting to get unmarried.

Anyway, I think the court of first and last appeals should be at home. I once knew a couple who, however bitterly they quarreled, at night kissed and made up, so that should anything happen to either before another day, the other should not have to go thru life with the terrible shadow of harbored bitterness burning in his or her soul. I think a general practice of this rule, of not allowing differences to grow and grow, but to forgive, would materially lessen the number of divorces.

There are things a man and woman should consider when getting married, for instance:

A man is most easily managed when he is managed unwittingly. A man should not hide all his faults and deny his wife the pleasure of reforming him. Too often courtship ends with marriage, where it should really begin. A cynic might remark, at least it will keep them in practice. Love and let love—take its course.

Why Do People Get Divorces?

(*Continued from page 63*)

be petted, and when he wishes to be the strong oak to which she clings for support. Too many wives regard their husbands in the light of an old shoe, which is always the same, and men do not like to be classed with outworn pedal adornments.

Husbands, on the other hand, very often and too often, do not consider that a wife has a mind of her own, that she thinks and has ideas. She does not like these ideas always to be scorned as the wild fancies of some inferior being, incapable of thinking or acting for herself any more than she likes to have them treated with the condescending tolerance with which one treats the immature ideas of a child. She likes to be a baby to her husband at times, true, but there are other times when she must be taken seriously.

Therefore, it would seem that a possible cure for many matrimonial ills is understanding and tolerance.

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The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 74)

lady. In other words, she is true blue. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899. He is six feet and weighs one hundred and fifty.

SUNNY.—The best is the cheapest in the end. Yes, in the beginning too. No, Gaston Glass is not married. "Mad Love" was made in Europe. Yes, Antonio Moreno married Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger.

GLADYS M.—And now to think that your favorite, Lew Cody, is to play in "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." You just wait. You might write to Mrs. Wallace Reid at Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Cal. So you would like to see a picture of me. How about the one up above.

DAISY FACE KENNEDY.—So you think I am a model young man. Well I dont drink, smoke or swear, but I do profess to be over thirty-eight. Robert Agnew is twenty-four. Marie Prevost is twenty-five and she is playing in "The Wanters." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is playing in "Stephen Steps Out."

A COUNTRY LASS.—And so it is. Happiness is the shadow of man; remembrance of it follows him; hope of it precedes him. No, Carlyle Blackwell is only thirty-five and he is not married right now. Betty Compson in "The Royal Oak" taken in England, and she is twenty-six.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—I am glad you like the CLASSIC. Well it is so cold here that words freeze in your mouth. Sometimes the sidewalks are covered with conversations and we have to take them in the house and put them in the oven to thaw before we can tell what we are talking about. They say that down in Texas it is now so hot that they have to feed the hens cracked ice to prevent them laying hard-boiled eggs. That's a nifty! Yes, Reginal Denny played in "The Abysmal Brute." Bebe Daniels in twenty-two. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. Dont mention it.

FILLUM FAN.—So am I. No, I am not Freddie nor Percy of the Hall room boys. I haven't any such fancy name. Conway Tearle is forty-three. Yes, married to Adele Rowland.

WINONA.—However rare true love, true friendship is rarer. Yes, Ramon Novarro played in "Rupert of Hentzau." Herbert Rawlinson is thirty-eight. Kenneth Harlan is at the Schulberg Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. Huntley Gordon in "Blue Beard's Eighth Wife."

OLIVE E.—So Constance Talmadge is your favorite. Bebe Daniels is five feet five.

HELENE B. O. B.—Coming events cast their shadows before us. Yes, I can stand it, fire away. Rodolph Valentino has signed with the Ritz-Carlton Productions, and I dont believe his first picture has been selected. See you later.

JACQUELINE N.—Thanks for the information. No, R. C. stands for Robertson Cole and not Ritz Carlton. J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Man From Brodney" for Vitagraph. No, Theda Bara has never played in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame." What are you trying to do, tease your poor old Answer Man. Francis Bushman and his charming wife, Beverly Bayne, in "Under Suspicion." That's the way it goes sometimes.

VIRGINIA.—Well a thought entering the mind will be welcomed or banished—according to the character of the mind. Tom Moore is playing in "Big Brother." Yes,



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I have a system that knocks those gloom bugs higher than a kite. I'll put pep in your old backbone that will make you feel like a jack rabbit. I'll put a spring to your step and a flash to your eye so that your own friends won't know you.

Health and Strength

That's what you need and that's what you get. Come on now, pull in your belt and throw out your chest. Take a good deep breath of that pure air that's all about you. Give your heart a treat with some rich blood. You will feel so good you will think it's your birthday. Drop me a line and I'll show you how to do it. I'm going to put a chest on you that will make your old ribs strain with the pressure. I'm going to change those skinny arms and legs of yours to a real man's size. You will have the strength and vitality to do things you never thought possible. Come on, fellows! Get busy. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Are you with me?

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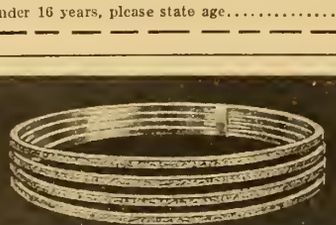
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Reginald Denny in "The Spice of Life." It ought to be well flavored. Baby Peggy in "The Right to Love." That's about the age they start in nowadays. Cullen Landis is American. Write him at the Vitagraph Studios.

WALLACE REID FOREVER.—Yes, Wallace Reid played in "The Birth of a Nation." No, Mrs. Reid was never married before. So you like my dog in the above picture. He is a great help to me.

LITTLE SISTER.—You know what the engaged girl says—a gift on the hand is better than two promises. Ivor Novello in "The White Rose." Yes. Mae Marsh calls her little girl Mary.

EDNA M.—Wind sawmills were erected by the Dutch in New York as early as 1633, and were also used there for grinding mills. One of the first sawmills built there was on Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York City. William Reed is Eva Novak's husband. Barbara Bedford is Mrs. Albert Roscoe. No Edna Murphy is not married. Barbara was born in Wisconsin. Buck Jones is twenty-eight. Hoot Gibson thirty-one and Jack Gilbert twenty-eight.

HELEN H.—Yes, Norma Talmadge played in "Poppy" several years ago. Haven't the cast for the play you speak of. Sorry.

BETTY.—Oh the hour-glass dates back from the beginning of the Christian Era. Agnes Ayres in "The Marriage Maker." Pauline Garon in "The Turmoil." John Barrymore is forty-one. Oh yes, Thomas Meighan played opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Heart of Wetona" some years ago. Dorothy Mackaill in "Mighty Lak a Rose." You're very welcome, and I hope to see you next month. Au revoir!

MANETT.—You want to know how the stars in Hollywood approve of Pola Negri. I guess it isn't worrying Pola any. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, O. Matt Moore can be reached at the Louis B. Mayer Studios, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. Norma Talmadge at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

MAID OF MARYLAND.—So it's Ralph Bushman you're after. He was playing in comedies, but not featured. His father is touring with his last picture you know.

MARJORIE F.—Last address I had of Walter McGrail's was with Mack Sennett Comedies, Los Angeles, Cal. He played in "Suzanna."

CUTEY; CUTEX; ANTONIO MORENO FAN; DOTTIE J.; THOMAS N.; ELIZABETH B.; MISS F. W.; VIRGINIA S.; CARMELLA Z.; LYTELL FAN; ROBERTA H.; JEAN B.; BILLIE MAY; BERTHA E.; MARILYN; IRIS MC; KITTY; MARY H.; ETHEL M.; CHARLES O.; PAULINE E.; IMA SWEETE, STRAWBERRY BLONDE, and WILLIAM S. Your letters have been answered up above. Sorry to have to put you in with the alsorans.

SEVENTEEN

By CLARIBEL WEEKS AVERY

I hate to put my shoes on, but I suppose I must.
I want to scamper barefoot in the yellow dust,
Or lie among the daisies on the sunlit green—
It's very hard for me to be as old as seventeen.

I want a jeweled comb to hold my flying hair,
A cape of purple satin such as stately women wear,
A handsome, *grown-up* lover and a limousine—
It's very hard to be as young as seventeen!

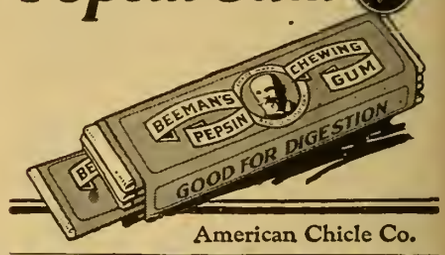
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Aids digestion

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

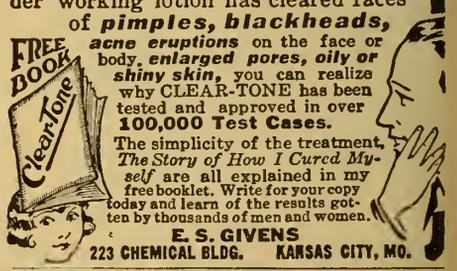


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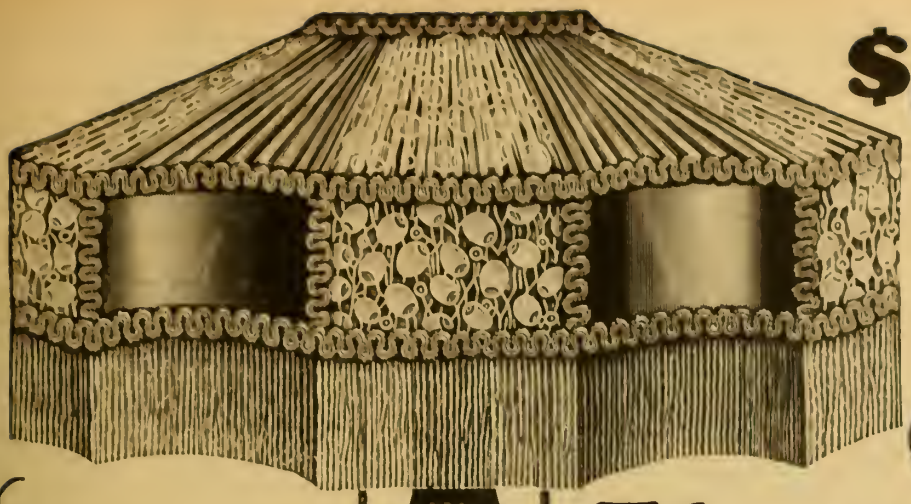
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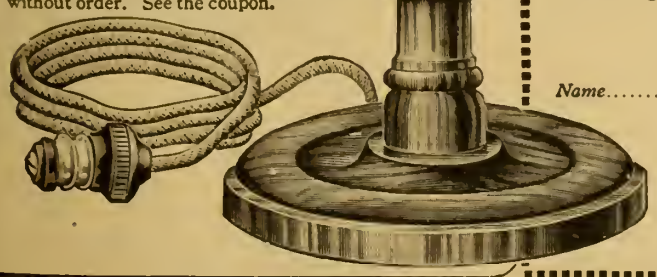
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It doesn't matter what you are Today or what you were Yesterday. Tomorrow is your bright, clear day of Opportunity. Nothing can keep you *down* if you really make up your mind to go *up*.

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At 35, Henry Ford was working in the mechanical department of the Edison Electric Light & Power Company. At 38, John H. Patterson, who founded the National Cash Register Company, was the proprietor of a small and none too successful country store. At 25, George Eastman, president of the Eastman Kodak Company, was a bookkeeper in a savings bank. At 22, Edison was a roaming telegraph operator—out of a job, too poor, when he arrived in New York, to buy his own breakfast!

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Descriptive Booklet Free

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Iris In

(*Continued from page* 50)

Which brings us back to a time long ago when we were highly privileged to see Theda Bara in "Cleopatra" in the presence of that Reel Rameses, William Fox himself.

The celluloid kaiser was not too content with the film. He made remarks—some of which wouldn't go too well on this pure page, despite the snappy illustration. The shots alternated rapidly between the two principal scenes of action. Now Cæsar was in Italy, now he was in Egypt. "Gawd, Miss Bangs!" complained Mr. Fox to his secretary, "this guy Octavius goes from Rome to Alexandria like he was going from N'York ta Brookalyn."

✢ ✢ ✢

"Scaramouche" is a worthy effort of Rex Ingram's; a director who has a great deal to his credit already. But figure the anguish it must be causing the people who read subtitles out loud. The cast of characters contains such tongue-stranglers as "Marquis de la Tour D'Azyr," "Aline and Quintin de Kercadiou" and "Comtesse Therèse de Plougastel."

✢ ✢ ✢

Out of our innate decency we are not going to be piggish about our superior French education, but hereby append a pronouncing dictionary of the above names for any or all to make use of. If it helps you to enjoy the picture and annoy your neighbor, go to it and God bless you.

"Marquis de la Tour D'Azyr" is prounced *macky* (as in macaroni) *delly tore* (as in rip) *de Zowie* (as in Mutt and Jeff).

"Aline de Kercadiou" is pronounced *A Liney dee Cork Cashew* (as in nut).

"Quintin" is pronounced *Quinine*, or if you want to get real fancy, *Canteen*.

"Comtesse Therèse de Plougastel" is pronounced *Come Tessy Tear Easy* (as in tissue paper) *dee Plug* (as in Spark Plug) *Estelle* (a girl's name.)

✢ ✢ ✢

No, dont thank us. It's really a gift.

MOTH

By John Hanlon

Around my flickering light
A white moth flutters;
Shall I give it back to the night
Thru the open shutters,
To the night from whence it came,
Free, without fetter?
No, having loved a flame,
To die is better.



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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 49*)

and there a bold touch of burlesque. Then it swings into a melodramatic climax as the head designer goes to jail and wrecks the business as a result. You catch the pathos as the partners are submerged in gloom.

Barney Bernard, who created the character of Potash, humanizes it in such a manner that he fairly speaks to you. Alexander Carr who created Perlmutter in the original makes an excellent foil. The director has given it a fine sympathetic treatment. And we catalog it as worth seeing.

A CUMBERSOME, heavy picture is the German importation, "Monna Vanna" (Fox), which is entirely devoid of any dramatic interest and which is filled to overflowing with huge mobs of extras and flowery titles. They miss Lubitsch over there and aside from "Peter the Great," the land of the Rhine has fallen behind the procession. Here we have the mediæval tale of love and war in Pisa as sponsored by Maeterlinck. It is one of those creaking dramas of an Italian bride who, to save her starving city, offers herself to the general of the opposing forces, only to discover that he is the man she had been in love with ever since he burst into her room in the early part of the story.

The picture demanded skilled treatment — somebody who is deft with a rapier instead of a bludgeon. The photography is blurred, the lighting poor, and the acting of the lowest order of expression—which means mad, bad facial distortions and what not. The ten thousand or more extras are before us time and again. But crowds badly directed do not lift a spectacle to the heights. What good points it possesses may be found in some massive sets and some appropriate atmosphere.

SOMETHING new in love-making is exposed in "Six Days" (Goldwyn) which may be called subterranean instead of sub-rosa as is characteristic of most of Elinor Glyn's stories. Instead of carrying her lovers and the spectators to the heights she plunges them to the depths—and the lovers (not the spectators) are swept into a grand passion which endures six days. If you think that the daring British authoress steps out of character, pay attention to the titles attached to the subterranean episodes. "And thus the first day ended. Thus the second day ended." They are so terse—so pointed that they invite laughter



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No matter how red your hands, or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots — no matter how rough or coarse or workworn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

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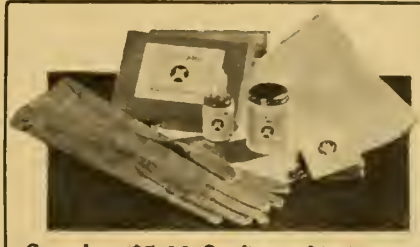
Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince you. You see a difference in your hands almost unbelievable. Wear the gloves four or five nights and you have a new pair of hands. It's the medicated fabric that does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvelous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural warmth of the hands has a peculiarly potent whitening and softeing effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and smooth as velvet. And all so quick as to be dumfounding.

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Try the gloves five nights free. Note the amazing difference in your hands in just five nights' wear. Mark how lovely your hands, how white and smooth. If five nights of wear of the gloves doesn't make your hands more beautiful than you ever dreamed possible, don't keep the gloves. Return them to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. You are the judge.

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Just Mail the Coupon

Send no money now—just the coupon. Pay the postman only $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If in 5 days you are not more than delighted and amazed with the results from the gloves, just send them back and your money will be promptly refunded in full. We give you a written guarantee to this effect. You run no risk. Fill out and mail the coupon now or copy it in a post card or letter. If apt to be out when postman calls send $2.00 now. Our guarantee assures you of your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. Address DR. S. J. EGAN, Dept. 86, 220 South State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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Please send me (in plain package) for free trial a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands, with Pore-Lax and Medicator. I will pay postman $1.95 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days, I may return gloves and get my money back in full. (If apt to be out when postman calls send $2 now and the complete outfit will be mailed prepaid.)

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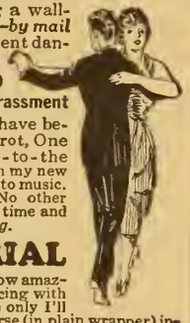
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which would certainly be out of place in such a harrowing experience as lived thru by the romancers.

The plot is heavy-handed dime-novel material—thrilling in its exposure of the will to live by these figures in the dugouts left by the Germans. It's a picture of landslides which entomb the priest and the lovers—a picture of grim and ghastly situations which terminate when the girl tells her mother she cannot marry the wealthy Englishman since she is already married to the man who was lost to her while making love in the bosom of the earth. Of course he eventually bobs up safe and sound.

The picture carries a certain spiritual quality which makes the petting-party episodes in the dugouts very much out of order. The most impressive touch to us is Corinne Griffith's portrayal—in reality her first big opportunity. She endows the rôle with sincerity and charm and plays with vital feeling. Heavy melodrama that it is, it somehow lingers in the memory.

PERHAPS Gloria Swanson thought she could not be a convincing French personage of the theater unless she resorted to extremes, but it seems to us that with half the expenditure of physical energy in playing the title-rôle of "Zaza" (Paramount) she could have achieved much better results. She is a combination of Nazimova, Mae Murray and Leonore Ulric — and makes a frantic effort to be temperamental. Such outbursts are wearing upon one's composure. In her tranquil moments—which are few—she succeeds in being real. On the other hand H. B. Warner is too subdued. It is a frigid performance indeed, for a character supposedly French

The picture is staged with undue lavishness and really proves interesting in a majority of its scenes—particularly when Zaza is swinging in a ballet number over the heads of the audience. It's a story of a dancer's romance and a broken heart which is mended when the good Frenchman's wife conveniently dies, releasing him to fan the embers of a previous passionate love into a quick and vivid flame.

Miss Swanson may not be at her best here, but her clientele is so secure that we can hear the box-office cracking under the strain.

A CURIOUS composition is "Red Lights" (Goldwyn) which is offered as a mystery melodrama, but which before it develops its powers takes on the form

(*Continued on page* 96)

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New York City

Advanced Motion Picture Corp., 1493 B'way.
Arrow Film Corp., 220 W. 42nd St.
Astra Film Corp., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Studio.)

Ballin Hugo, Productions, 366 Fifth Ave.
Biograph Studio, 807 E. 175th St.

Community Motion Picture Bureau, 46 W. 24th St.
Consolidated Film Corp., 80 Fifth Ave.
Cosmopolitan Productions, 2478 Second Ave.

Educational Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.
Export & Import Film Co., 729 Seventh Ave.

Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Ave. (Studio, 6th and Pierce Sts., Astoria, L. I.)
Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Ave.
Film Guild, 8 W. 40th St.
Film Market, Inc., 1482 Broadway.
First National Exhibitors, Inc., 6 W. 48th St.
Fox Studios, Tenth Ave. and 55th St.

Gaumont Co., Congress Ave., Flushing, L. I.
General Enterprises, Inc., 1540 Broadway.
Goldwyn Pictures Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.
Graphic Film Corp., 729 Seventh Ave.
Griffith, D. W., Films, 1476 Broadway. (Studio, Oriental Pt., Mamaroneck, N. Y.)

Hampton, Hope, Productions, 1452 B'way.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 469 Fifth Ave.

Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave.
International Studios, 2478 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 W. 46th St.

Jans Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 W. 42nd St.

Kane, Arthur S., Prod., 25 W. 43rd St.

Metro Pictures, Loew Bldg., 1540 Broadway.
Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway.

Outing Chester Pictures, 220 W. 42nd St.

Pathé Exchange, 35 W. 45th St.
Piedmont Pictures Corp., 45 Laight St.
Preferred Pictures, 1650 Broadway.
Prizma, Inc., 110 W. 40th St.
Pyramid Picture Corp., 150 W. 34th St.

S. L. Pictures, 1540 Broadway.
Scitz, George B., 1990 Park Ave.
Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave. (Studio, W. Fort Lee, N. J.)
Stewart, Anita, Prod., Inc., 6 W. 48th St.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 W. 44th St.

Talmadge Film Corp., 1540 Broadway.
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 Broadway.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 B'way.
Tully, Richard Walton, Prod., 1482 B'way.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Corp., 1600 Broadway.

Vitagraph Films, E. 16th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn.

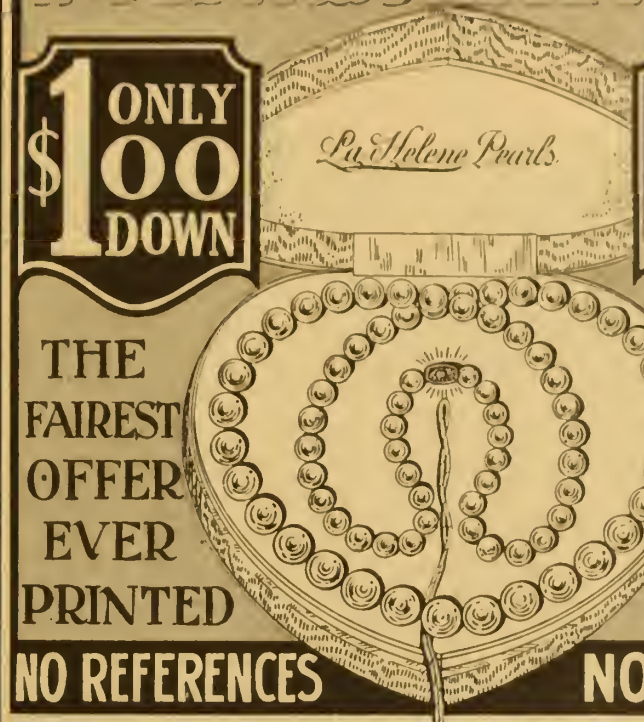
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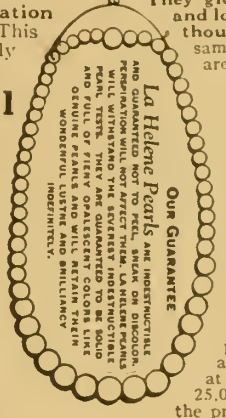
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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 94*)

of high-handed comedy. The idea behind it smacks of Old King Brady and Diamond Dick at their dime-novel best, tho with vast improvement in generating novel touches in pointing its quite mad hokum.

Word comes to a railroad magnate that he may never set eyes upon his daughter. He hops a train for the boundless West and the action starts a-popping. The story becomes involved with strange situations, arranged by equally strange characters. For instance the girl's fellow employs a crime deflector whose profession is checking villainy before it can get under way. The red lights of the title come from various sources—some from the train—some from the tinting—and most of them from some eccentric inventor who has perfected a diabolical machine whereby arc lights are made to talk.

There is much tiptoeing — much business of crooks stalking their prey with the inevitable pursuit which culminates in the climax when the bad men are playing tag with their pursuers over and under and in and out of a train. It is improbable to be sure, but it offers no moments of tedium. A flickering frenzied pot-pourri.

SEASONED with a Cohanesque dash of paprika, George M's comedy satire of rural high jinks, "The Meanest Man In The World" (First National), carries on with the same spirit that the original did upon the stage. The limitations of the proscenium arch are replaced by the rustic open spaces—so that the quaint figures that are concerned in the conflict of foreclosing and lifting the mortgage seem more genuine —what with the general store as a background and an oil spouter in close proximity.

Bert Lytell is the "meanest man" who is too tender-hearted to carry out the designs of his harsh client. Thru a clever manipulation of the papers — and the figures, the oil gushes forth just in time to foil the wily skinflint.

The picture is bright and breezy and filled with Cohanisms in its subtitles. It is good-natured tomfoolery touched off with a spark of rural burlesque. Blanche Sweet makes a wistful and charming heroine upon whose land the w. s. holds the option —and upon whose store there is a mortgage. By treating the play in a satirical manner the producers should get results in good coin of the realm.



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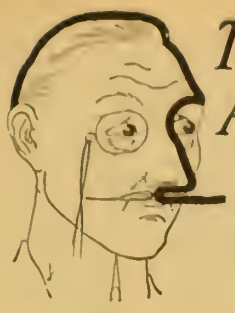
WE dont understand how Charles de Roche was selected to play the rôle of a faun in "The Marriage Maker" (Paramount), but there he is presenting a physique not unlike Firpo's in a pantomimic sketch which would have better suited that master pantominist, George Arliss.

The Frenchman is younger and athletic—which are his only qualifications. Otherwise his study lacks imagery and deft shading. He bounds all over the place—twice appearing in a tiger skin and changing to evening clothes while he attempts to place a house in order. There is no sparkle to the picture. A single-track story which drags.

"THE Silent Command" (Fox) would have scored a complete knock-out during the frenzied days of the war. The hysterical public would have scaled the heights of patriotism. As it is the idea is a little belated tho it does serve as propaganda for Seeing the World, the naval slogan. Call it deep-dyed melodrama if you will, it does glorify the American navy and it does carry a punch—even tho that punch comes from an old-fashioned school established by Lincoln J. Carter, *et al.*

Revealed in the turbulent action are a heavy storm, a dashing fight, a wreck, and a column of marines storming the rendezvous of the enemy. The climax is a long time coming to a head because of the plotting and counterplotting. The best features? The storm effects, the flashes of the fleet and marine scenes.

THEY ask for tears in "Man and Wife" (Arrow) only and succeed in extracting laughs. Two sisters, farm-girls, marry the same man. One of the girls runs away from the farm, marries a city surgeon and is supposed to die in a fire—during his absence. He returns home—and instead of investigating the tragedy, conveniently retires to the very farmhouse from which his wife made her escape, courts and marries her sister within a period of six months! And neither one has spoken of the departed relative, nor consulted the family album. But stay—the despicable villain informs the surgeon that his wife isn't dead, but on the contrary is alive, tho hopelessly insane. So he operates, restoring her sanity. Not for long, however, for she is told by the same d. v. that her husband is a bigamist and she goes mad again. A second operation brings the undertaker. She had to be eliminated for the sake of the second wife's unborn child. This weird contraption defies logic and insults intelligence.



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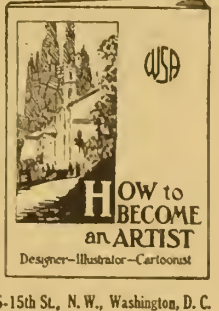
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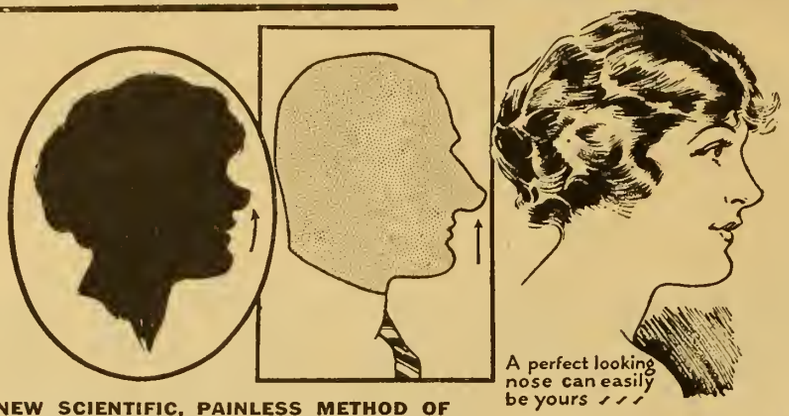
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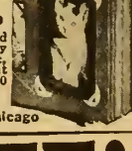
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The Slave of Desire

(*Continued from page* 59)

her a score or more of other admirers. This, of course, was not the truth. The truth was that Fedora had outlived her day of triumph. She was no longer 'the rage.' Her vile ill tempers, her maliciousness, her covetousness had all served to eclipse her beauty in the eyes of men, not so blind as they may sometimes seem, or not, anyway, for so long a while. But because she must have someone to blame it upon, Fedora blamed her downfall upon me, whom she had always, secretly, loathed.

"When I announced my coming marriage to Pauline, her venom had spread broadcast. She had done all that lay within her by no means limited power to undo my approaching nuptials, and if Pauline had not been a woman with a soul as white as Faith, she might have succeeded.

"Little wonder, then, that I shuddered and grew cold and sick when I saw this woman advancing up a precipitous incline in the immediate wake of Pauline. A slight contact, an 'accident,' and one could easily have pushed the other off any one of the precipices pitfalling the narrow trail.

"And as I looked I knew that this, just this, was what Fedora had in mind.

"In less time than my sick heart took to beat thrice, Fedora had seized upon Pauline and my beloved was struggling for her dear and precious life upon the thin edge of eternity.

"*Mes amis,* in that moment I knew the love that is stronger than life and more valiant than death.

"I knew, I knew to a certainty, that the Magic Skin, no larger now than a garden pea, could grant me one wish, one more, one last wish. With the uttering of that wish my depleted life would go out, as surely, with as little storm in passing, as a breath blown upon the head of a dandelion when it has gone to seed.

"My life for Pauline . . . ah, little, little enough!

"*I made the wish.*

"As I made it Pauline stumbled over the edge of the fatal decline and caught securely fast to a scrubby oak or bush, growing there, and as I made it, a trickle of earth and rock and gravel came thundering thinly down the mountainside and formed for Fedora a tomb . . . a grim and final epitaph.

"*C'est tout!*"

Raphael ceased, and looked about him. Still, in the golden candle-light

the faces of his friends were faintly blurred with uncertainty.

"You still do not understand," the poet said. . . . "It was like this . . ."

"It was your last wish, you say," one of the group broke in, "your last wish and you were to die with it. What then?"

"As I made that last wish," Raphael said, solemnly, "I felt a chill creep over me. It was as if a mist had risen from some cold, north sea and in that mist, dimly, dimly, I saw the face of the antiquarian. The mouth moved and I seemed to strain thru the mist to hear what he might be saying and what he said was this: 'You have made with *your last wish the first unselfish one you have ever uttered* . . . the curse of the skin is lifted . . . you are free. . . .'"

Now the poet Raphael rose from his chair and stretched with sinuous grace. He looked about at the faces of his friends and found them clear with comprehension. He breathed a sigh of relief and his eyes sought the room from whence came the sound of a dim song, Pauline playing . . .

"*C'est fini!*" he smiled.

New Books In Brief Review

(*Continued from page 79*)

it is one long diatribe against the foremost collegiate institutions of the country, which, if we are to believe Mr. Sinclair, are in as bad a way as the American newspaper press, which he so roundly and soundly denounced in "The Brass Check."

The author claims that he spent a whole year in preparing his last book by reading "book, pamphlets, reports, speeches, letters, newspaper and magazine articles to the extent of five or six million words; traveled over America from coast to coast and back again; stopped in twenty-five American cities and questioned not less than a thousand people—schoolteachers and principals, superintendents and board members, pupils and parents, college professors, students and alumni; presidents, chancellors, deans, regents, trustees, governors, curators, fellows, overseers, founders and donors, *et al.*"

This sort of thing leaves one a little breathless, but not so the author, who keeps up the pace more or less thruout nearly five hundred pages, leaving the reader panting behind and ever and anon mopping his brow and saying, "If this is to continue may I be given the strength to bear it." Mr. Sinclair, as usual, spoils his case to a large extent by overstatement. But if he wants to disagree with nine-tenths of his fellow creatures why not let him?





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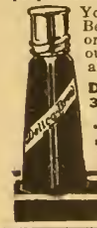
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Flashes from the Eastern Stars

(Continued from page 53)

the votes were for "America," with "The Spirit of '76" a heavy second.

Allan Dwan has begun production of Rex Beach's story, "Big Brother" at the Manhattan Casino, 155th Street and Eighth Avenue, New York, by filming one of the biggest scenes in the picture, using seven hundred and fifty extras in addition to the principals.

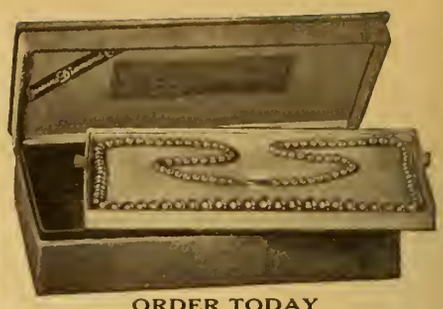
John Barrymore will return to New York in November for a four-weeks' engagement in "Hamlet," followed by a brief tour of the principal cities. Negotiations are under way for Arthur Hopkins to take the production to London in the spring. Barrymore has just completed "Beau Brummell" for Warner Brothers.

Tom Geraghty, who has been in Kennebunkport, Maine, working with Booth Tarkington on the screen version of his story, "Pied Piper Malone," which will be Thomas Meighan's next Paramount picture, has returned to the Paramount Long Island studio to begin work on the scenario. The story is an original by Mr. Tarkington and many of the scenes will be filmed at Mr. Tarkington's summer home in Maine. Mr. Geraghty said that many of the summer residents were remaining in Kennebunkport just waiting for the picture company to come. Tommy has had his transcontinental commutation ticket punched again and is back in New York after a two-months' stay at the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

Madge Kennedy has completed the second of a series of six special productions which she is making for the Kenma Corporation. The name of the new picture is "Three Miles Out," and as the title indicates, has to do with bootlegging activities in the waters surrounding New York City. The idea for the story was furnished by the famous illustrator, Neysa McMein and the production was directed by Irvin Willat. Miss Kennedy is now the star of what has been called one of the most successful and spritely musical comedies ever staged in New York. This is "Poppy," which is enjoying a run at the Apollo Theater.

Flying thru fog and rain at night, landing once in a valley when he became lost and finally skimming one hundred and fifty feet above tree and

(Continued on page 102)



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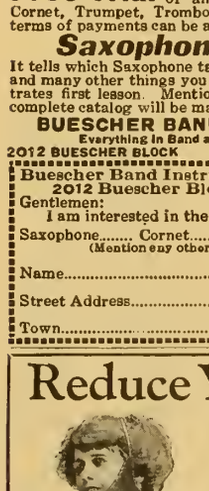
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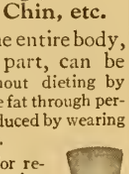
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Flashes from the Eastern Stars

(*Continued from page* 100)

house tops across New Jersey and Staten Island, Eddie Stinson, famous speed flyer, reached New York last Wednesday afternoon with the first motion-picture films of the Japanese earthquake. It was one of the most reckless competitions on record to transport news pictures half-way around the world for the purpose of showing them first to the American public. Stinson was able to snatch only a few hours' sleep from Sunday until Wednesday night. As a result audiences in the Rivoli and Rialto theaters. New York City, were able to see a film record of the catastrophe twelve days after the film had left Japan, and on the thirteenth day prints were being shipped to all parts of the country. This is believed to be a speed record for the long-distance transportation of merchandise of any kind.

Bert Lytell is appearing in vaudeville for a five-weeks period.

The engagement of Sidney Olcott, producer of "Little Old New York" and "The Green Goddess," as a Paramount director on a long-term contract was announced this week by Jesse L. Lasky. Mr. Olcott's first picture for Paramount, will be Maude Fulton's play, "The Humming Bird," which had a successful run on Broadway last season. Gloria Swanson will be the star.

May McAvoy has signed a contract with Inspiration Pictures and has already begun work, playing the lead opposite Richard Barthelmess in his next production, "The Enchanted Cottage." Not only has Miss McAvoy been engaged to play in "The Enchanted Cottage," but Inspiration has taken an option on her services for subsequent productions. Those who have followed Miss McAvoy's career will be pleased to know that she is again to play under the direction of John S. Robertson, for it was with him that she created her memorable Grizel, in "Sentimental Tommy."

Following the successful launching in the East of his "Scaramouche," Rex Ingram with his wife and star, Alice Terry, has gone abroad to make a new picture. One of Mr. Ingram's most important pleasure trips will be to Ireland, his native heath. Mr. Ingram left Ireland at the age of nineteen, practically penniless, but with lots of ambi-



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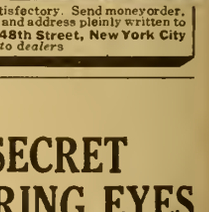
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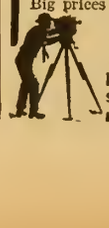
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tion. And now look at him! But is he not Irish?

"Whole heart and fancy free," Betty Compson arrived home from England. It was reported that she was engaged to Sir Charles Higham. She denied it emphatically . . . but they always deny it.

Livingston Platt, the famous theatrical scenic designer, has been signed to create the settings for "The Enchanted Cottage." Mr. Platt has designed most of the settings for William Harris in recent years, including such successes as "Abraham Lincoln," "Madame Pierre," and "In Love With Love." Until recently he has been at work on John Drinkwater's newest play, "Robert E. Lee."

Bryan Fox, son of the renowned "Eddie," and eldest of the "Famous Seven," who recently was promoted to a comedy directorship at the William Fox lot, is in New York visiting his father and the other six. It is his first vacation in two years. Young Mr. Fox's first comedy, "Somebody Lied," will be released shortly.

George Randolph Chester, author and former editor-in-chief of Vitagraph, has been especially engaged to edit and title "On the Banks of the Wabash," Commodore Blackton's first Vitagraph release. An all-star cast includes: Mary Carr, James Morrison, Burr McIntosh, Mary McLaren, Madge Evans and Lumsden Hare.

Locations in both California and New York will probably be used by Cecil B. De Mille in the filming of his next picture, "Triumph," which is to be started soon. The present plans call for the making of interiors in California and the exteriors in New York. "Triumph" was a *Saturday Evening Post* story by May Edginton and is being adapted by her for the screen.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction and fickle fate to play peculiar caprices, with all of which, Elsie Geib, waitress in the lunchroom at the Cosmopolitan Studio is now ready to agree. For Elsie has undergone a metamorphosis that has her sister waitresses all abuzz with excitement. A fairy wand recently touched her checking pad and converted it into a movie make-up box and her ears have been attuned from "Pie à la mode, Miss" to "On the set Miss Geib." For Elsie has crystalized into a real honest-to-goodness



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movie actress and is now experiencing the thrill of appearing in support of Marion Davies.

The romance of Elsie had its inception just prior to the making of a big scene in "Yolanda" representing a silk carnival in the fifteenth century and called for a number of young women in serving-booths. Tom Kennedy, assistant casting director at Cosmopolitan, had happened into the lunchroom, and, noticing, the poise, easy grace and good looks of the waitress, was suddenly struck with the idea that she might qualify for a "bit" in the serving-booth. According to other players Elsie has come through with flying colors. Does she like the flickering films? Well, Elsie declares her "ham and ——" days are gone forever.

Sig Schlager, official film representative for Irene Castle, has announced that the dancer is planning to return to the studio and Klieg lights for another series of pictures. Miss Castle is at the present time on tour with a dancing-act as part of her show. Robert Tremaine, her husband, is her manager as well. It is understood that Miss Castle is still married. . . .

Lou Tellegen, after an absence of about four years, is going to return to the screen. He will appear in J. Stuart Blackton's next production, "Let Not Man Put Asunder," adapted from the novel by Basil King. Mr. Tellegen has been appearing for the past year or more as a headliner on the Orpheum and Keith vaudeville circuits. A selection of equal importance has been made for the chief feminine rôle, Pauline Frederick having also been lured back to the screen for the part after an absence of about two years. Both stars, it is reported, have been engaged for the one picture only.

Whitman Bennett announces that his next special production, following "The Leavenworth Case," by Anna Katherine Green, will be another American story, but of an entirely different nature. The subject will be "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," by Edward Eggleston, and Mr. Bennett has acquired the rights direct from the heirs of the author. This book, written by a Yankee who has been on a visit to friends in Indiana was the first Hoosier novel—the forerunner of many famous stories of that district now familiar to readers.

Some spectacular scenes were shot last week by Director Flynn, who is

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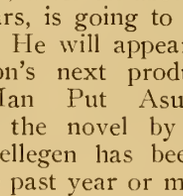
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Another thrill was furnished by Flynn himself. He began life as a taxi driver, and when the story called for the machine carrying the hero, Edmund Lowe to crash into the rear of a taxicab, Mr. Flynn himself took the wheel. Going at a speed of thirty miles an hour he struck the rear of the taxi and then sent the wrecked car spinning against an electric-light pole. Nobody was injured, but an anxious moment was endured by Mr. Lowe, sitting in the rear seat and unaware of what was about to happen.

"Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model" will show many views of New York life. One moment an ambulance (supposed to be carrying the maimed body of Hobart Bosworth) speeds thru heavy Fifth Avenue traffic. Another time there is an auto chase thru Broadway "with the villain still pursuing her." Riverside Drive, and the tenement districts have also been utilized.

We have derived considerable satisfaction from the fact that lately, a great many stage and screen stars are giving subscriptions to CLASSIC as Christmas gifts. *A propos* of that, a curious coincidence has just happened. A certain popular star, whose name we cannot give for obvious reasons, ordered CLASSIC sent to another popular star, ditto. The recipient had also been seized with the same pleasant idea and the original giver of CLASSIC will be the getter of CLASSIC on Christmas day! We know another movie star who sends ten subscriptions yearly to the prisons and charity hospitals. And sometimes with that in mind, we try to jazz our book up a little. . . . All of which, is very pleasant and gratifying to report.

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"The Humming Bird"

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Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Supported by Lois Wilson and George Fawcett. By Booth Tarkington. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

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PICTORIAL OF SCREEN AND STAGE — A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

Vol. XVIII — FEBRUARY, 1924 — No. 6

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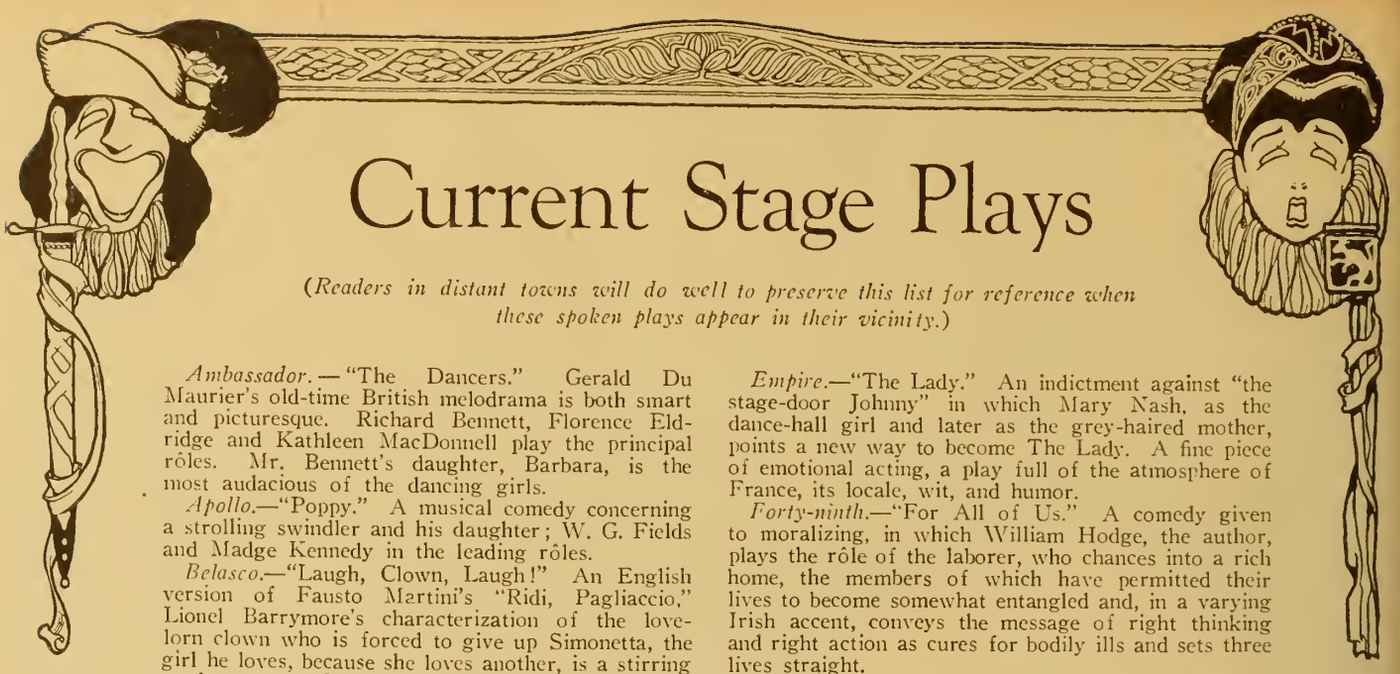
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Current Stage Plays

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Ambassador.—"The Dancers." Gerald Du Maurier's old-time British melodrama is both smart and picturesque. Richard Bennett, Florence Eldridge and Kathleen MacDonnell play the principal rôles. Mr. Bennett's daughter, Barbara, is the most audacious of the dancing girls.

Apollo.—"Poppy." A musical comedy concerning a strolling swindler and his daughter; W. G. Fields and Madge Kennedy in the leading rôles.

Belasco.—"Laugh, Clown, Laugh!" An English version of Fausto Martini's "Ridi, Pagliaccio." Lionel Barrymore's characterization of the love-lorn clown who is forced to give up Simonetta, the girl he loves, because she loves another, is a stirring performance. Irene Fenwick plays the rôle of Simonetta. Barrymore is superb.

Belmont.—"Tarnish." A finely acted play about a once idle rich family, now fallen to a state where the salary of the daughter keeps the wolf from the door. Ann Harding does some excellent acting as the daughter.

Bijou.—"The Whole Town's Talking." A farce by John Emerson and Anita Loos, well-known motion-picture scenarists, written around a movie director who ignores the Eighteenth Amendment.

Booth.—"The Seventh Heaven." Hand-made on melodramatic pattern in a Montmartre tenement in Paris, of an admixture of love, regeneration, humor and unreality. An excellent performance with Helen Menken starring.

Broadhurst.—"Topics of 1923." Shubert's new spectacular revue of dance music, and beauty, brings back the charming French comedienne, Alice Delysia. The cast includes many other well-known and popular principals.

Carroll.—"Kid Boots." Eddie Cantor in a musical comedy glorifying the game of golf. The cast includes Mary Eaton and many others and a large Ziegfeld chorus.

Casino.—"Wildflower," in which the lovely Edith Day flashes thru an exquisite musical score.

Century.—"The Miracle." A spectacular pantomime by Dr. Karl Vollmoeller, with Lady Diana Manners, Werner Kraus and Maria Carmi. Personally staged and directed by Prof. Max Reinhardt.

Colonial.—"Runnin' Wild." A negro revue. The cast includes F. E. Miller and A. L. Lyles, the stars who helped make "Shuffle Along" a success.

Comedy.—"The Shame Woman," by Lulu Vollmer, author of "Sun Up," is also a story about the Carolina mountain folk, in which a small-town Lothario wrecks the lives of two ignorant and innocent mountain girls, one the foster daughter of the other Extremely well acted.

Cort.—"The Swan." Eva Le Gallienne and an all-star cast in Ferenc Molnar's comedy of romance and imaginary royalty. Not at all "Graustarkian," however. Very subtle, witty, deft, sophisticated in performance and lines. Typically Molnar and as brilliant and unsatisfactory as Shaw.

Daly's.—"Sharlee." A musical comedy by Harry L. Cort and George L. Stoddard, with Juliette Day, a most charming heroine. The cast also includes Ottilie Corday, Eddie Nelson, Frances Arms and Sydney Grant.

Elliott.—"Rain." A bitter tragedy by Somerset Maugham; a violent attack on the repressions of Puritanism. Jeanne Eagels is superb in the leading rôle.

Eltinge.—"Spring Cleaning." A tense and bitterly comic drama exposing the depravity of the degenerate rich and the general stupidity of preoccupied husbands. The cast includes Arthur Byron, Violet Heming, A. E. Matthews and Estelle Winwood, a quartet of notable leading men and women.

Empire.—"The Lady." An indictment against "the stage-door Johnny" in which Mary Nash, as the dance-hall girl and later as the grey-haired mother, points a new way to become The Lady. A fine piece of emotional acting, a play full of the atmosphere of France, its locale, wit, and humor.

Forty-ninth.—"For All of Us." A comedy given to moralizing, in which William Hodge, the author, plays the rôle of the laborer, who chances into a rich home, the members of which have permitted their lives to become somewhat entangled and, in a varying Irish accent, conveys the message of right thinking and right action as cures for bodily ills and sets three lives straight.

Frazee.—"The Heart of Cellini." Anthony Wharton's play with Lionel Atwill and Elsie Mackay.

Frolic.—"Hurricane." A strange and interesting play dealing with prostitution, by Olga Petrova, with Olga Petrova, Lewis Willoughby, John Kingsberry, Camilla Dalberg and others.

Fulton.—"One Kiss." An operetta from the French about a love affair in which the young man's father and the girl's mother pretend to be wealthy, altho both are very poor. When the parents learn the truth about each other, they try to break up the match, but the girl wins over a rich uncle and gets a fortune for her lad and all ends well.

Gaiety.—"Aren't We All?" Cyril Maude in a delightful light comedy that revolves around a philandering husband and an indiscreet wife. Mr. Maude in a Grumpyish character sets a rare pace of fun and his support keeps it up.

Garrick.—"The Failures." A strange and fascinating play from the French of Lenormand in which all its characters are failures. One, a young poet, marries a girl who becomes an actress with a small road company and later makes the last sacrifice and yields to a casual admirer in order to provide for her husband. Jacob Ben Ami, Dudley Digges and Winifred Lenihan are included in the cast.

Globe.—"Stepping Stones." One of the best of Fred Stone's musical comedies, in which his daughter, Dorothy, does some exceptionally good dancing and singing and rivals her own father.

Greenwich Village.—"White Cargo." Leon Gordon's vivid play about a young Englishman who succumbs to the wiles of a half-breed in the absence of white women on the West coast of Africa. The cast includes Conway Wingfield, Richard Stevenson and A. E. Anson.

Harris.—"The Nervous Wreck." An excellent farce by Owen Davis. Otto Kruger plays the part of the nervous wreck, a young clerk, sent West to cure himself of the diseases he imagines he has. He wishes to be left alone to die peacefully, but June Walker, as the entrancing heroine, tries to run away with him and thus starts an endless amount of trouble for him.

Hudson.—"Sancho Panza." A drama in which the story divides honors with the ballet. It deals with Sancho Panza as governor of the City of Barataria and offers a colorful rôle for Otis Skinner. Romantic and utterly charming.

Imperial.—"Mary Jane McKane." A musical comedy by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and William Cary Duncan, with Mary Hay, Hal Skelly, Dallas Welford, Kitty Kelly, Stanley Ridges and Eva Clark.

Jolson's.—"The Blue Bird." Maeterlinck's fantasy of our search for happiness, replete with pictures of the most weird and beautiful things of earth and the most mystifying things of heaven—a fairy tale for the children—exquisite mysticism for the adult.

Klaw.—"Meet the Wife." A bright and witty comedy about a modern mother who is rushing the engagement of her daughter to a dumb young artist while she is really in love with a New York newspaper re-

(*Continued on page* 8)

Classic Lists the Plays in New York That You Should See

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Stepping Stones
Cyrano de Bergerac
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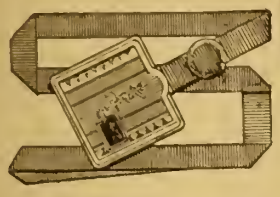
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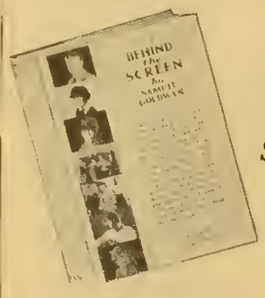
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Current Stage Plays

(*Continued from page 6*)

porter. The performances of Mary Boland, as the mother, and Eleanor Griffith, as the daughter, are perfect.

Knickerbocker. — "The Lullaby." An Edward Knoblock drama starring Florence Reed. This is the story of a sinning woman's life, seventy-five years of it.

Liberty.—"The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." A lively musical comedy by George M. Cohan, with Virginia O'Brien, Emma Haig, Jack McGowan, Bobby Watson and others.

Little.—"Chicken Feed." A comedy dealing with small-town life, setting forward what happens about the fifteenth year of married life. Roberta Arnold is featured.

Longacre.—"Little Jessie James." A musical comedy with Nan Halperin as Little Jessie. The Paul Whiteman band, dubbed the "James Boys," takes care of the orchestration.

Lyceum.—"Little Miss Bluebeard." A diverting musical drama in which the piquant comedienne, Irene Bordoni, is equipped with four delightful songs and twice that number of delightful gowns. The climax reveals a situation that comes as a complete surprise to nine-tenths of the audience.

Henry Miller.—"The Changelings." A comedy by Lee Wilson Dodd. The cast includes Henry Miller, the producer, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton, and Laura Hope Crews.

Morosco.—"The Other Rose." A comedy by George Middleton, adapted from the French of Edouard Bourdet, with Fay Bainter, Henry Hull, Effie Shannon and Carlotta Monterey.

Music Box.—"Music Box Revue." A new edition of Irving Berlin's extravagant display of beauty and humor.

National.—"Cyrano de Bergerac." Walter Hampden in a perfect interpretation of Rostand's poetizing, swashbuckling hero with a grotesque nose who is in love with his cousin Roxane (Carroll McComas). The piece is beautifully mounted and thoroly worth seeing.

New Amsterdam. — "Ziegfeld Follies." The 1923 edition of the Follies has many of the famous vaudeville headliners, including Bert Wheeler, and a wealth of beautiful girls.

Palace.—Keith Vaudeville. Always a good bill, and drawing more and more talent from the headliners of the regulars.

Playhouse.—"Chains." A drama in which the heroine (Helen Gahagan) insists upon bearing her share of the blame following an affair with a young man.

Plymouth.—"The Potters." A stimulating domestic comedy by J. P. McEvoy, with Mary Carroll, Donald Meek and Catherine Calhoun Doucet.

Princess.—"Sun Up." A passionate tragedy of the North Carolina mountain folk. The widow Cagle is superbly played by Lucile La Verne.

Punch and Judy.—"Go West, Young Man." A satirical comedy. Poorly acted with the exception of one member of the cast, a sweet and pretty newcomer, Kay Johnson.

Republic.—"Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments of the Irish and Jew in which the irreconcilable is reconciled thru emotion. Terrible, but incredibly popular.

Ritz.—"The Business Widow." A comedy from the German of Alexander Engel and Hans Sassman, adapted by Gladys Unger, with Leo Ditrichstein, Lola Fisher, Adrienne Morrison, John Davidson, Marjorie Wood, Elwood Bostwick, Gaby Fleury and others.

Selwyn.—"Mr. Battling Buttler." A peppy musical comedy about a husband who impersonates a prize-fighter having the same name as his, which enables him to steal away from his wife on many supposed training trips. Very funny.

Shubert. — "Artists and Models." A revue; the professional version of the Illustrators' Show. It includes sketches by James Montgomery Flagg, Henry Wagstaff Cribble and Clarence Buddington Kelland. Adele Klaer, who acts, paints and writes poetry has the lead.

Thirty-ninth Street. — "The Alarm Clock." A comedy adapted by Avery Hopwood, from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Roman Coolus. The cast includes Blanche Ring, Bruce McRae, Marion Coakly and others.

Times Square.—"Pelleas and Melisande." Jane Cowl looking as beautiful as a fairy-book princess and Rollo Peters almost as beautiful as John Barrymore in "The Jest" of a few seasons ago. Everybody looks beautiful and acts well, but the play is disappointing, the fault of the playwright, one Maurice Maeterlinck. Too bad, because a great deal of money and brains have been spent on the production.

Vanderbilt.—"In the Next Room." Mrs. August Belmont offers a thrilling melodrama which centers about the mysterious murder of two men in the "next room." What Percy Hammond refers to as the "Who-done-it? drama." Better than the best of this breed.

Winter Garden. — "Greenwich Village Follies." Fifth edition. Typical John Murray Anderson revue; much beauty, a little music, less wit. Glorified vaudeville.

OSTIA

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman

Red-golden was the galley and her sail was dark as wine,
Her oars were flashing silver and her mast was carven pine,
With awnings rich in silken stuffs; amber, white and corn,
By Ostia, by Ostia, before the breath of dawn!

Clean from the salt of marshes, with her prow like a burnished brand
Set straight for the dim-seen watchers on the wall above the sand,
Whipped by the slashing spindrift and blinded by the spray
We drove her into Ostia before the break of day!

Right gallant was the harbor in the glitter of the dawn
With sails in blue and crimson and the roadstead dull saffron,
And all the flags aflutter before a haze of trees,
And rolling Roman sailormen asleep along the quays!

TO A CERTAIN MAN

By Mary•Carolyn Davies

You are not worth two women's thought,
Too small a man to make such stir;
For this, and not because I ought,
I give you up to her.

I have no will to be unkind,
Only relief that all is done;
I can but hope that she will find
Enough in you for one.

She Dares to Tell the Truth About Love and Marriage!

Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks," has written an amazing book that should be read by every man and woman —married or single. "The Philosophy of Love" is not a novel —it is a penetrating searchlight fearlessly turned on the most intimate relations of men and women. Read below how you can get this daring book at our risk – without advancing a penny.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame —the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Should a bride tell her husband what happened at seventeen?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?



ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

—how to win the man you love.
—how to win the girl you want.
—how to hold your husband's love
—how to make people admire you.
—why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
—why many marriages end in despair.
—how to hold a woman's affection.
—how to keep a husband home nights.
—things that turn men against you.
—how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
—the "danger year" of married life.
—how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
—how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
—how to attract people you like.
—why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
—are there any real grounds for divorce?
—how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
—how to tell if someone really loves you.
—things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

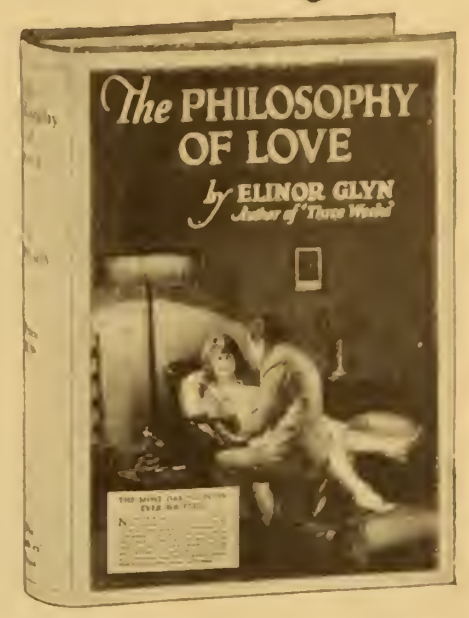
In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of men and women. No detail, no matter how avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

"The Philosophy of Love" is one of the most daring books ever written. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade —while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the most dangerous sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain shallow-minded persons may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter —and the book will be sent to you on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.



Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in the movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only $1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

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After Thirty—*can a woman still gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"?*

SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and, above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.



Often the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!

The cause of blackheads and blemishes

Blackheads are caused by dirt and oil collecting in the pores of your skin. A large-pored skin, or one that is much exposed to dust and soft-coal smoke, is especially susceptible to blackheads. Blemishes are generally the result of infection from bacteria carried by dust into the pores.

Don't neglect defects like blackheads or blemishes. They can easily be overcome by the following two treatments:—

To Free your Skin from Blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

A Special Treatment for Blackheads

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Follow the treatment you need regularly and see how much clearer your skin will become and what a world of difference it will make in its attractiveness.

* * *

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations —guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
902 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

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Now That Winter's Here—

"IF winter comes, can spring be far behind—" was first the thought of a poet, and then a novelist took it for the theme of his story. Now we are moved thereby, to a brief, humble editorial.

For winter is here, in fact and fancy, for numberless motion-picture workers. The shut-down of so many of the big studios, even tho it is temporary, has turned the world upside down for great and small alike in this industry. But, of course, anyone with half an eye could see that things could not go on the way they were: with production costs mounting higher and higher; pictures in quantity piling up and piling up; salaries going the same gait from prop boy up; time, meaning money being flung away; competition forcing the expenditure of unprecedented sums, and so on and so forth, *ad nàuseam*.

Now there never was a great revolution accomplished without the shedding of blood. No change, however trivial, has ever taken place without a disturbance of some sort. There can be no readjustment without pain. And you who are down in the valley now, who are out of jobs and facing the chill of an unknown future, no matter how intolerable you find the situation, take heart. The discomfort and suffering is only a question of time—nothing else; and when you know a thing is temporary and *will* pass, you can stand it. If one just finds the courage to stick it out—why spring will come again, and the movies and its great army of adherents will once more take their rightful places in the sun.

These things we *know* to be true.

Photograph by Aug. Rupp, Berlin



White Studio

Billie Burke

Not content to be the beautiful wife of the most noted beauty connoisseur in the country, Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, professionally known as Billie Burke, must add new laurels to her crown each year in the drama. This year she opens late in a comedy whose title is not yet announced

Classic's Favorites

These Two Men Are Classic's Favorite Movie Stars and We Dont Care Who Knows It

Photographs by Richee



Theodore Roberts is the dean of cinema character actors. He has played more fathers, uncles and grandfathers than any other man on the screen. He is lovable, crotchety, irascible, endearing, unreasonable, peppery, gallant and adorable as the case may be. He has just completed "The Ten Commandments," in which he portrayed the patriarch Moses with great dramatic dignity. Just at present he is on tour in vaudeville



The spectacular rise to fame on the screen of Ernest Torrence is known to everyone. From the lightest of musical-comedy comedians he became the heaviest of moving-picture villains. He is booked up for months ahead always. In "The Covered Wagon," altho he was unregenerate to the end, he had his endearing moments, and in "Ruggles of Red Gap" he was wholly amusing. In "West of the Water Tower" he has a profoundly moving part—a disappointed father. We, personally, go to see any picture that boasts of him in its cast



Music Hath Charms—

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

A great deal of fun is poked at the necessity for music as an aid to emotion, but it really serves a practical purpose. Left is Gladys Hulette having her heart stirred by the studio orchestra. Below is Marshall Neilan's string quartette, of which he makes persistent use in all his pictures. This shot was taken during the making of "The Rendez-vous"

"OF all the liberal arts," said Napoleon the Great, "it is music which has the greatest influence over the passions."

This pertinent comment is recalled as we contemplate an illuminating phase of the motion-picture industry, which is the development of music as a technical tool, both in the filming and presentation of photoplays.

Music and drama have always been more or less closely allied and as far back as Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of the Elizabethan period—which was pre-eminently an age of minstrelsy—plays were studded with exquisite lyrics to be sung to music. In fact, in glancing thru Shakespeare's few stage directions there will be found many such orders as "Music and Song," clearly showing his idea of combining the two arts in telling a story.

The dramatic use of music probably had its birth in the early melodramas which interpolated incidental melodies to create atmosphere and heighten certain effects. The suggestion of the raging storm—the villain's deadly work and the pensive home-coming of the lovely heroine—all these were intensified by descriptive music. It glorified the love scenes too, endowing them with the glamour of romance that even the cleverest actor and stage setting failed to meet.

Every human emotion has its own musical note, or perhaps a combination of notes that coincides and emphasizes its meaning.

Richard Wagner's wonderful success in setting great dramatic themes to music is given a concise description by Bernard Shaw, an ardent admirer of the composer. He says: "The main leading motifs are so emphatically impressed upon the ear while the spectator is following a strong dramatic expression that a requisite association is formed unconsciously."

This is precisely what is being done today in motion pictures.

To Geraldine Farrar is given the credit of first realizing the tremendous aid music brings to actors and directors in their work before the camera.

When she began filming her operatic success, "Carmen," Miss Farrar found it impossible to get into the spirit of the story without the familiar music and asked that the score be played in the studio the same as if she were



acting in the theater. Now there is seldom a scene demanding emotional expression that is made without appropriate musical setting.

The great studios in Hollywood regularly employ many skilled musicians, ready with a large repertoire in order to meet all dramatic exigencies.

While large orchestras are frequently needed for certain elaborate scenes, the usual combination consists of a piano or movable organ, violin and cello, which furnishes the accompaniment for the tense moments that thrill thousands of film fans thruout the world.

Under this influence the actor loses his self-consciousness and readily drops into a natural grace, as well as responding to the rhythm, emotionally.

It quickens the blood that warms the heart and tho the wise ones insist that its appeal is only to the emotions—never binding the intelligence, for it carries no definite ideas, it certainly creates eloquent backgrounds upon which the sentiments and passions play.





Cecil De Mille keeps a violinist on his pay-roll the year around and uses this music for every scene. When the occasion demands it, he adds other instruments. This he does entirely for his players and he allows them to choose their favorite selections.

He believes, however, that music lessens the director's critical capacity, which should be ever active, and I have seen him many times sitting with his fingers in his ears as he watched a scene being filmed to the seductive music of a splendid orchestra. For this reason too, Mr. De Mille insists that his players keep their voices pitched very low—he does not want to be swayed by the quality of their tones, which form a subtle avenue for emotional expression—and one to which he is peculiarly susceptible.



At the top of the page is Glenn Hunter making a scene from "West of the Water Tower." Note the three musicians doing their best to help Glenn toward the proper mood. Above is Jane Novak playing for Victor Schertzinger and her sister Eva on the studio organ. It doesn't seem to be going so well. Right: Music is a very pleasant accompaniment to kissing, we are sure Monte Blue thinks, and doubtless Irene Rich finds it pleasant too—the music, we mean



Left: Ruth Dickey and her ten-piece orchestra were transported on sand sleds to the sandy desertlike location Cecil De Mille selected for some of the scenes of "The Ten Commandments." In the picture Charles de Roche and Leatrice Joy take a hand to "spell" the musicians. Below is Eric von Stroheim and his regular orchestra on a peak of the Panamint mountains on the edge of "Death Valley." Altho heat prostrations threatened, they played away for the successful climax of "Greed"

He often tells his cast: "Remember, cameras have no ears. *Act* your feelings. Dont be content to speak them. When the picture is shown on the screen, it must stand on the acting and nothing else."

In his new mammoth production, "The Ten Commandments," music has become one of the several fascinating elements in the upbuilding of the various periods in which Mr. De Mille seeks to interpret the Mosaic Law.

Fred Niblo always has music when directing his masterpieces. In studying the reactions of his actors to this influence he has made a significant discovery. Said he: "I find that women respond far more readily to melodies played in the lower register and men to those pitched in the treble. This is but the natural psychological attraction of masculine and feminine in tone."

With an eight-piece orchestra playing the dramatic arias from "Pagliacci," as inspiration for a series of tragic scenes being made by the strolling players in his new production, "Scaramouche," Rex Ingram stopped to remark that everyone responds to music to some degree.

"I know little of the technique of this art," said Mr. Ingram, "yet a Wagnerian opera stirs me tremendously. While I invariably use music in my scenes, delving into the preferences and prejudices of my players to find what moves them, I believe it must be used carefully, for it gives a false stimulus to the action. Sensitive natures depend upon the emotionalism of the music to carry their scene rather than their own acting. They are so swayed by the rhythm that they think they are expressing it thru pantomime when in reality they are merely feeling and their body is placid."

The many-sided brilliance of Eric von Stroheim would naturally include a knowledge of music. He plays the violin like a professional and brings to it that vitality that characterizes his other achievements. Understanding music and human nature so perfectly, this genius arranges his music scores as he plans his continuity, practically making an opera of his pictures while filming them.

(*Continued on page* 86)





Townsend

Mme. Olga Petrova

This brilliant Polish woman has trifled with many arts, obtaining a measure of success in all she has touched. At once a playwright, an actress, an author, a poet, a producer and director, a magnificent *poseuse*, she still retains a beautiful feminine charm and an incomparable social grace. Someone has said that glamour never happens on women who do things. But Olga Petrova is glamourous. She is at present on tour acting in a condensed version of her own play, "The Hurricane"



Edwin Bower Hesser

The Mutual Admiration Society

By
HARRY CARR

Blanche Sweet takes two pages to tell what she thinks of her husband; but Marshall Neilan needed only two lines to tell what he feels about his wife

Left is a recent portrait of "the most extraordinary personality on the screen," Blanche Sweet. Below, as Anna Christie in O'Neill's drama of that name



I HAVE always wondered about these stars who are directed by their own husbands.

Whether at the breakfast table the lord and master tastes the coffee and says: "This is worse than your close-up in that love scene in the third reel."

Or if perhaps she waits until he gets his face lathered and he is sliding down the difficult slope north of the upper lip before she reproaches him with giving all the good scenes to the vamp lady in the picture.

Well, Blanche Sweet says not. Positively no.

Her husband is Marshall Neilan.

A great many picture experts agree with Blanche that he is the one great genius that the cinema has thus far produced.

He and Blanche have been in pictures together since the early Biograph days when she was a little dancer called in for a special scene in one of the first Griffith pictures and "Mickie" was a boy driving an automobile.

The writers of "success stories" like to refer to Marshall Neilan as the chauffeur who became one of the greatest directors in the world. Far be it from me to crush the illusions and artistic yearnings of any gent now piloting a taxicab; but the fact is Mickie was an actor and the ravishingly handsome young Valentino of his day on the screen while

still a mere boy. His auto career was a kid performance But, anyhow, this is what Blanche says about it

"They are all wrong about Mickie. Everybody around the studio thinks that Mickie is a careless, happy-go-lucky idler who drifts in late to the studio and just sort of makes the thing up as he goes along.

"I used to think so myself until we were married.

"The fact is that Mickie is doing his hardest work when he appears to be playing.

"I can always tell at home when he is working out a big scene in his mind. Our home life straightway takes on an atmosphere of jazz and excitement.

"Mickie whirls me around to jazz emporiums at loud and unusual hours of the night. We dance at road houses and Mickie gives prizes to the best fox-trotters and we whirl thru a round of pleasure until I am positively dazed and dizzy.

"I have learned from experience to know that at these times, Mickie is working out some big situation in a big story.

"There are many minds—big, creative minds—which work like this.

"No doubt there are some creative writers who need quiet and solitude; but the Mickie Neilans of this world need the stimulus of motion and excitement. It seems to rouse their thoughts and stimulate their imaginations—just as a race-horse needs another horse as a pace-maker.

"Mickie very seldom talks about his pictures at home. I am glad he doesn't. It would be miserable to have a home life made up of Kleig lights and baby spots and scenarios.

"Sometimes he brings up the subject of some play and discusses the situation. In the earlier days of our married life I used to torture my brain trying to help him with these situations. I know better now. I know from experience that he never really talks of the play he is thinking about. When he talks of one, I know that he is working out the details of some other one. So I have learned that the way I can best help the family fortunes is to sleep with my boots at my bedside like a fireman and be ready to go tearing around the dance halls and the jazz places while my talented husband wrestles with the muse.

"Sometimes it takes Mickie a long time to work out a story. I know that he had the idea of "The

(*Continued on page* 84)



Mandeville

Left is another "Anna Christie character study. On another page this photoplay is discussed as the best of the month. Below is the Irish "Mickie" Neilan who ranks among the first ten directors of the screen

Evans, L. A.



Odious

and Pictorial

The "Scaramouche" Of the Stage

It is interesting and a bit exciting to have two "Scaramouches" running on Broadway at the same time. It invites—no—it challenges comparison. Indeed, it makes comparison inevitable. CLASSIC, which serves the interests of both stage and screen, finds itself in a difficult position—for one "Scaramouche" is unquestionably superior to the other. Making due allowance for the limitations of both mediums, we believe the motion-picture the finer, truer and more entertaining



White Studios



White Studios

This is Sidney Blackmer himself and above, in the character of André-Louis Moreau. To us he is still Sidney Blackmer, a rather earnest, serious-minded, likable chap



Goldberg

Above is Margalo Gillmore as Aline de Kercadiou, who makes of her a pretty, petulant, sweetly feminine and altogether human and understandable person. She looks as pretty as it is humanly possible in the lovely soft colors of her billowing costumes, but she did suggest the ladies that conceal boudoir lamps, telephones, powder boxes and so forth

Comparisons

Contrasts

The "Scaramouche" Of the Screen

Ramon Novarro in the title rôle is satisfyingly picturesque and disturbing. He swashbuckles a bit, is scornful and sardonic at times, romantic and tender at others. At no time does one get a thrill out of Blackmer's Scaramouche. It is kindly and gentle, quietly determined, persistently idealistic and not very exciting. This does not seem to us consistent with the character, who, if you recall, "was born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad"



Melbourne Spurr



Hoover Art Studios

This is Alice Terry as the Lady Aline de Kercadiou, the beloved of André-Louis. There was a consistent hauteur and dignity in her performance, tho we found it less moving than Miss Gillmore's. Even lacking the undeniable aid of color, she was surpassingly pretty. The white wig also helped the illusion of the period



This is Ramon Novarro himself, and we call your attention to the similarity in pose and costume with Sidney Blackmer across the page. Above is his Scaramouche, a romantically youthful and beautiful figure

The Things We Cant Escape in the Movies

Drawings and Text
by Eldon Kelley



HE ALWAYS GETS HIS MAN

It is practically assured from the first reel that no half-breed trader, however bent on trouble, can cope with one of the Northwest Mounted Policemen. No thrill here



THE SUPERPRODUCTION, "WHAT ARE THE WILD WIVES DOING?"

Containing for the most part a cut-back to ancient Egypt (including a few news-reel shots of the late lamented Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb) and showing Cleopatra in all her glory—and little else

THE CHILD WHO BRINGS THEM TOGETHER

Lonely Wall Street husband — Social Butterfly wife— about to live their own lives when— "Daddy, is dat my mumsie?" lisps the little child. Husband, wife and audience break down



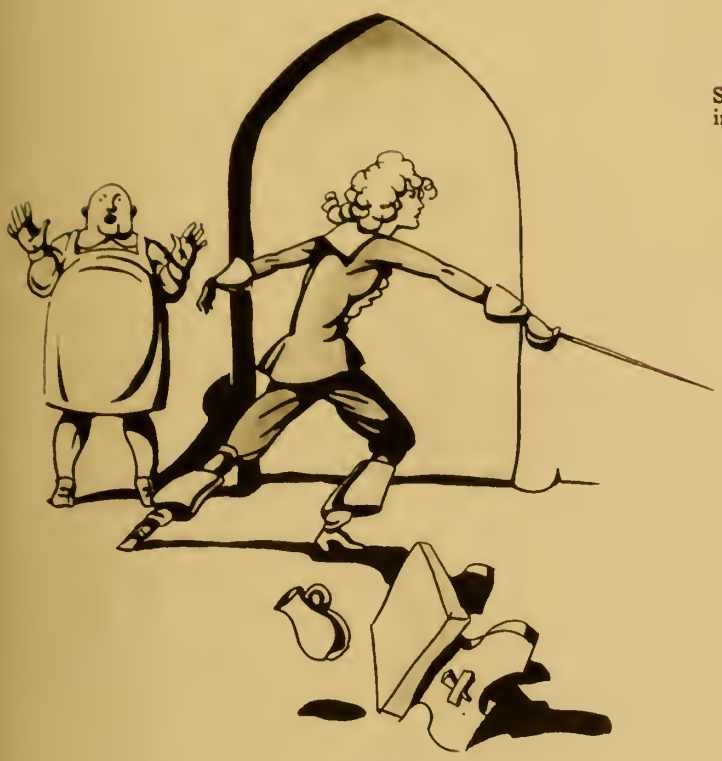
"Something old,
Nothing new—
Much that's borrowed,
Naught that's true!"

(With apologies to whoever said it first)



THE RURAL DRAMMER

Showing the indispensable picket fence and the compromising situation that makes it hot for the gal. Ye Gods and little Gishes!



THE COSTUME FLOOD

Imogene, the *daughter*, mind you, of an effete aristocracy, disguises herself in boots and britches and indulges in numerous imbroglios. No one penetrates her disguise—but the audience



THE INEVITABLE WALL STREET STORY

Adolphus Mugg, financier and only father of the beautiful Miss Mugg, has just lost all on the street. Little does he dream that the man who ruined him is the newsboy he thoughtlessly ran over years before in his Rolls Royce. Does the young man marry Miss Mugg before the show is over? Of course!



THE CINDERELLA STORY

"Oh," she captions, "how you frightened me." Poor thing, she is working as a servant in the mansion of her aunt, who has bilked her out of her rightful fortune. Does she fall in love with the rich young man next door? Ten guesses!

The Powers Behind the Screen

Who's Who in the Motion-Picture Business

By STANTON LEEDS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This is the fifth and last of the series of five articles on the business end of the motion picture and a discussion and a description of the truly great personalities that have put the movies on the map*

WHAT about the boy politician, the pride of the G. O. P.—what about Will H. Hays? In ducking out of politics for a fat job in motion pictures did he sell his Indiana birthright for a mess of pottage? Should he have stuck to the Cabinet, strung along with President Harding, or was being boss of the screen worth more, as his friends declare?

Meanwhile, is he boss of the screen? Hardly. With men like Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, William Fox, to say nothing of William Randolph Hearst and Frank J. Godsol with their reorganized Goldwyn company, and entirely forgetting a dozen or so other fast steppers already in power or rapidly getting there—with these in the motion-picture game is it likely a Republican politician is bossing the works?

It is not. The truth is that Mr. Hays is working with these men, his backers and employers, and using his keen political sense, his gift for maintaining harmony, to their advantage and the screen's. Outside of his original mistake, his calm acceptance of the weird belief that there was something the matter with pictures, that they were really naughty, his backers seem to feel that he has done very well.

But the assumption, very generally taken for granted thruout the country, that so far as motion pictures are concerned Mr. Will H. Hays is *it* in the sense that Judge Landis is *it* in baseball—this assumption is mistaken. The power behind the screen lies elsewhere.

It is vested in such as Zukor, whose history is the history of the growth of pictures from nickelodeon to a big-ten, three-ring circus; in men like William Fox, who has fought it alone; in such as Carl Laemmle and his right-hand bower, R. H. Cochrane; in such an amazing and variously gifted person as William Randolph Hearst who, when asked if there were money in pictures, replied, "my money is in them."

There are others, but for the moment consider these—consider Carl Laemmle in particular. During these ten years when Zukor has been large in the limelight, during this time when H. E. Aitken and many others disappeared altogether from the field, during this time that saw at least the temporary eclipse of such men as Samuel Goldwyn, P. A. Powers, R. A. Rowland, W. W. Hodkinson, Lewis Selznick, J. D. Williams, R. S. Cole, J. Stuart Blackton and so on—during this time Laemmle has persisted.

Undeniably one of the "Powers," is Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Pictures Corporation



People got into the way of shouting at his pictures, Universal pictures, "cheap." But Universal went right on. Others made more expensive pictures. Others went under. Laemmle and Universal went on. Year in, year out, with the pace pulling this, that and the other runner, Laemmle kept them coming to see his pictures.

The price seemed to please them, and the pictures, and when, all of a sudden, out of a clear sky, this same Carl Laemmle produced the most expensive picture ever made, it seemed time to seek information concerning this individual who kept his head above water where so many others had drowned.

It seems that the man knows figures. Others may guess about art and have all sorts of notions, but he, Carl Laemmle, bases his ideas on bed-rock, facts, the food of the fattest bankrolls. Also he remembers actual pictures. Knowing what they paid, he has a fair notion of what other pictures will pay if they follow similar lines, for, after all, the number of possible plots is strictly limited. In short, the hot air that artists and dreamers are given to—this doesn't bother Laemmle. He has (and right in his head) the statistics.

All morning he studies these same statistics. In the afternoon he sees anyone who calls. If the idea stands the acid test of the figures, it's a Universal idea.

An entirely different type, William Fox is generally credited with being himself the best film editor in the business. Before the time of pictures, he had a small vaudeville circuit and he saw the possibility of using films in those same theaters. Rather than be dependent, he got into the habit of making his own pictures. In more ways than one, they are his very own. Either assertively masculine or correspondingly feminine, they have a quality that keeps audiences saying, "if that isn't the truth!"

Their humanity, their story value, however, is only part of the story so far as William Fox is concerned. From political life, he picked as a partner a young Irishman, a former reporter and once secretary to the Police Commissioner of New York, Winfield R. Sheehan. A man whose abilities are so extraordinary, whose vision is so far-sighted that he has been given, to hold him, almost a controlling interest in the Fox enterprises, the boyish appearing Winnie Sheehan is one of the comers in pictures, one of that industry's assets.

His future is problematical,

(*Continued on page* 85)



La Pucelle

JOAN OF ARC, THE MAID OF ORLEANS

Famous Heroines No. V. Posed by Pola Negri

Everyone knows of the peasant girl of Domremy who watched her sheep on the hillside and saw the visions that raised her from the ranks of common mortals; that fired her with the divine determination to free her country of the English yoke; that placed her at the head of the armies of France, which she led to unforgetable victory. She was finally betrayed into the hands of her enemies and burned at the stake in 1431, when she was just nineteen years old. Her true story reads like a golden legend. Her martyrdom was the most shameful in history, but her glory redeems the dark past.

Foreign

Cineman Glances Over

FRANCE





Above is a scene from a German film called "Such Are Men." Mr. Ziegfeld's influence seems to have extended to the Eastern hemisphere. Right is the beautiful Russian star, Mme. Kovanko, who has the lead in a photoplay based on Turgenef's "The Song of Love Triumphant"

THERE are certain advantages in failure, and the failure of French films to conquer the American market, tho marking a definite commercial setback for French producers, is already beginning to show artistic benefits which might have been much longer in developing had the effort to invade America been successful. As pointed out last month, French as well as other foreign producers, with the vast transatlantic market luring them, have been concocting film monstrosities supposedly conceived after the American pattern but in the end failing to be either American or anything else; a mongrel product in which American invention was grotesquely travestied and European artistry basely betrayed. The mistake of the foreign producers was that they chose to compete with America in the one field in which they had no chance, lavishness of production, while they ignored the one element which alone could place them on a footing with American productions, the advantages of Old World background and Old World artistry. This error has evidently been perceived now, and the result, so far as France is concerned, is a series of films which, diverging widely from the American standard, yet can hold its head up beside the best American productions. The completeness of the about-face in French film methods may be seen in the fact that within the last two or three months at least half a dozen productions have appeared in which extreme simplicity of setting is the rule and in which the native soil is dramatized and native talent is given the full burden of the film.

A beginning in this direction, and a most successful one, was made with "Crainquebille," Anatole France's masterpiece, with the star rôle entrusted to De Féraudy, one of the





Above is Pedro de Cordoba in an English film, "I Will Repay." Right is a scene from the picture version of Mallarmé's immortal poem, "Geneviève"

Films

The European Studios

greatest character actors in France. Every foot of this film is French, with no effort to disguise its nationality, and the result was that it was sold at once for the American market. This success has paved the way for a series of productions in the same manner, real native products, both subject and treatment faithful to the soil and spirit of France. Among the new films of this kind are "Little Jacques," Jules Claretie's classic, a French "Oliver Twist" with a strong strain of Gallic intensity running thru it; "Geneviève," Mallarme's classic pastoral romance, picturized with all its beauty and poetry charmingly preserved; "The Urchin of Paris," a homely, humorous domestic drama which loses none of its interest for being written for an older generation; "Faithful Heart," the tragedy of a French port town against a sombre background of harbor life; and several other films of a kindred nature.

Pictorially, "Geneviève" is perhaps the most beautiful of the series, the photography and poetic treatment being faultless, but emotionally "Little Jacques" is the most effective. The story is hardly original, verging on the melodramatic, but it is so well told, so truthfully executed, as to give the narrative the quality of stirring reality. The picture is a great advance over the abortive efforts *à l'Américaine* which preceded it.





Above is a Russian picture based on the life of the great Shakespearean actor. It is called simply, "Kean." Left is a vendetta about to be consummated. It is from an Italian film called "Supreme Love." Below is a Swedish picture romantically titled "The Eyes of Love"



ITALY

Simultaneously with the French reversion to native subjects and native treatment, the Italian producers reveal a similar tendency, after having exploited, like the other European producers, ill-starred efforts to make films in the

(*Continued on page* 81)



Left is a bit from a French film, so typically French in every aspect that one might call it "one hundred per cent. French"

Au Sauce Piquante

Cinema Spice for Jaded Appetites



Melbourne Spurr



Clarence S. Bull

Some of us like our movies highly seasoned, and then again some of us can take them or leave them alone. We for one, like them well flavored. It saves mental indigestion anyway. We dont go to the movies to be put to sleep, but to be entertained, and no one can deny the entertainment value—per capita, we'd better say—of this page



Nickolas Muray

Upper left: Norma Talmadge as an Ouled-Nail dancing girl in "Dust of Desire" is most provocatively beautiful. Above: Jean Haskell, a little Goldwyn treasure, gives a pleasant tang to many an otherwise flat movie. Left: Dolores Rousse, a delicious bit from Fox's box of spices



Tiger Rose

Written in Short-Story Form

by

DOROTHY DONNELL

THREE men, that golden morning in Northern Canada, were thinking of one thing, a woman, and they thought of her according to their three points of view. To Michael Devlin, of the Northwest Mounted, a woman was something to be possessed. He had known—and possessed many in his thirty hard-lived years, but none like this one, wild and elusive and, for all of her life lived among trappers, miners, drunken Indians, fiercely virginal. Rose Bocion . . . the hoofs of his horse on the hard forest path beat out the name, Rose, a blossom to be plucked, a fragrance to give delight or what were roses—or women—for?

With hot, desirous memory he conjured her up now and she danced before him down the path, the sun sprinkled on her dark hair, the young curves of her, the lips that invited, the eyes that mocked, and the look of his face was not good to see. "Damn her!" he muttered, "she gets into a man's blood! I'm drunk with her. She's a fever I've had since that day I found her on her raft drifting toward the Anger o' God Rapids and brought her ashore to the Trading Post. That gave me a right to her, didn't it? I thought she felt it, too, but last night——"

His great hand with the white furrow of an old wound across it tightened on the reins with the suggestion of crushing something. Last night he had held her in his arms, and it had been like clasping the wind. *She had not been there.* And when he had demanded of McCollins, the old factor who had adopted her, the meaning of the change, he sensed in her, that canny Scot had been evasive and taken refuge in philosophizing.

"The mair I know wummen the less I know about 'em! But one thing certain, they dont gie their love for a debt that is owed but for a gift whaur they will."

Michael Devlin uttered an oath, and because his instinct was the simple primitive one of hurting when he felt pain he lashed at his patient horse. "If it's that dude engineer chap, Norton, I'll teach him to meddle with what's mine!" he muttered. "When I get back from this trip I'll settle it—I didn't drag her out of the river for him to kiss——"

In the Company's Store, McCollins the factor was thinking about Rose too; the anxious, timid thoughts of old age which knows humbly that it is helpless to aid youth because it speaks another language. He had lived a long existence here in the Northland, he had read few books, known few people, yet he had seen Life. When he thought of Rose Bocion he thought of her as a duty, something to be guarded, protected, a flower to be sheltered from harsh storms.

"'Tis a hard thing," he reflected as he sorted the settlement mail which had just arrived by canoe, "that we must pay so dear for experience in this world and then 'tis no use to anyone; we cant gie it to them we lo'e. I hae ma doots about this young city mon. He doesna belong up here and Rose does. An' there's a look in her eyes these days that wummen dont wear unless the thocht o' some mon puts it there. But there's nae use meddlin' wi' young folks. They must cut their own fingers before they can learn that a knife can hurt, an' there's the pity!"

The other man who was thinking of Rose Bocion was tall and good to look at, and wore his rough homespun with an easy grace, all of which the girl was aware of, tho she was not looking at him as she sat on the broken oak limb swinging her feet and singing a wild folk-song about a maiden who loved a *loupgarou*——

To Bruce Norton, engineer in charge of the railroad surveyors, women in general were something of a nuisance; in particular, incomprehensible creatures of mysterious moods who wanted to marry one. But this girl before him, with her naïve remarks, her amazing



Michael Devlin of the Northwest Mounted finds Rose Bocion drifting down the river on a raft toward the Anger o' God Rapids, pulls her out just in time, carries her back to the trading post, where she collapses

simplicity and her beauty which was half that of a wild wood creature, and half the age-old lure of Eve, vaguely disturbed him. Rose . . . Rose, a flower of the forest instead of the garden. Last night, in his board shack he had written a poem about her, called her "Tiger Rose."

"You know about thas *loupgarou?*" she asked, pausing abruptly in her song. Under the elfin masses of her hair her eyes grew wide and solemn, her voice dropped a full octave to the deeps of awe, "he is ver' bad to fall in love wiz, because on'y half he is nize han'some young man and the res' of the time he is a wolf. The *loupgarou* eat the heart ri' out of a girl who love wiz heem. Yes, thas so! Ask anybody!"

Bruce leaned against a tree, arms folded, watching the play of emotion on the vivid face under lazy eyelids. "You dont believe that, Rose! Aren't you a Christian?"

She nodded with conviction, "Yas, I'm a Christian, sure as hell!" she affirmed, and looked startled at his shout of laughter, "all the same I know what I know! Me, I saw a woman thas had her heart eaten by the *loupgarou*—always she put the hand over the place where the wolf man hurt her, always she hunt for heem wiz face that mek like this!" Amazingly the young, fresh curves before his eyes took on haggardness, the eyes were haunting wells of tragedy. Bruce Norton straightened as tho a whip lash of memory had flicked him on the heart. His face grew grim.

"There are men who make a woman look like that—damn them!" he said slowly, "I knew one once. Wolf man fits him very well. Wolves are dangerous. They should be killed."

He got hold of himself hurriedly, smiled at her. "Go on! Tell me more. I know you're not Mr. McCollins' real daughter, but I dont know whose daughter you are. Perhaps you just growed like Topsy—that's the way you seem, like a part of all this——" his gesture brought the dappled forest, the blue rushing river with the surveyors staking out a line along it, the far hills into the woods.

Sitting lightly, swinging her feet in their Indian moccasins, Rose told him her simple Odyssey, her lonely childhood in the far deep woods with only her trapper father and the tame wildcat for companionship, her father's death——"I buried heem," she said simply, "the ground was froze and it was ver' hard work. He wanted a priest to read prayers before he died. He theenk mebbe he go to hell wizout. Me, I don' theenk so. *Monsieur le bon Dieu* is a *gentilhomme.*"

What a child she was, Bruce thought, feeling her words tug at his heart. Before such marvelous simplicity he felt old and disillusioned and paternal. He was only twenty-four, and one can be older at twenty-four than at any other age. "Then you came to the settlements?" he prompted, for she had fallen into one of her rich silences. That was the reason he had noticed her first and taken her from his general category of women who talked incessantly. If Rose hadn't anything to say, she said nothing.

"I mek a raft," she nodded, "but the river he is ver' bad. I goin' be drown mebbe but Michael Devlin hear me yell and comes. Papa McCollins got no daughter. I stay. Thas five year now."

"Michael Devlin," Bruce

TIGER ROSE

Fictionized by permission from Warner Brothers' production of the adaptation by Edmund Goulding of the play by Willard Mack. Directed by Sydney Franklin and personally supervised by David Belasco. The cast, starring Lenore Ulric:

Rose Bocion ("Tiger Rose").....Lenore Ulric
Michael Devlin.....Forrest Stanley
Father Thibault.....Joseph Dowling
Pierre.....André De Beranger
Dr. Cusick.....Sam De Grasse
Bruce Norton.....Theodore Von Eltz

frowned, "the big Mounted, eh? I suppose you're very grateful to him?"

Rose was puzzled. Grat'ful? I don' know thas *grat'ful?* He breeng me red ribbons from the beeg town. It mus' be ver' nize in the town——"

Bruce shook his head. "You'd hate it! Nothing green or sweet—grey, dirty stone canyons where the sun never shines," he went on to paint a sordid picture of ugliness and dirt and people, all hurrying, hating each other, thinking of money, fighting each other for money, but at the end Rose only smiled. She slid down from her branch and stood before him, looking up with unwavering eyes.

"But you would be there," she said. "I tink me I lak any place where you were there too!"

Under the tight jersey she wore her low breasts rose and fell swiftly. Her cheeks were the color of sun-ripened fruit, but the warm tint did not deepen altho Bruce Norton could feel himself blushing. She was not such a child after all, seventeen or eighteen perhaps, and lovely enough to turn any man's head. He adopted a fatherly tone, taking one hard little hand in his own. "The place for Roses is out of doors, not shut up in stone cages! I'll send you a picture of the kind of houses people live in in the city when I go back, houses like mountains——"

Terror sounded in her voice. "You're going away, yas? Dont go! I love you—I love you lak hell!"

Bruce Norton stood still, staring startled into the implacable face of Memory. "Think what you came here to do! Think of the vow you made beside your mother's bed—your mother who died of a broken heart! Are you free to play at love-making?"

As tho he could forget for more than a few moments at a time the thing that had brought him up into this wilderness, the thing that had shadowed his youth, the thing that lay between him and any hope for the future! But just for now, just for a few days might he not be free from it, free to be young and happy?

He lifted the brown little paw he held and kissed the back of it ceremoniously. "I'm not going away yet, little Rose," he smiled, "you dont mean what you just said, of course. Some day when you've grown up you'll marry Devlin or some one who lives up here and be very happy but now before I go we'll be friends, wont we?"

She looked at him slantingly, hid her eyes behind smooth creamy lids. "All ri'!" sighed Tiger Rose, "if you lak thas better, I lak thas too! We be fren'."

Indian summer with its poignant hint of sadness, its golden gift of beauty and sunshine without promise for the future, made of the Northwest woods in the days following a magic place, an enchanted land to Bruce Norton, without yesterdays or tomorrows. Because he knew the shortness of his moment he made the most of it. While his surveyors languidly drove their stakes, while the river murmured a background to their voices, he and Rose sat together under the trees and he talked as he had never talked to anyone before, of the books that he had read the shy unspoken boy dreams he had dreamed. Rose chatted too, in her quaint broken English, and made wreaths of crimson and yellow maple leaves. Her moods were sudden in their changes, one moment she was a teasing elf, crowned with red haws, the next and she was become a tragedy queen reciting a weird folk tale.

And then one evening at dinner in the factor's house McCollins said casually: "We're tae have another citizen in the settlement, Meester Norton, a mon frae your own part o' the wurruld. The new company doctor is cooming tomorrow. His name is Glendenning—Robert Glendenning."

Bruce Norton laid down his knife and fork, but said nothing. Surprised at the silence, the old factor glanced across the table and saw a strange thing; he saw a man die before his eyes and go on breathing. Indeed in a moment Norton spoke, too, about some trivial subject, but he was a dead man speaking nevertheless, a man who had definitely resigned his hold on life.



She came closer, her face ghastly. "They 'ave foun' heem?" "They haven't—yet," Cusick snapped, "the damn fool could have gotten away—but he said he had to come back to see you. Where can we hide him?"



Only at the end of the meal did he refer to the new company doctor. "Tomorrow, I think you said Doctor Glendenning was to arrive?"

McCollins nodded, puzzled. "Aye, he wrote that he wud drive himself froom the Landing. He'll be here by noon I'm thinkin'. Do ye—perhaps ye might be knowin' him?"

Bruce Norton shook his head. His voice had an edge, "I have never had the pleasure of meeting the doctor personally. But I had a—a friend who knew him some years ago. I—have heard of him."

He went out into the darkness and presently, not knowing where his steps were leading him, he found himself in the grove where he had spent enchanted hours this last week, as a ghost returns to the scene of old happiness. The moon was up now and in the white light that lay across the grass he saw Rose, and as she came toward him he knew that she was no longer a child or an elf but a woman, a woman to be held close, to be kissed. . . .

He kept his arms rigid at his sides for fear that they might go out to her. "I am going away, Rose," he tried to speak matter-of-factly, "I have something I must do——"

Her cry stripped the words from his lips: "You tak' me too! I will be ver' good—I dont be any trouble. You tak me!"

"I—cant——"

She was Tiger Rose now, fighting for what she wanted. "Ees it then some other girl? I will keel her—I will scratch her dam face! I will mek an image of her and stick pins into her heart!"

Bruce held the quivering little figure by the wrists. "There's no one else, Rose. I cant explain——"

He felt the fierceness ebb from her. The small face under the wild dark hair seemed to shrink still smaller: "Then—you don' want me? Scuse please—Michael Devlin, he lak' me, I didn' think——"

Her agony awoke echoes in his own soul, taught him his heart. "No, no, Rose! Not that, not that—God, if I only could stay with you, marry you, live here all my



Above: He started to his feet with the groan of a savage beast and had made two bounds for the door when the revolver in Rose's hand spoke shrewishly

Left: Tiger Rose in agonized suspense watches the tramping feet of her lover's hunter until at last they lead him up to bed. But they soon came back——

years——" Somehow she was in his arms. They clung together, two children frightened of the dark. Against her hair he whispered wild things, broken words of tenderness, and at last a little of the truth. Years ago a man had wronged his sister, left her to die in disgrace. The shock had killed their mother. He had been searching for the man ever since, and now he knew where to find him. . . .

"I see," Tiger Rose said quietly, "you do not need to tell me what you mus' do. But—afterward——"

He shook his head dumbly, his hands, on either side of her face straining it back to his gaze as if he were committing it to memory. "I have given you my trouble to bear," he said bitterly, "I have made you grow up, Rose. Will you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive? I don' know thas word," she smiled thru her tears, "I guess when you're in love wiz someone thas all the word you know!" He did not kiss her good-bye, because he knew that if he kissed her he would not go.

A heavy-eyed Rose was pouring the factor's coffee the next morning when Michael Devlin, wearing his uniform, aggressively brought his news.

"I'll be staying here a few days, sir, if you can put me up," he announced, portentously, "maybe you haven't heard? There's been murder done! The new company doctor was shot early this morning between here and the Landing, and what's more it's known who did it!" He shot a spiteful glance of triumph at Rose: "no more nor less than the fine city dude that's been staying under your roof—one of the Injuns saw him running thru the woods!"

McCollins' cup went down with a clatter. "So that was the meanin' of his face last night! Devlin, I've been a God-fearing mon a' ma days, but yon laddie is no common criminal. I hae na doot the mon needed a bit o' killin' an I'm dommed if I dont hope Norton gets awa!"

The Mounted Policeman laughed unpleasantly. "Small chance! We've got fifty men on horseback beating up the woods—he'll be behind bars before night—ouch!" he uttered a yelp of anguish as Rose neatly overturned a cup of scalding coffee on his hand.

The settlement joined the man hunt. All day the baying of dogs and the far off shouts of the searchers came to the straining ears of Rose Bocion as she stood behind the counter in the company store, all day as she weighed out sugar, and measured off calico she was trying to bribe Le Bon Dieu to let her lover escape. "— know, Mis'eu Dieu, you couldn' *help* heem, but mebbe You jus' look the other way one lil' minute——"

Dusk hung like cobwebs in the corners of the room when Doctor Cusick, the settlement physician, came in, closing the door behind him. He was a middle-aged man with a face chiseled by old emotion as a stone is worn by strong currents. He spoke rapidly. "Rose, I think you are a girl who can be trusted not to faint or go into hysterics if I tell you something."

She came closer, face ghastly. "They 'ave foun' him?"

"They haven't yet," Cusick snapped, "the damn fool could have gotten away clean, but he chose to come back, said he had to see you again. Well, love's a disease there's no cure for but time! I found him on the back road and brought him here, under the buggy robes. Where can we hide him?"

She pointed to the trap-door in the rough flooring. "Down there among the boxes—— Queek! I hear them come. Mon Dieu, all the day I 'ave the great fear but now I fear nothing! Now there is somesing I can *do*——"

One moment she stood folded in Bruce Norton's arms, then violently she thrust him away. "We are mad! Me, I t'ink thas a dam bad time for mak' love."

"She's right, my boy!" Cusick said grimly, "get down into the cellar. Tomorrow we'll figure some way to start you toward the States."

The trap-door slid into place. Rose turned to the doctor, "W'y you do eet? W'y you help us?"

Cusick looked suddenly old. "Because his shoes fit me!" he answered slowly, "if he hadn't killed that skunk I should have. You see Norton's sister happened to be—my wife. Hark! Someone's coming——"

When Devlin opened the door, Rose, humming a little song, was measuring out castor-oil with a steady hand. Her face had lost its pallor, her eyes shone, she gave the policeman a gay nod. "Mebbe you lak' the house to stan' treat wiz this, yas? Bon nuit, Mis'eu Doctor! Come in tomorrow and see w'y Papa got him seek in his back——"

(*Continued on page 78*)



The policeman's revolver in his hand, Bruce came to the side of Tiger Rose. "My brave little girl! But it's no good, dear. I've decided to face the music"



Waxman

Eleanor Boardman

Tradition chained this young girl to a narrow path, bound her to a past generation, linked her with a staid old family atmosphere. But early in life she asserted her right to be a person on her own account and not just an echo of past formality. A pretty pioneer, Eleanor!

Rhythm and Rebellion

By
MAUDE CHEATHAM



Right is a recent portrait and below is Eleanor Boardman's appealing Amelia Sedley in "Vanity Fair." Her current picture is "The Day of Faith"



ELEANOR BOARDMAN spells REBELLION! You would never guess it when you see her on the screen in those sweet, sympathetic rôles that have brought a delightful rhythm to a number of recent pictures.

"That's just it," wailed Eleanor, "They always give me goody, goody parts when I would rather play characters——"

I laughed. It was amusing to find a girl with her lovely angelic face, and eyes that flood quickly with womanly tears, craving to mask her charms in vampire and worldly rôles. It is nearly always the other way

Her rebellions date away back. In fact, they first burst forth when she suddenly discovered that her pioneer spirit had been placed in a staid old Philadelphia atmosphere. According to the program, her life lay cut and dried before her. Traditions chained her to a narrow path.

When she asserted her independence to think for herself, which she frequently did, she was rebuked. She was expected to be merely an echo of past generations.

"Families are a wonderful institution," admitted Eleanor, "but they have a distressing way of arresting any development of individuality. Seldom is a child given the freedom really to grow—to become a definite personality."

I imagine the battles were spirited. She was like a bird hopping about on the family limb, blinking at the sun and longing to try her wings to reach it.

At eighteen she ran away to New York.

"For the first time I really breathed," she explained. "Of course, I had a hard struggle, I expected this, and I also had several bad experiences but these taught me to live.



She was both down and out. She had no job and no money; things were hopelessly quiet in New York and she was beginning to wonder if, after all, she was to be beaten. And then came the wonderful opportunity to come to California with a chance at the Goldwyn studio.

She hasn't lost the thrill of it yet, despite her level head and poise, and I rather suspect she pinches herself sometimes, to see if it is really true.

After luncheon we drove up to her home on Whitley Heights where she lives alone with a funny little maid. Eleanor says that people with opinions should travel the single path.

The house is typical of its owner. It is extremely artistic and there is a spaciousness in the large living-room with its friendly fireplace, grand piano and rows of books. Long windows on three sides offer magnificent views of Hollywood and the hills. A few pieces of rare tapestry decorate the walls—"I hate new, shiny things—they have no background," she explained.

(*Continued on page 76*)

I could feel myself waking up, a delicious sensation of vivid realities swept me along and I began to feel—to thrill—to grasp dimly what it was all about. I think I had been numb before. And then I found that life is very short when you begin to *live*—there is so much to crowd into the days. Our span is so brief—in point of years—we must fill it to the brim."

It wasn't very long before Miss Boardman landed in a Broadway chorus, then she won a small part in Arthur Hopkins' "A Very Good Young Man." She lived in a dingy little boarding-house and spent most of her salary on ballet lessons as a part of her dramatic training.

This is illuminating, for it discloses the directness of her ambitions. Today, she is as slim and straight as a young tree, with every muscle in full co-ordination; she has mastered that rarest of all accomplishments, a perfect gliding walk in which every movement is of grace.

We'll admit that Eleanor Boardman forced her first steps toward a career but her sudden and phenomenal jump into motion-pictures, playing leading rôles after two films, shows she is a petted child of the fairies.





Upper left is Eleanor Boardman in her own back yard. Above, she tries to paint a little, and we'll aver we'd like to 'sit for her whether she knows how or not. Left, a Waxman portrait.



Nickolas Muray

Lowell Sherman

Who is the hero of one of the most picturesque and colorful dramatic successes on the New York stage. That is "Casanova," in which he was billed as an "Arch-Rogue," but turned out to be rather a gentle than a villainous Casanova. It looks as tho he had deserted the movies for good



The stars of "The Marriage Circle," which Lubitsch is making for Warner Brothers. They are: Marie Prevost, Adolphe Menjou, Ernst Lubitsch, Monte Blue, Creighton Hale, and Florence Vidor.





When Lubitsch Directs

By HARRY CARR

WHEN Lubitsch is directing a picture, he has an odd way of entertaining a visitor. At the end of the scene, he comes over to where you sit and gives you a little character sketch of the actor who has been performing.

For instance, when Florence Vidor finished her scene and the camera stopped clicking, he came over and painted her psychic picture: "She haf beauty; but she got distinction; she got good family. It show on the screen."

Which made us all wonder what he was going to say about Marie Prevost. Marie has many ardent admirers, but I think that even Marie herself gulped a little with astonishment when Lubitsch picked her as one of the finest actresses he has seen in America and gave her the big part in his new picture, "The Marriage Circle," upon which he is staking his career.

Marie Prevost says of Lubitsch: "To act even one scene under his direction is not only an education but a revelation." Lubitsch says of Marie Prevost: "She is a goot actress—she haf life und animation und she got emotion. But she got hoomer too. No actress is goot in a heavy rôle unless she haf got also a sense of hoomer."

"When I first came to America," said Herr Lubitsch, "my position was a very difficult one. The war was just over. I didn't know a soul. I arrived in Hollywood one drizzling cold foggy night when it seemed that even the climate was against me. As a matter of fact, I was treated everywhere with kindness and sympathetic cordiality; but, of course, I couldn't know that was going to happen. Consequently, in my first picture, I had to make all kinds of concessions to what they told me the American people wanted. I made my first one that way. This one I am going to make to please Lubitsch."

So, just as he tossed away all the other stale ideas that movie convention had built, so he airily ignored the actresses whom Hollywood had stamped "great" and picked out a graduate bathing young lady for his great acting part.

At the end of one of her

scenes, Lubitsch came bustling out of the set, dragged me out of the studio and around behind an alley and explained himself.

"My peechaar—I dont know if he is good. He cant know about a peechaar until you see him on the screen but Marie Prevost she is goot. She is a goot actress—she haf life and animation and she got emotion. But she got hoomer too. No actress is goot in a heavy rôle unless they got a sense of hoomer, especially what you call vamps."

Marie, herself, is a very frank outspoken young lady. And being such, she makes no secret of the fact that she is staggered by what has happened to her. It isn't so long since Marie's chief claim to artistic distinction consisted of the most beautiful legs in the world. They got her a job at Mack Sennett's old comedy lot.

Marie was sitting on a camp stool on the edge of the Lubitsch set as she talked about it. She was all covered up this time in a very beautiful evening gown. But she was just the same candid, unspoiled Marie as in the one-piece bathing-suit days.

"Over at the Sennett lot," she said, "I was one of the few girls who could really swim. I had to double for the girl stars and sometimes I even doubled for the men. In those days, it didn't matter what happened to me if the pulchritude of the



Above is the great director in an informal moment and below he is directing Florence Vidor in a troublesome bit. He says of her: "She haf beauty; but she haf distinction; she got goot family. It show on the screen"



real actresses was not damaged. To say the least, life was not monotonous. I never knew whether I was going to be alive or dead at the end of the day.

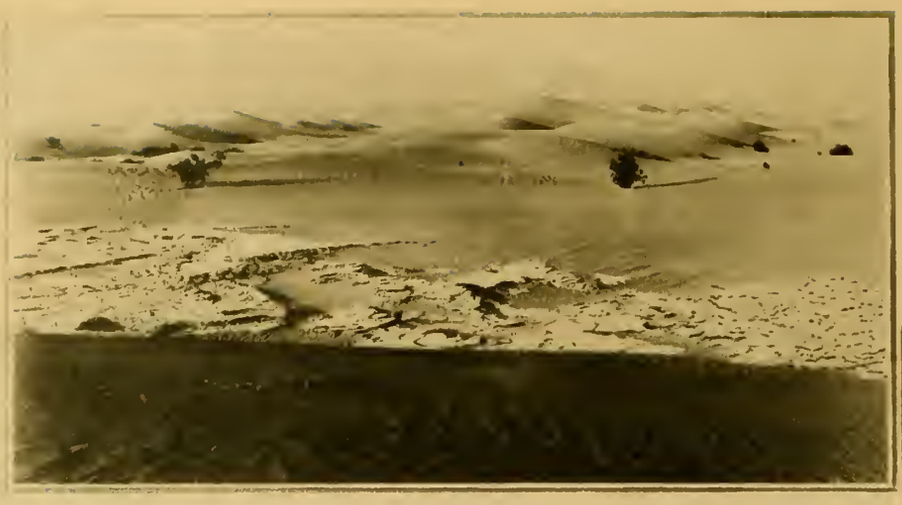
"Incidentally, the shock to my family when they saw me on the screen was considerable. And they were not the only ones shocked.

"One of the tragedies of my young life was one of these shocks. I was very much enamored of a young man whose mother was a very strict Presbyterian with a natural horror of young women who made their living playacting.

"My boy friend tried to convince her that I was different. His arguments prevailed to the point where I was invited to a family dinner to be put thru my

(*Cont'd on page* 80)

"On Location"



Above is the awe-inspiring tract of land known as Death Valley for the appropriate reason that sixty-three out of sixty-five miners died of thirst when they went prospecting there in 1849, and many others have died since. It is in the southeastern part of California and the hottest place in the world. Von Stroheim completed "Greed" there



Above is an ancient Roman ruin, one of the beautiful and authentic backgrounds for "The Eternal City." It is just outside of Rome

In the oval is a location picked for "Cap'n Dan." It is off the coast of California. Below is the historic Weeks Hall Estate, "Shadows-on-the-Teche," in and around which D. W. Griffith shot many scenes for "The White Rose." It is in western Louisiana on the bayou Teche



In no one field of endeavor, artistic or commercial, is there to be found so much beauty, interest and variety as on the screen, not to mention its educational value. Movie maligners' most frequent taunt is that we are "commercial." We offer the evidence on these two pages in refutation





Right is a section of the endless Florida swamps, unwholesome and treacherous, where King Vidor took his company to make "Wild Oranges," the Hergesheimer story, for Goldwyn

"From Greenland's icy mountains To India's coral strands—" (Or thereabouts)



Across the page is an American desert, but the picture above was taken in the Egyptian desert at Ghizeh, near Cairo. For most of us that are sit-by-the-fires, the view of the great pyramids and the mysterious sphinx to be had in the movies, will constitute our traveling experience. William Fox had "The Shepherd King" made here



Above is a view in our own most beautiful spot, Yellowstone National Park, where Rupert Hughes took all of the final scenes in "Law Against Law"



Left is a beautiful vista up in the Canadian Rockies. Tom Mix, seeking authenticity for his picture, "Where the North Begins," selected this mountain chain for it. Below is the exquisitely beautiful Bay of Naples in whose haunting vicinity "The White Sister" was made

These wonderful locations are spread practically all over the globe and you must appreciate that it costs a great deal of money to take whole companies to these far places. This, however, seems to us a justifiable expense, far more worthy than the building of lavish sets. The artistic return is greater

Abbe





Left is a doorway and the moldering walls of a thirteenth-century abbey, Beaulieu in Hampshire, England. This interesting ruin served as a background for J. Stuart Blackton's "The Virgin Queen."



Photograph by Evans, L. A

A Midwinter Maid

Colleen Moore has adopted a new manner, like Mae Allison and Lillian Gish. It is a roguish flapper sort of halo, and we find it very becoming. As the unrestrained flapper heroine of "Flaming Youth," she has at last come into her own. All the critics commend her.. More power to ye, Colleen!

Classic Considers—

The Great and the Near Great

© Keystone View



OTTO H. KAHN

Chiefly because of the dignity and charm of his letters to Caruso, which were published in Caruso's biography. And because he is at once a banker, a philanthropist, a financier and a liberal patron of the arts. He is president of several railroads, director of numerous trust companies, honorary member of various opera and theatrical companies, including our own Metropolitan; a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, a Knight of the Order of Charles II of Spain, a Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and—a Citizen of the United States



© Claude Harris, Ltd London

CECILIA LOFTUS

Just because she is back over here in the United States again amusing and delighting us as she used to do more years ago than we can remember. Because age has not withered her charm and vivacity, nor has custom had a chance to stale her infinite allure. Because she literally stops the show whenever she offers her imitations on the Keith circuit. But mostly because we shall never forget her, tho we have forgotten her name, when she played with E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King"

GEORGE WALSH

For the very good reason that he has taken a new lease on life in the movies and has the most promising future ahead of him of any other star who started when he did. Because he is June Mathis' choice for Ben Hur, and we remember that she discovered Valentino. Because also, altho he is a wonderful athlete and has, without exception, the most perfect physique of any male star of the screen, he has gone in for things that required brain rather than brawn and gotten away with it



Clarence S. Bull

W. Somerset Maugham Is With Us Again

By B. F. WILSON

EVERY time I see Somerset Maugham he is in the act of being sketched. The last time I saw him a well-known newspaper artist was sweating blood in a mad endeavor to get the famous author's features down on his sketch-pad; this time a very young Mexican boy with an unspellable name, who by the way has an uncanny gift of caricature, was trying to catch a straw of likeness from the inscrutable face of his subject.

The portrayal of this English writer has been the despair of every artist and cartoonist on both sides of the Atlantic. They have all tried and failed. Every well-known caricaturist from Max Beerbohm on down has had a sling at it—but Mr. Maugham says: "I can draw only one conclusion—my face must be so utterly void of interest that there is nothing to work from."



Maurice Beck and Helene Macgregor, London

England's most distinguished author-playwright, Somerset Maugham, came over to this country for the rehearsals of his play, "The Camel's Back," a scene from which is pictured on page 46 of this issue. This is positively the only interview he gave and CLASSIC is fortunate to have secured it. "Rain" is also from his gifted pen

This, however, is polite rot. The face of the author is one you could never forget. Disillusionment marks the lower part with deep lines about the mouth. The keen eyes ordinarily cynical, can upon occasion warm into human tolerance. When he laughs—a rare occurrence—he is transformed. He seems momentarily to throw off the cloak of worldly scepticism and becomes almost boyish in expression.

He had visited this country again for the purpose of rehearsing his latest play, "The Camel's Back," which the Selwyns have produced. He very rarely behaves in this fashion—in fact, he never goes near the theater when a play of his has been accepted for production. I asked him why he had done so this time.

"I had rather an unfortunate experience with my last play," he replied. "You know, I dont exactly care to have my plays rewritten by the managers. So I decided that I would attend the rehearsals personally. I've been frightfully busy of late with nothing but rehearsing. You know, I have just had a play put on in London which I am glad to say has turned out to be a sensation. The name of it is 'Our Betters.' It was produced in this country some years ago, but unfortunately, it didn't seem to please American audiences."

I recalled having heard that it was one of the most brilliant farces ever seen in this country. Its author was at that time comparatively little known over here. It was before the days of "The Moon and Sixpence," "The Circle," and others. Also before the days of "The Demi-Virgin," "Getting Gertie's Garter," etc. Even when the first two were produced, they made very little money for their owners, while the parties of the second part reaped a golden harvest. Which goes to show you that you never can tell what an American audience will like.

"The English stage is in a period of stagnation," he continued. "Nobody is writing any plays, no one, comparatively speaking, is producing any. I think America at the present time is the theatrical center of the world. A producer over here can see possibilities and can take chances that a European manager would never dare to. He hasn't any money he can afford to lose. You people over here have a whole mass of theaters which of course have to be filled. Your managers have so much money that they can say when a play is offered them, 'Now look here, this is a new idea. I wonder how it will get over. I think I'll try it and see what happens.' Very few of the writers in Europe, therefore, have turned out plays recently. They feel it a waste of time. I happen to be particularly fortunate, but after I get back to Europe I dont intend writing any more plays immediately.

"They are going to turn 'The Moon and Sixpence' into a play to be produced here next season. I hope they will be able to get Lionel Barrymore for the lead.

"I expect to be here for about six weeks then I shall return to London, shut myself up in my house and get to work on my novel. It is going to be a long one, the provisional title is 'The Painted Veil.' However, I have had so much misfortune with titles that I dont know what I shall really call it. Every time I get a very good one

(*Continued on page* 84)

Right is the beautiful Japanese Print scene from "Artists and Models." In the oval is Otis Skinner in another of his delightful characterizations. This season it is Sancho Panza, the philosophical squire of Don Quixote



Apeda

Below is the Stone family: Fred, his wife Allene, and his daughter Dorothy, bright star of the new musical extravaganza "Stepping Stones." Dorothy made a great hit—almost stole the show from her father

The Photographer Takes the Stage



White



Apeda

Left is Beryl Mercer in her interesting rôle of Queen Victoria. Beside her is George Forren as Gladstone. Below is the banquet scene from the hit of the season, "The Swan," by Ferenc Molnar. The set is so dignified and lovely that the audience bursts into irresistible applause before a word is spoken

White



White



Classic's Monthly Department of the Theater



White

Above is a scene from a curious drama called "Spring Cleaning," in which a man (Arthur Byron) introduces a prostitute (Estelle Winwood) into his own home by way of showing up his wife and her friends

White



Above: One of the fine plays of a wonderful season, "Tarnish." Ann Harding is pictured with Mrs. Jacques Martin



White



Above is a moment from the Maugham comedy-drama, "The Camel's Back." The actors are: Violet Kemble Cooper, Arthur Lewis and Charles Cherry. Right is "The Failures," a rather more grim than usual Theatre Guild offering. Left to right: Winifred Lenihan as the actress, Jacob Ben-Ami as the author, Erskine Sanford as the musician, Dudley Digges as the Art Theater manager

Bruguière

Variety Is the Spice of This Season



White

Four of the leads in "One Kiss." Clare Kummer's "comedy with music." They are: Oscar Shaw, Louise Groody, Ada Lewis and John Price Jones

Ira D. Schwarz



Above is Roberta Arnold in a typical Golden production, "Chicken Feed," which deals with wives and their nearly always inadequate allowances



White



Above is Jane Cowl as Mélisande, with J. Sayre Crawly as Arkel, in a scene from the most tragically beautiful of all Maeterlinck's haunting and beautiful dramas, "Pelléas et Mélisande." Left are: General Stuart (James Durkin), Robert E. Lee (Berton Churchill) and Stonewall Jackson (David Landau), all from Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee," which took a bad flop

Richard Burke

Walter Hampden, Playing Superbly, Makes "Cyrano de Bergerac" The Play of the Month



© Mary Dale Clarke

This is the second of Mr. Macgowan's monthly articles on the stage for CLASSIC. *An unfortunate accident at the height of Mr. Hampden's success in "Cyrano" caused a three weeks' suspension of performances. They have, however, now been resumed and those interested may see it at The National Theater, New York.*

The World's Most Famous Nose

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

AFTER creating the greatest nose in all history any writer ought to be satisfied to die. Edmond Rostand was not. He insisted on living on into his thirties, his forties, even his fifties. And all to no purpose. The author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" never created a facial blemish, let alone a whole character, to equal the nose or the soul of the Gascon cadet.

Perhaps Rostand made a mistake when he did so well by Cyrano. Certainly the fellow threw "L'Aiglon," "Chanteclair," and all the rest of his plays in the shade. More than that, he was too tremendous a hero to get himself very much acted. Coquelin learned the two hundred pages on which Cyrano monopolized attention in the two hundred and fifteen pages of the play, and actor after actor has stood in awe of Coquelin ever since. Richard Mansfield played this Gargantuan part over here, and, tho a few American actors have talked about reviving the play, the only one who had done so up to the present season — Robert Lorraine — cautiously turned Englishman and emigrated before he tried it. A great part and a great acting tradition have almost killed a great play.

But now Walter Hampden comes cheerily along, and revives "Cyrano" as a mere

(*Continued on page 92*)

Francis Bruguiere



The Movie of the Month

By LAURENCE REID

Mr. Reid Selects "Anna Christie" as the Best Photoplay of This Month and Explains Why

EUGENE O'NEIL'S Pulitzer prize play, "Anna Christie" (First National), comes to the screen a vigorous, stirring document. Here is one instance where the producer has not made a single departure from the original. On the contrary, he has approached the author's vital subject with deep appreciation of its dramatic sweep, its rich characterization—and its very human attributes—with the result that we have a picture of breadth and substance—a picture comparable to "A Woman of Paris" in its direct, progressive action, tho carrying a much more significant theme.

Thomas H. Ince, like Chaplin, has marked out a clear path for himself. Defiant of censorship, he has had the audacity and the sincerity to tell the truth as O'Neil painted it—without throwing a sop to the sentimentalists. And so we have "Anna Christie"—one of the boldest dramas of life in the raw that has ever been screened.

In certain States, we can hear the censors crying: "This is too strong; it is liable to offend." On the other hand, those of us who would see life expressed realistically are crying in the wilderness for just such screen treatment as is revealed here. Mr. Ince has gambled. He has chosen no path which beats around the bush. He has seen his goal, striven for it and reached it—and the O'Neil drama is his profit. The encomiums we passed on to Charles Chaplin will have to be shared with Thomas H. Ince. One has plunged into the superficialities of life, the other into the realities. And yet how like each other are these stories—in the manner of their compact treatment.

Eugene O'Neil, a realist, sketches life as he sees it. That life may expose raw crudities—but it is invariably moving and compelling. Woven deep in the fabric is a vital spiritual note. We will say that there is more of a spiritual quality in "Anna Christie" than in all the sugar-coated slices of sentiment which masquerade under the name of humanity. It carries a comforting quality in its revelation of human frailties—because it strikes at the very vitals of character—showing us how tricks of circumstance guide our destinies. If the censors would look beneath the raw surfaces and see the rugged heart-beat inside, they would have no occasion to point thumbs down.

It is seldom that such a bold document reaches the screen with its vital ingredients intact. Surely Ince hasn't been guided by the idea that his throbbing opus will be passed along to the tender fledglings. Yet, even these fledglings will take nothing from it but worthy impulses.



These are the people who most profitably helped to make "Anna Christie" better than all the other screen plays of this month. Left to right: George Marion, John Wray, Blanche Sweet and William Russell

The director has kept faith with the play—right down to the most unimportant detail. We may miss the ruggedness of the spoken line, but compensation is effected thru the range of the camera to catch a most authentic atmosphere. Ince has so shaped his scenes and guided his players — that we seem to be actual participants. He makes us feel O'Neil's psychology of distressed souls—that emotions guide the heart and mind. The author has played upon the superstition that molds the character of sailor-folk. His figures have tasted the dregs of life—yet all are playboys and playgirls.

O'Neil knows his subject and Ince has kept faith with the text. He releases no sentimentalities, nor any conventional sops. He takes the subject and penetrates into the cross-currents of the human heart—showing us a superstitious, child-like old sailor who ridiculously tries to defy the deep with a futile cry: "Dat old davil sea!" He would keep his daughter away from it—knowing the anguish he has caused his wife who had waited in vain

(*Continued on page* 95)

The Celluloid Critic

TWO adaptations of highly successful novels bid for recognition in the First National entries, "Ponjola," and "Flaming Youth." The first mentioned is an adventure yarn fashioned from a familiar formula, but thru a clever manipulation of plot and incident framed against an effective background — and played with creditable feeling, it takes on a value which should also cause it to become highly popular on the screen.





Above: Young Douglas Fairbanks in "Stephen Steps Out." Left: Harrison Ford and Ethel Shannon in "Maytime"



Right: Barbara La Marr in "The Eternal City." Below: Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood in "Ponjola"

If you are not in the know concerning the title, let us state that "Ponjola" is the Kaffir word for whiskey. And it serves as the medium toward the degeneration of a man who has given too much thought to business and romantic reverses executed by a crooked partner and an unappreciative girl.

The idea will be recognized as having served the screen many times before. But its treatment is different. It features the exploits of a beautiful young Englishwoman who journeys to South Africa to escape the embarrassment of the law.



While in Paris she is balked in a suicidal venture by a stranger who is returning to the veldt. He takes her into his confidence—as a result she takes a new lease on life—and even goes so far as to accompany him to South Africa disguised as a man.

What follows is an extremely conventional line of adventure and incident—with the masquerader holding the interest thru her radical disguise. While her sex could be easily identified, for the purpose of the plot—she gets away with it. And regenerates the man who had run away from his character.

There is a deal of melodramatic incident and a fair quota of thrills in this picture—which, as a sample of its kind, is interesting screen fare. Anna Q. Nilsson makes a startling appearance as the heroine. She has not spared the shears in trimming her locks and she makes a wonderfully attractive young man.

James Kirkwood employs his poise and repression to good advantage. He can convey more soul tortures than most of his contemporaries.

AN effort to be naughty but nice is the little movement behind "Flaming Youth," which is the latest visualization of flapperdom. So we have the usual exposé of the fast jazz life, tho it is shown against a much more effective background than what is customarily depicted. Some may call it *risqué*—but it is mostly suggestion—without much flair of subtlety. We are offered an undressing party for the big swim (no picture of society fast-steppers is complete without its swimming episode)—and so on until we discover that mamma's little girl is growing up and demands expression.

Colleen Moore, once the story gets under way, gives a capable performance of the jazz-crazed flapper. She is pert in appearance and to the point in her craving for a good time. She gives pure "white" kisses and when "red" kisses are forced on her pouty lips, she flames up with indignation. She is not far from being a pathological study—is little Patricia Fentriss. She observes hectic "doings" in her home and decides to participate. Her mother has been discovered in the arms of a man—a mother who has succumbed to the giddy life. After her death her most faithful admirer shows a great interest in the girl—who must experience a harrowing adventure aboard a yacht before she is lugged out of danger.

It is artistically designed—this picture, and its petting and "necking" parties will doubtless establish long lines at the box-office. But it skims the surface most of the time. We would catalog it as bright and playful, but artificial.

THERE seems to be no end to a picturization of the stormy days of French history. Here we have in "Under the Red Robe" (Cosmopolitan) an elaborate exposé of the silk and satin period when Richelieu ruled the affairs of state during the reign of Louis XIII. Unfortunately this vital character—one of the dominant figures of his time—is allowed to pass almost unnoticed once he is introduced—in order that the picture conventions may be obeyed. Thus we have a long, tiresome



Alma Rubens in "Under the Red Robe"



Below: Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee In "Woman Proof"



Bill Hart in "Wild Bill Hickok"

Edward Horton in "To The Ladies"



Colleen Moore in "Flaming Youth"



romance developed between a young scalawag — gifted with the sword, who is sentenced by Richelieu to bring back a rebel or suffer the loss of his head in the basket — and the rebel's sister.

An unwieldy pattern — this, which falters in robbing the cardinal of the spotlight — and permitting the romance to take away the historical value. Furthermore, there is little variety in the love episodes. On the credit side is a gorgeousness of design — capitalized in an array of beautiful settings and costumes — which are truly suggestive of the period. There is not so much an air of solidity and massiveness as there is one of color and richness. Occasionally it stirs us with a dramatic stroke—such as the death of the spy—and Richelieu's humiliation when he suffers the loss of his power for a day. It's a picture which has a distinct ocular appeal, but which is not skilfully constructed to indicate the real intrigue of court.

Most of the acting leaves us cold. John Charles Thomas is a robust and fleshy cavalier, but is too awkward and too stiff of posture to be the gay charmer of Weyman's book. Alma Rubens does not scale any emotional heights as the heroine. Robert B. Mantell's Richelieu is too theatric of expression.

ANOTHER unwieldy design is "The Eternal City" (Goldwyn-First National), which has little in common with the book. True, it carries Hall Caine's atmosphere, title—and a suggestion of his romantic conflict, but there is nothing impressive about it aside from some Roman backgrounds, such as the Fascisti storming the Coliseum—and other ancient landmarks.

We are offered an artificial story of children who grow up as lovers. Now comes the Great War with the boy enlisting thru patriotic enthusiasm—and the girl reading the report that he has been killed in action. Which plants the reason why she becomes victimized by a wealthy *roué*. One may see the climax indicated far in advance. It is a certainty that the youth will return from the war and surprise his erstwhile sweetheart with another. So when he comes back, the picture has lost every suggestion of surprise. The puzzling query here is why the sponsors relied upon such an ancient theme in their modernization of the novel. There is a deal of storm and stress before her honor is vindicated. Indeed, the scenes become involved with much melodrama—which introduces conflict of a propaganda quality when the Fascisti are introduced. The hero has enlisted as one of Mussolini's most trusted lieutenants. At the proper moment he strikes against the arch-rebel who is the very man who involved the girl in scandal.

The picture is rambling of story and tries to cover too much ground. The spiritual note is striven for, but poorly indicated. And the acting is anything but inspired. Barbara La Marr is permitted too many close-ups, so that her portrayal impresses us as a photographic

(*Continued on page* 96)



The salary of June Mathis as editorial director for Goldwyn pictures is $100,000.00 a year. It is not surprising that she should have a charming home. It was designed by Louis Benton, of Los Angeles, and decorated by Miss Mathis herself with the assistance of the designer. These photographs were taken by George D. Haight

Above is one of the bedrooms, dainty and charming, in its rose and white and ivory-painted furniture



Above is a little out-door sun-room facing the grounds, insuring privacy and peace



Above is the dining-room in dull blue and rose with ivory woodwork. The furniture is Circassian walnut, the rug an oriental. Right is Miss Mathis' own study with its typical California atmosphere. It is done in red and green and the furniture is mission. You should have great respect for this room, for it is here that Miss Mathis earns her salary





Hollywood Homes

No. XVI

The home of June Mathis, Goldwyn's Editorial Director, is pictured here



At the top of the page is the view from the street. The house is of soft Italian pink stucco with a dark-red tiled roof. The planting is admirable and the lawns and garden unusually trim

Left is Miss Mathis in her living-room arranging the roses from her own garden. A charming home and a charming hostess. Note the odd effect the California sun has on the tiles of the roof at the top of the page

FROM the movie vocabulary in "The Best Moving Pictures of 1922-23," by Robert E. Sherwood:

GROSS, *v.* To make money. It is applied only to pictures. ("This film will gross a million dollars.")

In other words, William Fox's "Temple of Venus" is a million dollars' worth of grossness.

✢ ✢ ✢

"God never meant laughter to be full of daggers that dig into the heart," says the heroine in "The Temple of Venus."

This fella, now, Fox, just knows everything, ain't it?

✢ ✢ ✢

At this writing, Gene Sarazen, the golf enthusiast, is to be married to Pauline Garon, the First Flapper of Filmdom.

Looks as if he had an almost perfect approach.

✢ ✢ ✢

Later: Miss Garon has denied that she is betrothed to Mr. Sarazen, thus laying him a mean stymie.

✢ ✢ ✢

If you ask us, it's our opinion that the whole affair's the bunker.

✢ ✢ ✢

Whatever harsh words may be justly spoken of the legitimate stage, at least it spares us the puerile effect of the gel's face appearing deep in the heart of a rose. Nor, as in "His Children's Children," do devils ever emanate from wine-cups and flaming matches to philosophize in illiterate subtitles. We fatuously thought such trick photography was as dead as a dinosaur's egg.



Photograph by Clarence S. Bull

Courtesy of Ina Anson and Goldwyn Pictures

✢ ✢ ✢

Devils in their proper place, to be sure, are not without a certain dignity. Embellishing the advertisements of corn-cures, dyspepsia tablets and Underwood's Picnic Ham, for instance, they are hot stuff.

✢ ✢ ✢

"His Children's Children" also offers an interesting example of the proper Christian sentiment. In what might be called a prolog, Grandpapa is shown whooping it up on the observation platform of his private car with a Fancy Person. A lassie, however, from a nearby group of Salvation Army choristers brings him the Light. Grandpapa morally renovated, his mistress becomes most offensive to his sight. "Get out!" he says in a fine frenzy of righteousness. "Here are your things—go!" And out she goes, without benefit of clergy, or any spiritual reinforcement whatever.

Now that's no way for a gent to treat a lady!

✢ ✢ ✢

Our Own Censorship Standards

A casual examination of the platforms of the various state censorship boards has practically forced us to form one of our own. So far as we are concerned, the boards have failed utterly in the proper execution of their duties. And then, one always gets better results when one does things oneself, doesn't one?

Our rulings are as below:

1. There will be not more than three bathing beauties shown in any one scene. All bathing beauties must enter the water. Bathing suits obviously designed not for comfort but for the exploitation of the female form divine will be frowned upon. This need not apply to news reel pictures of beauty contests.

2. There will be no more pictures of swimming-pool parties countenanced until July 24, 1978.

3. Scenes of motion-picture actors and actresses presumably engaged in a set of tennis will be strongly disapproved. This goes for golf, also.

4. No actor over forty-five will be permitted to take the part of a student in scenes of college life.

5. Scenes displaying the star in improper lingerie will either be cut out entirely or given a reasonable amount of footage. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

6. The wearing of caps with evening clothes by male actors will be discouraged.

7. All scenes showing the actual consumption of food at a civilized repast will positively not be tolerated unless the performers are made to stop acting naturally. (*Very probably to be continued.*)

✢ ✢ ✢

"Surely," said the Boss (who is more of a Darn Good Pal than a boss), "you are going to write something about 'A Woman of Paris.'" And so we are. Charles Spencer

(*Continued on page* 90)

The Immortal Clown

With Specially Posed Photographs of Larry Semon by Lejaren à Hiller

LITERATURE is filled with portraits of the tragic clown, the fun-maker who carries in his heart the burden of a great personal sorrow, but who laughs away the hours in gay hearted abandonment, while his soul suffers because of grief he dare not reveal in his guise of purveyor of merriment.

In all literature there is no more tragic figure than the clown made famous by Caruso, the Pagliacci of the opera, with whom we have all laughed, over whom we have all wept; the shadow of whose tragedy has brought to the stage one of those wonderful and sublime moments which are the very pinnacle of human experience.

There have been many sympathetic portrayals of Pagliacci which have added dramatic art to lash the imagination and awaken in the heart and soul a sense of grief so almost divine as to be next to unbearable.

It was a daring thing to plan—to give to art-lovers photographic portrait studies of Pagliacci; to believe that any man could, by mere facial expression, bring to us the grief portrayed by the classic clown, relive for us the scenes of that tragedy in silence, making us remember our hurt and crying sympathy which the voice of Caruso has left as a memory in our ears.





Here is a new Larry Semon telling the familiar story of Pagliacci's grief and despair. Above is the funny man without a care in the world, the old Larry Semon at his best. Left is the first hint of his wife's unfaithfulness, which, in his surprise, he is not quite ready to believe



Right: Here the clown has yielded gradually to conviction and the grim determination to avenge betrays itself in his features. Below is portrayed an abject and hopeless despair. Revenge has not brought relief. These are fine and sympathetic studies. Bravo, Mr. Semon!



Lejaren à Hiller, well-known artist-photographer, has made such an attempt, and he chose from his long sought-for subjects and original of his picture-studies, Larry Semon. . . . Semon, who has made us laugh till we cried . . . Semon, the clever . . . the agile . . . the merrymaker, without a suggestion of sorrow in the world.

"I looked and looked almost in vain," says Mr. Hiller, "for a man who could interpret these master-studies, but could find no one. However, when I met Larry Semon, I felt, at last, I had discovered my man. Mr. Semon has shown a new side of the artist in him thru these portraits. He portrays his own story and in a way that you can fairly hear the sobs, the grief of one betrayed.

The studies are of the clown—in his usual mood; the funny man without a care, giving of his fun. What did he know of grief? What did he suspect of treachery?

Then the first hint of his wife's unfaithfulness; the surprised man, not quite ready to believe, not quite ready to yield to the impulse of jealousy. Life is still funny, tho something in it is becoming complicated.

He yields gradually to conviction, then all his pent-up emotions are aroused . . . the gay nonchalance for which he is famous, droops

(*Continued on page* 94)

Flashes From the Eastern Stars

Of the Stage, on the Screen

Caught by the Editor



Apeda

Above: Alice Delysia, of "Topics of 1923."
Below: J. Hartley Manners and his wife, Laurette Taylor, back in New York

© Underwood and Underwood





Above is John P. Brawn on tour with Frank Craven in "The First Year," playing with conspicuous success the Mr. Livingstone of the play. Below are the dear(?) familiar "L" tracks of New York, in, on, and around which, Director Emmett Flynn made most of "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model"



THE pleasantest thing we can think of that has happened so far in the movies, is that **Lillian Gish** and **Richard Barthelmess** will play "Romeo and Juliet" on the screen. There is no debating the appropriateness of the choice. Lillian and **Dorothy** are both in Italy for the filming of "Romola." "Romeo and Juliet" will also be made there, and "Joan Of Arc," starring Lillian Gish, will be deferred until later. * * * **Richard Barthelmess** is in the midst of "The Enchanted Cottage," upon completion of which he will join the Gishes in Italy. **May McAvoy** has the lead in this picture. **Holmes Herbert** is playing Major Hillgrove, the blind officer. **John S. Robertson** is directing. He will also direct "Romeo and Juliet." * * * **Al Woods** has put into rehearsal a new play by John Hunter Booth, titled "Softy." **Robert Ames** is the featured player. Elizabeth Murray, Florence Flinn, Jack Raeffael and William Calhoun are in the cast * * * **Flora Le Breton**, the English motion-picture star, who is creating a very favorable impression on American producers, thinks New York is about the most interesting place she ever visited. She is fascinated by the electric signs. The other day the Wrigley Spearment sign attracted her interest so long that she stood watching it for quite a long time until the crowd gathered around her. Miss Le Breton was not aware of the crowd until a policeman came up and informed her that she was obstructing traffic * * * **Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman**, author-producer, and **Alma Rubens**, star of "Under the Red Robe," now playing at Cosmopolitan Theater. New York City, have announced their marriage. It took place last August * * * Fourteen gallons of chewing gum remover have been used since the opening of the **Music Box Theater** in keeping theater chairs safe for the spectator. The liquid has been used to separate individual piles of fully masticated gum from furtive parking spaces under the theater seats. Fifteen cuds of chewing gum has been the average discovery following performances. The objectionable wads of gum have been found on bannisters, walls of the theater, carpets, under seats in the beautiful lounge, and under arms of chairs. Every known or suspected place is explored each day by the cleaning squad. Do **you** do this? We hope not * * * **Gloria Swanson** does an apache dance in her newest Paramount picture, "The Humming Bird," which will be a revelation. For weeks she has been practising the weird dance creation with **Aurelio Coccia**, who, for the last ten years, has been dancing it thruout the United States.



Left are Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen playing together in "Let No Man Put Asunder." Right are Jane Cowl, Rollo Peters and Kate Terry, famous sister of Ellen and one of the great Juliets of the stage. Below is "Mother Ashton," with her little niece and her staff of deft, polite and attentive Japanese, who help make her newly opened tea-room the success it deserves to be, and is



"The apache dance is cruel, fierce, and wild," explained Coccia. "Many people believe that it has been exaggerated by dancers, but that is not so. One night in Paris while making the rounds of the cafés in the Montmartre district in search of color for my dance, I was fortunate enough to witness a little triangle drama between two apache men and a girl. One of the apaches, seeing the woman with his rival, picked up a bottle and smashed it to fragments on the floor. He deliberately cut his hand with a piece of the glass, advanced to the defiant girl, seized her with his bloody hands and began to dance to the strains of the notorious Mattischiche. It was a fascinating sight." Miss Swanson had to give up work on this picture for nearly two weeks due to a particularly severe case of "Kleig eyes" * * * Glowing reports of the effectiveness of **F. Scott Fitzgerald's** comedy, "The Vegetable," drift in from Atlantic City, where Sam H. Harris first presented the play. It is being prepared for a Broadway showing with **Ernest Truex** as star. * * * **Lee Kugel**, who says he counted them, reports that 3,000 actors, actresses and dancers yesterday afternoon stormed the doors of **Morris Gest** at the Princess Theater seeking engagements in **Max Reinhardt's** "The Miracle." * * * **Homer Croy**, author of "West of the Water Tower," has just offered a prize of $100 for the best bit of writing done during the current school year by a student of the University of Missouri. The award is very unusual. Mr. Croy says he doesn't want any red tape connected with it and wants to "encourage some student who has the writing germ buried in his soul and who thinks no one cares." Mr. Croy was formerly a student at the University of Missouri. Just at present he is a kind of literary hero among the undergraduates because "West of the Water Tower" has become a best-seller and has just been produced as a motion picture by Paramount, with **Glenn Hunter** in the star rôle. * * * Probably no member of the theatrical profession has traveled more extensively than Miss **Georgette Harvey** of the "Runnin' Wild" company, the all-colored musical show now playing in New York City. Miss Harvey, tho comparatively a young woman, has spent fourteen consecutive years playing thruout Europe and Asia, ten of which were spent in Russia. During her long stay in the latter country she witnessed five revolutions, and was in Petrograd at the time of the overthrow of the late Czar. Her recital of the terrible experiences which she was forced to undergo are dramatic in the extreme. Desiring to leave the country, she was thwarted at every move and accomplished it only after traveling across Russia to Siberia and the far East. During this trip she personally saw more than two hundred executions. An uneviable record! * * * After four months of searching the market for a suitable story for **George Fitzmaurice's** second independent production, Samuel Goldwyn announces the acquisition of **Joseph Hergesheimer's** novel, "Cytheria," and work will begin the latter part of this month. The director is now in Cuba, selecting locations. * * * **Nita Naldi** is in New York again after a long stay on the Coast. Her plans are undecided. * * * **Colleen Moore** has been honeymooning, a bit late, but still honeymooning, in this greatest of cities. She has been buying furniture for her new home. She has been

Ball



(*Con. on page* 102)

The Yankee Consul

By NORMAN BRUCE



"I'VE seen people down in the mouth before," said Jarvis with mournful relish, "but I never saw one down in the mouther than Mr. Ainsworth. No, sir. Thank you, sir." Jarvis always thanked you. He was imported from England, and he knew what was expected of him.

"No desire to gather him roses while he may, eh?" Morrell commented sympathetically, reaching for the bottle of Bourbon on the tray in the butler's hands, "finds no comfort in the jolly old flowing bowl and all that kind of thing? Maybe some girl has turned him down. We must *cherchez la femme* in cases where a fellow with everything he wants in the world suddenly discovers that he doesn't want anything."

"I dont think it's that, sir," Jarvis shook his head, "I've been thru three affairs of the 'eart with young gentlemen I've 'ad the honor of serving and I know the symptoms. Thank you, sir."

"It cant be money troubles," Morrell reflected, "his income tax looks like a movie star's salary. Liver, perhaps."

"I've been butler to two livers, sir, and one gout," Jarvis sighed, "there's nothing wrong with Mr. Ainsworth's 'ealth, I'm certain. If I may venture a suggestion, sir, I think he needs a h'interest in life and if he doesn't 'get it," he made an eloquent gesture of putting an invisible pistol to his forehead and pulling the trigger, "I was once second footman to a suicide, sir. Thank you, sir."

Left to himself and the Bourbon by the grateful Jarvis, Jack Morrell laughed, then frowned. He had known Dudley Ainsworth since freshman year at Yale and between them existed that rare thing that men never put into words—friendship. If he had occasion to speak of it, Morrell, shying in horror from sentiment, would have said that they were Dud Damon and Jack Pythias. He had noticed his chum's depression but Jarvis' report gave him the first hint of its seriousness.

"I must put the old bean at work," he told himself, "it's hard to think with nothing to do it with, but it's got to be done! Let's see, if he isn't in love he ought to be——"

Dudley Ainsworth, lounging in shortly afterward, barely glanced at his friend. He flung himself into a chair, fumbled for a cigaret and when the match went out, irritably tossed the unlighted cigaret away. The muscles of his handsome young face were drawn so taut that he looked as tho he were wearing a mask but his hands shook, and catching Morrell's glance he thrust them into his pockets.

"Damn!" he said drearily, "Damn everything!"

"Come out to dinner with me," Jack suggested, "I can manage the wine and the women and I might even be persuaded to oblige with a song!"

Ainsworth shook his head. "Have to dress, and I'm sick of dressing. D'you ever stop to think, Jack, how many more times we'll have to dress before we die? How many shirt studs we'll have to put in—Gad! When I look ahead to forty years of tying my necktie and brushing my hair, I feel as tho I couldn't go thru with it!" His voice had risen to the pitch of hysteria. Jack Morrell was shocked. Lord, but the poor chap was in a bad way—in another moment he'd be bursting into tears!

"Dont worry, your hair wont last another forty years, m'boy!" he said flippantly, "do come along, Dud! I want you to meet a girl, reg'lar stunner, my sister's chum at Vassar, but she doesn't wear blue stockings, and she doesn't flap either. Hairpins instead of a bob, and uses her head for something besides a parking place for a hat. You'd like her."

It appeared that Ainsworth wouldn't go across the street to meet Helen of Troy. Women *talked*, which was bad, or else they expected to be talked to, which was worse. Argument and pleading were of no avail, and then Morrell played his trump card.

"The trouble with you, Dud, you're out of the game, you're sitting on the side-lines instead of being out on the field where you belong. A job is what you need. Look here, I'm willing to bet you ten thousand dollars that if you go to work for a month and live on what you can make life will look entirely different to you."

Ainsworth stared wanly. "A job! What d'you suppose anyone would hire me to do—I'm the most useless object on God's green earth, I'm as worthless as a corpse and I take up a good deal more room. Job! I couldn't get a job to pound sand in a rat hole!"

For reply, Jack turned to the telephone. "Listen, girlie, I'm not doing this to exercise the 'phone," he added earnestly after giving a number. "I know, sweetie, that the line is busy and the party dont answer and all that. Why not be original and get me the number?"

Dudley Ainsworth listened with a wry smile. He told

himself that the plan was preposterous, that he wouldn't be a party to it, and yet he made no move to interfere, even when, from the one-sided conversation on the 'phone, he deduced that he had been hired by the Happy Days Travel Bureau to sell steamship tickets and distribute gaudy booklets over a counter for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week, somewhat less than he usually spent on cigars. Morrell hung up the receiver triumphantly. "There you are! Remember the conditions, one month's work and you're to live on your pay. If at the end of the time you dont confess life is worth living, I'll hand you a check for ten thousand!"

"You're a fool, Jack," his friend remarked listlessly, "but I'm desperate enough to try it. And if it doesn't succeed I wont want your money, I'll just let you treat me to a cyanide cocktail. I'm tired of sticking around this stale, flat and unprofitable world waiting for something to happen."

"I have a hunch you'll find your job—interesting," Morrell said cryptically, "well, so long! Of course I dont mingle much with the proletariat, and our stations in life will be different from now on, but maybe I'll drop in now and again to wring your horny hand of toil."

The first two days at the travel bureau were unusual enough to provide a young millionaire who had never been into such a place with a few novel impressions. Faithful to the terms of the wager, Ainsworth took a frightful room in a lodging-house on Twenty-third Street where the sheets smelled of boiled cabbage and the carpet was like decayed vegetation, and since he must choose between three meals a day in dirty lunchrooms or one meal a day in a decent if modest restaurant he decided on the latter and found himself really hungry for the first time in weeks. He was even able to smile feebly at the thought of Jarvis' horror if he could see the tin tub in the lodging-house's one bathroom and the pink powder scattered on the lavatory by the hall-bedroom manicurist—a determined blonde.

But on the third morning the dark cloud of depression settled down again. It was all so futile—the booklets of standardized tours with their specious pictures of pagodas and Roman ruins, the cheap people who came in to talk about cheap cabins. With the morbid fancy of a sick and jaded mind, Ainsworth seemed to see the Inverted Bowl of old Omar and underneath, crawling aimless as ants, the human millions caught in the trap of existence. From these thoughts he was roused by a familiar voice asking casually for a ticket to San Domingo.

"San *Domingo*," stuttered Ainsworth, "for Heavens' sake why would you want a ticket to San Domingo?"

"In order to travel there, of course, my good fellow!" Morrell said blandly, "Steamship *Mariposa*, sailing this afternoon. Come, come, hurry up!"

"I say, Jack, if you're really going to San Domingo, I'll come along," Ainsworth automatically placed a blue ticket in an envelope and pushed it over the counter, "you were wrong—there's no kick to this job, and the fellow in the room above mine plays 'Old Black Joe' on a cornet all the evening!"

"Tut, tut, what are the working classes coming to?" Morrell grinned, "think of your wager! Picture me sitting under palm with a book of verses, a jug of wine, and a charming Thou, but as for you work hard, my boy—work wins, you know! See you later!" With an airy wave of his hand he strolled out, almost colliding in the doorway with an agitated young lady of such unusual beauty that Ainsworth who had been about to dash after his friend stood still in his tracks staring dazedly at the dark pale loveliness revealed by the lifting of the heavy black veil she wore.

"'As the *Mariposa* she sail yet?" the young lady inquired with a foreign accent which Ainsworth could not quite place, "'ave the boat to San Domingo a'ready depart?" And now he saw that she seemed to be laboring under some emotion. The bosom of her dress rose and fell swiftly and she cast frequent glances toward the door.

Dudley Ainsworth had led an entirely average life. The women he had known had been dancing partners or dinner neighbors, charming, carefully trained to please, perfectly understandable even to the meaning of the conscious look in their blue, black or brown eyes when they gazed at him.



"For love of ze good Saint Mike zat you Americans worship, do not leave me—I am in so great trouble—but I cannot tell you jus' now—I write——" The ventilator clicked shut as another woman's hand drew the girl away from the window



"I'll be damned if I will!" Ainsworth returned promptly. What would have happened next he did not know and he did not particularly care. A fellow like a musical-comedy king giving orders to a citizen of the United States!

But this woman was different, tantalizing, mysterious. She was like a flirt of a scarlet fan in a carnival crowd, laughter in stormy moonlight, she was like——

Confusedly he heard his own voice assuring her that the *Mariposa* had not gone. Dizzily he was conscious of following her hurrying figure to the door, of standing bareheaded on the pavement watching a foreign-looking gentleman and a lady with diamonds in her ears hurry her into a taxicab which a moment later was lost in the tide of traffic, but not before he had caught a memory of a wild white face pressed to the window, the gesture of a little hand, whether in farewell or entreaty he did not know.

A snicker brought him back to his surroundings and the conciousness that he lacked a hat. Behind his counter once more Ainsworth sold several tickets with entire disregard for such small details as destination and date, then for the third time that morning the Steamship *Mariposa* was the subject of excited inquiry. An elderly man, face almost hidden behind an underbrush of ginger-colored whiskers, stood as close to the counter as his girth would allow, banging a tattoo with a rusty cotton umbrella.

"Looky here, young man," he addressed Ainsworth belligerently, "my name is Abijah Boos."

He seemed to expect some comment, but not exactly the one his hearer made. "Of course," Ainsworth murmured, "it couldn't be anything else. What can I do for you, Mr. Boos?"

The umbrella increased its tempo. "You can take this here passport and ticket and go aboard the Steamship *Mariposa* and git my luggage off'n her before she sails. I've changed my mind. I'm going to stay over for the Independent Order of Woodman's Ball."

The Unknown Lady had asked for the *Mariposa*—in ten minutes Dudley Ainsworth, before whom even head waiters were wont to grew servile, was hurrying up the gangplank and diving down into a hold odorous of bilge to seek the belongings of one Abijah Boos. Over mountains of trunks and foot-hills of suit-cases he toiled, bruising his shins and barking his knuckles. At last, triumphant he emerged from the nether regions and beckoned a steward: "I have a couple of trunks down here," he said briskly, "I want you to throw them off on the dock."

The man stared, grinned. "Sorry, sir, but I cant throw that far," he snickered, jerking a thumb toward a porthole, "you see we're ten miles out already!"

Ainsworth rushed to the port-hole—green billows, foam embossed, and not a sign of land! He shrugged all responsibility from his shoulders. Morrell, with his idiotic wager had got-

THE YANKEE CONSUL

Fictionized by permission from Associated Exhibitors' production of the screen adaptation by Raymond Griffith and Raymond Cannon of the musical comedy by Henry M. Blossom, Jr., and Alfred G. Robyn. Directed by James W. Horne. The cast:

Dudley Ainsworth	Douglas MacLean
Jack Morrell	Arthur Stuart Hull
Leopoldo	Stanhope Wheatcroft
Donna Teresa	Eulalie Jensen
Don Raphael Deschado	George Periolat
Maria	Patsy Ruth Miller
John J. Doyle	Fred Kelsey
Duncan, ship's purser	L. C. Shumway
Ripley, retired consul	Gerald Pring
Servant	Bert Hadley

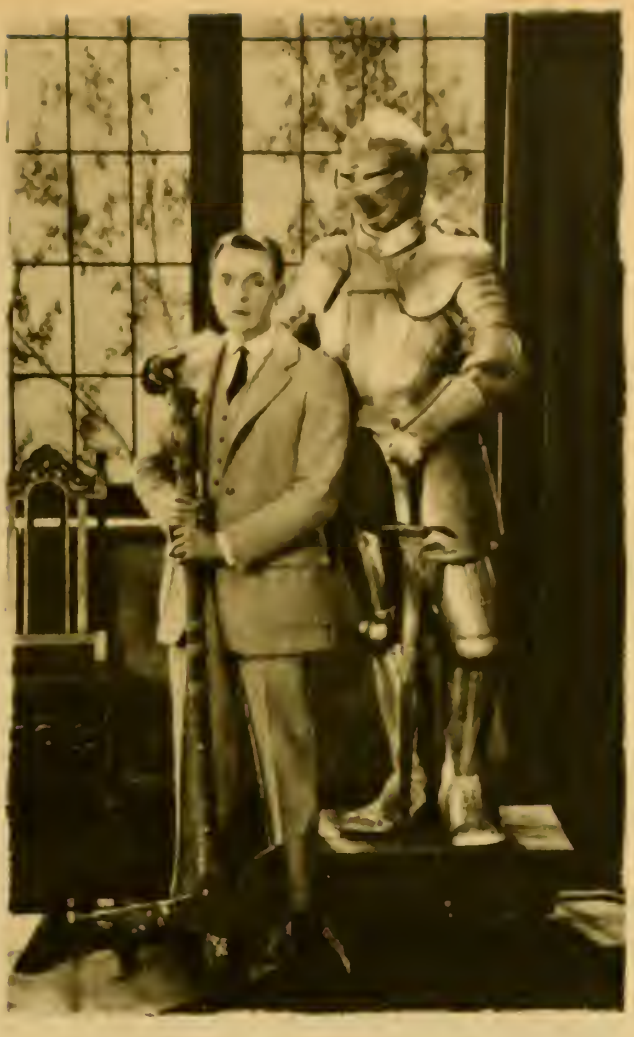
him into this, Morrell must get him out. But did he want to get out ? What if the lady of the black veil and eyes like the perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn were on board? He was amazed at the way his pulses quickened at the thought. He felt suddenly alive, eager, as he went up the companion-way stairs to the smoking-room.

Morrell, a tall glass in front of him, greeted him without surprise and listened to his story with an only perfunctory interest. His rotund countenance wore a worried look as tho he were waiting for the worst to happen. "Do you notice how we're rocking?" he asked feebly, "always did hate the water! I get seasick every time I take a bath—'fraid I'm not going to be able to help you much. But you're all right, you've got Boos' passport and ticket——"

"Think I look like that bird?" Ainsworth displayed the whiskered countenance on the passport indignantly, "it would take me a month to grow a crop of foliage like that!"

The boat gave a lurch, climbed a steep wave and shuddered violently. Morrell turned green, and rose in haste. "Might take your own picture and stick it on the passport," he murmured, "I—got a camera and flashlight powders—oh Lord, I think we're rolling worse —ugh!"

Ainsworth strolled out on deck. Perhaps it would be better to go back with the pilot. By the second time around he was certain that it would. Habit reasserted itself—how could he ever have dreamed for a moment of impersonating a man with an unspeakable name like Abijah Boos? What would Jarvis say? He would have to use the contents of the trunks in the hold and he knew beforehand that Abijah would wear nightshirts. Impossible. He stopped, startled. A hand was rapping on the glass window of the stateroom he was passing! As he drew nearer, the girl whom he had seen in the travel bureau appeared a moment at the port-hole. Hurried words reached him thru the ventilator: "For the love





Above: The Yankee Consul poses for his picture blissfully unaware that the suit of armor will soon come to life and hack at him with the battle-ax. Right, below. "A joke?" he asked softly . . . "was it all a joke, my dear? The things I said to you . . . the things you said to me?"

of ze good Saint Mike zat you Americans worship, do not leave me. I knew firs' time I see that you were brave. I am in the so—great trouble but I cannot tell you now, I write——"

The ventilator clicked shut as another woman's hand, old, but bedizened with rings, drew the girl away from the window. And at almost the same moment the foreign-looking gentleman who had hustled her away in the taxicab strolled out on deck, regarding Ainsworth with the smile of the cat just before it devours the canary. "Ah-h!" Dudley did not care for the way he said it, tho his tone was polite, "we are to be fellow travelers. Permit me to introduce myself—Señor Jose Leopoldo, ver' much at your service. And you, señor, are——?"

Ainsworth made his decision rapidly. "My name is Abijah Boos, and I am traveling to San Domingo for my health."

Leopoldo tapped him confidentially on the chest with a dazzling nail. "Take my advice, my young fren'," he purred, "San Domingo will not be healthy for you. If you are wise and do not wan' lose what health you a'ready got, take a steamer back as soon as we land!"

A search among his namesake's effects confirmed Ainsworth's forebodings as to that gentleman's taste in night-wear. Another

(*Continued on page* 100)

The Principals of a Notable Production



John Ellis

Warner Brothers Present John Barrymore in "Beau Brummell"

A Beau and Two Belles



John Ellis





At the top of the page is Mary Astor in the rôle of Lady Marjorie Alvanley. To play opposite John Barrymore is a distinction of which this young girl should be very proud. Directly above is Carmel Myers as Lady Hester Stanhope. People are talking about her now as tho she were a new discovery

Left is John Barrymore, America's most distinguished actor, in the title-rôle of "Beau Brummell," the stage play that Richard Mansfield made famous. Above is a bit from the picture. This film promises to be one of the truly great of the season, certainly one of the most beautiful and artistic



Abbé

The Rejected Suitor

An English Imitation of a Popular American

Gertrude Laurence does an imitation of Irene Castle that is more like Irene than Irene is herself. Miss Laurence is an English beauty and one of the stars of the starriest of English Revues, André Charlot's. The Selwyns have imported the whole troupe, body and soul, principally—well, they are beautiful, and you will have a chance to see their—well, every shining soul in the late winter when the Revue will reach New York City

Dixit

By DOROTHY DONNELL



Melbourne Spurr

Richard Dix is that rarity, a Hollywood bachelor. He is one of the most popular of the younger leading men and has just signed a five-year contract with Famous Players

THE original little bird who tells people things has its nest in a date palm on Hollywood Boulevard. As soon as you arrive in town, you hear its piping:

"They say he isn't—well *you know*——

Here's the real dope on So-and-So——"

But there is one note noticeably missing in the litany of gossip. That chatty little bird has got nothing—not a single darn thing on Richard Dix.

"No use trying to interview me—everybody who ever tried it says I'm too normal," he said apologetically as we balanced our trays on the rails in McComber's Cafeteria. Some stars should be interviewed only in a dramatic setting of dark Tudor oak, sandalwood scent and the half light of flickering candles, but the cheerful noonday atmosphere of a cafeteria with the bracing smell of coffee and the brisk clatter of china as accompaniments seems a more fitting locale for a chat with Dix.

"Yes," he continued, when the important matter of which kind of pie was settled, "I get to the studio at nine o'clock, work around here all day and afterwards go home like a regular commuter. Sometimes I've thought that maybe I ought to go in more for complexes or inhibitions or something a little bit, well—goofy!"

Neither on the screen nor off, does Richard Dix play a part. Every man knows him at once for a member of the order of Reg'lar Guys, the chap he'd like to go fishing with, the sort of boy he'd pick for a son or a son-in-law. Every woman recognizes him the moment she sees him as the Next Door Boy she went to school with and made fudge for—the one who played short-stop on the high eleven and sat evenings on the front porch railing while

(*Continued on page* 87)





Edwin Bower Hesser

Norma Shearer

Is one of the younger movie set in Hollywood, of more than usual promise. She has just completed the engaging rôle of Mimi, in "Lucretia Lombard," second only in importance to the star

The Hollywood

Transcribed by



NOW that the worst of the excitement is over and we can all breathe again, it is discovered that the casualties of the motion-picture shake-up were not quite so terrible as they sounded. Sundry and various people—mostly scenario writers—are out of jobs; but the good old wagon is trundling along just the same.

The truth is, the motion-picture panic was brought on deliberately to reduce salaries to a sane point. Last April and May there happened to be a sudden scarcity of actors and the resultant emoluments rose to a point that sounded like a handful of German marks. Every actor bought an arithmetic and hunted up the highest number he could find by way of weekly pay envelope. There were various other business complications, but this was the main reason for the closing of several studios.

Altho some of the big stars are a trifle chagrined to find themselves "rented out" by the Famous Players-Lasky Company to other companies, there are not many out of work.

* * *



Above: The female apache is Viola Dana, pretty thoroly disguised too. The young man-about-to-end-it-all is Warner Baxter, who is playing opposite her in, "In Search of a Thrill." Right: Even Farina, the great Hal Roach star, has her directorial moments. Her-or-er-his name, by the way, is Allan Clay Hoskins. Below: Netta Wescott, the English beauty, visits Tom Forman's company while they were making "The Virginian"

Leatrice Joy has been passed along to Thomas H. Ince who is about to make a South Sea picture something on the order of "Rain." The part of the missionary, in this instance, will be taken by Percy Marmont who made such a hit in "If Winter Comes." The indifferent, cynical husband will be played by Adolphe Menjou. It is a terrific tragedy.

* * *

Even Bebe Daniels, the darling of the Lasky lot, has been rented out. She is going to play Katherine, in a modernized version of "The Taming of the Shrew," which is to be screened by the youngest of all the producers, Bennie Zeidman. Petruchio will be played by Norman Kerry. Bebe feels very much excited at the prospect of playing in a Shakespearian production.



Bebe is also thrilled by the fact that her young and girlish aunt, Elena Griffin, who was formerly an actress, is going back to her screen career. It isn't every girl who has an opportunity to chaperon aunty past the pitfalls that lurk in the cinema.

* * *

Charlie Chaplin, I understand, is again busy with soul revelations. Every so often, Charlie feels that he should write the real story of his life, sparing nothing; just ripping the cover off his innermost ego in the fashion of Mary MacLean. The trouble is, when Charlie comes to read it over, it always embarrasses him so that he tears it up.

Charlie has a devoted friend who is one of the great surgeons of the world. They have the most ferocious quarrels over Charlie's autobiography and the doctor

Boulevardier Chats

HARRY CARR

always ends by storming out of the house with the remark: "All I ask is to get that fellow in a bed in my hospital sometime; I'll show him."

* * *

So many girls are pouring into Hollywood looking for fame and fortune in the movies that the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is issuing a circular warning, to be sent to the four quarters of the earth, telling pretty girls that the movies are already overcrowded and there isn't a chance in ten thousand of getting a living job in any studio.

* * *

The overflow of talent and beauty has created a curious industrial condition in Los Angeles. The employment agencies are so crowded with youth and baffled beauty humbly looking for jobs as stenographers, etc., that a plain girl hasn't a chance.

Los Angeles business men, seeking help, have grown so amazingly particular as regards the pulchritude of their hired help that one man even sent in an order for a girl who would look well with his new set of mahogany furniture.

The disappointed girls who cant even stenog will face a hard winter. The charity organizations of Los Angeles have helped many to go back to the homes they left.

* * *

The champion scandal of the winter has been provided by Barbara La Marr, who electrified Hollywood by causing the arrest of a well-known theatrical lawyer on a charge of blackmail. According to her accusation, he demanded $25,000 to suppress a divorce suit about to be brought by her husband, N. Bernard Deely, in which, the lawyer said, thirty-seven co-respondents were to be named. Mr. Deely denies that he had any connection with the affair. Thru the help of Miss La Marr's manager, a trap was laid for the lawyer with marked bills. He is now out of jail on bail.

* * *

When the detectives searched his office, they found what seemed to be the papers of a suit for divorce in which Blanche Sweet was plaintiff and Marshall Neilan, her husband, was defendant. According to the allegations of the suit, Blanche alleged that Mr. Neilan had married her only to defraud her of her legal rights and had thereafter refused to live with her. Both Neilan and Miss Sweet say that the paper is a fake; that they are living together happily and that no divorce suit was ever thought of.





Above: Ella Hall, the wife and star of Emory Johnson, and their two cunning youngsters, pose for their picture in their own charming garden. Left: Walter Hiers demonstrates his versatility in a most alarming manner. We trust the sword swallowing is not to be a permanent performance. Below: The beloved clown of the screen, Will Rogers, is introduced to "Our Gang" by little Mickey Daniels, their leader





Above: The great prima donna, Margarete Matznauer, and her daughter Adrienne meet Elinor Glyn on a recent visit to Hollywood. Right is a sketch of Jaqueline Logan as Bessie Brook in "The Light That Failed"





Above: One of the cast of King Vidor's "Wild Oranges" looks things over. Right is—well, really, the picture is self-explanatory



Cecil De Mille who will start the new production program, at Lasky's, with "Triumph," has just returned from a bear hunt in Sonora, laden with trophies and with the profound thanks of an old mother bear. He found some rough gentlemen bears and slew them, but all that his hunting companions could find was a mother bear with a cub. In spite of his protests, they insisted they would hunt her to death the following day. Whereupon Cecil arose at the dewy hour of 4 A. M. and covered up the bear tracks and popped noisily around with a gun until he had warned the mother bear. He finished the trip more popular with lady bears than with irate hunters.

* * *

He celebrated the end of his summer vacation with a grand outing party at his ranch in the Little Tujunga Canyon at which he gave each of the guests a jewel of great price as a souvenir. De Mille's ranch is a wonderful estate but extremely inaccessible in the heart of the mountains.

* * *

Renée Adorée cracked five ribs and all but mashed her face in the other day when the brake of her automobile kicked up and let her slide down-hill into the front of a rapidly approaching street-car. Her motor was smashed into splinters and so was she—almost. She is now in a hospital dwelling in deathly terror least some of her friends will visit her. The reason for Renée's lack of sociability is that her nose was badly misused by the street-car and she has to wear an immense plaster right across the front of her countenance.

* * *

When Claire Windsor sailed the other day for the wilds of Algeria to appear in a motion-picture with Bert Lytell, she is reputed to have left an aching heart behind her, said organ pounding in the thorax of John Steele, the tenor. Claire runs neck and neck with Constance Talmadge in the number of engagement rumors.

* * *

The beautiful Connie, by the way, has returned to the Coast after a Fifth Avenue vacation, quite content to be a Californian. She has always, until now, felt like an exile when in Hollywood; but the big town didn't seem to have the same charm this time. For some reason, very few of the actors want to return East to live any more.

* * *

Eugene O'Brien, who is one of the California converts, is in the throes of house-building. That is to say, of house-settling, for the edifice has been completed. His friends accuse Gene of trying to carry off all their furniture. They say that whenever he comes to call now, he casts baleful and covetous eyes at all the choice things in the house and wants to convince you they

(*Continued on page 74*)

An Interview with Mrs. O.H.P. BELMONT *on the care of the skin*

"A woman who neglects her personal appearance loses half her influence. The wise care of one's body constructs the frame encircling our mentality, the ability of which insures the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alva T. Belmont

IT was in the beautiful great hall of Beacon Towers on Sand's Point, Port Washington, Long Island, that I first talked with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

I was excited and eager for the interview because I knew that Mrs. Belmont not only has given lavishly to women's causes from her colossal fortune, has been and is a tremendous worker, but also is particularly interested in woman's special problem of how to keep her force and her charm through middle life and later.

From all this I expected to meet a very commanding woman the day I visited Beacon Towers. But Mrs. Belmont, on the contrary, is quiet and gracious and sweet. She could not have been a more charming hostess.

She herself opened the grilled iron door and I stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto Long Island Sound. Here, I felt instantly, is the spirit of beauty strengthened by sincerity.

After we had admired the glorious view she showed me the pictures of her two sons, and of her grandson, who will some day be one of England's dukes, and—very proudly—the latest snapshot of her very young Ladyship, a small great granddaughter.

"How fine textured and fresh her skin is," I thought. And she has just acknowledged herself a great grandmother!"

Begs Women not to Neglect Themselves

"NOW," she was saying smilingly, "I suppose you want me to tell you what I think is the relation between a woman's success and her personal appearance."

"Yes," I admitted, "Just how important do you think personal appearance is?"

"It is vital. That is just as true for the woman at home or in business as for those who are socially prominent.

"Don't you know," she said, "how often the woman with an unattractive face fails in the most reasonable undertaking? Nothing is so distressing. Neglect of one's personal attractions generally comes from ignorance and as I am greatly interested in the success of women in every possible way, I urge them not to neglect themselves."



The Library of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont *at Beacon Towers on Long Island, where this interview was given.*

Mrs. Belmont, now President of the National Woman's Party is known all over America for her active services in securing the suffrage for women. Mrs. Belmont is also interested in better conditions for women, is strong for the abolition of child labor and for the improvement of Children's Homes. She is a trained architect; her three magnificent residences—Villa Isoletto in France, the famous Marble House at Newport, and the imposing country home, Beacon Towers on Long Island, being the products of time not devoted to politics and business.



Pond's Two Creams
used by the women who must keep their charm, their beauty, their influence.
EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

Frenchwomen say, Cleanse and Protect

"YOU spend a part of each year in France. Do Frenchwomen use creams much?" I asked Mrs. Belmont.

"In France," she said "they have always used cleansing creams and protecting creams, knowing that water is not enough and that the face cannot stand much strain and exposure."

"Then you think women should use two creams?"

"I know they should. That is why I advise the daily use of Pond's Two Creams, so that women can keep their charm and influence as long as they need them—and that is always," she smiled.

Use this Famous Method

GIVE your skin these two indispensables to lasting skin loveliness—the kind of cleaning that restores each night your skin's essential suppleness, and the freshening that, besides protecting, brings each time the beauty of fresh smooth skin under your powder.

For this, two distinctly different face creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Every night—with the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Leave it on a minute. Then remove it with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day, are taken off your skin and out of the pores. How relaxed your face is. *Do this twice.* Now finish with ice rubbed over your face or a dash of cold water. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple again. If your skin is very dry, pat on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on over night.

After every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream *very evenly*—just enough for your skin to absorb. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels. Nothing can roughen it. When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, this cream will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And it will stay evenly powdered.

Use this method regularly. Soon your face will be permanently fresher, smoother and you can count on the charm of a fresh, young skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible. Begin now. Buy both Pond's Creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

GENEROUS TUBES
MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
132L Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

The Movie Encyclopaedia

by

THE ANSWER MAN



BROWN EYES.—Hope you haven't broken any of your resolutions. Gertrude Messenger is fourteen and Buddy is her brother. That was Hope Drew in "Hollywood." Marie Prevost and Harry Myers in Elinor Glyn's "How to Educate a Wife."

MILDRED P.—Well, I will try to believe you, but as Ovid said: "We are slow to believe what, if believed, would hurt our feelings." So you like Mary Hay. So do I. Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage." All right, come along any time. I'm always here.

A READER.—Tom Mix has deserted the Western pictures for a story of the North, "North of the Hudson Bay." Kathleen Key supports him, but Tony the famous horse is not in the cast.

BERTHA C.—You have the right idea, "God made the country, but man made the dangerous curves." Watch your step. Yes, Bert Lytell is married to Evelyn Vaughn. He is in Europe now. Conrad Nagel is with Goldwyn, and is playing in "Three Weeks." Also in "Blood and Gold." Yes, I shall buy me some buttermilk with the fee you enclosed.

MARGARET M.—You had better watch your calories, and remember that there are 3,000 calories per pound in peanuts. This is nearly three times as much as in any other food. The colon is five feet long. Why Hope Hampton has red hair. Oh yes, Alice Calhoun, Miss Dupont, Wanda Hawley, Pat O'Malley and Warren Kerrigan in "A Man from Brodney's."

CHERRY STONE.—Yes, I love them too. Any kind of shell food. I see you are all for Richard Barthelmess. Yes, he is twenty-eight, and born in New York City. Married to Mary Hay. Pola Negri in "Shadows of Paris" and "Sans Gêne."

MARGUERITE.—I should say you are not old. The oldest widow on the U. S. pension rolls is now past one hundred and four years of age. No, Norma Talmadge is not playing in "The Garden of Allah" now, but she hopes to do that picture some time. Cullen Landis is twenty-eight.

WAIPUKURAN.—No, I am not that old. I dont remember the Battle of Waterloo which was fought on June 18, 1815. Yes, I would be glad to have the views. No, I have never been to Honolulu, but I should like to go some time.

EVELYN BROWN EYES.—Alas! Many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage lived in prose. Barbara Castleton, Albert Roscoe and Raymond Bloomer in "The Net."

EDNA B.—Thanks for the card. Guess you know all I know about Valentino, so there isn't any more.

JEANIE.—As Charles Kingsley says: "Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting, a wayside sacrament, it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing." Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans.

FEATHERS.—Cheer up, no man is free who is not master of himself, and hope is a splendid thing for such as have the strength to bear it. Eddie Burns in "Jazzmania." Rodolph Valentino was born on May 6, 1895. No, I dont know his favorite color. What next!

BRIGHT EYES.—Knowledge will introduce you, and good breeding will endear you to the best of companies. So you should like to see me dancing with my long beard. You'd be surprised. I can do the new finale, too. So you would like to see more of Miriam Batista. She is playing right along. Yes, Mahlon Hamilton and Betty Blythe in "Recoil," now being made abroad.

SYRIE.—Well, the highest exercise of charity is charity towards the uncharitable. That was Orville Caldwell in "The Eternal Two" with Corliss Palmer. Yes, Wallace Beery in "Patsy." Ramon Novarro in "Thy Name is Woman." He is now in Egypt playing in "The Arab."

JUNE.—Your letter is mighty interesting, and I would advise marriage and a home with kiddies for you, in preference to a business career. You dont seem to belong to the business world. As Robert Louis Stevenson says: "To marry is to domesticate the recording angel. Once you are married there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good."

MAMA'S BABY.—Well, well, well, what do you mean by saluting me as "Hello Kid." Well, I should worry, it makes me feel younger. I certainly am over eighty years old, and just had another birthday too. Father Time and I are twins. No, Monte Blue is not married. Aileen Pringle is married, but I haven't her husband's name. No, Richard Dix is not married.

TUESDAY.—Call on a business man at business time only, and on business, transact your business and go about your business. in order to give him time to attend to his business. I should say you are frank. Address Constance Talmadge at United, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—What do you expect? He that would have the perfection of pleasure must be moderate in the use of it. Noble Johnson was Friday in "Robinson Crusoe." No, none of the players you mention are married. So long for this time.

HAPPY.—I'm glad of that. Address Ruth Roland at 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. The little boy is Edward Treboal. Come in again some time, but you must shun idleness, as it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals.

MRS. C. R. T.—That's pretty classy paper you are using, was it a Christmas present? Lucille LaVerne was Gloria's Aunt in "Zaza." You know that Mary Pickford adopted her sister Lottie's child. Tell your hubby he is all wrong.

TOM MIX.—So you think I am very successful. 'Tis to laugh. Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions. Yes, Tom Mix is with Fox, 1401 Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California. He has brown hair. Address Rodolph Valentino at Ritz-Carleton Productions, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

OLIVE.—No, I never lend. Friendship ends where loan begins. Flo Hart was Kenneth Harlan's first wife. Yes, to your last. Selah!

ANNA S.—No, Monte Blue is not married now. You can reach him at Warner Brothers, Bronson Avenue and Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. I know that King Baggott has been asked to produce "Ivanhoe" by an English company, but I am not sure that he will do so.

DULCY.—Oh, are you a dulcy? Knowledge and timber should not be much used till they are well seasoned. Norma is twenty-eight and will be twenty-nine May 2nd. Jack Mulhall is free lancing right now, and Claire Windsor is with Goldwyn.

COMANCHE KID.—Hurrah! Well, if you ever come across some one who thinks he knows it all, treat him as if he did, and let him go. Buck Jones is twenty-eight and is playing in "Cupid's Fireman." I do believe Jane Novak is Swedish.

EMMA F. M.—And books are windows thru which the soul looks out. Barbara Bedford was Mona, Carl Miller was Claude, Barbara La Marr was Kate in "Cinderella of the Hills." Reginald Denny is married to a non-professional. The same of Buck Jones. Write me some more.

(*Continued on page* 82)

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all inquiries: The Answer Man, CLASSIC, Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y. Use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear, also the name of the magazine you wish your inquiry to appear in. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must wait their turn. Let us hear from you.



HE found her at last! She was sitting in the garden—just where she belonged.

She quickly raised her little mask up to her eyes as he approached.

"Oh, never mind. Fair Stranger—I know who you are. You are a rose disguised as a Beautiful Lady."

Protecting your skin with powder and rouge

By MME. JEANNETTE

OH, you lucky women of today who know—or can learn—the pleasant roads to Beauty through fragrant avenues of cosmetics that help and do not harm! It is a proven fact that good cosmetics actually *benefit* the skin.

A pure, harmless vanishing cream, powder, or rouge, such as Pompeian, performs a distinctly beneficial service to the skin, in addition to its beautifying effect.

This service is that of protection. Creams, powders, and rouges all put a soft, gossamer film over the delicate surface of the skin that guards it from sun and wind, dust and dirt.

Again, the lip stick tends to protect the lips from chapping, roughening, and cracking. It keeps them soft and mobile.

Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing), Pompeian Beauty Powder, Pompeian Bloom (the rouge), and Pompeian Lip Stick, like all Pompeian Preparations, are absolutely pure and harmless. They are formulated with a care as great as though they were intended for medicinal uses and in a laboratory always scrupulously clean.

Coupled with their purity will be found the other desired qualities of cosmetics—naturalness of effect, high adhering property, attractiveness of perfume.

Do not overlook the importance of the Day Cream in achieving the most successful effects from the use of other Pompeian "Instant Beauty" Preparations. This cream provides a foundation for powder and rouge that makes them go on more smoothly, adhere much better, and blend with each other more perfectly than when they are used without it.

▽

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

DAY CREAM *(vanishing)*	*60c per jar*
BEAUTY POWDER	*60c per box*
BLOOM *(the rouge)*	*60c per box*
LIP STICK	*25c each*
FRAGRANCE	*25c a can*
NIGHT CREAM *(cold cream)*	*60c per jar*

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada



Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples
For Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom and Night Cream. *Tear off the coupon now.*

IS YOUR SKIN A GRATEFUL SKIN?

There is an intriguing loveliness about a clear skin.

Rose-petal enchantments of the skin are much more possible to attain than the average woman realizes.

Pompeian Night Cream is a necessity to this cultivation of a lovely skin. It is a remarkable cleansing cream, and at the same time it has properties that make it healing and softening to the skin.

A Cleaning Cream

A dirty skin does not always declare its uncleanliness by an immediate appearance of being dirty.

Pompeian Night Cream is supremely effective as a cleanser. It is pure, and scientifically compounded, and effectively accomplishes its work in cleaning the skin.

Just before retiring, and while your skin is still warm from the pleasant exercise of your bath, apply the Night Cream to your face and neck and shoulders. Use your finger tips for the application of the cream, rubbing it in swift little circular movements. This will loosen the dirt and release the closed pores to healthy activity. Wipe off with a soft, clean cloth.

A Softening Cream

The continued use of soap and water will make the average skin very harsh, and this harshness encourages wrinkles and other skin-unsightliness. Pompeian Night Cream counteracts this tendency and softens with its healing qualities.

If your skin is very dry it will be helpful for you to use this cream every morning and night regularly. But if your skin is oily it will be sufficient to give it a thorough cream bath at night only, following it with a quick ice rub.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2128 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted _____

Pompeian Beauty Powder

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.



The North Wind Doth Blow

And We Shall Have Snow—



Across the top of the page are Tom Mix and some of his company way up—"North of Hudson Bay." Below is Hedda Hopper at her home on Long Island

Below is Beverly Bayne (Mrs. Francis X. Bushman) and her little son out at the Whitman Bennett studios enjoying themselves between scenes



Above: Little Fay McKenzie and Frankie Darro are tired and cold and they dont care whether they lose their jobs or not. They are on location for "Judgment of the Storm." Director Del Andrews excused them for the day



Are You Ready for the Ash-Can?

Do you realize what it means to neglect your body? Do you know that you will clog up with waste matter and deaden your life just as ashes do in a furnace? Are you going to drag yourself through a life of misery and be ready for the undertaker when you should really be only starting to enjoy life? Come on and brace up. Take a good hold of yourself and shake those cobwebs out of your brain. Give me a chance at that weak backbone of yours and let me put a pair of man sized arms into those narrow shoulders.

Pills Never Made Muscles

I am not a medical doctor. I don't claim to cure disease. Neither do I put any self-assumed title of Professor before my name. *I am a builder of muscle*—internal as well as external. I claim and can prove that by proper exercise you can even build muscle in and around your heart and every vital organ. The kind that shoots a thrill through your veins and reaches every crevice of your body. I add years to your life, and oh boy! what a kick you get out of every day you live. And talk about big, brawny arms and legs, or broad backs and husky chests—just take a look through this winter's copies of Physical Culture Magazine and see for yourself. You will see a few pictures of my pupils there—living examples of the Earle Liederman system—doctors, lawyers, business men, but every last one of them good enough to pose as professional strong men. Some are in better shape than men who are now acting as instructors to others.

Pep Up

What are you going to do about it? Don't sit idle and wish for strength. That will never bring it. Come on and get busy. You must have it, and I'm going to give it to you. I don't promise it, I guarantee it. You don't take any chance with me, so come on and make me prove it.



Earle E. Liederman
America's Leading Director of Physical Education

Send for My New 64-Page Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1802, 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 1802, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." Please write or print plainly.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



A perfect base for face powder. Apply a little cream. When nearly dry dust on the powder.

Copyright 1923 A. S. Hinds Co.

Now for his Face! Let's give him Mama's Complexion Cream

COLD winds injure a delicate, tender complexion, and so does the sudden change from indoors to frosty air. Roughness and chapping usually follow any prolonged exposure unless the skin is protected with a softening and healing emollient like HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM.

Many who love the bracing, cold weather have found that by applying Hinds Cream to any sore, irritated surfaces, or to parts of the body that have been chafed or compressed by warm clothing, they can make themselves comfortable at once.

You can use this cream freely at any time, on the face, neck, arms and hands, with absolute assurance of deriving gratifying results. It is economical and agreeable. The treatment is simple.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder, surpassing in quality and refinement; distinctive in fragrance and effect. White, flesh, pink, brunette. Boxes 60c, 15c. Samples 2c.

All dealers sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, 50c, $1.00. We will mail a sample for 2c, trial bottle, 6c traveler size, 10c. Try-out box of 5 samples, assorted, 10c. Booklet Free.

Write A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 22, Portland, Maine, U.S.A.



In the sick room Hinds Cream gives grateful comfort to the patient, also keeps nurse's hands soft.



Chapped cheeks, hands, knees, and ankles quickly relieved with HindsCream.



For baby's skin troubles Hinds Cream soothes and comforts. Dilute the cream one-half with water.

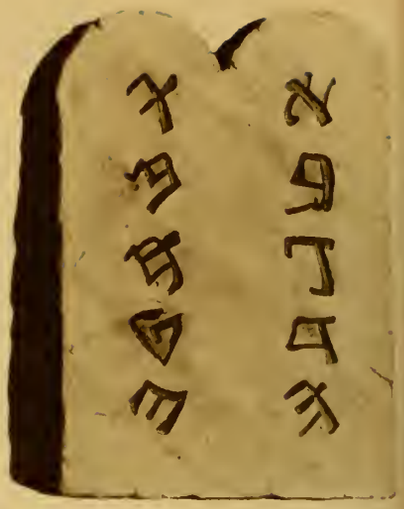


After shaving use Hinds Cream to soothe and relieve irritation from close shave or soap.



In Southern winter resorts Hinds Cream is depended upon by tourists to keep the complexion attractive.





If you have ever wondered what the ten commandments looked like, here they are

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page* 68

would look better in his house than in yours. He is now the leading man for Norma Talmadge in "Secrets."

* * *

Pola Negri bravely signalized the fact that she has torn all the "Ritz" out of her soul one day this week when she ordered the wall that surrounds her "set" torn down. When she first came to Hollywood, she was very up-stage and whenever visitors came, she demanded to know who "those people" were and insisted that they be shooed off. But, as time goes on, Pola becomes a regular fellow. Now she works out in the open with the rest of the folks like a nice girl. Upon the completion of her latest picture, "The Shadows of Paris," she is going on a long vacation to Honolulu where she will probably pass the holidays. It will probably be February before she begins another picture. It is very likely that this picture will be "Madame Sans Gene."

* * *

Laurence Trimble, who directed the "Strongheart" dog stories, has discovered another Richard Barthelmess, so he thinks, in the person of a twenty-year-old Dartmouth college boy named Allen Vincent whose father is a banker in Seattle. Trimble met him in New York and gave him a five-year contract after two days' acquaintance.

* * *

One of the saddest events that the film colony has ever suffered came this week with the death of Allen

(*Continued on page* 89)

The Inside Story of Princess Pat

By the Only Woman Who Witnessed the Discovery of the Complexion Tint that Duplicates Nature

"*Now Watch* what happens!"

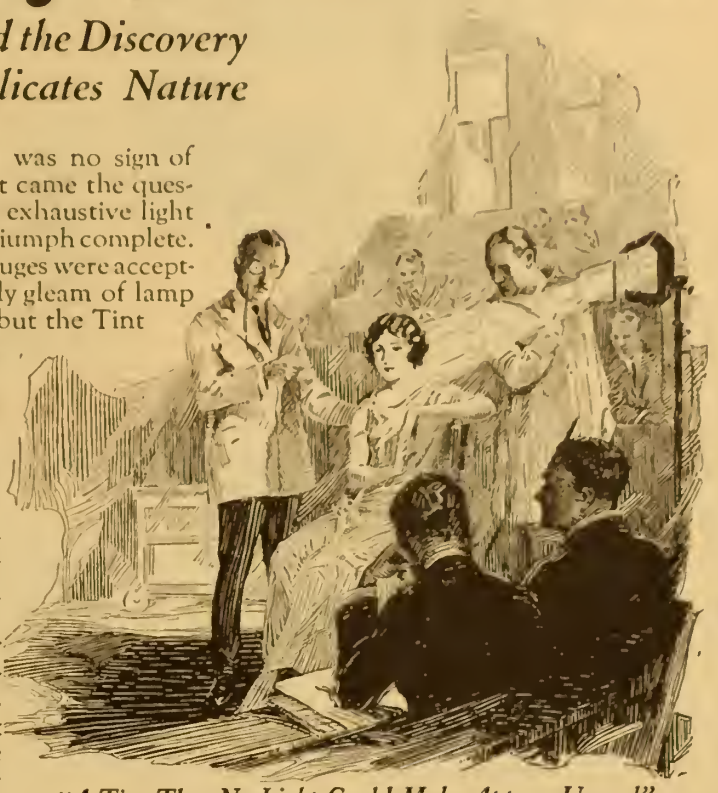
You could have heard a pin drop as the analyst's words caused all eyes to gaze intently at my face. Science had solved an old and perplexing beauty problem with a new, mysterious tint. The moment had arrived for demonstration.

Two years of hard work led up to this hour of triumph. There had been day and night testings of rouges—of every conceivable color. Whole weeks devoted to first one shade then another in an effort to overcome that common fault of all the old-fashioned rouges — the purplish, artificial look which makes their use so obvious. Then the day when the right tint was found! It is an interesting story.

How the True Tint Came to Light

When a new use of ingredients produced this first "true" tone it was regarded curiously; no one realized its full significance; so different was the color, it was fortunate we even tried it. But the rule was to test everything *on the face*. So for the thousandth time a new tint was applied to my cheeks.

The first demonstration of this marvelous new color brought one surprise after another. It was first believed to be just a particularly happy choice for my complexion — or for skins the same as mine. But tests quickly followed on every conceivable type of skin from darkest to lightest—with the same miraculously natural result. Then came the thought that perhaps only sparing use could be made of the new tint. So to the tiny amount that had achieved the perfect color, more and more of the tint was applied. The coloring merely deepened; there was no sign of artificiality. Next came the question of *lights* and exhaustive light tests made the triumph complete. Even old-time rouges were acceptable in the kindly gleam of lamp or candle light, but the Tint called Princess Pat stands the severe test of a brilliantly lighted room, or glare of noonday sun. The new tint becomes and appears *your color* from the moment applied. Nature varies it *on your face* and unfailingly produces exactly the right *degree* and *tone* to give the color you *should* have.



"A Tint That No Light Could Make Appear Unreal"

That is why you are not aware of the numbers all around you who use this new natural tint. The color is too natural to permit detection. So women who never used ordinary rouge have taken joyfully to Princess Pat.

Really Waterproof

Since the day Princess Pat tint was introduced many thousands have made its acquaintance. It is the identical tint today as when the first tiny bit was produced and tried; and it brings the same color charm to any cheek. You'll be glad to know it's been made waterproof—completely so. Profuse perspiration will not affect it—nor even surf bathing—yet a bit of cream, or soap removes it.

And remember: there's only one shade! No "matching"—no need to; for this true tone blends with *any* complexion. Science thus gives you the means of imparting natural color to your cheeks—to any degree desired. A color that's perfectly natural—color you can *control*—a gentle glow of color that has no beginning or end—a tone only blending can bring. Why use an obvious rouge? Try Princess Pat!

Avoid Imitations

The success of Princess Pat Tint has called forth many so-called "orange rouges." But these lack the secret which causes Princess Pat Tint to change color when applied—and without this secret Nature cannot blend the color to exactly meet the requirements of your individual need.

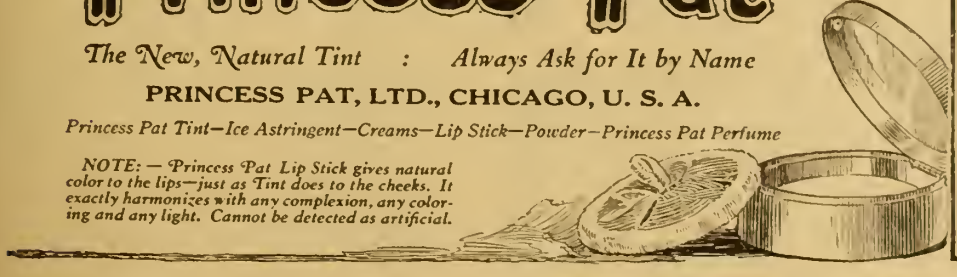
Princess Pat

The New, Natural Tint : Always Ask for It by Name

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Tint—Ice Astringent—Creams—Lip Stick—Powder—Princess Pat Perfume

NOTE:— Princess Pat Lip Stick gives natural color to the lips—just as Tint does to the cheeks. It exactly harmonizes with any complexion, any coloring and any light. Cannot be detected as artificial.



FREE!

Until the shops have been sufficiently stocked with Princess Pat Tint to meet all calls for it, we shall take pleasure in sending to individuals a week's supply —without charge.

PRINCESS PAT Ltd.
2701 S. Wells St., Dept. 42, Chicago

Entirely FREE, please forward me postpaid, a complimentary supply of the new Princess Pat Tint.

Name (Print).....

Street.....

City.....

State.....



Priceless Service

Despite fire or storm or flood, a telephone operator sticks to her switchboard. A lineman risks life and limb that his wires may continue to vibrate with messages of business or social life. Other telephone employees forego comfort and even sacrifice health that the job may not be slighted.

True, the opportunity for these extremes of service has come to comparatively few; but they indicate the devotion to duty that prevails among the quarter-million telephone workers.

The mass of people called the public has come to take this type of service for granted and use the telephone in its daily business and in emergencies, seldom realizing what it receives in human devotion to duty, and what vast resources are drawn upon to restore service.

It is right that the public should receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service

A PERFECT NOSE FOR YOU



SPECIAL SIZES FOR CHILDREN

SEND NO MONEY









GOLD MEDAL AWARDED "for distinguished service to mankind" by International Inventors Exposition, New York, Feb. 1923.

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Winner of GOLD MEDAL —— Highest in Merit —— Lowest in Price

Support nature and look your best. If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER, in a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation. No need for costly, painful operations. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL NASAL SUPPORTER absolutely guaranteed. Highly recommended by physicians for misshapen and fractured noses. Self adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. GENTLE, FIRM and PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE. Beware of imitations! Write today (just your name and address) for FREE Booklet, "Happy Days Ahead," which explains how you can have a perfect nose—and our blank to fill out for sizes. Money refunded if not fully satisfied with results.

The ANITA Company, Dept. 229, ANITA Building, Newark, N. J.

Rhythm and Rebellion

(*Continued from page 36*)

Two important events had occurred the day of our interview. First, she had turned down one of the most coveted rôles Goldwyn had to offer, the film to be made in Italy, too. "If anyone had told me a year ago that I would do such a thing, I would have thought him crazy," said Eleanor. "But after considering it from every angle. I felt it was best."

Then, Goldwyn had loaned her to Universal and on the morrow she was to begin work on a film version of Booth Tarkington's "The Turmoil," under Hobart Henley's direction, playing the leading character.

We fell to talking of her various rôles. Her first was in "Gimme," then came "The Stranger's Banquet," where she had her only chance as a "heavy"—and liked it. Then came Amelia in "Vanity Fair," which she feels was too weepy but which the critics united in declaring to be a beautiful portrayal. This brought her to the leading rôle in Rupert Hughes' "Souls for Sale," and everyone recalls her delightful Sidney in "Three Wise Fools." "The Day of Faith," soon to be released, shows her in a straight leading rôle.

Miss Boardman has an intriguing way of viewing herself and her work in a detached manner, and she studies her limitations as well as her possibilities. This is an encouraging sign. She is not content to win thru her beauty, nor are her eyes blinded by her success, but are sharply alert to future triumphs.

Do dreams come true?
Ask Eleanor Boardman.

O FOOLISH WIND

By Louise Liebhardt

O sighing wind among the willow wands,
O sobbing wind among the willow wands
Where rests thy heart whose breaking seems to shake
The fragrant stillness of the night, and moaning cadence make
Of all that borders on this secret pool.

O grieving wind among the willow wands,
O weeping wind among the willow wands,
Hast lost thy love, who fickle from thee now hast turned
To seek new romance? Ha! Hast thy love fires burned
Thy heart to ashes? Thou art fool.

O moaning wind among the willow wands,
O foolish wind among the willow wands,
To mourn one love when many wait but for the breaking dawn
To seek thy kisses, and upon thy favor fawn.
Waste not thy tears. The night has turned thee fool.
O simple wind among the willow wands.
O silly wind among the willow wands.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid
Makes any hair naturally curly
in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



A Matchless Marcel

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"*Oigame, senorita*," he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.



Lovely Curls

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

No Profit Distribution of $3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular $3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.



Wavy Bob

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Send No Money--*Simply Sign and Mail Coupon*

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710 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Please send me in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman $1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... *State* .....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose $2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.

Free Trial Bottle

Read Special Offer



Gray Hair—
Stop It!
—*Here is the way*

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer isn't a new experimental preparation, for I invented it many years ago to restore my own prematurely gray hair. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, which restores the perfect original color to graying, bleached or discolored hair; perfect results assured. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off, but soft, clean, fluffy, natural hair which renews your youth.

Now I have discovered a new method of application which hastens results and improves the health of the hair. Fully explained in my free trial outfit, containing trial bottle of restorer with full directions for making test on single lock. Mail coupon for absolutely free bottle and let me prove how easily, quickly and surely your gray hair can be restored.

In the coupon be sure to state the color of your hair carefully. Enclose lock of your hair if possible.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Please print your name and address

Mary T. Goldman, 195-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair
black .....dark brown..... medium brown.....
auburn (dark red).....light brown .....
light auburn (light red).....blonde.....

Name _____

Address _____



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PLAYS

T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 42, Chicago



Have a Satin-Smooth Hair-Free Skin

With NEET Virginia Brown Faire removes hair without slightest danger to the skin or complexion. Just apply NEET, a dainty cream, as mild as your favorite cold cream. Spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone, rinsed away, and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to NEET, the accepted method of well groomed women everywhere. Used by physicians. Money back if NEET fails to please. 50c at Drug and Department stores. Trial tube 10c by mail.



Hannibal Phar. Co., 627 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

Tiger Rose

(*Continued from page 33*)

For the next few hours Rose's gaiety was unflagging. At supper she made them all laugh with her mimicry of the squaw who drank the violet perfume. Afterward she danced for them, flinging coquettish glances at the sullen Devlin over her shoulder until greed crept to the surface of his muddy eyes and he licked his thick lips with his tongue. At last the danger for the evening at least seemed over. Devlin, candle in hand, creaked up the stairs to bed, the factor kissed her good night and followed. She was making the rounds of the oil lamps, blowing them out when a heavy hand fell on her shoulder. Without turning she knew by the odor of tobacco and gin that Michael Devlin had returned.

"Came back for a good-night kiss, girlie," he chuckled, "maybe I'll take two—or three. I've waited long enough for them, you tantalizing little devil!"

She would have struck him across his leering face but a sudden thought held her hand. Bruce Norton must not hear anything. If she could only cajole this man into forgetting his drunken love-making just for this time——

She drew away, but his great arms dragged her back. His hot breath scorched her cheek. "Guess you're not grieving over that dude after all! Like Michael a lil' bit, dont you? And you're going to like me a whole lot more before I'm thru!"

Never before in her tempestuous life had Rose smiled when she wanted to rage, spoken sweetly when she wanted to shriek out the picturesque epithets of the settlement. "W'at they say—'Get your man' firs', and then get your woman!" she urged, with desperate guile. "Pleas' not tonight! Mebbe tomorrow I lak' you lil' bit."

"No you dont!" Devlin grinned, his embrace stifling her, "tomorrow may never come." Hot lips sought her throat. She struggled silently, futilely, biting back the cry that surged to her lips. Only the sound of shuffling feet and panting breasts broke the silence.

"You beast, let go of her!"

The dropping of the trap-door brought Devlin around, hand on gun. Rose, freed from the intolerable embrace, fell back against the counter staring from the furious face of the man she loved to Devlin's exultant grin as he leveled his revolver at the newcomer. "You, eh! Say, this means promotion for me all right! Set a trap to catch a bird and get a ba'r! Better not move now, I'd just love a chance to use this, you damn murderer!"

"Executioner is a better word," Bruce Norton suggested quietly, "I'll come along with you all right. Rose, as soon as we're gone, go up to your room and bolt the door. Good night, dear!"

"Make it good-bye!" Devlin grated, and burst into a jangling laugh. "Give yourself away for a woman! That's a hot one——"

"Mebbe it's not so dam funny!" Rose's voice sounded behind him. "Put your hands up—queek or I shoot you. Me, I t'ink you forgot you had two guns! I got this one when you try to kees me. Thas right! Bruce take his gun away—lak' *so!*"

The policeman's revolver in his hand Bruce came to the side of Tiger Rose, "My brave little girl! But it's no good, dear. I've decided to face the music! I wouldn't be worthy of you if I ran away."

Never moving her eyes from the discomfited Devlin, glowering in the corner, Rose tried argument and entreaty in vain. It was for Cusick, shambling in at this point, to add the final plea. "Beat it, boy! D'you think it's going to make this little girl any happier to have you in jail? If you love her, go while you've got the chance."

Devlin watched the leave-taking sullenly. To the righteous anger of the Mounted Police was added the jealousy of the mere man. This girl was his—hadn't he pulled her out of the river? And now he must sit here helpless and watch her give another man the kisses rightfully his! As the door closed behind his rival, he started to his feet with the growl of a savage beast and had made two bounds toward the door when the revolver in Rose's hand spoke shrewishly. The policeman stopped, wavered, and with an absurd expression of amazement sat heavily down on the floor clutching at his arm.

"She winged me," he muttered in vast astonishment as Cusick bent over him examining the wound, "that little tiger cat winged me. Say, what is women comin' to these days when a fellow cant beat em up lawful?" he was quite plaintive about it. "Dont tell 'em she did it! Say I shot myself accidental," he begged the doctor abjectly, "I'd never hear the last of it on the force."

The door opened. Bruce Norton stepped back into the room. To the

eyes of Tiger Rose he had never looked so tall, so strong, so much a man—like one of the more-than-mortal heroes of her old folk tales. It was to Cusick and Michael Devlin that he spoke as tho in some language that she could not understand. "God knows I want her to be happy, but—a fellow cant hide behind a woman's skirts! I'm not ashamed of what I did to Glendenning, but if I sneaked off now and left her to bear the blame of helping me I'd hate myself the rest of my days. Blow your whistle, Devlin—you get your promotion after all!"

The shriek of the whistle tore the silence to ragged shreds. The revolver clattered from Rose Bocion's nerveless fingers as she sank sobbing into a chair, crying the first tears her fierce young eyes had ever shed. For all time the Tiger was gone, leaving only a woman.

Outside sounded footsteps, voices. In the moment that was left him Bruce Norton bent above her, patting her hair clumsily. "I'm sorry, dear, but there's some things a man *cant* do. Dont grieve so—somehow I've got a notion that when the jury hears how it was they wont be hard on me."

She lifted her head, eyes shining thru the tears. "Grieve! I cry because I am so glad!" Rose answered womanwise. "I cry because I t'ink you are mos' brave an mos' best man in all the world!"

One kiss, held close against the strong pounding of his heart, and he was gone. "Cheer up, Rose," Doctor Cusick called back from the doorway, "if there's any justice in Canada and any chivalry left in men's hearts he'll soon come back to you."

Rose smiled, "Yas, me I t'ink he will soon be back wiz me!" she answered confidently, "Monsieur, Le Bon Dieu ees—what you say?—a gentleman!"

JOURNEY'S END

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

I have been long away, now,
But what are foreign lands!
I have come home to stay, now——
Give me your hands!

Ask not, because you love me,
If I have been unwise;
Silently lean above me
With patient eyes!

What tho we stand or fall, dear,
Go saved or unconfessed——
I can forget it all, dear,
Against your breast!

I can forget the danger,
The foes, the fellowships!
I've been too long a ranger——
Give me your lips!



What Charm Excels Pearly Teeth?

Combat that dingy film

What adds so much to charm and beauty as pearly teeth?

You see them everywhere today: A new way of teeth cleaning has come. Millions now employ it. This offers a ten-day test, to show you.

They now fight film

Teeth are clouded by that viscous film you feel. It clings and stays. Soon it forms a dingy coat. Then teeth lose their luster and beauty.

Film holds food substances which ferment and form acid. The acid causes decay. Germs breed by millions in it. With tartar, they are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

After long research, dental science discovered two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes ir without harmful scouring.

These methods have proved effective. A new-type tooth paste applies these methods daily. The name is Pepsodent.

It brings a new dental era to the homes of some 50 nations.

Delightful secrets

Pepsodent brings other essential effects. It multiplies alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the digestant for starch deposits.

Its use multiplies the power of these natural protecting agents.

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. See teeth become whiter as film disappears.

You will prize these benefits: You will want your family to have them. Clip coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1393

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 646, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.



Do Your Eyes Dance, Too?

Night-time is so enchanting when it brings parties, dinners and dances. But night-time often finds you with your EYES dull and heavy, and you feel that the evening is ruined.

A few drops of *Murine* before going out in the evening will instantly enliven those drowsy EYES and make them dance with light. It takes away not only the tired look but the tired feeling.

Use *Murine* night and morning and keep your EYES always clear and sparkling. It's easy to apply, and contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your Eyes, Brows and Lashes, and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.

The Murine Company
Dept. 23, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



Own Your Own Hohner

Meet Jack Frost and Tuneful Hohner, the twin merry monarchs of winter. What lively zest and rollicking gayety they bring to every outdoor sport and fireside frolic!

WINTER SPORTS HARMONY

Winter's the time for jolly music. You've just GOT to have a Hohner mouth organ now. It puts life and punch into big parties or little; it brightens up those lonely hours when the storms keep you at home. You can learn to play it in an hour—any kind of music you like. Ask the dealer for the Hohner Free Instruction Book—if he is out of them, write "M. Hohner, New York" for a copy. Hohner Harmonicas are sold everywhere; 50c. up.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

When Lubitsch Directs

(*Continued from page* 39)

paces. I was so polite and demure on that occasion that you could have written books of etiquette just following me around and listening to what I said. To my intense relief, the mother of my sheik agreed that I would pass muster. In fact, she unbent to the extent of admitting that I was a sweet girl—or something like that.

"The next day I was working in a comedy. The particular scene that I was adorning had to do with the supposed raid of a den of vice. Of course, the sheik's mother had to come along just as the police patrol wagon backed up to the curb and I was carried out, fighting and kicking, in the arms of three policemen.

"It was no use trying to tell her it was just a movie. The next time I met her, she passed me by in cold and cutting scorn and the highest altitude ever attained by any human nose was hers when next we met."

Marie left the comedies flat to go to Universal to make a few starring pictures and she appeared in "Brass" and one or two other important productions at Warner Brothers before she got this big chance with Lubitsch.

She says that, when she first saw the part Lubitsch had planned for her—a cynical, skittish young Viennese wife—a vamp—she took the script indignantly to the office of the Warner Brothers and handed it back to them. She couldn't see it at all. Finally, however, the producers prevailed upon her to try it.

"And then," she said, "I began to go to school. I never realized what acting really meant until I began to hear Mr. Lubitsch's voice coming to me from behind the camera.

"He deals in subtleties that I never dreamed of before. His marvelous technique consists of elements and effects that I never heard of before.

"At first it was terribly discouraging. He made me do simple scenes—just coming in and out of rooms—fifteen or twenty times. At first it seemed as tho there wasn't any sense to it all. Then it began to dawn upon me what the art of acting was all about, and it seemed intolerably and impossibly difficult. Then I began to see as he saw it.

"He is a tremendous and wonderful artist. To act even one scene under his direction is not only an education but a revelation."

And, as for Lubitsch, he only says, "Yes; she's goot; she's a goot actress; she haf emotion but she got hoomer too.

"Is the picture goot; vell, I hope. "But she is goot. *Ja. Gewiss.*"

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Foreign Films

(*Continued from page 27*)

American style and to go far afield in the quest of subjects in order to conceal the Italian identity of the production. The Italian conversion, however, is as yet half-hearted, and, as indicated in "Supreme Love," an effort at compromise is made, the producer still adhering hopefully to the theory that an English subject will find a more favorable response in the Anglo-Saxon market. To this end, tho the story has a purely and characteristically Italian setting, the leading male rôle is that of an Englishman. Sir James, an old English aristocrat, brings his son Harford to Italy in the hope that the climate will cure him of his malady.

The adventures that follow, shifting from England to Italy and from Italy to England, constitute what the producers regard as the Anglo-Italian touch which will assure the film a run in the British Isles. But the most attractive parts of the picture are the scenes taken in Italy, with the Italian atmosphere and background pre-eminent, once more proving that European film talent is at its best when it adheres to its own soil and tradition.

RUSSIA

Contrary to the methods pursued by the other foreign producers, the Russians have adhered pretty strictly to native subjects until now, with excellent results. If the Russian films are today the most noteworthy in Europe, it is chiefly because they have not gone far afield in quest of material but have found it on their own soil or in their own literary tradition. Having made their start in this way, they are perhaps well qualified to borrow from the best tradition of other countries. A divergence from their loyalty to Slavic subjects is marked by the film, "Kean," a dramatization of the life of the great Shakespearean actor. Kean's amours were numerous and varied, the inevitable accompaniment of the idolatry which he enjoyed during his supremacy, but it is part of the irony of his life that his doom should have come thru the one innocent passion of his career. This ironic element is dramatically brought out in the Russian production.

In "The Song of Love Triumphant," based on a story by Turgenef, tho the action takes place in Italy during the period of the Renaissance, the spirit of the narrative remains Slavic in its essence. The settings of the film are imposing, and the beauty of Mme. Kovanko, in the rôle of Valeria, contributes to its success.

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The Movie Encyclopædia

(*Continued from page 70*)

EVENING MAIL.—Constance Talmadge in "The Dangerous Maid." Conrad Nagel and Wyndham Standing are playing in Alma Rubens' "Blood and Gold." Baby Peggy in "Captain January."

GEORGETTE.—Ah, but I do like it. Lon Chaney is an American. Richard Dix is twenty-eight. Yes, they do say he is engaged to Lois Wilson. Holmes E. Herbert is playing in "The Enchanted Cottage." Your English is splendid, and I hope to hear from you again.

CY.—Well, as Carlyle says: "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world." Ralph Graves is twenty-six, and Antonio Moreno is married to Mrs. Daisy Danzinger.

G. M. L.—So you have been reading the CLASSIC ever since it began. That's a long time. Glad to hear about "Robin Hood" in London. I hope you write to me soon again.

AUSTRALIAN ADMIRER.—The great difficulty about advice is the preponderance of quantity over quality. No, Jacqueline Logan is not married. She played in "The Light that Failed." Viola Dana's "Angel Face Molly" will be released as "The Good Bad Girl."

RODOLPH VALENTINO FAN.—Most of the players you mention are with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

MARY E.—You've got to be stronger than that. A woman's hopes are woven of sunbeams; a shadow annihilates them. Be brave. Bessie Barriscale is not playing now.

STUD FARMER.—That's some letter of yours. You got your wish—yes? Cant very well give you the cast for "The Four Horsemen," but Rodolph Valentino was Julio, Alice Terry was Marguerite and Brinsley Shaw was Celendonio.

MANUEL.—I'm sorry, but I dont know the picture you mention.

IVY M. W.—All I know about canary birds is that a long body and thick, smooth plumage are marks of a good canary. Males only sing. King Vidor is directing Laurette Taylor in "Happiness" at the Metro Studios. How did you know green ink was my favorite. Pearl White is playing in "Terror."

PATTE.—Never respect men merely for their riches; but rather for their philanthropy; we do not value the sun for its height, but for its use. The only place I know of where you can get Ramon Novarro is at the Metro Studios. Why not try it

LITTLE MOONMOTH.—Eugene O'Brien is playing with Norma Talmadge in "Secrets." This is a story of crinoline days in America and England.

IVAN.—Thanks for the charming letter. You bet I am still living in my hall-room, and right now it is about ten degrees below zero. Yes, I have always admired George Arliss. Address the Fairbanks at Hollywood, California.

GLENVINA.—Well, the first step toward useful knowledge is to be able to detect falsehood. No, I never lie, it isn't because I cannot, tho. Myrtle Stedman and not Kathlyn Williams in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Cleo Madison was the wife in "The Dangerous Age." Write me again.

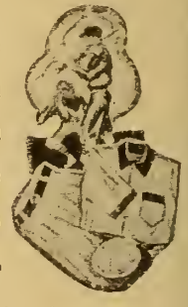
BRIC-A-BRAC.—Censure is the tax which a man pays to the public for being em-

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Motion Picture Magazine

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iment. Lloyd Hughes and Bebe Daniels in "The Heritage of the Desert." So you think I should have a stool to sit on in my picture above. I want to grow tall.

FRANK H.—Yes, and the error of certain women is to imagine that, to acquire distinction they must imitate the manners of men. Yes, Edwin Mills in "His Children's Children." Aileen Pringle is the daughter-in-law of Sir. John Pringle, former governor-general of Jamaica. She gave up social fame and a great fortune to appear in pictures. So they say.

GENEVIEVE.—Is that all that is worrying you, whether I am a man or woman. Got you guessing. Well, cheer up, I'm not so bad. No, Eugene O'Brien is not married.

BROWN EYES.—I never knew so many brown eyes. Buddy Messenger is fourteen, and he has brown eyes and hair. "Stephen Steps Out" was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s first picture.

BABE OF OXFORD.—One is alone in a crowd when one suffers or when one loves. I understand perfectly. Andrée Lafayette has returned to Paris where she will make a picture for American producers. She expects to return in about three months. Write me again.

KATHARINE.—Yes, I believe in reading the good books—recognized old masters before reading so much fiction. What is a great love of books? It is something like a personal introduction to the great and good men of all past times. Yes, Bert Lytell is abroad now. Baby Peggy with Principal Pictures, Los Angeles, California.

ANXIOUS.—Glad to see yourself here, are you? Lois Wilson and Lila Lee are not sisters. Douglas Fairbanks was married to Beth Sully. He and Mary Pickford have been married since March 28, 1920. So you would like to see a picture of Milton Sills and one of Gloria Swanson on the cover.

MICKY.—Your letter reminds me of what Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "I should like to see any kind of a man distinguishable from a gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of." Anna Q. Nilsson, in "Flowing Gold." Pearl White is playing in Paris.

GOLDA BAKER.—Yes, it is the lack of moral balance that makes genius akin to madness. J. Warren Kerrigan is thirty-four, and he has never been married. He is with Vitagraph now. Glad to hear from you. Do write to me again.

IRENE F.—Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven, and Conrad Nagel is six feet.

WILDFLOWER.—That was Forrest Stanley in "Bayu." Naomi Childers is playing in "Restless Wives." Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird." King Baggott takes credit for discovering Mary Philbin when she made her first hit in "Human Hearts." She is playing in "The Inheritors."

SWEET BLUE EYES.—How are you today? Cullen Landis in "Pioneer Trails." Glenn Hunter is twenty-four. Anita Stewart and her brother, George Stewart, are in vaudeville.

CUCU BLUE EYES.—As a rule, we suffer more than we inflict. Yes, Pedro de Cordoba is to play in "I Will Pay."

FLORENCE R.—Another foolish child. All the way from Australia to get into the movies. Well I hope you have better luck with your music. I have never heard of that picture. Can you tell me more about it?

Would You Think from this Photo that I Ever Weighed 200 Lbs?

By JESSICA BAYLISS
(of Bryn Mawr, Pa.)

"I HAD just about all the *avoirdupois* I could carry around when I first heard of getting thin to music. I am only 5 ft. and 5 in. in height and not of large frame, and 191 lbs. made me positively conspicuous as you can well believe. It was beginning to tell on my arches; I had difficulty in walking any distance. Dancing became out of the question, and I had become a regular stay-at-home when a friend prevailed on me to try the much-talked-of reducing records.

"The first session with this method was a complete surprise. I had expected it would be something of a bore—the things I had tried in the past had all proved so. But the movements that first reducing record contained, the novel commands and counts, and the sparkling musical accompaniment made it extremely interesting. I used it for over a week for the sheer fun of doing it. I felt splendid after each day's 'lesson.' Even then I scarcely took the idea seriously. Surely, this new form of play could not be affecting my huge superfluity of flesh; it must have been ten or twelve days later that I weighed myself.

"*I had lost eight pounds!*

"No one had to urge me after that! I secured all five of the records and settled down in earnest to reduce. A week later the same scale said 174 lbs. Another week only showed a six pound loss; but the week following I had taken off nine more pounds.

"As I progressed in the lessons I found them growing more and more interesting, and each new and unique movement began improving my proportions in new places. The over-fleshiness at my neck was a condition I never dreamed could be affected by these methods, but it was; even the roll of fat that had foreshadowed a double-chin disappeared in time.

"In six weeks I was dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore. I got another saddle horse. I started wearing clothes which did not have to sacrifice all style in an effort to conceal. And it is quite needless to say I was delighted and elated. At the end of nine weeks I weighed exactly 138 lbs.—a reduction of fifty-three pounds. I submit my experience in gratitude for what Wallace's wonderful records have done for me. I am humbled by the recollection of how I once fairly scoffed at the enthusiasm of others in what I deemed at the time a mere fad. I shudder to think that I might have remained indifferent to this method. Only a woman who has been over-whelmingly fleshly can appreciate what my new appearance and feelings mean to me. As for those who need reduce but a few pounds to make their figures what they would like them to be, it is pitiful to think that they do not know this easy way—or perhaps do not believe it."

What more can be said of reducing? Mrs. Bayliss' start was made with the full first lesson record which Wallace sent her without cost or obligation. The same offer is open to *you*. If you, too, do not see remarkable results in only a few days, don't keep the record, and don't pay Wallace anything. Why not use the coupon now?



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The Mutual Admiration Society

(*Continued from page* 19)

Eternal Three" for two or three years before he finally worked out the details to the point where he was ready to begin shooting."

Now, by rights, Mickie should be interviewed about Blanche. We know what Blanche has to say about Hubby. What has Mickie to say about Wifey?

Well, just try to interview Mickie! Just try it; that's all. You might as well have tried to interview the eclipse. If you ask Mickie about the national debt, it makes him think of a story about a rattlesnake which tried to swallow a gopher. And then he sees an army aviator he used to know on the other side of the café and—that's that.

But one day Mickie and I were sitting in a darkened projecting-room looking at an old Biograph picture in which Blanche and Mickie were both acting. Mary Pickford and Dorothy Gish and Henry Walthall and a lot more were also in it. Blanche was then a rather sallow girl with enormous masses of blonde hair, a funny-looking long dress hanging around her heels.

Suddenly out of the darkness I heard Mickie mutter half to himself and half to me.

"By God, Blanche just had it—even then. In spite of all that crude stuff, she was wonderful. She's got the stuff you cant learn. You just gotta have it. And she's got it."

W. Somerset Maugham Is With Us Again

(*Continued from page* 44)

some one comes along and uses it before I have a chance to.

"After I have finished my novel I expect to get to work on another play. You know, I envy people who haven't an idea in their heads. I have this mass of mental notes and no matter what I do, I cant escape from them. I should like to have about six months' holiday, for I am very tired, but I am simply forced to go on writing."

Maugham has stopped giving "messages" in his late work. He declares it is like butting a stone wall to try to put over the truth. In "The Circle," as brilliant an exposition of human kind as anyone would ever hope to see, he discovered that the message shocked everyone who saw it. There was truth in it—there was an inevitable futility, and a terrifying knowledge of what humanity is really like—but humanity doesn't care to have the mirror held up too closely to nature.

The Powers Behind the Screen

(*Continued from page 24*)

but his activities indicate as well-rounded and balanced a personality as Zukor's. Where Lichtman is preeminently the salesman; Schulberg a picker; Arthur Friend a lawyer and organizer; Charles H. Duell an outsider with Fifth Avenue backing, and others, men with either a present that has been defined or only a past, Sheehan has everything and a future behind the screen distinctly worth guessing. Like Hearst, he reaches only toward maximum.

To Mr. Hearst, moreover, in so far as it isn't Zukor's, this present in motion pictures, and the more immediate future, may be entirely opined.

No one else has quite his exceptional sense of what the American public wants in the way of entertainment. That has been amply demonstrated by the unparalleled success of his newspapers. He has, too, a mind that sees the every-sided possibility of any proposition. Interested in politics as he is, he has not read Roman history in vain nor forgotten that a fundamental precept of all polity is to keep the people amused.

The person who does this most widely and effectively, other things being equal, is a country's most popular person. This was true of Cæsar. It was true of Theodore Roosevelt. It may come to be true of Hearst. If it does, Mr. Hearst will have reached out his hands for the greatest political opportunity modern life presents.

Bernard Shaw foresaw it when he said, "give me the motion picture and I'll give you a revolution." Those politicians who gave Will H. Hays their blessing when he left political life—they foresaw it, but their hope, of course, was that the former Postmaster-General would give us evolution, not revolution. Others have also foreseen it, particularly those who describe Chaplin, Fairbanks and Mary Pickford as the greatest ambassadors this country has ever had. There is the crux of the opportunity, the fact that pictures are a universal language, intelligible in any tongue, clear to any understanding all the wide world over. Hence it comes that he who sees in them a world force, who masters them sufficiently to make them acceptable to all the world instead of a single country, has in his hands a weapon for good or evil whose power is beyond imagination to measure.

Each and all, meanwhile, are like the particles in a kaleidoscope, tumbling brightly into place to form the vision of a more and more marvelous future.



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Music Hath Charms—

(*Continued from page* 16)

Marshall Neilan plays both the piano and pipe organ and as he shouts "Shoot" to his cameraman, he calls the name of the selection he wants played to his orchestra.

It would seem, "Once a Russian always a Russian" so far as music is concerned, for Theodore Kosloff and Madame Nazimova both demand those glorious melodies of their native country, the works of Tschaikowsky, his "Chanson Triste," "Meditation," Rubinstein—his "Barcarole," "Melody in F"—for their big moments.

Tho Mary Pickford loves music and insists on real artists for her orchestra, she does not need this aid to stimulate her emotions.

"I rather doubt the wisdom of too much music on the set, for it causes a false estimate of our own work," Miss Pickford pondered the question, wrinkling her pretty forehead.

"While we were on location making 'Tess,' we discovered that one of the truck drivers played a mouth organ. He had a list of favorite tunes like 'Shall We Gather at the River,' 'Buck and Wing,' and 'Swanee River,' and these were inspiration for most of my scenes."

Mary especially likes Charles Wakefield Cadman's "Land of the Sky-Blue Water," while the minor strains of Massenet's "Elégie" make a profound appeal to her susceptible little heart and many of those wistful, poignant moments that live in our memories, were enacted to these melodies.

Warner Baxter makes the girl's hearts go pit-a-pat to operatic selections. He once shone in musical comedy, and let the orchestra burst forth with "Kiss Me Again," or "Oh Promise Me," and there's no holding Warner. Cullen Landis says he's afraid his emotions are jazzy, for it takes such classics as "Livery Stable Blues," or "Three O'Clock in the Morning" to make him emote.

Milton Sills takes his arts separately. He is not moved by music during his work and if he could have his way there would be none. This may be the result of his discriminating taste, for unless the music exactly supplements his mental balance he finds it disturbing rather than helpful. Lewis Stone confesses the chief good it does for him is to put a spark of life into the barnlike skating-rink atmosphere of the large studios—— "We respond to music just as a column of soldiers quicken their steps to the cheer of the drum corp," he said.

Gloria Swanson loves luring waltzes, and "Visions of Salome"

thrill her; Anita Stewart asks for Kreisler's "Old Refrain" and the Meditation from "Thais," and the immortal songs of Schumann, Grieg's melodies and Liszt's "Liebestraum," breathe romance to Leatrice Joy.

Each player has a favorite—each responds to the wave of tonal language of the keyboard. But whatever it is, it must always build with the action to the climax and wholly coincide with the drama—there must be no obvious break in the emotional urge of the actor.

The extent to which music has become an important adjunct to the motion-picture industry is shown by the elaborate programs that accompany our photoplays when exhibited on the screen. There must be music to help carry the theme of the story and the spirit of the dramatic efforts of the players to the spectators. This has lead to a fascinating new art of welding together illuminating excerpts from every source into magnificent interpretative scores——

But, as Kipling says, That is another story!

Dixit

(*Continued from page 64*)

the Bunch sang "Shine On, O Silvery Moon" in close harmony. And because the public knows Dix and likes him, he has had no vacations between pictures in the three years he has been on the screen, and has just signed a five-year contract with Lasky.

In one respect at least Richard Dix is the most remarkable person in Hollywood. His eyesight is apparently good, he is twenty-eight years old and yet, in this town of lovely, lovable and often beloved ladies he is a bachelor. He has never been married, almost married or unmarried.

The plain little stenographer with the shell spectacles had gazed wistfully after him when we passed her table; the starched waitress behind the counter had been recklessly lavish with the cream in his coffee; the famous scenario lady in the imported gown had patted his shoulder when she went by; but still he has managed to remain Hollywood's only bachelor.

"How do you get away with it?" we asked—for interviewers rush in where theatrical angels fear to tread.

Dix seemed honestly puzzled. "What chance does a movie star have to get acquainted with girls?" he demanded pathetically. "I dont suppose I meet half a dozen people a year outside the studio. You cant get away from your screen personality in this game. You're always on exhibition and that makes your

How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," "The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.



Elinor Glyn

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, *and thousands of copies are still sold every year.* My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life-time. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for $500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. *You don't know whether you can write* or *not until you try.*

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

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contacts with people unnatural. They look at you as a curiosity instead of a regular human being. There's one place tho, where I can go and not be Richard Dix, the film actor, and that's Minneapolis where I was brought up!" he chuckled reminiscently, "nobody is a celebrity in his home town. Too many old ladies to remember about the times he swiped apples off the fruit-stand by the firehouse and other youthful sins! I played in stock three years in Minneapolis but all the time I was simply 'that Dix boy.' That's why youngsters leave home I expect—to find people who will take them as seriously as they take themselves. Anyhow that was the way with me."

Acting, it seems, didn't run in the Dix family. His father, in particular, regarded Richard's stage symptoms when they began to develop in high school as one might stuttering or kleptomania or any other misfortune that afflicts the best of families. Pish! The boy was to be a doctor—let's hear no more of this play-acting nonsense!

But a surgeon who faints at the sight of blood is as badly off as a burglar with hay fever. The University of Minnesota came next—till Richard found that studying interfered with his regular college work which was the dramatic club. And so at last came the local stock, then leading man with the Morosco Company in Los Angeles and then the screen.

It seemed, we suggested, almost a pity to be a success at twenty-eight. What more was there to look ahead to? Where, in other words, did he go from here?

Dix's face took on the grim lines it wears when he is doing a he-man rôle on the screen. They make him look ten years older. "Some day I want to be at the other end of the megaphone." There were no fist-clenching heroics about the way he said it, but you caught his earnestness. "You're darn right! The way things are done on the screen there's not much chance to develop, but the director can do anything. I want to try the new technique, the 'Woman of Paris' sort of thing. There's a great play for you! Screen people who act like human beings. . . ."

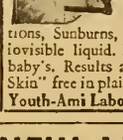
Human—that is a word Dix uses often, a word that expresses his own personality as no other. He has always been cast in "good" rôles. In "The Ten Commandments," his most important picture, he is the one of the two brothers who keeps 'em, not the one who breaks 'em. But in spite of the handicap of some impossibly virtuous parts he manages to make real characters out of them.



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The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page 71*)

Holubar, the director of "Hell Morgan's Girl," "Hearts of Humanity," "The Right to Happiness," "Broken Chains," "Hurricane's Gal," "Men, Women and Marriage," "Slander the Woman," and many other great successes. He was in Tennessee on location shooting some scenes of a new picture to be made from the "Bishop of Cottontown" when he was taken ill. He came back to California where a major operation was performed. He did not recover from the operation. His wife was Dorothy Phillips and their marriage was one of the happiest in the whole film colony. They have one little daughter, eight years old. Mr. Holubar was a San Francisco boy, born in 1890. He had been a stage actor before coming to pictures.

* * *

Two well-known figures have quit pictures. Orville Caldwell has gone back to New York to play opposite Lady Diana Manners in "The Miracle," and Guy Bates Post has abandoned the screen in disgust and has returned to the stage. Mr. Post came to the screen after a notable stage career; but had bad luck with his pictures, among which were "Omar, the Tent Maker" and "The Masquerader."

* * *

A lawsuit that has been going on for over a year between George Walsh and Tom Mix has been settled at last. Walsh left a favorite horse named "Joe" with Mix when he went East about two years ago. When he came back, the sad news was broken to him that Joe had passed to horse heaven. What was his amazement one day to see Mix riding blithely by on a nag that seemed to him to be his beloved steed. High and heavy words led to lawsuits and then to more lawsuits. It was finally demonstrated to the satisfaction of the court and even to the reluctant if mourning Mr. Walsh that his horse had been killed over a year ago in a fall over a cliff at Big Bear Lake. The horse Mix was riding was another one of similar appearance. And so the world goes on once more, breathing more easily.

* * *

Mrs. Harold Lloyd, who was Mildred Davis, was cleaning house the other day, the way brides will. She came across a dusty overcoat in the pockets of which she found her marriage license, a pair of her gloves, a crumpled-up pink rose and a roll



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of bills with a rubber band around them. With many a sigh and a housewifely cluck, she sorted everything out and sent the coat to the cleaners. When Harold came home, there was dismay and a bleeding heart. It seems that he had worn the overcoat to his wedding and had reverently put it away with all these souvenirs abroad. He had intended to take it out some day and show his great-grandchildren the wedding license, the little rumpled gloves, the pink rose and even the bank-notes. Whereupon there was a wild ride by a bride to the cleaners. The coat was recovered in time with its wedding dust still on, rice and everything; and the things were hastily and ruefully shoved back into the pockets and the romance was saved.

Iris In

(*Continued from page* 54)

Chaplin has produced a picture that merits all the adjectives ever brought out on parade by a movie press-agent. It is remarkable in restraint, in motivity, in the excellence of the titling and in the perfection of detail. Adolphe Menjou, one of the screen's few actors, has been playing secondary rôle too long to stars whose effulgence he patently outshone. It is good to see Menjou obtain recognition at last. It is better yet for it to happen in so notable a picture as "A Woman of Paris."

We are sending no flowers to Mr. Chaplin on the story. Our orchids are all for the directing. If it is to carp at all, we regret the scene of the anguished lover falling into the fountain. It reminded us strongly of a similar bygone fountain into which Mr. Chaplin himself fell. Charlie, however, rose triumphantly to brush his gleaming teeth with the dank stalk of a rhubarb-like water plant growing conveniently from the center.

✣ ✣ ✣

Still speaking of restraint, Edward Horton, in "To the Ladies," justifies all he inspired in "Ruggles of Red Gap." He is establishing himself as a refreshing contrast to a roster of stuffed shirts. We await the third evidence of his ability with trepidation.

✣ ✣ ✣

Babby Peggy, a recent visitor to New York City, did what was expected of her nobly.

"Your skyline is remarkable," she said, "and your women (kissing two dainty fingers) are positively beautiful."

IRIS OUT

A Thrill Every Minute!

That's just about the average in the March instalment of *Thistledown*, and if you never understood the psychology of Flapperdom, you will when you've read it—a psychology in striking contrast to that of Hi Daggett's impossible sister Julia.

It was his look, even more than his words, that gave the girl, just then, the deepest thrill that Hi Daggett had ever given her.

And her eyes were so bright and candid and sweet as to cover her secret shame, as she said:

"You want so much to help me? Oh, you're good!"



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It will set you thinking.

BUT good heavens. Dolly has gone—vanished—a note pinned to a cushion tells him so. In a flash he is out of the house, into his devil car and stepping on the gas. He is off in a cloud of dust, to the ends of the earth, if need be, to find her—will he?

You will be let in on this thrilling event, and several more in the

March Instalment of

"*Thistledown*"

By Dana Gatlin

in the

March Motion Picture Magazine

On Any News-stand February First



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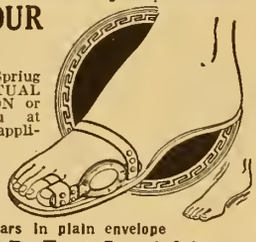
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(*Continued from page* 48)

side-line to establishing a repertory of Shakespearean and modern dramas in the National Theater. And he revives it so well that it proves to be one of those entertainments which Broadwayites quaintly call "Wows." Audiences cheer after the fourth act, and the house manager has to sign a box-office statement for seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars each week.

This is, by the way, a poetic drama, and the star fails to marry the leading lady.

Now why the success?

Whenever "Cyrano" has been successfully produced, the credit has been divided between the playwright and the actor. It is so in the present case.

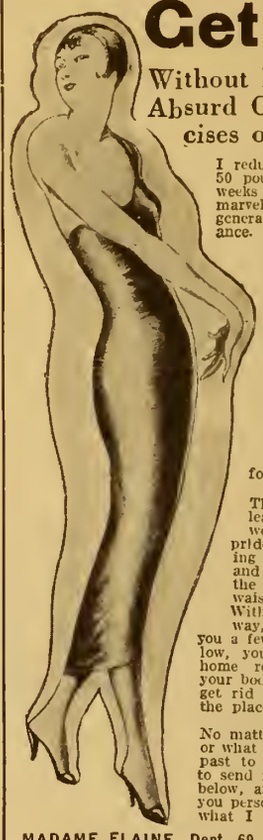
In spite of a certain Chicago scribbler, Rostand did an original and striking piece of work when he wrote "Cyrano." The Chicago gentleman, whose name I forgot but who might have been a butcher, wrote a play called "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," and he succeeded in getting a United States court to declare that, because he had written a play, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," he and not Rostand was the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The matter being properly adjusted, we of a new generation discover that the Frenchman made an exciting, graceful, and truly heroic drama out of an eccentric duelist, playwright, and philosopher who lived in Paris three centuries ago.

Rostand used a remarkable number of facts out of this Cyrano's life without in the least preventing his play from being utterly incredible and tearfully convincing. We accept with cheerful alacrity the yarn that the hideous Cyrano succeeded in making love to a woman who, standing in a balcony above him, imagined his voice was the voice of her handsome but nitwit sweetheart. The fact that Cyrano loved the woman more than did the nitwit, and that the woman really loved the soul in his words—this pathetic fact makes us swallow the most outrageous impossibility in all modern drama. It is also the secret of why this is a most satisfying tragedy. Not the whole secret, of course, for Rostand writes with dramatic fervor and poetic beauty.

The rest of the credit is Hampden's, but it must not all go to the actor. Some is reserved for the part of Hampden which is director and manager. Hampden turned aside from the five dull translations that ornament my shelves, and hired

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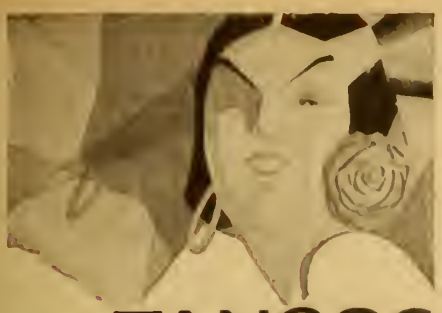
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Brian Hooker to make a new version. It is an exceptionally fine job—fluent and beautiful and always dramatic. You would hardly know it was blank verse! On top of that, Hampden has brought together some modern scenery and lights by Claude Bragdon and Munroe Pevear, and he has drilled a rather ordinary lot of actors so skilfully that they play the piece like a whirlwind. The direction is the best that any romantic drama has had in years. It culminates the only effective stage battle that I have ever seen.

Hampden's own work as actor is not absolutely impeccable; at two or three points he loses his grip a little. But nine-tenths of the part is superbly acted. No star in America has a more flexible voice, and Hampden makes the most of it. His comedy is rich and he runs off into bravado and sorrow with almost equal ease. I have seen no other Cyrano, but I cant say that I regret it so very keenly when I am looking at Hampden's.

And yet—what about Mansfield? It is my keenest regret in the theater that when he was playing his last seasons on this earth my dramatic taste ran to "Babes in Toyland," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and "The Heir to the Hoorah." Particularly, as in the past half year Broadway has taken quite a passion for reviving some of Mansfield's notable vehicles—"Peer Gynt," "The Devil's Disciple," and now "Cyrano de Bergerac." The success that has met these plays may be a testimony to the playwrights or their newest interpreters. But it seems to me that it may have an interesting bearing on a change in public taste. Mansfield was never an enthusiast for realistic drama. He acted practically none of it. The poetic, the romantic, the demoniac, the heroic—all these types interested him, and these only. It is a heartening thing to see them interesting the American public once more.

DEFIANCE

By Joy O'Hara

Oh, pitying judges, your pity is wasted
On a dreamer, whose dream rose . . .
and reigned . . . and set
Like the morning sun. True, the Cup I tasted——
Tasted, drank deep, and have no regret.

Love, bittersweet, to my heart I clasped,
Knowing full well what the dream would cost,
And it still outweighs (tho' the rapture has passed)
The world's esteem I so willingly lost.

Our day was brief, but we lived it madly,
I cherished no hopes—so none were blasted——
The price was high, but I paid it gladly,
For the Dream was sweet—while it lasted.

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The Immortal Clown

(*Continued from page* 55)

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By Louise Liebhardt

And, if tomorrow comes
Can we rest sure in joy?
Who knows but pain
May be its grievous meed
And sorrow still the song
That now swells goldenly
Upon each passing breeze.
Live full today
And let no pleasure pass
Untasted,
And no transient beauty scorn.
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The Movie of the Month

(*Continued from page 49*)

for her sailor-man. A pathetic, old figure—this skipper of a coal barge. And the drama, soaring with vital humanities—and with a spiritual tug, embraces one with an emotional sweep as the girl joins him—a girl defiant of men (she has been their plaything in an inland town)—yet succumbing to the call of love and youth. The other vital figure is the rescued sailor-man—a swaggering, blustering, coal-stoker—sure of himself and of his importance to the world. He listens to no entreaties from the old Swede and his daughter.

It might be called a quadrangle—a conflict between a hag of the water-front saloon to hold the skipper's love—and the latter's futile fight against the overpowering forces of youthful hearts. And his angry remonstrations against the sea make him a pitiful figure indeed. There is much hard drinking. Why not? Rough sailor-folk must have their grog. But beneath these raw externals (which expose the girl's life of shame—a condition brought about thru a parent's neglect and the lust of men, and the conflicts between father, lover and daughter) is a big, throbbing idea—pounding relentlessly on a major theme, that of a parent's determination to compensate for his neglect—and a spirited girl's conflict with herself. And the sea calls them to its bosom. It is the strongest force of all.

Blanche Sweet's rendition of the title rôle is marvelously human. The emotions which race across her face indicate that she lived the part thoroly. She plays with a remarkable depth of sympathy and understanding. George Marion in his original rôle of the old Swede provides picturesque characterization. He is the perfect embodiment of the superstitious salt as colored by the imagination. William Russell, playing the sailor-man, abandons himself completely to the task of revealing the influence of the sea in making its playboys swaggering, boastful adventurers, while Eugenie Besserer acts the water-front hag in a manner recognizably real.

"Anna Christie"? It surely belongs on the heights. It moves with powerful strokes—and embraces realties and humanities. And considerable spiritual comfort. So devastating is its hand of fate, so compelling is its clash of emotions—that we do not miss the spoken lines at all. It is as if we could hear them.

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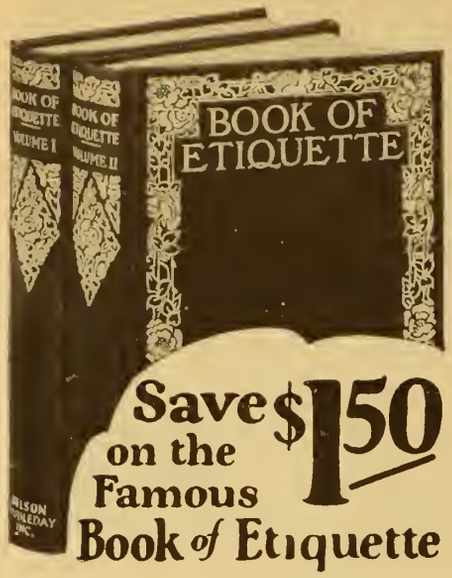
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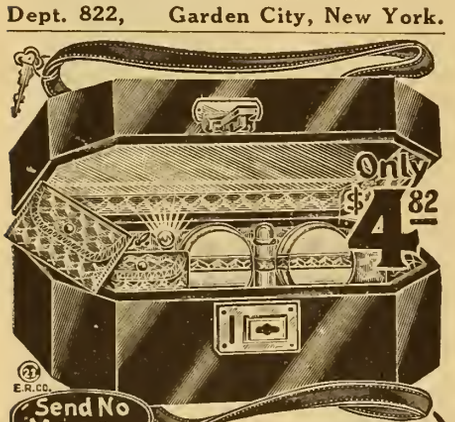
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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 51)

study. The player who seems to be mostly in character is Richard Bennett. The Italian extras are competently handled in the Fascisti scenes. The camera is unkind, however, in bringing forth any suggestion of reality. The majority of these extras appear to be having great fun out of it. The atmosphere, on the other hand, is authentic and gives the picture its sole redeeming quality.

SEVERAL hundred westerns have been ground thru the movie mill since Owen Wister wrote "The Virginian," a story which has served as one of the models for cow country pictures, but none has contained more vitality of plot and characterization than this new version by Preferred. While all of us are familiar with the bashful cowboy from Virginia who took romance so easily and gracefully—we stay to follow his exploits in love. A sympathetic character—this Virginian, played in an appropriate lackadaisical manner by Kenneth Harlan. He interests us because he is not ever performing the conventional sacrifices of the orthodox movie cowboy.

The sponsors have caught the salient points of the story and welded them into a vigorous yarn—using backgrounds which are truly eloquent. The humor is not abundant. It is compressed here in the episode involving the exchange of babies at the husking-bee. Pathos creeps in—and is presented with genuine feeling. We overlook the familiar points—such as the conflict with the rustlers—and the romance between the cowboy and the school-teacher. These obvious factors are absorbed thru a genuinely dramatic treatment of a compelling story.

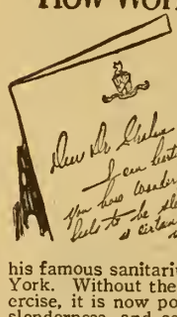
But it drags interminably at times—due to an emphasis being placed upon the characters and detail—and also to the fact that we are familiar with its plot. The Virginian and the other cowhands grow tiresome toward the end.

IT is plain to be seen that James Cruze's *forte* is comedy, after witnessing the sparkling treatment of "To the Ladies" (Paramount). We approached this satire on business efficiency rather skeptical whether anything substantial could be made from it—seeing that the authors depended on a quantity of witticisms and a realistic slant of that most wearisome of indoor sports—banqueting. Indeed, the play depended entirely upon this banquet

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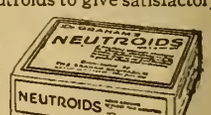
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scene—since it exposed the hokum of after-dinner speeches.

Cruze, however, has enlarged upon the play. He has sensed the keynote of middle-class mediocrity — and draws the humdrum existence of a wage slave in a most human and sympathetic manner. So we have Leonard Beebe (our central character) at home and at the factory—a meek, colorless individual—whose wife goads him into asserting himself. Comes a time when he is advised that he will be called upon to make a speech at a forthcoming banquet, so he memorizes a made-to-order address, one culled from a book. The party who precedes him gives the identical speech, thus stealing his thunder. He is stricken with fear—but his wife grasps the opportunity by making an impromptu address which instantly wins her husband a long-awaited reward. There is a little conflict here which is a sort of anticlimax, but Cruze has handled his material so deftly—that the picture offers a deal of spontaneity of humor—a quality which more than compensates for the rather weak conclusion.

The banquet scene is a gem—one which is never overstressed—and keeping pace with it is a lifelike slant upon those people who buy their homes and their household goods upon the instalment plan—a slant not so well suggested in the play. It is clever satire, skilfully humanized. And expertly acted by Edward Horton, Helen Jerome Eddy, who carries away the honors, Theodore Roberts and Louise Dresser.

AN argumentative subject is given a visual hearing in "This Freedom" (Fox)—and allowing for a scarcity of action which is replaced by wordy captions, it may be called a first-rate picture. Indeed, it is the best English importation to date—and carries out its author's theories to the dot. A. S. M. Hutchinson has not written another "If Winter Comes." In the first place, it doesn't present any such idealistic figure as Mark Sabre, nor does it offer much dramatic movement. However, once its characters are all introduced, it swings into its main argument and finishes with a stirring climax.

Hutchinson argues in a familiar fashion. He would show a woman's home crumbling to pieces in her refusal to abide by the natural law of her sex—the care of that home. She will trespass on man's domains—with the inevitable result—stark tragedy. A daughter dies—and a son is disgraced—and she realizes the futility of her career. But lead-

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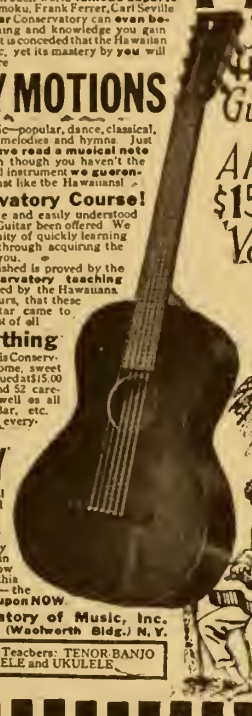
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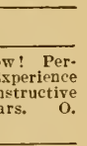


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ing up this chaotic state, the spectator is compelled to sit thru a deal of incidental argument between husband and wife. He is indecisive as she is impulsive. And neither is able to extract any sympathy. It may be said that the heroine presents a pathological study.

The picture is often tiresome and always obvious—but it is deftly acted by Fay Compton—whose poise and understanding are sure and accurate. Her portrayal belongs in the most exclusive gallery. She seems to be the perfect embodiment of what she represents. The other players are colorless in comparison, partly because they're not sufficiently competent; partly because Hutchinson sacrifices lesser characters to make capital of his protagonist.

GEORGE ADE has given Thomas Meighan another likely story in "Woman Proof" (Paramount). While it is a variation of an old theme, the author has a faculty of dressing up his ideas so that they appear novel and bright This time he employs the "Brewster's Millions" formula with a twist or two. Instead of presenting one heir compelled to be married within a specified time—he shows two—in addition to a couple of heiresses. His hero is not painted as a young spendthrift, but as a hard-working youth who is shy of feminine entanglements.

The piece sparkles with bright quips and incident—and while it furnishes a typical movie finish, it is conceived and executed in such a humorous manner—that there is not a single moment of boredom suggested. It offers two or three happy surprises—one of which is the wedding on the ship—with the radio being employed to transmit the marriage to the folks at home. It releases clever satire and is played with fine appreciation by Tom Meighan.

"NOTHING is added, nothing is taken away"—to quote the slogan of a prominent breadmaker—in regard to Bill Hart's picture, "Wild Bill Hickok" (Paramount). It goes back to first principles—back to the days when the man who made gun-toting an art was a Triangle star. The spectator will be more interested in watching Hart—to discover if Bill has some new tricks up his sleeve since his retirement. But he wont be surprised, for the star still carries on in the same, old familiar fashion — crouching when pulling his trigger fingers—and shutting his eyes when the spark of romance fades from his life.

It is quite episodic, tho it does re-



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lease considerable gun-play. But the discerning onlooker will wonder over a few tricks that are exposed. For instance, how is it that Bill can fire his six-shooters fifteen or twenty times without reloading—with bullets speeding toward him on every side? Again he makes a fine target of himself when he raises his guns to the sky before shooting.

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ODDLES of sentiment and romance gush forth in the picture version of "Maytime" (Preferred) until by the time the conclusion is reached, the number is as sticky as a molasses jug. The character of this plot calls for much repetition of scene—and because there is little dramatic movement, the action becomes uninteresting—and this goes for most of the characters. Aside from the development of the romance between the central figures, the lesser characters dont have any opportunities for emotional expression. Several stand around in dramatic postures.

It is not deftly acted. Ethel Shannon not being the right choice for the romantic girl. She appears to be playing the part more than she is living it. The quaint comedy relief of the stage is exceedingly mild and almost negligible. It strikes us as if it could have been done much better. A parade of costumes and romantic postures.

THE edge has been taken off this opus thru its having been picturized before—with much better effectiveness—and also because of any lack of that elusive quality known as suspense. Kipling's "The Light That Failed" (Paramount)—a tale of an artist who is stricken with blindness just as he is completing his masterpiece, is as old-fashioned as it is depressive—and aside from Percy Marmont's sympathetic study of the painter and Jacqueline Logan's brunette appeal, it fails in winning recognition to be placed in the exclusive gallery.

George Melford has much more feeling with his atmosphere, altho he has striven to make the story ring true. But why the suggestion that the artist's sight will return? Must we continually serve up pap to the happy enders? This picture is told smoothly enough, but its vital pathos is only mildly indicated.



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The Yankee Consul

(*Continued from page* 61)

discovery brought a whistle to his lips. He stared down at the official-looking paper on the top tray of the trunk. "Appointment of Abijah Boos as consular agent to San Domingo," he muttered. "Whew, I *am* in bad! Wonder what other crimes besides impersonating a U. S. Consul I'm going to commit?"

With each difficulty, each hint of danger, his spirits rose. With the aid of Morrell's camera and flashlight powder he took his own picture to replace the bewhiskered one on the passport. Meanwhile there was always the chance that he might become better acquainted with the mysterious but lovely lady who needed his help.

The immigration officials regarded the distorted countenance on the passport Ainsworth presented them and shrugged their shoulders—but certainly that was never the señor! "It's awfully kind of you to say so." the señor said gratefully. "Take another look now." He screwed his face into the horrible squint which it had worn when the flashlight powder exploded and the likeness was unmistakable. As he and Morrell emerged from the customs-house, two Americans in white-duck suits and pith helmets pushed thru the clamoring horde of native beggars and the shorter, after a glance at the initials A. B. on the handbag Ainsworth carried, shook him heartily by the hand.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Boos," he said with unmistakable sincerity, "I was afraid you wouldn't get down till the next boat—I'm Ripley, you know, the retiring consul, and I dont want to discourage you right at the outset but I dont mind telling you I'll be mighty glad to go back to the United States."

It was no part of Dudley Ainsworth's plan to carry the impersonation of Abijah Boos beyond the customs-house door. He was opening his lips to disclaim all rights to the name, but the words of the other white-clad man halted his confession. "Excuse me for butting in," said that worthy, "but my name's Doyle, George J. Doyle, I'm a Secret Service man and I've got a warrant here for one Dudley Ainsworth who's wanted back in the States. Do you happen to know whether there was a fellow by that name on board?"

The incoming consul replied hastily that he was certain there wasn't.

The pseudo Abijah Boos mopped a bedewed brow. "Sweet town!" he commented bitterly to Morrell after the others had left, "with a box of gold pieces in the place a man's life wouldn't be worth a German mark if the natives found out about it!"

"Well, you were keen on dying a week ago," Morrell reminded him unfeelingly, "remember that cyanide cocktail you were begging for so piteously? S'long, old top. I'm going to take a nap if I can find a bed—in this marble shanty."

Morrell opened a reluctant eye to see his friend standing over him. "I'm leaving you to guard that chest," Ainsworth said hoarsely, "something has got to be done about it and I'm going to do it! After all, I'm responsible so long as I'm playing consul! And I cant stop playing consul or that Doyle will clap me in jail—God knows what I'm accused of back in the States, probably old Boos wants me arrested for absconding with his nightshirts!"

He was gone, wild-eyed. Morrell winked at the charming lithographed lady taking a bath in a marble pool on the wall, turned over and went to sleep.

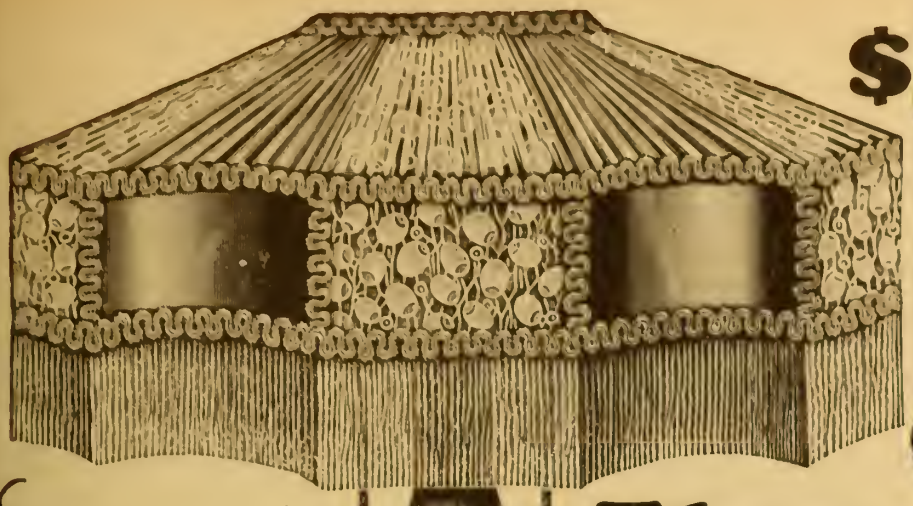
The telegraph office was close to the consulate. Ainsworth signed the atrocious name which it seemed likely he might carry to his grave and handed the message to the operator. "To be sent by radio," he directed and felt in his pockets for change. With a dollar bill he drew out another bit of paper folded in a cocked-hat note and addressed to Abijah Boos in a woman's handwriting. Incredulously he stared down at the single line it contained: "Save me by five o'clock or all is over—Maria, Sans Souci Palace." She must have slipped it into his pocket when she brushed near him in the hurry of disembarking! A quick glance at the clock brought a groan from his lips—four o'clock and in an hour all would be over!

Leopoldo beckoned him with a glitter of polished nails. But Ainsworth shook his head. "I've got an engagement——"

"Certainly. I understand. All the consuls have the engagement to report at the San Souci Palace as soon as they arrive." Leopoldo smiled, "I have come to get you, Señor *Boos!*"

But at least he was going to the Sans Souci Palace where Maria was waiting. The new consul found himself returning the bow of a magnificent gentleman with a uniform that looked like that of the carriage starter at the Ritz Hotel.

(*Continued on page* 103)



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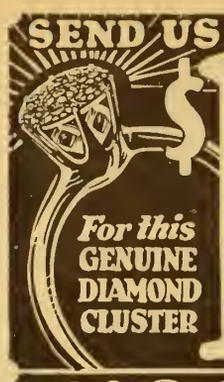
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Flashes from the Eastern Stars

(*Continued from page 57*)

married now three or four months and still adores her Irish husband. The New York critics liked her part in "Flaming Youth." * * * A new studio has opened down in Florida, in no wise discouraged by the big shut down. This studio is located in Hialeah, a suburb of Miami, and is available for immediate use. * * * A play dealing with the custom of married women's retaining their maiden names, titled "The Waning Sex," by **Frederic** and **Fanny Hatton**, has been produced on the West Coast and is to be brought to Broadway at the end of the season. Lucy Stone League, please take warning! * * * **Oliver Morosco** will put into immediate rehearsal a play by Richard A. Purdy, entitled "Across the Street." * * * **Eugene O'Neill**, author of "Anna Christie," says that **Thos. H. Ince's** motion picture of the play is a "fine, true representation, faithful to the spirit and intent of the original." He formed this opinion and expressed it in a telegram to the producer when the film was projected for him at the home of **Kenneth MacGowan**, his associate in the direction of the Provincetown Playhouse. Altho the show lasted over two hours because the eight reels were projected by a small machine at less speed than is usual in a theater, the playwright gave unflagging attention to the first of his dramas to reach the screen. * * * **D. W. Griffith** returned yesterday from Virginia to his Mamaroneck studios, after photographing scenes on eleven historical spots for his Revolutionary film, "America." The surrender of Cornwallis was taken in Yorktown on the ground where it actually occurred. More than forty persons whose ancestors were present at the surrender took part in the scenes. Yorktown gave Griffith a thrill by parking his special train on a siding around which was buried a cache of TNT said by government officials to be valued at two hundred million dollars. This is the army base for high explosives and the tracking where the train stood was on government property. * * * **Dr. Luigi Pirandello** is seated on a pier on the Mediterranean awaiting word from **Brock Pemberton** that one of the Broadway theaters is available for his plays. Mr. Pemberton will probably come in with either "Right You Are" or "Henry IV." It is worthy of remark that Pirandello gained Continental recognition thru America. After "Six Characters in Search of an Author" was produced here, Paris condescended to look at it. The play was a sensation and it was followed by "The Pleasure of Being Honest." Preparations were made to show it in London, but censorship supervened. Then a German manager dashed to Paris to buy all the rights in the world to Pirandello's plays. Mr. Pemberton just managed to secure the American rights. * * * **Booth Tarkington**, who wrote "Pied Piper Malone" especially for **Thomas Meighan**, has consented to write another original story for the screen, according to Mr. Meighan. So pleased was Mr. Tarkington with what he saw at the Paramount Long Island studio where Alfred E. Green is producing "Pied Piper Malone" that he immediately agreed to write another story in the near future for Mr. Meighan. This is the first time that the famous Hoosier author has taken an active part in the filming of one of his stories. He is chief supervisor of the present film and has spent several days at the company's studio getting the story into shape. Mr. Meighan's father died unexpectedly last month and altho both Thomas and James Meighan hurried to Pittsburgh, they were too late. We extend our true sympathy to Mr. Meighan. * * * The memory of **Martha Mansfield's** tragic death is still with us. Her body was sent to New York for burial and many friends of both stage and screen paid their last respects. We are deeply sorry for the passing of a sweet spirit. * * * **Doris Kenyon** just refused a motion-picture offer of $2,500.00 a week, to play the leading rôle in "The Gift," a stage play by Julia Chandler and Anna Lambert Stewart. * * * Rehearsals are under way by **Joseph Schildkraut** in Gladys Unger's "The Robber Knight," which Sam H. Harris is producing. Another of Miss Unger's plays is now in the hands of **Leo Ditrichstein** and **Lola Fisher**. * * * Old Fort Schuyler, New York, which has been practically abandoned for a number of years, has been reconstructed to appear like the St. Lazare prison of Paris for

scenes in "The Humming Bird." From information received from Paris thru Jules Sevilli, of the French Bureau of Information in New York, the art department at the Paramount Long Island studio was able to reconstruct the prison, using the old fort as a foundation. * * * No theatrical person has ever taken the town quite so by storm as did **Dorothy Stone**, oldest daughter of Fred Stone, when she made her début with her father and mother at the Globe Theater. The many things that have been written about this seventeen-year-old prodigy have not been inspired by mawkish sentimentality, if one takes as evidence the manner in which even the hardest boiled critics have raved about her talents. Much has been said about how she was trained for her part in the mimic world from the time she was seven years old. It was not all training that did it. If ever the theory of heredity was proved, it is, in her case. * * * A whole Warner contingent has arrived from the West Coast studios, headed by Jack L. Warner. **Ernest Lubitsch**, his wife, and Erie Locke, the latter's manager. Lubitsch's purpose in coming to New York is three-fold. He has completed his new picture, "The Marriage Circle," and needs a rest; his children are en route from Europe and he has come to meet them; and he has to find material for his next picture to be made under the Warner banner. * * * The Cosmopolitan Corporation announces that it has selected "Janice Meredith" to star **Marion Davies** following her appearance in "Yolanda." "Janice Meredith" has been adapted from the novel of the same name by the late Paul Leicester Ford. It is a romance of the Revolutionary period of American history, and many of its characters are those who were founders of the American Republic, or who were conspicuous in its early development. Those famous in history who will appear in the screen version are: George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Lafayette, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Rochambeau, General Charles Lee, Paul Revere, General Cornwallis, Lord Howe, Major Pitcairn, King Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. The research necessary for the planning of costumes, settings and multitudinous details of the production has consumed nearly a year. It has been found necessary to scour antique shops, museums and Colonial homes in New England and New York for paraphernalia, such as muskets, swords and clothing appropriate to the time, which will give a note of accuracy. * * * **Thomas Meighan** and his company of fifty-nine players ended their stay in Georgetown, S. C., where they have been filming exterior scenes for "Pied Piper Malone," with a benefit performance for the poor children of the town which netted six hundred dollars. Mr. Meighan contributed one hundred dollars and other members of the company gave two hundred dollars, the balance coming from the townspeople who paid to see the performance. * * * Vitagraph announces that it has purchased world rights to "Borrowed Husbands," by Mildred K. Barbour, for the third **J. Stuart Blackton** production to be released by this firm. The scenario is now being written by **C. Graham Baker**, editor-in-chief of Vitagraph. * * * **Albert E. Smith**, president of Vitagraph, has returned from London where he met **Rafael Sabatini**, author of "Captain Blood," world picture rights to which Mr. Smith purchased. He had the exceptional experience of spending a day with the author and tramping over the scenes near Bridgewater, where the story is laid. * * * **Whitman Bennett** announces that his screen production, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," is almost finished. From what he has already seen of the film edition of Edward Eggleston's story, Mr. Bennett believes that the production adheres faithfully to the original story. It is a portrayal of the early pioneer days of Indiana—the days of '53, when a few hardy advocates of "law and order" coped with night riders who would have made of frontier life an endless horror. It is a story of the period in Indiana history when neighbor distrusted neighbor and only seeds of hate were sown until the Hoosier schoolmaster came to bring order out of chaos. **Henry Hull** plays the lead. * * * **J. Parker Read, Jr.**, is producing in Europe a film version of **Rex Beach's** story, "The Recoil," for Goldwyn. **Betty Blythe** is the star and **Mahlon Hamilton** will be seen opposite her. The scenes will be laid in London, Paris, Rome and Monte Carlo. * * * Hodkinson announces for January "Grit," a Film Guild production, starring **Glenn Hunter**. The story is by F. Scott Fitzgerald and in the cast is **Clara Bow**, who made her film début in "Down to the Sea in Ships," and **Osgood Perkins**, who played the Devil in "Puritan Passions." * * *

The Yankee Consul

(*Continued from page* 100)

"Señor Boos, Don Rafael Deschado is your worship's servant," this resplendent being assured him, "we will drink the health, no? Yes? But first one so-small matter of business. You Yan-kees do not mind the business, yes? No?" he poked a playful finger into Dudley's ribs, "you have in your consulate some property of mine, a chest, no? Yes! Ah, you will deliver it to my servant when you return? Yes? No?" Tho couched in terms of a question, it sounded more like an order.

"I'll be damned if I will!" Ainsworth returned promptly. What would happen next he did not know and he didn't particularly care. A fellow rigged up like a musical-comedy king giving orders to a citizen of the United States! His muscles tautened for defence, then he uttered a startled exclamation. For an instant the curtains at the end of the room had parted, showing the terrified face of Maria, more beautiful than ever in its distress, then a hand clasped around her throat, drew her back and the curtains closed.

In six strides the Yankee consul had reached them, but the room beyond was empty. Hot rage swept him, he whirled violently upon the two men to demand an explanation, only to find that they too had disappeared!

The next hour was too crammed with action to leave time for sane thought. It did not even surprise him that suits of armor should come to gibbering life as he raced down endless stone corridors and hack at him with battle-axes or that an uppercut upon the point of the vizor should reveal Leopoldo's face within.

And then, from the direction of the sea came the roar of a cannon in salute. The umbrella wavered in Dudley Ainsworth's hand. "Thank God!" he gasped, "the Navy got my wireless for help and has come."

The words had a strange effect upon the two corpses, bringing them to life with a start. Morrell uttered an exclamation of consternation and flung the revolver pettishly into a far corner. "You sent for the United

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States Navy?" he wailed, "a nice mess you've got us in!"

The faces of Leopoldo and Don Rafael registered ludicrous dismay. Maria helpless with laughter had sunk upon the chest. With growing comprehension Ainsworth's glance traveled from one to the other. Very slowly he clicked his heels together and made them a stiff little bow. "I confess," he said curtly, "that I dont see it all yet, but I take it I have been furnishing you with a good deal of amusement by playing the fool. If you are quite thru, perhaps you will excuse me——"

He was turning away but a small hand touched his arm. The laughter had slipped from Maria's lips: "Oh you mustn't think that! It was all a plot to furnish you with an interest in life. Jack was terribly worried about you when he had dinner with us last week and we decided that you needed something to take your mind off yourself and—and—your collar buttons!"

Morrell gripped his friend's hand. "If it will make you feel any better to kick me downstairs, Dud, old fellow, go ahead and kick. But dont blame the others, they're all good friends of mine and I persuaded them into it. I meant well, but I didn't reckon on your sending for the Navy!"

Ainsworth's set face relaxed. He smiled grudgingly.

Maria turned from the window. "No need to worry about the Admiral!" she exulted. "I can see the flags on the launch—it's the *Bellerphon* that got your message, and my Uncle Walter is in command! But I am afraid your reign is almost over, Mr. Consul!"

Dudley Ainsworth took a step toward her and there was something in his expression that sent the others hastily tiptoeing out of the room. Morrell, last to leave, turned on the threshold, "Oh, by the way, Dud, let me introduce Miss Mary Rutledge—she's the girl I wanted you to meet in New York. Mary's awfully clever. I bet she even knows how to put collar buttons in shirts——"

In two strides Dudley reached the door, slamming it on his chum's grin, then he turned back into the room. "A joke?" he asked softly, taking the lovely face before him between his big palms, "was it—all a joke, my dear? The things I said to you this afternoon—the things you said to me?"

A lusty knock sounded on the door. "I say, Dud," Morrell called, "how about it? Do I win the ten thousand?"

He rapped again, more loudly, but there was no answer. The two within had not heard. . . .



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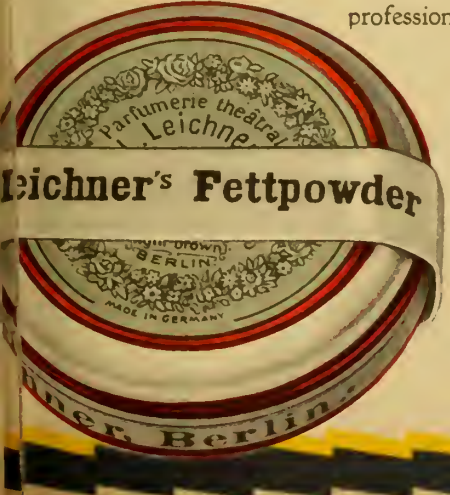
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With Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Charles Ogle, Julia Faye, George Fawcett, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Raymond Hatton. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. From the story by May Edginton.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in "MEN"
A DIMITRI BUCHOWETSKI Production. From the story by Dimitri Buchowetski. Screen play by Paul Bern.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
RUDOLPH VALENTINO in "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"
A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production
With Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman. From the novel by Booth Tarkington and the play by Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
Zane Grey's
"WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND"
An IRVIN WILLAT production with Jack Holt, Kathlyn Williams, Noah Beery and Billie Dove. Screen play by George C. Hull and Victor Irvin.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
GLORIA SWANSON in "MANHANDLED"
An ALLAN DWAN Production. From the Saturday Evening Post story of the same name by Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

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Paramount Pictures

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President
NEW YORK CITY

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XX OCTOBER, 1924 No. 2

COVER PORTRAIT—BEBE DANIELS

Painted by E. Dahl from a photograph by Russell Ball

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CLASSIC comes out on the 12th of every month, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE on the 1st, BEAUTY on the 15th

Announcement for November

MARION DAVIES and her "Janice Meredith" curl on a lovely lavender cover

"WHO'S ZOO AT THE STUDIOS?"

Is the title of one of those clever and informative articles by **Dorothy Donnell** about the animals, wild and tame, in the movies: How they are trained; where they are kept; their habits, family life, working hours and so forth.

"Almost the only animal that cannot be found in Hollywood is the well-known wolf at the door."

Says the writer of this original and witty story. There's another **Jim Tully** story too, and **Harry Carr** interviews the firm's first villain, **Wallace Beery.** You cant possibly overlook the November number of **"That Different Screen Magazine."**

Current Stage Plays

Tabloid Reviews by Marion Martone

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Ambassador.—"The Dream Girl." A musical version of "The Road to Yesterday." Music by Victor Herbert. With Fay Bainter, Walter Woolf, Edna May Oliver, George LeMaire, Billy B. Van, Harry Delf and Wyn Richmond.

Apollo.—"Scandals." George White's new revue; an elaborate and lively show. Among the principals in the cast are: Winnie Lightner, Lester Allen, Tom Patricola, Will Mahoney, Richard Bold, Helen Hudson, Newtown Alexander, Thea Lightner, Olive Vaughn, The Williams Sisters, Elm City Four, Alice Weaver, Sally Starr, James Miller, and the De Marcos and their seven sheiks.

Booth.—"Dancing Mothers." A play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding, with Helen Hayes, Mary Young, Henry Stephenson, John Halliday and others.

Broadhurst.—"Beggar on Horseback." An odd and interesting dream play, in which a poor struggling composer, under the influence of an opiate, goes off into a troubled sleep and has a nightmare. Roland Young gives a fine performance as the composer who moves through the nightmare. A fantastic pantomime with charming music is introduced in the second act.

Carroll.—"Kid Boots." A gay musical comedy with gorgeous settings and costumes. Eddie Cantor furnishes some excellent comedy as caddie master and private bootlegger, while Mary Eaton supplies some exceptionally good dancing and singing.

Casino.—"I'll Say She Is." The clever Marx Brothers' quartet in a delightful musical comedy revue. It has a splendid cast which includes Cecile d'Andres, who performs some sensational and daring dances, and the three De Villon sisters of the *Folies Bergère,* Paris.

Century.—"The Miracle." A gorgeous spectacle which no one should miss; magnificently staged and acted.

Cherry Lane.—"The Way of the World." Congreve's comedy. Review later.

George M. Cohan.—"The Haunted House." A play by Owen Davis. Review later.

Colonial.—"The Chocolate Dandies." A Negro revue. Review later.

Cort.—"Fashion." A revival of a comedy of manners; the sensational success of 1845.

Daly's.—"White Cargo." Leon Gordon's vivid play about a young Englishman who succumbs to the wiles of a half-breed in the absence of white women on the west coast of Africa. The cast includes Conway Wingfield, Richard Stevenson and A. E. Anson.

Empire.—"Grounds for Divorce." A comedy from the Hungarian. Review later.

Fifty-second Street Theater.—"The Crazy Quilt." A revue something like "Charlot's Revue."

Forty-eighth Street.—"Expressing Willie." A delightful comedy by Rachel Crothers in which a simple girl from the Middle West happens among a week-end party in a country house on Long Island, and, by her goodness, exposes and humbles the demi-fashionable and demi-fakes.

Forty-ninth Street.—"The Werwolf." A play from the German of Rudolph Lothar, adapted by Gladys Unger, with Laura Hope Crews, Lennox Pawle, Warburton Gamble, Leslie Howard, Bela Lugosi, Marion Coakley, and others.

Frazee.—"Sweeney Todd." An excellent and well-acted revival of the old English melodrama about a murderous barber. The program also includes "Bombastes Furioso"—a sensational burlesque operetta.

Fulton.—"Top Hole." Musical comedy. Review later.

Garrick.—"Fata Morgana." An ironic comedy of Hungarian country manners and Budapest morals. The cast includes Morgan Farley, Emily Stevens and Helen Westley.

Gaiety.—"Silence." A play by Max Marcin. Review later.

Globe.—"Keep Kool." A clever and comic revue with Hazel Dawn, Johnny Dooley, Charles King, Ina Williams, and others.

Greenwich Village.—"All God's Chillun Got Wings." A tragic story of a stumbling, groping Negro law student who tries to break down the barriers separating the white and the black races.

Harris.—"Plain Jane." A lavishly produced musical comedy in which the heroine, Lorraine Manville, invents something new in rag dolls. This comedy is made popular by its slick, smart, exciting dancing and extremely beautiful tunes. The cast includes Joe Laurie, Jr., Marion Saki, and May Cory Kitchen.

Hippodrome.—Keith vaudeville. The greatest entertainment in the world's largest theater.

Hudson.—"Cobra." A well-acted play of sex reactions. Judith Anderson plays the rôle of a snakish charmer who lures a rich youth into marriage.

Imperial.—"Rose-Marie." A musical comedy. Review later.

Klaw.—"The Green Beetle." A play by John Willard. Review later.

Liberty.—"Vanities." Earl Carroll's annual revue. Review later.

Little.—"Pigs." A comedy. Review later.

Lyceum.—"The Best People." A comedy by David Gray and Avery Hopwood, adapted from David Gray's story, "The Self-Determination of the Lennoxes," with James Rennie, Florence Johns, Frances Howard, Hope Brown and Charles Richman.

Miller's.—"Strange Bedfellows." A pleasantly foolish comedy in which William Courtleigh plays the rôle of a Tammany type political boss who proves he is honest when he tries to beat big business and high society grafters by directing the campaign of a woman's party. Majorie Gateson, Glenn Anders, Alice Fleming and others make up the cast.

Morosco.—"No Other Girl." Musical comedy, with Helen Ford, Eddie Buzzell, Francis X. Donegan, Henry Mortimer, John Sheehan, Ruth Conley, Doris Eaton, and Helen Carrington.

Music Box.—"No, No, Nanette." Musical version of "My Lady Friends." Review later.

Neighborhood.—"Grand Street Follies." Is somewhat of an American "Charlot's Revue." Exceedingly smart and "peppy." Pokes fun at everything and everybody. "Little Theater" groups should see this perfectly splendid "spoofing."

New Amsterdam.—"Follies." A new "Follies" in which the American girl is again glorified in the characteristic Ziegfeld way. A lavish production. Will Rogers, Ann Pennington, Lupino Lane, Viviene Segal, Irving Fisher, Evelyn Shaw, Martha Lorber, and George Olsen and his orchestra are members of the cast.

Palace.—Keith vaudeville. Always a good bill, and drawing more and more talent from the headliners of the regulars.

Playhouse.—"The Show-Off." A highly entertaining comedy of an American family, the daughter of which is in love with a vain and untrustworthy braggart who is forever getting himself and those about him into some kind of mess.

Princess.—"The Wonderful Visit," by H. G. Wells and St. John Ervine, in which Catherine Murphy plays the rôle of an angel who falls to earth and exposes the evil doings of the earth dwellers.

Republic.—"Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments of the Irish and the Jew, in which the irreconcilable is reconciled thru emotion.

Ritz.—"Hassard Short's Ritz Revue."

(*Continued on page* 8)

Classic Lists the Plays in New York That You Should See

The Miracle
Charlot's Revue
The Show-Off
White Cargo
Expressing Willie

IT'S HERE AT LAST!

The Great American Picture



AND what more natural than that it should tell the engrossing story of a great American — in many ways the greatest of all Americans.

"Here is a screen epic if ever there was one—something to be mentioned in the same breath as 'The Birth of a Nation,' which it even surpasses."
—BOSTON ADVERTISER.

AL *and* RAY ROCKETT'S

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Scenario by FRANCES MARION *Directed by* PHILIP ROSEN

THE best proof in the world that fact can be every bit as thrilling as fiction is to be found in this remarkable photoplay. It is film entertainment of the finest sort. Happily it was realized that the life of the great emancipator, unvarnished and unaltered, contained all the elements that make for genuine drama of the kind that holds an audience spellbound.

During its tense moments you scarcely dare breathe lest you dispel the charm which has been woven around you

Your local theatre will show "Abraham Lincoln." Learn when by inquiring at the box office.

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Miss Charlotte Stevens, Christie Film Company.

"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

—Sergei Marinoff

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home"

FEW people living outside of New York, Chicago or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from ten dollars an hour.

But now, the famous Sergei Marinoff has worked out a system of home instruction. You can learn classic dancing in all its forms — interpretive, Russian, ballet, aesthetic, Greek — at a mere fraction of the cost of lessons in the studio.

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A dainty costume, designed so as to permit free use of the limbs, ballet slippers, everything you need to help you with your lessons, comes FREE with the course. Simple charts and beautiful photographs illustrate every lesson while phonograph records and the simply worded text teach the essential points of technique.

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And guided by the charts, the photographs of Marinoff students and the easy text, you master the technique of the dance.

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Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....*Age*.....

Current Stage Plays

(*Continued from page 6*)

Revue by Anne Caldwell, and Roy and Kenneth Webb; music by Jerome Kern and others. With Charlotte Greenwood, Tom Burke, Myrtle Schaaf, Hal Forde, and Brennan and Rogers.

Selwyn.—"Charlot's Revue of 1924." A London revue produced by André Charlot, and imported by the Selwyns, with Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Laurence, Hobert Munden, Nelson Keys, Jack Buchanan, and others.

Shubert.—"Marjorie." Musical comedy. With Elizabeth Hines, Richard Gallagher, Andrew Tombes, Roy Royston, Ethel Shutta. Review later.

Vanderbilt.—"The Exiles." A play by Arthur Richman. Review later.

Winter Garden.—"Innocent Eyes." A musical comedy-revue of extreme sophistication. Lively and swiftly-moving.

ON TOUR

"Abie's Irish Rose." An amusing study in temperaments. Second company.

"Artists and Models." Second company.

"Blossom Time." A musical comedy based on the life of Franz Schubert.

"Dew Drop Inn." Wherein a black-faced comedian leads the musical show.

"George White's Scandals." A *de luxe* edition.

"Good Morning, Dearie." Entertaining musical comedy.

"Greenwich Village Follies." Musical revue.

"Helen of Troy, New York." A good musical comedy.

"Icebound." A dramatic study of New England life.

"Lady in Ermine." A musical comedy concerning a romantic legend.

"A Lesson in Love." An emotional comedy-drama.

"Lightnin'." The comedy that Frank Bacon made famous.

"Little Jessie James." A lively and entertaining musical comedy.

"Loyalties," a Galsworthy play with an English cast—the story of Semitic conflict.

"Magnolia," a Booth Tarkington comedy.

"Merton of the Movies." About a self-visualized movie hero.

"Shuffle Along." A Negro revue.

"The Bat." The Hopwood - Rinehart mystery play of record run.

"The Business Widow." A comedy from the German.

"The Changelings." A comedy.

"The Dancers." An old-time British melodrama.

"The Dancing Girl." Song and dance.

"The Fool," a drama about a minister who tries to follow the life of Christ in modern locale.

"The Gingham Girl." Good comedy and better music.

"The Good Old Days," a prohibition divertissement.

"The Nervous Wreck," an Owen Davis farce. Second company.

"The Perfect Fool." Edwin Wynn making it perfect.

"Thumbs Down." A somewhat wild but amusing mystery play.

"Topics of 1923." A spectacular revue with the French comédienne, Alice Delysia.

"Up the Ladder," a drama concerning the newly married and their extravagance.

"Two Fellows and a Girl," typical Cohan comedy-drama.

"Wildflower," which has a delightful musical score. Second company.

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UNEXCELLED ENTERTAINMENTS
for
1924-1925

AND ABOVE ALL DON'T MISS THESE

5 SUPER PHOTOPLAYS

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK
Jules Eckert Goodman's play from novel by John Fleming Wilson
An Emmett Flynn production

THE FOOL
From Channing Pollock's stage triumph of the same name
A Harry Millarde production

DANTE'S INFERNO
A modern version of the classic
A Henry Otto production

THE DANCERS
From stage play by Gerald du Maurier and Viola Tree
An Emmett Flynn production

HUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN HOLLYWOOD
A thrilling Comedy Melodrama
A Thomas Buckingham production

Watch For Your Theatre's Announcement of These

26 Special Screen Plays

THE PAINTED LADY
From the story by Larry Evans
A Chester Bennett production

GERALD CRANSTON'S LADY
From the novel by Gilbert Frankau
An Emmett Flynn production

TOM MIX in OH, YOU TONY!
A sizzling Comedy Melodrama
A J. G. Blystone production

DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT
Secrets and perils of the telephone girl
An Elmer Clifton production

TOM MIX in TEETH
A red-blooded Drama with Duke, the dog, and Tony, the horse
A J. G. Blystone production

THE CYCLONE RIDER
Lincoln J. Carter's latest thriller
A Thomas Buckingham production

TOM MIX in DICK TURPIN
A thrilling adventure romance
A John Conway production

THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA
David Belasco's stage triumph
An Elmer Clifton production

TOM MIX in RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
With Tony, the Wonder Horse
Zane Grey's best seller
A Lynn Reynolds production

THORNS OF PASSION
Adapted from "The Roughneck" by Robert W. Service
A John Conway production

TOM MIX and TONY in THE RAINBOW TRAIL
Zane Grey's Western Drama
A Lynn Reynolds production

TOM MIX in THE DEADWOOD COACH
With Tony, the Wonder Horse
From Clarence E. Mulford's novel "The Orphan"
A John Conway production

EVERYMAN'S WIFE
Intrigue, mystery and happiness
An Emmett Flynn production

TOM MIX in THE LAST OF THE DUANES
Zane Grey's virile Drama, with Tony, the wonder horse
A Lynn Reynolds production

IT IS THE LAW
A mystery Drama that swept America
A J. Gordon Edwards production

FLAMES OF DESIRE
Adapted from Ouida's "Strathmore"
A Denison Clift production

HEARTS OF OAK
James A. Herne's celebrated Melodrama
A John Ford production

THE LAST MAN ON EARTH
A fantastic novelty with 1,000 beautiful girls
A J. G. Blystone production

GOLD HEELS
Based on "Checkers," by Henry M. Blossom, Jr.
A Lambert Hillyer production

IN LOVE WITH LOVE
From Comedy Drama by Vincent Lawrence
A J. G. Blystone production

DARWIN WAS RIGHT
The Human Monkeys in a screen novelty
A Lewis Seiler production

TROUBLES OF A BRIDE
At what age should a girl marry?
A Thomas Buckingham production

NEPTUNE'S ROMANCE
A fantasy of love, beauty and romance
A Henry Otto production

DAMAGED SOULS
A chapter from life today
A John Ford production

THE HUNTED WOMAN
James Oliver Curwood's novel of the great outdoors
A John Ford production

SHE WOLVES
A story of Paris
A Maurice Elvey production

FOX FILM CORPORATION
WEST 55TH STREET NEW YORK



1 After moistening hair with Spanish Curling Liquid, furnished free with every Curling Cap, place cap over the head and pull the hair forward through the rubberized cross pieces with the fingers.



2 The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces and allowed to dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.

Patents Pending



3 After 15 minutes the hair is dry, the cap is removed and your mirror reflects as beautiful a Marcelle as you ever had in your life.

Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves any Hair

Startling new invention makes marcelling quick and easy

HERE'S the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—whether it's thick and fluffy or thin and scraggly—for this great beauty invention insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls *all the time* at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes' time every few days.

Like all great inventions, McGowan's Curling Cap is very simple. There is no complicated apparatus. Nothing to catch in your hair or get out of order. It is a simple device that applies the principles of the curling iron, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling fluid —Spanish Curling Liquid—in the place of water and heat.

You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces until it dries, when the Curling Cap is removed, and you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour's time.

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There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marcelles and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan's Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid she can have a fresh Marcelle every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

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If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least $10 or $15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of $2.87 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Curling Cap. This delightful hair balsam is not only a marvelous curling fluid, but a splendid tonic as well. It makes the hair soft and glossy, and promotes luxurious growth. There is no heat to sear the tender strands of hair and dry out the scalp.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him $2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you don't find it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marcelles just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way, just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

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Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your newly invented Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit $2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit to you and you are to refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose $3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

VOL. XX No. 2



W. F. Seely

BETTY AND EVELYN FRANCISCO

Here is another pretty pair of sisters who ornament the screen. Betty has already "arrived," and Evelyn is a Mack Sennett beauty, which will eventually mean the same thing



Miss Faire is an American girl with an odd Oriental charm. She is one of the several Brewster Fame and Fortune Contest girls who have made good in pictures. Her current film is the wonderful Conan Doyle story, "The Lost World," which First National, Inc., is screening

Ball

VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE



Waxman

CARMEL MYERS

The lovely Carmel is commuting these days between Germany and Italy miraculously, managing to make a picture in either country; "Garragan" for Germany, and "Ben Hur" in Italy. At least, as we go to press, she was still in the "Ben Hur" cast



Waxman

Fox's pretty popular starlet has just finished making "The Great Diamond Mystery," and is plunging gaily into the scramble to be called "Her Husband's Wives." Bet he wishes they were all Shirley! Any husband would, for one cant have too much of a good thing

SHIRLEY MASON



Waxman

JACK PICKFORD

Who represents the sartorial perfection of Hollywood and New York. His next film will be "Her Son." We cant help wondering why his wife, Marilynn Miller, doesn't star with him

Where Was

By DOROTHY



Above: Getting a closeup in motion. Jacqueline Logan and Malcolm McGregor



Above: Altho it looks dangerous, it isn't. The scene was shot down a hill

AN English actress who has played a lifetime of successful rôles on the speaking stage was persuaded to take a part in a motion picture. Her contempt for the proceedings grew during her first morning's work at the studio and when the director shouted to her not to look at the camera it found most forceful vent.

"Look at the camera!" shrieked the outraged actress, "why, my good man, I dont even know where the thing *is!*"

Something of the poor woman's bewilderment fills the mind of the picture fan who watches a troop of horsemen gallop straight out of the screen toward him, or finds himself peering into an eagle's nest perched on a dizzy crag. Where, oh, where is the camera? It seems to be able to go everywhere, and see everything—sometimes, indeed, it reveals to us intimate scenes which convict it of peering thru keyholes!

When Rod La Rocque was whirled on a seething rip tide toward the rocks in the "Ten Commandments," *where was the camera?* When Dorothy Devore, the feminine gender of Harold Lloyd, hangs by one hand from the tenth story of an office building, what is the cameraman who catches her plight doing? And when Douglas McLean in "The Yankee Consul" gazes at us over the railing of the top deck of an ocean steamship, is our mental picture of a photographer suspended by one hand from an aeroplane while he cranks his machine with the other the correct explanation?

The eye of the camera is only one-eighth of an inch in diameter. Yet into this tiny opening millions of dollars are poured every year, thru this Cyclops eye pass French Revolutionary mobs with thousands of extras, and closeups of a single face, exteriors showing the restless horizons of the sea or the skyline of a city, and interiors of a de Millionaire bathroom, speeding automobiles and peregrinating snails. The exodus of a race, and the passage of the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments," came to us thru the same camera-eye that recorded the humble supper-table in the second half of the picture.

The secret of these widely different shots lies in the camera angle, the position from which they were taken. There used to be a saying to the effect that a camera doesn't lie. Dont you believe it! The modern movie machine makes Ananias a piker by comparison and Munchausen's record look as spotless as George Washington's. For instance, the camera tells you—doesn't it?—that these children in an "Our Gang" comedy are in deadly peril of falling at any moment some twenty stories to



Above: Leatrice Joy was followed to the top of this structure by the Ackley camera



Above: By the clever angle at which this was shot, the onlooker is made to feel he is listening, too. Right: King Vidor and his cameraman, Charles von Enger, getting the wheels of a speeding car



The Camera?

DONNELL

the street below, while, as a matter of fact, they are just as safe as tho they were in their own little beddy byes. The plank on which they are so dizzily balanced is only a few feet from the top of a hillside, and the camera has simply shot the scene at an angle which doesn't show the ground and does show the street far below at the bottom of the hill.

As for the incredibly beautiful beings who people the silver screen—well, of course, the stars are a nice-looking lot of boys and girls, but at that the camera tells a few polite fibs about some of them. It can make an ordinary every-day actor into an Adonis and a girl with features of Celtic architecture look as Greek as Mrs. Menelaus of Troy.

What the camera sees and shows us on the screen, is not what the cameraman sees. The human eye has a wider range of vision than the lens but it can focus on only one point at a time. Thus the cameraman who shot the magic-carpet scene in "The Thief of Bagdad" saw not only the seething crowd of three thousand extras in the market square of an Eastern dream city which the camera saw, but the board fence where tourists from Keokuk were getting splinters in their noses trying to peek thru, the hot-dog wagons on the outskirts of Bagdad and the chewing-gum signs and radio masts on the roofs of the apartment houses beyond. On the other hand, he saw only a few faces in the crowd distinctly while the camera saw everything with equal clearness.

If the motion-picture camera couldn't do things impossible to human eyesight, there would be no motion pictures. It must be able to depict the emotions on the face of a man standing on the farther side of a deep chasm, to follow a speeding auto so swiftly that its occupants are plainly visible, to get above people's heads and see around them—in short, it must possess the powers of a telescope, magnifying glass, X-Ray machine, and an old maid's spy-glass at one and the same time.

The increased flexibility of the camera angle is perhaps the most important advance in cinema taking since the days when screen husbands turned erring wives into the driving snow with a stern semaphore gesture of the arm, screen villains struggled with the heroines until their hair came virtuously down, and screen comedians sat down suddenly on a screen banana, all within a carefully chalk-marked triangle with the camera as its apex. Film wives still stagger thru the snow, film comedians still heave the same kind of pies that mother used to throw, but the camera is no longer on the floor in front of them. It may be peeking Lady Teazlingly from behind a screen,



This scene from "Babbitt" is a natural eye-level angle, very intimate all around

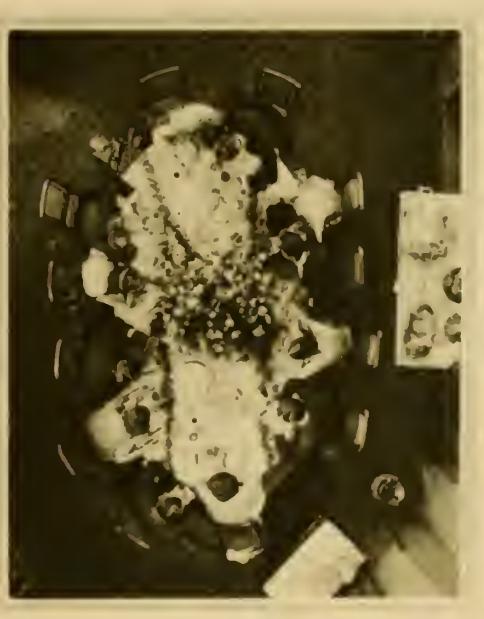


Above: An elaborate device for taking a man at the wheel of a car





Above: Here the camera was lashed to the topmast of a sailing vessel in Los Angeles harbor. Left: To get these charging horses, the camera was buried in an underground dugout



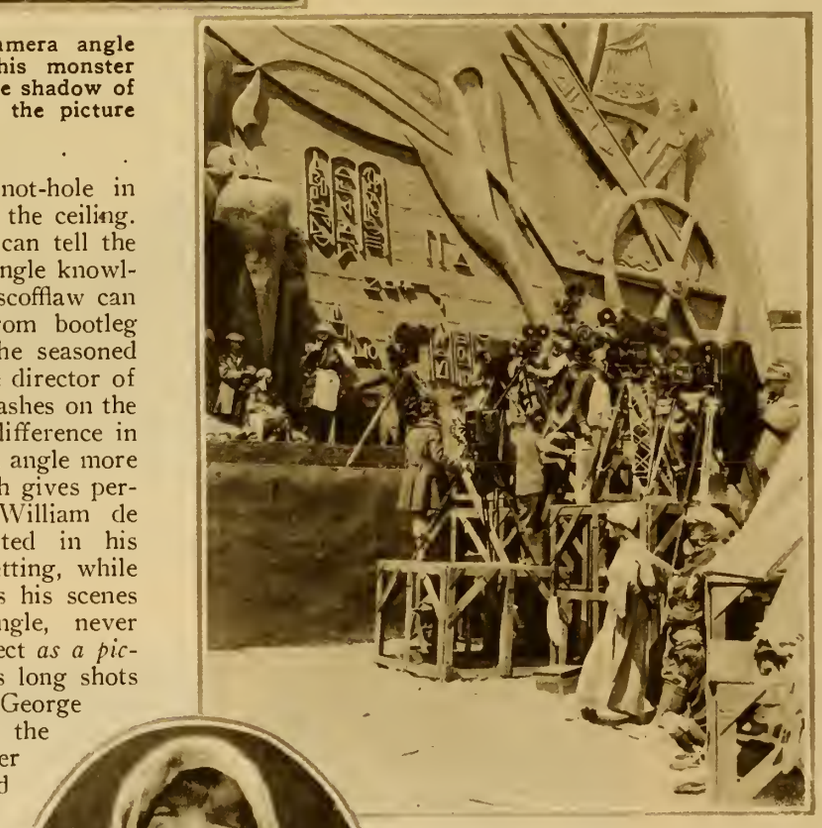
Above: We give up guessing where the camera was for this scene in "Law Against Law"



Above: An odd camera angle was required for this monster shadow. It is not the shadow of the man present in the picture

snooping up thru a knot-hole in the floor or slung from the ceiling.

As the average man can tell the make of a car with a single knowledgeable glance, as the scofflaw can distinguish Bourbon from bootleg with the first sip, so the seasoned movie fan can name the director of a picture when it first flashes on the screen. And it is the difference in their uses of the camera angle more than anything else which gives personality to pictures. William de Mille is more interested in his characters than their setting, while his brother Cecil shoots his scenes from the audience angle, never losing sight of their effect *as a picture*. Griffith alternates long shots with closeups and George Melford works from the story angle, and in order to catch interesting and revealing bits of action takes his camera right onto the set and eavesdrops on what is going on from behind the piano or thru the shower-bath curtains. One director, perhaps, has a penchant for close-ups and so we have enormous glycerine tears the size of marbles rolling down the giant cheeks of beauty in distress, another likes wide angles with solitary horsemen on the horizon, while still another treats the onlooker to such intimate viewpoints that he has the uncomfortable sensation of having opened the wrong door by mistake.





In "Greed," von Stroheim, the celluloid Bernard Shaw, has taken a motion picture entirely from a "practical" angle for the first time. By this, he explains, he means the angle from which a human being would be likely to see the same scene in real life and not from a distorted position as tho the onlooker were perched on the chandelier or draped on the picture molding. The audience is added to the cast of characters. Step right up onto the screen, Ladeez and Gen'lemen! Meet Mist' McTeague and th' wife and make yourselves at home!

In one scene in "Greed" you sit with the McTeagues and their gabby friend Marcus as one of the group, while a slight change in the camera angle would make you an eavesdropping outsider. In another scene where an old woman presses her ear to the wall in order to overhear what is being said in the next room you feel an actual sensation of ear strain, so close does the camera bring you to the wall!

Below: Here the camera is raised thirty feet above the mob to include several thousand people in the angle of vision

"A Woman of Paris" leads the spectator onto the screen first by a long shot of a house, then a closer view of the same house with the heroine's face looking out of an upper window, and last of all he is brought inside the room with her. This is a familiar use of the camera angle, but there are no such rapid alterations of distance in "Greed," during the course of a single episode. It leaves an audience mentally breathless, von Stroheim claims, to approach within three feet of something, then instantly to dash back a couple of blocks and the next moment pounce to another viewpoint like a restless kangaroo afflicted with Saint Vitus' Dance.

If you are one of those who hoist an opera-glass at emotional moments in a (*Cont'd on page* 90)

Left: The closeup is the screen's substitute for opera-glasses. Below: The only way to get faces in a crowd is to shoot from above





G. Eder

Albertina Rasch

One time première danseuse of the Imperial Opera of Vienna, this famous dancer is now in this country interpreting her art. She is a stern and relentless maîtresse de ballet, and the men and women of her ensemble betray an effortless technique no less perfect than her own. She recently danced a few feet of film in "Virtuous Liars"



White

Jetta and Her Temperament

By
HARRY CARR

Elle Est Française,
Mais Oui! Et Ce
N'Est Pas Tout!

NOT since Pola Negri arrived from Germany with her five-carat diamond has Hollywood had such a thrill.

The lady's name is Jetta Goudal. She looks like a beautiful Cossack. She looks like an Oriental princess. She looks like . . . well, whatever it is that has changing hazel eyes that slant at the corners; that slumber and drowse; then blaze with fires.

But Jetta insists that she is none of these thrilling and exciting things. She says she is just French.

She came here from New York to play a vampish rôle in "Open All Night," which is being filmed at the Lasky studio.



White



Above is Jetta Goudal in the fascinating rôle of La Pilar in "The Bright Shawl," in which she first attracted the attention of the critics. At the top of the page, a late portrait and left, with Paul Bern, who directed her in "Open All Night"

In addition to the Hollywood advent of the beauteous Jetta, this picture is notable in some other ways. It is the first independent free-lance engagement of Viola Dana since she voluntarily renounced stardom; it is the first picture to be directed by Paul Bern, the brilliant scenario writer recently promoted to a megaphone; the scenario is the work of Willis Goldbeck and is said to be the finest script ever written in Hollywood. So, altogether, Jetta has stepped into fast company.

In hoarse stage whispers, Hollywood has exchanged the information that she is said to be the most temperamental actress that has ever been on the screen. When you ask Jetta about this, her eyes wander up and down your personality; then they half close and she says with a tired little smile that she isn't temperamental at all; she just has her own ideas about things.

She says otherwise she never would have been here in America at all.

You see it was this way. When the war broke out, Jetta was a very young girl—sixteen or seventeen.

But she was engaged to be married. Her fiancé was a lieutenant in the French army. He was wounded in the very first engagement of his regiment. They repaired him in a hospital as well as they could and detailed him to special work in connection with the diplomatic corps. This kept him galloping from one allied country to another, so Jetta never saw him. She worked for a while with the Belgian refugees. Then she couldn't stand it any longer. It was too harrowing. She decided to come to America.

Here was where Jetta's far-famed temperament began to function. They told her she couldn't possibly get a passport in less than three weeks.



White

Just now this fascinating foreigner is one of the vamps in Valentino's picture, "The Sainted Devil." Harry Carr says of her: She has the French instinct for gesture and the French adroitness of suggestion

Edward Bower Hesser



"There's a steamer sailing tomorrow and I am going to be on board," she said.

"There aren't any berths," they faltered.

"I'll have one," she told them. And she showed me the way she looked at the offending French officials. If Germany had attacked suddenly while the French Government was still quailing under that look, the Kaiser would right now be collecting taxes in Paris.

"When the boat sailed," says Jetta, "I was on board and I had a berth."

She said she didn't want to act over here. She just wanted to hide and forget. But somebody was always dragging her out of her solitude and making her act. So, if she was temperamental, it was because she didn't want to, anyhow.

She appeared in the "Bright Shawl" and "The Green Goddess" and on the stage in "Simon Called Peter"; and now she has come to Hollywood.

"They always give me parts where I have to be drunk," she said the day she struck Hollywood. "I hope they give me a

(*Continued on page 78*)

Some Costume Caricatures

By
VICTOR De PAUW





Above is Valentino in his double rôle of aristocrat and barber in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Right are three characterizations of Milton Sills in the manly rôle of The Sea Hawk; this picture is still filling a big New York theater daily, by the way



Left is George Walsh when he *was* making "Ben Hur," Mary Pickford as Mistress Dorothy in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and Ernest Torrence in "The Sideshow Of Life." It looks as tho Mary was telling George to "cheer up, the worst is yet to come!"

Cleopatra

FAMOUS
HEROINES
NO. XIII

POSED BY
JANE COWL

This Queen of Egypt is perhaps the most famous woman that ever lived. The world's greatest poets, musicians, artists, scholars and soldiers have variously sung, painted, written, and waged wars in her praises. She had not only fabulous beauty and what is now known as "sex appeal" but considerable mental endowment as well. It was her pleasant custom to give one glorious night to her lovers, then have them thrown into the Nile to the crocodiles. She died by putting a poisonous asp to her bosom and with her ended the dynasty of the Ptolemies, and Egypt became a Roman province



Muray



White

The Drama's Pousse-Café

CLASSIC's Monthly Department of the Vaudeville Stage

Across the top of the page is a row of the "incredibly rhythmic" Tiller Girls, as Percy Hammond calls them. This group is the "Sunshine Girls," late of "Stepping Stones" and now in the two-a-day. It affords everlasting interest to see sixteen girls move as one, for that is the way these English dancing girls are taught. They move together in perfect time with the precision of a machine.



Burke

A great many vaudevillian rumors are rife around Times Square. One is that Elsie Janis will be back this winter on the Orpheum circuit at $3,500.00 a week and Mother Janis' car-fare. Another is that Florence Walton and Leon Leitrim will dance at the Palace; that Charles Foy, son of Eddie, will do an act; that Beryl Mercer, Frank Mayo and Jacob Ben-Ami will also

Charles Snyder



Henry Hull, another stage and screen star, is "revueing" in vaudeville with Edna Hibbard. Theirs is a two-scene playlet called "Five Minutes From the Station"

Left and right are Paul McCullogh and Bobby Clark, late of "The Music Box Revue," who are adding to the harmless gaiety of nations by their comic skits, "The Interview," and "The Bath Between." They are reported to be funnier than Gallagher and Shean

Charles Snyder



Pictures and Gossip Gathered Around Longacre Square and Tin Pan Alley



Above is Bird Millman, "the Little Queen of the Wire," who is undoubtedly pre-eminent in her entertainment. After an absence of several years, in the circus, "Ziegfeld," and "Greenwich Village Follies," she and her silver wire are back in vaudeville



Melbourne Spurr

Above is the greatest female impersonator of them all, Julian Eltinge, who is billed as "America's Foremost Delineator of Feminine Characterizations," and who has quite a repertoire of acts for his brief vaudeville tour. Back to his first love, for a while, anyway



J. H. Connolly

Below is Adele Rowland, the wife of our own Conway Tearle, who has taken a little flier in vaudeville. Her turn is called "Story Songs"



Apeda

Here on the same page with America's Foremost Delineator of, etc., is "America's Greatest Male Impersonator," Kitty Donner, who is also at home in musical comedy or vaudeville. Her skit is called "Twenty Minutes in Paris." She is a top-hole dancer and wears evening clothes better than most men

Below is Pauline Lord of "Anna Christie" fame, who makes her two-a-day début in a tabloid drama called "For Five Thousand Dollars"



National



Hori

La Habañera

Especially posed for CLASSIC by Fokina, the talented wife of Michel Fokine

K---The Unknown

Written in Short-Story Form by PATRICIA CORK DUGAN



It was a page from Mary Blum's chart and underneath Mary's fever zigzag it said: "Ice pack; drops every two hours; light diet: broth, cereals, etc.; I love you"

CHARLOTTETOWN was a little town. It didn't even aspire to be a big town. It had a substantial, settled, matronly sort of air that proclaimed a placid satisfaction in itself. Contentment brooded upon it. Not for Charlottetown the hectic rush, the mad clamor, the eager thirst for this, that, and the other that characterized great cities. Its concerns were little concerns, its lives serene.

Not that Charlottetown lacked excitement. Oh, no. There was always Sidney Page and Slim and Joe to speculate about. Since her grammar school days Slim and Joe had been courting Sidney, and no one ever knew which was ahead in this amatory marathon. For that matter, neither did Sidney. That is, she really never thought seriously of marrying either one of them, altho the announcement of this fact to both young swains served only to redouble their efforts.

The truth is, Sidney had suddenly begun to take life seriously. Being the belle of a small town was pleasant in its way but hardly absorbing enough for a lifetime. Sidney had decided to go to work. Charlottetown buzzed with the news and was relieved when it was discovered that she had taken up nursing at St. Luke's Hospital. This was by all Charlottetown standards, at least "genteel," and the village breathed calmly once more, giving its interest to the mad exploits of Slim and Joe trying to get sick or hurt enough to be sent to the hospital. Finally Slim did manage to get himself appallingly disfigured with poison oak and he was turned over to Sidney to nurse. It was an inimical triumph, however, because by that time Sidney had another pair of suitors hot upon her heels.

Dr. Max Wilson, "Doctor Max," as everyone called him, had just been put in charge of the hospital. He was new in Charlottetown and therefore mildly exciting to the inhabitants. They wondered collectively and individually about this "Carlotta person" who arrived with him. She was said to be his private nurse and a purely professional understanding was reported to exist between them; but Charlottetown elevated its several eyebrows, examined the lady, and just didn't believe it was altogether professional. Neither did they quite believe it in the hospital.

In fact, no one really credited it but Sidney who liked Doctor Max from the start, and who was quite sure that Doctor Max liked her. Indeed she had the proof of it right with her, folded up inside the front of her stiff, starched waist, where it crackled with pleasant reassurance from time to time. It was a page torn from Mary Blum's chart and underneath Mary's fever zigzag it said in Doctor Max's quick nervous handwriting: "Ice pack; drops every two hours; light diet: broth, cereals, etc.; I love you." Thereafter, the frequency with which Sidney consulted charts to make sure of--er proper directions, was commendably regular. Sidney was very happy and she made her patients happy—and well, which was more important.

In the nurses' restroom one day, Carlotta, who was head nurse, waited for Max Wilson to come to her. She caught him as he walked by the door, hat in hand, and with a coat over his arm. It was Sidney Page's coat.

"Oh, Max!" cried Carlotta, "it's such a hot day, wont you take me for a little ride?"

"Cant do it, Carlotta," the man answered hurriedly. "I have a call to make——"

"On Sidney Page, I suppose," angrily retorted Carlotta and her habitual restraint gave way. "You're with her all the time—everybody is talking about it. What did you bring me here for, to flaunt that girl in my face? You owe something to me, Max Wilson, and you're going to pay it. Do you think after I've given you my whole life



The doctor dropped untidily to the floor and slipped in a ghastly comic sprawl down the stairs, "You dirty cad!" screamed Joe, mad with excitement and terror. "You dirty cad—to treat a decent girl so!" "Never mind that, young man," said the proprietor, "just come along with me"

—everything a woman can give—that I'm going to see it thrown away for a miserable little upstart. You have no right——"

"Calm down, Carlotta," interrupted the man a little anxiously, for Carlotta's voice rose with each accusation, "I have a right to do exactly as I please. I'm not married to you——"

"Oh, dear God," moaned the woman, "you said you wanted to—you said you would marry me as soon as your practice was assured. You said——"

But Max had gone and a girl snuggled down contentedly at his side, in his big red car and said shyly, "You're so good, Max, no wonder the nurses all love you and your patients adore you. I dont see how you *can* love only me."

"That's the easiest thing I do, honey," answered the man, for once in his life telling the absolute truth. "You are the only woman in the world for me, that ever will be or ever has been," he added in his more habitual manner, and Sidney was content.

. . . . . .

"I was told at the station," said the gentlest of voices to Mrs. Page as she stood in her doorway regarding the man before her, "that I could perhaps rent a room here. You have such a pretty yard and such a pleasant faced house—I'd like to live here——"

Mrs. Page hesitated. She knew, of course, the hazards of taking in strange men, but this one looked so kind, so clean and kind, and so tired. His clothes, altho they needed pressing, were not the sort one got from the local tailors, she recognized that. A fine piece of cloth, too. He had white, firm-looking hands, an artist's or a surgeon's; delicate, skilful-looking hands that bespoke breeding as well as ability. Besides, Sidney s apprenticeship in the hospital was taking money out and not adding to the slender family purse. She considered another moment.

"I'll pay in advance," said the man, feeling her distrust.

"Oh, it isn't that," answered Mrs. Page. "It's nothing, really. Come in. I'll show you a room."

"My name is——" he hesitated the fraction of a second, "Le Moyne—— K. Le Moyne," and followed her into the house.

For three weeks Charlottetown was occupied with the stranger. Where had he come from and why? What was he doing, or going to do in Charlottetown? Dr. Max could be accounted for, one knew a number of things about him; but one knew absolutely nothing of this "K. Le Moyne" beside the fact that he kept to himself, seldom straying beyond Mrs. Page's garden, speaking to no one, volunteering nothing. Mrs. Page hotly defended him as she was called upon to do several times. Aside from the exemplary habit of paying the rent in advance, he kept her garden like a professional—was tidier about his room than any man she ever saw—no more trouble than no one —never asked for a thing —never intruded—was gentle as a lamb with the children and strong as an ox for work.. No, he never told her anything about himself—she wouldn't ask —anyone could see he was a gentleman—— When Sidney came home on her leave, she'd be glad to have her daughter know him.

K—THE UNKNOWN

Fictionized by permission from Universal's screen presentation of Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel "K." Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast:

Sidney Page.....Virginia Valli
"K." Le Moyne.....Percy Marmont
Carlotta Harrison.....Margarita Pollard
George "Slim" Benson.....Francis Feeney
Dr. Max Wilson.....John Roche
Joe Drummond.....Maurice Ryan



When Sidney did come home the next time, it was to stay. Something terrible had happened at the hospital and the long-looked-for leave was lengthened indefinitely —or it would have been if Doctor Max hadn't interfered. A heart-broken and tearful girl sobbed out her story to her mother.

"You know, mother," Sidney told her, "Slim was getting better——Max——Doctor Max said I had done wonderfully and then I was ordered to increase his dose —I thought it seemed a lot, but you know we're not supposed to think under orders and—and he got so sick—nearly died—if Max—Doctor Max hadn't acted promptly he would have died. Oh, he was wonderful, mother." Sidney hugged her mother ecstatically, forgetting her grief in admiration of her adored doctor.

"And then," she went on, "when they investigated they discovered I had given the dose—but mother, you believe me—I had orders and when I went to find the order blank on my desk it was gone, tho, of course, I keep all instructions. I cant understand it. Max has been so sweet, mother, I wish you liked him a little more. He says he'll get me back in a month or two."

"I hope so, dearie," answered her mother. "It isn't that I dont like your Doctor Max—it is just that I feel I couldn't trust him, but probably it's just an old woman's notion. Now, wait until you meet Mr. Le Moyne—K."

Sidney didn't like the idea of a roomer. She really was hurt and stunned by her suspension from the hospital and she wanted to be alone. However, as the days went by, she could not fail to respond to the man's



Above: "Gentlemen," she said a few breathless minutes later, standing with K before an astonished group of physicians, "here is a surgeon who can save the life of our Doctor Max. I will stake my life on that. He must be allowed to operate at once"

Left: "I alone am responsible for the death of Dr. Edwardes' patients. I did it so that Max Wilson would get his place on the staff of Flower Hospital. I loved him so—I loved him so—he said he'd marry me when he got on the staff"

quick sympathy and his sensitive understanding. They got to know each other rather well; that is, Sidney knew how K's mind worked and the way he reacted to certain things, and the way his hair grew rakishly up over one eye, and the proud way he held his head, and the odd little trick of halting his speech right in the middle to smile at her, and the quick electric touch of his hands, and many little things like that she learned, but of his former home or activities never a thing was hinted.

Max called her up every day, but he thought it better not to go there until the affair had blown over. Slim was out of the hospital, and he and Joe, still undaunted, clung to their hopes of Sidney. Once Sidney turned from the telephone to see K looking at her rather oddly, almost absently. She misunderstood the look. "I suppose," she said, "that you thought that was a pretty affectionate conversation. But, you see, I was talking to my fiancé—Dr. Max Wilson."

"Wilson—Wilson," repeated K, a little stupidly, Sidney thought. His lips tightened and his eyes closed almost involuntarily as if to shut out a horrid sight. Sidney stared at him wonderingly.

"I hope," the man said, quietly recovering himself, "that you will be very happy—my—my dear."

Sidney didn't exactly like the way he said "my dear." Or, rather she did like it. It kept repeating itself in her ears all the rest of the evening, "my—dear," so soft, so hesitating, but so decided, somehow. "My—dear . . . my dear. . . ."

At the end of three months the stranger and Sidney were "K" and "Sid" to each other, but neither really knew how each had filled the other's heart. Only Sidney felt an odd tugging at her heart when one day Dr. Max telephoned that he was coming to take her back to the hospital. She was standing with K in the garden when the big red car drove up and Max cleared the drive in one bound. "Sidney—sweetheart!" he cried and drew the girl to him. Over the top of her head he saw K. A curious look came into the eyes of both men, but neither said a word.



The first thing Dr. Edwardes did after his public exoneration was get into trouble again—at least some folks call it trouble. What he did was get married

"This is Dr. Max, K," Sidney cried gaily, "and this is K, Max. I want——"

"I am acquainted with the—ah—gentleman," answered Max surprisingly.

K raised his hand almost involuntarily.

"Never mind," spoke up Max with malicious good nature, "I wont notify the police——"

"What do you mean?" cried Sidney helplessly. "I dont understand—— K—explain—cant you?"

But the man stood silent before her and Max gently led the dazed girl to his car.

K's unhappy reverie was interrupted by the arrival of a much-excited Joe Drummond. "She's gone back to the hospital with that crook," he yelled.

"Yes, I know," answered K. "He isn't a crook. There's nothing we can do about it."

"Oh, yes there is," retorted the boy angrily. "I happen to know he's going to Schwitters tonight with some dame from the hospital—they lived together before they came here—I'm going to get the dope and give it to Sidney straight—she wont marry me, but by God, I cant see her marry a dirty cad that will break her heart!"

Carlotta was making one last desperate effort to keep Max. He had picked her up again during Sidney's absence almost as tho there had not been any indifferent interlude. Poor, deluded Carlotta believed he had come back to stay. She would get sick at Schwitters and, pretend to faint. Max would be a little drunk. They'd have to get a room—a dozen desperate expedients occurred to her, but she would be governed by the moment. Poor Carlotta!

It was a wild ride Joe and K took following the pair from road-house to road-house. They couldn't recognize the girl, and Joe finally decided that it was Sidney. Whereupon K firmly refused to follow, feeling that after all it was her right to go where she pleased with the man she was going to marry. Joe, however, had worked himself up to a fever heat and with some half-formed quixotic notion of protecting Sidney was right behind Doctor Max and the woman as they entered Schwitters.

"Oh, Max," said Carlotta expectantly as they took their seats in a shaded alcove, "you do love me, dont you?"

"Sure," answered the man without looking at her, and the lack of conviction in his tone registered even with a woman who wanted desperately not to feel it.

Carlotta ran her hands thru her hair a little wildly. Tiny beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. She really did feel sick. "Oh, Max," she said again, "I'm ill—I feel—faint."

Carlotta had seen too many women faint not to know how to do it properly. With visible annoyance Doctor Max picked her up and carried her upstairs to a hastily requisitioned room, from which an excited management was with difficulty expelled.

From the details of the sordid ugly bitter quarrel that

(*Continued on page* 80)



"Great Britain's Queen of Happiness"

Who Wins a Popularity Contest Every Six Months. How Do You Like Her?



With Ralph Forbes in "Reveille"

Betty Balfour is England's favorite screen star, and that means, we hope, that we'll see her pictures over here She is under contract to Welsh, Pearson & Co., in case any of our American producers want to look her up! Below, left, is Miss Balfour as she appeared in "Love, Life and Laughter." Below, right, in "Squibbs' Honeymoon"







As "Squibbs," the Piccadilly flower girl

S. M. Cooper,
L. A.
Architect

M. Herbert,
L. A.
Decorator



Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan Tone Down Their Colorful Personalities by a Conventional Home



It is a little odd that two of the most arresting and original personalities in Hollywood should elect to live in a house just like other peoples'. You would expect exotic colors and bizarre hangings and all sorts of unexpected features. But nothing of the sort obtains here. The home of Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet is quiet, modest, comfortable and unassuming. The exterior is white stucco with a red-tiled roof, square and substantial-looking

Above is the living-room. The rug is grey velour, the walls white damask, and the draperies are soft subdued colors. Ornaments, pillows and upholstery furnish the high lights. Right are the owners on their front lawn with a distinguished guest, Rebecca West, the celebrated English novelist. Mr. and Mrs. Neilan are at present in England





Right is a sunshiny corner of the reading-room with Mr. Neilan's desk and Mrs. Neilan's chair

This room, too, has white walls and grey velour rugs. The furniture is rich old mahogany

Hollywood Homes—No. XXIV



Above is the dining-room, conventional but charming, and in perfect taste



Above is the informal breakfast-room where the Neilans sit and talk over their next picture



Right is another favorite corner flooded with sunshine

This room is grey and green and white, a pleasant and livable combination

"Elsie Janis At Home"

Photographs © by Abbé



Our Elsie isn't really at home, she's over in London, and that is what she calls her skit, revue, act, or whatever the thing is. At any rate, it is one of the three shows in London that is making money. To date, it has sold out for every performance. Elsie, we suppose, feels under some patriotic obligation to do for America what the Charlot players have done for England. Fair exchange is no robbery and all the rest of it



Above is Elsie playing the piano, we think, but this fascinating person bewitches us so completely that we never really know what she is doing



Left: The tall gentleman supporting Miss Janis is a "pleasing" barytone named Pidgeon and the "accomplished" pianist is named Lester. They all help in Elsie's at home. Upper left: Elsie as a sort of glorified costermonger (look it up in the dictionary) with a million "pearlies." The props for this show, we are told on reliable authority, consist of one grey velvet drop and two gold pillows

The Romance of the Extra

By ORVILLE CALDWELL

Mr. Caldwell confesses that he is an actor not a writer and asked to have his story edited, but he has told it in such a straightforward, interesting manner that we haven't touched a single comma.— THE EDITOR.

WHEN I first began to rehearse for my part in "The Miracle," the army of extras: soldiers, monks, nuns, foresters, knights, *et al.;* were simply a mob with no individuality whatever — but little by little as rehearsals went on and then the big spectacle began its run at the Century Theater, more and more certain individuals called themselves to my attention. The mob of extras one by one became definite personalities to me and I am glad to say many of them have since become my friends.

In the background of each life there was a dramatic epic — depicting the age-old story of a struggle to keep soul and body together. It is not my subject to write a "sob sister" story so I am not going to dwell on heartaches and heartbreaks —they were all there —but in sketching some of the characters I hope they may serve to prove that one can never judge by appearances.

Many were Russian refugees who came here after Lenin gained control in Russia. One, a splendid old man of aristocratic appearance had been a Supreme Court Judge in Moscow. He also owned a chain of dairies that circumrailroaded all Great Russia. All was wiped out in the revolution. He is eighty-six years old and speaks eight languages. He ekes out an existence by teaching languages and acting in "The Miracle."

There are two brothers in their early thirties, Russian Princes with a strain of royal blood. They came over here with the Russian Commission in 1916, then returned to Russia where everything was taken from them. They came back to New York where they sold enough jewels to live on for a time, finally went broke, washed dishes in a restaurant and are now numbered among the extras of "The Miracle." They are both highly educated and fine fellows. They hope to find enough work on the stage and screen to keep them going.

A Russian girl, formerly a member of the Imperial ballet, is also doing extra work. Like the others, the revolution drove her from Russia and she is supporting a father seventy-five and a mother sixty-six, entirely on her earnings in "The Miracle," and teaching dancing on the side whenever she has time.

Another girl is the daughter of the erstwhile owner of Petrograd's leading newspaper. He also owned a chain of theaters in Russia, all of which were confiscated by the Bolshevik government.

There is also a former Colonel of the Imperial Guard who served two years in a German prison and another man who was an impresario on a par with Belasco. There were other Russians but the above were the most interesting.

Among these high-born extras were two charming women, an aunt and her niece, both Roumanian Princesses who were descendants of the Paleologue's, the Ancient Greek royal family. The girl is in hopes of a dramatic career and the aunt is with her heart and soul.

There were also two French girls, one a countess, who taught French, and a Russian and a German girl who each taught their language in addition to working in "The Miracle."

But everyone who was interesting was not foreign by any means. One was a boy who belongs to one of Chicago's first families. His dramatic career was highly frowned upon by his family so he struck a bargain with his parents. They gave him two and a half years to make good on the stage and if he falls down he must give the next two and one-half years to his father's business. He is a graduate

(*Continued on page 79*)



Orville Caldwell is now in California making pictures, but New Yorkers will remember him as the beautiful Knight of "The Miracle," and it was in that extraordinary mob of extras that he found so much interest and pathos, romance and heartbreak and gallant conquering of insurmountable odds. This sketch was made by the mother of Lady Diana Manners, the Duchess of Rutland



Muray

Doris Kenyon

This time appears as a poet. Inspired by her work with Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire," and her contact with his wife in the interests of the same picture, Miss Kenyon, who is a dreamer of lovely lyric verse, wrote the two sonnets on the opposite page, which we think the most gracious and charming tribute one artist could pay another and which we are proud and grateful to offer in the pages of CLASSIC. The sickening cant about professional jealousy must now forfeit its right to be heard

On the Wings of Song

Two Sonnets
By
DORIS KENYON

\+ + +

Rudolph Valentino

He is the reason for Venetian nights,
And low-swung moons and shadows that caress,
And all the unsighed sighs and unsung songs
Hidden so deep within night's throbbing breast;
He is the chant pale slave girls sing at dawn;
He is the whisper from a lover's tryst;
No Villon nor a knight of olden times
Had more of romance born within his soul;
A Shelley nor a Keats could not express
More with his pen that he in pantomime;
The lure of silence just before a storm
Lurks in his slumberous eyes and in his smile,
Friendly yet strange, familiar yet unknown,
Are memories and unfulfilled desires.



Victor Georg

\+ + +

\+ + +

Russell Ball



Mrs. Rudolph Valentino

She is an iris, swaying on its stem,
Poised, cool, elusive, in the evening dusk;
Her eyes, low-curtained by a veil of mist,
Speak of strange dreams, remembered yesterday
In some far land—as echoes call again;
The lilt of her proud grace and gentle tread
Is like a music played on mutéd strings;
Out of the beauties of an age-old Greece
Was born her mind, reflecting these today;
Her heart reveals a sheltered garden close,
Where none may enter save he knows the key
That turns the magic lock, but once inside,
Is filled with wonder at the rare perfume.

\+ + +



Doug and Mary Vacationing

AT AIX-LES-BAINS

All Photographs by Abbé

Below is Doug being quiet. The Graflex caught him resting—a breathless moment—between leaps and bounds. Left is Mary in a Lanvin gown in the gardens of their hotel at Aix-les-Bains





At the top of the page is Doug in his more habitual manner. He is demonstrating jiu-jutsu to a fascinated audience of children in the garden of the Hotel de l'Europe. It seems to delight Mary also, tho you'd think by this time she'd be used to Douglas



Abbé

The Siren

As Portrayed in England by Fay Compton

Fay Compton, one of England's better known actresses, has just completed her long and successful run as the spectacular vampire of the more-than-spectacular "Hassam." She has accepted a motion-picture engagement to play Queen Elizabeth, a long step from the fascinating voluptuary whose naughty career she just finished. When "Hassam" is produced here in the fall, Mary Nash will have the interesting title-rôle. Comstock and Gest appropriately sponsor the spectacle in America

A Thousand Dollars a Day!

By JIM TULLY

A THOUSAND dollars a day! There are those who claim that Jim Cruze receives that much for directing pictures. No one would think of calling Cruze James. He is Jimmy to most people. This forty-year-old ex-vagabond and fisherman is undoubtedly the most dynamic and vivid personality in pictures. I would call him the ideal director. Long vigils on fishing vessels plying Alaskan waters, gruelling rides on freight trains as a youthful hobo, long days spent traveling over Utah and Montana deserts with a wagon show, in which months passed without seeing a railroad, the descendant of a long line of Danish-Americans who trekked across valley and mountain in covered wagons and on foot—this man Cruze was for thirty-eight years absorbing the masterpiece which he later made and called "The Covered Wagon."

It was my good fortune to be down among men from my twelfth birthday. One learns much from such a training—the most valuable thing being—to appreciate the genuine because it is so rare. Jim Cruze is *all man* in the highest sense of that much abused term.

It is only once in a while that destiny meets the man. Napoleon fretting his heart away over love for a Parisian *demi-monde* whom he later married, was vaulted into the saddle by Paul Barras—a lover who was tired of her. The man whom Josephine laughingly dubbed her "little corporal" then dashed away to fame and fortune as Commander of the Army of Italy. I should apologize to Jim Cruze here—he would allow no Josephine to bother him for twenty years . . . but when the epic of the West was ready to be filmed—Cruze was accidentally vaulted into the saddle by Jesse Lasky, who knows men. Lasky felt that the job of directing "The Covered Wagon" would require a man who could obtain the required effects of distance and primeval backgrounds. Cruze had directed some pictures which gave evidence of this knowledge, among them "The Valley of the Giants"—but he was known principally as a high-class comedy director. Lasky had faith.

Cruze was born in Ogden, Utah, and left home at fifteen to travel with a medicine show. It was during these days while bumping over yellow leagues of desert that destiny prepared the boy for the man that was to be.

Out of the vast caldron of life an atom is now and then thrown up that is charged with more energy—more vitality—more tremendous lust for surviving. Cruze was such an atom.

Heavy shoulders, a restless mentality that pounds at things, quick observing eyes, a dark complexion, not at all revealing the Scandinavian background, Cruze is a Rabelaisian character with gusto and a fine sense of humor.

In other words, he knows what everything is about. He puts life into films but there is no film over his eyes. He was just born a thorobred and he cannot be explained.



Richee



Heavy shoulders, quick observing eyes, a dark complexion, not at all revealing the Scandinavian background, James Cruze is a Rabelaisian character with great gusto and a fine sense of humor. Right: Working on the script of "Merton," his last picture

It is seldom that I meet a man that I feel instinctively that women would like—for men are a sorry breed—but I can imagine how women would like Jim Cruze—like him for the reason that he is the master always. For men who lose their hearts to women, lose the women. Housekeepers for ages—women always place doormats outside the door. The real men walk over the doormats with the dust of life on their feet, and chant compelling songs in the hearts of women and lock the doors. Cruze is that kind of man.

Jim Cruze knocked about the West with the medicine show for some time and then tramped about the country, meeting another chap on the road who was destined to become known. The two young hoboes exchanged their views on things in general and told one another of countries where sandwiches grew on bushes and lager flowed from the hills and then went on their devious ways ribald in the joy of their picturesque existence. The other chap's name was Jack London. We talked for a moment of Jack London. "Jack was a poseur always. He died one. He was a poseur as a hobo. But he wrote some damn fine things." These are Jim's words about London—no sentimentality, no film over his eyes, just a plain statement.

Cruze became weary of tramping, as smart tramps will, and became a fisherman. He lived thru tales of death and disaster, and saw fanatics at prayer being swept into the sea and oblivion, and battles with whales and the elements—all too long to record here—but they made Jim Cruze.

We talked a long time. Cruze, the man who carries his life locked up within him as a strong man will, had met a fellow rover. His secretary said when the chat was over, "I never knew him to talk so much—what did you do to him?" "Nothing," I answered. "We're blood brothers, that's all."

There were certain things about directing I wanted to

(*Continued on page 77*)



Ball

To Be Or Not To Be—

Back again in pictures, is Mabel Ballin's particular query these days. Every week we get a different report about Mabel: that her husband is to direct her, that he is not to direct her; that she is to be a free-lance star, that she is to form her own company, and so on. Meanwhile, the screen languishes without her quaint, elusive charm. We'll leave it to you that she *should* be back



Conrad Nagel

CLASSIC'S GALLERY OF HANDSOME MEN—NO. V

Altho Conrad Nagel has been a married man lo, these many years, his youthful charm never seems to have deserted him. He is undeniably one of the handsomest of our younger leading men, and one of the most popular as well. His last picture was "Mrs. Paramour," and his next will be "So This Is Marriage!" Watch for it

Who's Who?

On Stage and Screen



JANE MURFIN

Is the owner of Strongheart, distinction enough for one woman in one lifetime. She has written a number of successful scenarios; directed and produced several pictures; collaborated with Jane Cowl on "Smilin' Through" and one other stage play and is at present resting on her laurels in Hollywood, where this picture was taken

W. C. FIELDS

Played on the stage for twenty-six years and never spoke a line! He was a pantomimist and juggler in every country on the face of the globe, once jumping from Australia to Syracuse, N. Y., for a one-night stand only to find when he got there that his part had been written out! His first speaking part was in "Poppy" and it was an instant hit. Let us hope he'll always talk after this



© Claude Harris, London

BERNARD SHAW

Has had so much written about him that there is absolutely nothing left to say. This famous Irish scoffer, author of many subtle, brilliant and sophisticated plays, has at last written a play totally unlike any of his others. That is "Saint Joan," which has just ended its most successful New York run. It is humble, beautiful and moving, a drama with a soul. It is now published in book form by Brentano's. If you like Shaw, or, dislike him, get the book

White Studios



The Photographer Takes the Stage



Hori

Right is a pretty pose from the Japanese music-dance-drama, "Ka-Bu-Ki," that Michio Itow is producing for the Threshold Players. Left to right they are: Margaret Manson, Betty Calender and Marion Robb

Next month CLASSIC will have scenes from all the early fall openings, a staggering number of which are promised. The new dramatic season is still in its experimental stage and needs a lot of revamping



Apeda

Below are Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lunt (Lynn Fontanne) who are appearing together for the first time in "The Guardsman," by Franz Molnar, the Theatre Guild's first production



Abbé



Burke

Above are Richard Sterling and Louise Closser Hale in "Expressing Willie," one of the few plays to survive the summer

Above is Grock, the famous Swiss clown, who has been imported for Selwyn's great international revue, the "Rue de la Paix"



THOSE FOUR FUNNY FELLOWS IN "I'LL SAY SHE IS!"

The four Marx Brothers who have conquered New York without a single casualty. Left to right they are Chico, Groucho, Beppo, Harpo, Leonard, Julius, Herbert and Arthur respectively

The Play of the Month

By KENNETH MACGOWAN



White

The phenomenon of "Abie's Irish Rose" is still puzzling theatrical savants. When it first appeared nearly three years ago it was universally condemned by the critics. Since then it has earned more than a million dollars for its author and producer, Ann Nichols, pictured below. Left are Alfred White, Jack Bertin, Harry Bradley and Andrew Mack



Apeda

CRITICS have certain very entertaining habits. One is to lay the faults of the newspaper reviews to the fact that they have to be written in the first forty-five minutes after the curtain falls. Another Hazlittian habit is for the critics on the weeklies and monthlies to review the reviews instead of the plays, to pan the forty-five-minute opinions of the daily critics instead of panning the play.

In writing about "Abie's Irish Rose" in the year of grace 1924, I naturally escape a lot of the troubles connected with that habit-forming drug-on-the-market, dramatic criticism.

On the May evening of 1922 when Anne Nichols' play was exhibited to the pained, but not at all surprised collection of second-string reviewers, I was watching a chorus of bulky Berlin damsels coyly pulling a petticoat half an inch above a Gargantuan ankle while they sang about the naughtiness of a "Maedel von siebzehn Jahr." If I had been in New York, I should have revenged myself on the weather and the whole stage by completely losing patience with the kind of show we have to see ninety-seven evenings out of one hundred and twenty-one. I should have declared that "Abie's Irish Rose" was as obvious as a Third Avenue ham sandwich and about as tasteful. And—blissfully unable to penetrate two years of theatrical history—I should have declared that this bit of hokum would never, never last out the week.

Now this would have been perfectly all right as a revenge and an estimate on the level of Broadway drama. But I would find it just a little embarrassing today to read the electric sign outside the Republic Theater—"3rd Year." And as for hearing that "Abie's Irish Rose" had spent fifteen weeks in Washington, twelve weeks in Baltimore, seven months in Pittsburgh, eight months or more in Cleveland, ten weeks in Montreal and twice as long in Toronto, twelve weeks in Columbus, ten in Atlantic City, and eighteen nights in Erie, Pennsylvania—the spectacle of going so

(*Continued on page* 89)

The Picture of the Month

By LAURENCE REID

"MANHANDLED" (Paramount) is one of those very rare screen entertainments that serve to project the entire business of motion-picture production on to a plane closely parallel with the artistic, if indeed, it doesn't project it to the very plane of art itself. Here is a picture, not new in its essentials of plot by any means, that is so humanly told, so truthfully sketched in characterization, so convincingly acted and so cleverly presented, that it makes us forget the undeniable fact that sometimes pictures are poor and at other times very bad.

It presents the very simple story of a girl and a boy in New York City. And for the most part it draws accurate and true pictures of common, every-day types. In this, indeed, is its great merit. Here are characters living and breathing the very air of Manhattan. They are not stuffed puppets who jump into activity thru the manipulated strings of a director. They are wholly animate and alive. They are truly the characters of which scenario editors beg amateurs to write. They are the people next door or in the apartment across the hall. There is drama in their apparently drab existences. If you are a clever dramatist or story-teller you can find it. Arthur Stringer found it and wrote "Manhandled." You, who distribute prizes, step forward.



In "Manhandled," Gloria Swanson sets herself a new record. She is a brilliant screen comédienne, a quality hitherto unsuspected in her make-up. She and Tom Moore share the honors as simple, human, every-day young people of the working class

Mr. Stringer was fortunate in that his story fell into thoroly competent hands. Gloria Swanson is the girl, a department-store worker, and Tom Moore is the boy, an automobile mechanic. Theirs is the life of New York, of early rising and trips to work in crowded underground cars, of long, hard days of labor, and of subway rides back "home" again. Sometimes a chop-suey dinner is thrown in to round off the day. It is a simple yarn, rather slight of plot—but it is told so humanly that the picture rises above its tale by means of the introduction of quaint divertissements.

Neither Chaplin nor Lloyd has done anything funnier than Miss Swanson's pictured adventure in the subway at rush hour. It is the opening sequence of "Manhandled"—and it carries a gale of laughs. It is burlesqued slightly, but not much at that. It may seem ridiculous to people in cities where there are no subways, but then so may all New York seem ridiculous.

The story, as said, is utterly simple. While the boy is away exploiting a mechanical invention, the girl tastes a bit of Broadway life. She has left the subway for good after the first scene—a subway in which the men are too heavy to be young and too crowded to be wealthy. So she rides on a cushioned seat in taxis or private cars. Well, the upshot of her rise from the department-store trenches is that she escapes without harm, but the escape is close and at first, when the boy returns, he wont believe her. All the gowns are honest, as she explains when he comes back to find them hanging guiltily in her wardrobe. But there are signs that determine her true character that he cannot ignore. So there is a very happy love scene for the finale.

The scenes between Miss Swanson and Tom Moore are some of the prettiest the celluloid has revealed. They remind us of Griffith at his best. Often these two players are motionless yet their scenes seem to vibrate with a vital current. They are a great credit to the players themselves and to Allan Dwan, who directed the picture. Previously we have associated Mr. Dwan with unreal stories and similar settings. Rooms in plain houses have become as enormous as the Louvre under his evident desire for space. Here he gets

(*Continued on page 92*)

The Celluloid Critic

REX INGRAM did the only thing possible in filming "The Arab" (Metro-Goldwyn)—he went to the Orient to stage it—thus compensating for a story which has become frayed at the edges thru long and faithful service. The director came back with some striking photographs. The ornate horizons of the East have served Ingram's camera as they've never served anyone else who went overseas to capture them. Scenically, the picture is hard to beat. But Edgar Selwyn's play is stereotyped fictional fare. It hasn't enough variety of situation, nor enough dramatic substance to cope with its backgrounds. And these are as easy on the eye as the story is tiresome on the mind.

We will not say that these fine shots diminish the plot values entirely. But it is really of little consequence and countless serials which have gone before it—serials exploiting the same idea—take away the dramatic sting of showing impending massacres of Christians by the Moslems. So we return to the backgrounds and pronounce them good. We also pronounce Ramon Novarro's performance good. Excepting the pictorial quality of the film, his work is the outstanding feature. He makes the Arab scornful, insolent and bold, but a likable fellow for all of that. His heroism in behalf of the missionary's daughter wins him the necessary sympathy. Alice Terry wearing her own brunette tresses (the blonde wig having been discarded here) appears as beautiful and charming as ever. She brings appeal to a rather inconsequential rôle. There are several foreign actors whose work is excellent.

The picture will draw crowds because of its sheik flavor—and the fact that the names of Novarro and Ingram carry weight. These crowds wont see much of a story, but they will see Nature at her best with her clays and paints.





A scene from "Wine of Youth"



A scene from "Babbitt"



Top of the page: Mae Bush and supporting players in "Bread." Above: Ramon Novarro in "The Arab"

WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S story, "The Mountebank," which was adapted to the stage last season, has finally emerged as a Paramount picture under the colorful title of "The Side Show of Life." It is treated sympathetically, if with not sufficient feeling—and serves in registering as a very good film, if not a brilliant one. It lacks the Locke quaintness, a quality which is woven in all his stories—and there isn't enough of the Locke wistfulness and tender humor. But it does hold you—even grips you at times, principally because of the gifted pantomime of Ernest Torrence who plays an English buffoon in a French circus.

Circus stories are always sentimental—and embroidered with pathos. And this clown suffers when the show becomes bankrupt and when he returns from the war to receive the jeers of his audience. But the picture doesn't move with that steady heartbeat—and it often lacks color. Torrence uses his plastic face to draw upon his emotions and he gives a touching performance in his moments of pathos—especially the burial of the dog. You may have to use your handkerchief here to brush away a tear. But he is not the hapless clown—the pitiable clown of all song and story. Which makes us wonder if he is not more adaptable for comedy and heavy character.

The picture is finely staged, carries restraint and considerable charm. And there's a newcomer, Louise La Grange, who will be heard from some day. She shows sincere emotion and a wide range of expression. Anna Q. Nilsson plays a small rôle with her usual skill. A more sprinkling of humanities, a little more balancing humor—and the picture would have been a real triumph. Still, we'll call it good entertainment as it stands.

"BREAD" (Metro-Goldwyn) would be a real human picture if the director had brought out the pathos and mental conflict which are found in Charles G. Norris' original story. It fails to touch the inner feelings of the heart—and yet the central characters fairly cried for sympathy. It may be that Victor Schertzinger, the director, tried too hard to establish a moral. But we fail to find it here. What we do find is a lot of marital trouble stressed with too much unimportant detail. What should have been a compact picture contains several loose ends which are not well tied together.

Yet it is interesting. Any one will have lots of fun in

Laurence Reid Reviews the Latest Photoplays

accompanying Mae Busch thru her maze of marital trouble. It is fairly true to life without tugging at the emotions. It sketches a cross-section of humdrum life as it pertains to a poverty-stricken family determined to keep up appearances. The central figures are a proud mother and her equally proud daughters. The latter are contrasted. One marries a hard-working man and finds solace with a brood of children; the other plunges into business and eventually marries a young boaster—a character not well interpreted by Robert Frazer who is miscast as an Irishman. The best work is contributed by Miss Busch, Pat O'Malley and Eugenie Besserer.





The book hasn't been tampered with to any extent, tho the Irish husband undergoes a too sudden change of character as depicted here. As we said above, it touches life fairly accurately, contains some first-rate comedy—and is appropriately staged. And it offers a pleasant hour and a half.



BOTH as an example of flapper expression at its highest peak and as entertainment, "Wine of Youth" (Metro-Goldwyn) leaves but little to ask for in the way of entertainment. It is similar to others of its cloth in that its theme brings forth that Youth of today is no different than when grandma was a girl. But where it surpasses the others is in its prodigality of scenes.





Upper left: Tom Mix in "The Heart Buster." Upper right: Irene Rich in "Behold This Woman." Center: Ernest Torrence in "The Side-Show of Life." Upper left: Marie Prevost and Monte Blue in "How to Educate a Wife." Upper right: Baby Peggy in "Captain January"

King Vidor, you are responsible for this effort. And you have brought out the jazz spirit here so that the picture eclipses anything heretofore presented along this line.

The heroine has her fling—a good, big one—then she sees the error of her ways, and accepts matrimony as the best solution of a conventional existence. She has been goaded into wedlock thru her quarrelsome parents, each of whom has accused the other of being responsible for Mary's streak of wildness. The picture is an adaptation of Rachel Crother's play, "Mary, the Third." And it moves at lively pace, offering one rich scene after another, until its climax, when Vidor allows it to become a preachment. The concluding scenes offer too much generalization on morals. Had it maintained its pace and not flirted with preachy advice it would have been almost perfect. It is capitally played by a group of the younger troupers who act in the modern sophisticated style called for in the story.

"BABBITT" (Warner Brothers) is a dull, routine affair—which is minus the necessary spark to give it life. Sinclair Lewis' manner of writing takes in every detail. His is a photographic mind—and translating one of his stories calls for laborious labor. It isn't that the sponsors here haven't expended considerable effort to humanize Babbitt. It remains that Babbitt simply refuses to respond to camera treatment because it is mostly a study of character. So the parties who made it did the next best thing—they fashioned it along picture lines.

They have injected some drama, a faint dash of comedy, some character sketching—and a sprinkling of heart interest. And there is a note of the eternal triangle interlaced thru it. The story does not build much interest—and moves slowly without much flash of inspiration to its orthodox conclusion.

A picture came out some seasons ago entitled "A Gay Old Dog" which was much closer the truth—in its portrayal of a middle-aged man searching for youth and romance. Babbitt here is married and he has grown tired of domesticity. But the note of the obvious mind that symbolized Babbitt in the novel is missing. Babbittry spells boobery as Lewis interpreted it. But Willard Louis in the title-rôle is not the symbol of the man in the street

(*Continued on page* 94)

Pertinent and Impertinent Screen Comment

IF Rodolph, or Rudolph, or possibly Randolph by now, Valentino is the most talked about Film Fürst these days, Wallace Beery is certainly the most seen about.

✢ ✢ ✢

Probably if all the recent footage taken of Wallace Beery was connected in one long roll, it would reach from New York to Hollywood three times and there would still be enough left to make up nifty sport belts for Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi and Barbara La Marr.

✢ ✢ ✢

Or putting it another way, it would be only about two miles shorter than a picture directed by Eric von Stroheim, the man who loves to hate himself.

✢ ✢ ✢

There has been considerable pro and a whole lot of con about how funny a fat man really is, and we have consistently stood up and cheered with the contrary-minded. Nevertheless, it is our public opinion that if Walter Hiers could take over the Bawby Ephalunt stories of Holworthy Hall which are running in the *Saturday Evening Post* he would bust the movie rhinoceros-hide, as we sport writers say, for a circuit clout. The plots of the stories are not only highly ingenious and diverting, but the dialog is priceless. The material is, Lafayette, certainly there, and if Hiers' talents can stand the strain, and if Hall can keep them to stick to the text for the titles, another one of these new epochs—or is it epics—in the shining history of cinematography will have dawned.

As usual, we've broken the ice. And who's going to produce the hair-liniment?

✢ ✢ ✢

While we are on the subject, Tommie Mundin, of Charlot's Revue, says he wants to do a movie, or a series of shorts built around "Jarge," the rural lout, or oaf, who has made such a hit in the revue. In this case, all that is needed is someone intelligent enough to write him a script, and somebody else intelligent enough to direct it, and somebody else intelligent enough—but here! here! we're getting idealistic.

There is, we frequently notice, a touch of Socrates, Christ, Mohammed and St. Joan of Arc in our attitude toward the movies. Try as hard as we can, and that isn't so very hard, we cannot refrain from announcing—in a pleasant, conversational tone, to be sure, just what is wrong with the movie under inspection. And invariably the five rows in front of us, and the five rows in back of us grow very, very peeved—altho it's really all in their interest.

Eventually if we are not burned over a rotisserie grill, we expect we shall be dragged forth by a howling mob of movie fans and made to drink a Nedick orange drink.

✢ ✢ ✢

Speaking of Socrates, in his preface to "St. Joan," Shaw says, "he had no suspicion of the extent to which his mental superiority had roused fear and hatred against him in the hearts of men towards whom he was conscious of nothing but good will and good service."

Ah, that's the idea, exactly!

✢ ✢ ✢

Milton Sills, it is rumored, will play the title-rôle in "The Life of Christ."

We understand perfectly what faction is back of this subtle propaganda and we intend writing a letter to Henry Ford.

✢ ✢ ✢



Decoration
Thru the Courtesy of
Hal Roach Studios
Posed by
Beth Darlington
and
Billie Beck

Is Marriage Marriage?
(Twenty-ninth Instalment)

Note: The preceding instalments were mysteriously stolen from the back seat of an aquaplane while the author was crossing the Andes on roller skates. But dont let that worry you.

Essmore Dismal, our hero, after various adventures is finally driven by the friendly realtor to the shores of beautiful Lake Apopka. Here he leaves him, rather suddenly. Essmore, enchanted by the scenery, is wandering thru an orange grove when a grapefruit drops from a tree on his head and knocks him unconscious.

When he comes to, he finds his head in the lap of Guava Golightly, the girl he has come to Florida to seek. Insert:

Fate plays many strange tricks when Cupid winds the dice.

"Where am I?" asks Essmore, just as if the realtor hadn't been telling him about the natural beauties of citrus-growing Florida for five hundred and

(*Continued on page* 93)



The New Contest

AND THE BEST

CLASSIC'S LIFE-STORY SCENARIO CONTEST

CLASSIC, after its seven years in the motion-picture field, has come to the conclusion, first, that ninety per cent. of movie fans after seeing ninety per cent. of the pictures come away believing that they could write as good a one, if not better; second, that their own story, if properly told, would make a more thrilling picture than any they have seen. This is not surmise—it is the inevitable conclusion of experienced facts.

Now:

Every human being has his story, no matter how drab or uninteresting he may appear on the surface. You remember your girlhood on the farm and the amazing thing that happened there, that you can never forget, tho only three people knew about it. You remember when you first ran away from home as a mere boy, and the exciting adventures that you never dared tell, that you had before you got safely home. You remember that wild survey up in Canada and the dangers and hardships and loneliness; the forbidden voyage to the South Sea Islands; the mutiny; the railroad wreck; the fire and the heroism of the mysterious stranger; the curious neighbor that never left his house without an overcoat, no matter what the weather; the suspicious couple that drifted unexpectedly into your life and left as inexplicably as they had come; the dope raid in your own heretofore respectable neighborhood; your own love story that you have never told before; and so on *ad infinitum*. Life is full of thrills—they cant all have passed you by.

We want you to tell us your story, the story of your life, the thing that has happened to you that would serve as the nucleus for a moving picture. Dig deep in your memory—and find a movie plot, or just an idea, or an incident that could be elaborated into a scenario. More exciting things happen daily in real life than one could ever find on the screen. Truth is stranger than fiction no matter how often it has been said. Every fiction story has its counterpart in reality. Just read the daily papers; just keep your eyes open and your wits about you and you'll find a story in real life—if not your own story, your friend's, or your neighbor's. Life is nothing but stories, true stories that have been lived. You've got one—send it to us.

Never mind the form. This contest has nothing to do with literature. Correct spelling, a neat paper, big words, style, the proper approach—all these things that have been of importance in determining the winners of other contests, mean nothing here. It is the story we want—the idea—the plot. We'll put it in its proper form if it proves saleable. All you have to do is write it down as you remember it. All you really need is to know how to write!

Every month CLASSIC will publish three of these stories; the one judged best in the opinion of the editor and her staff will be awarded $15.00; the second, $10.00, and the third, $5.00. These three awards will be given every month as long as the contest lasts, so that your chances multiply indefinitely.

THE RULES

1. No manuscripts will be returned.
2. Positively no exceptions will be made to Rule 1. Keep a copy.
3. Manuscripts must not exceed 600 words (about two typewritten pages).
4. Your name and address must be distinctly printed at the top of every manuscript. If you wish another name used, *sign it at the end of the story.*
5. Manuscripts are better typewritten, but longhand will be accepted.
6. Address your manuscripts:

Life-Story Scenario Editor

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE PRIZES

1. Every month as long as the contest lasts CLASSIC will print three Life Stories; the best to win $15.00; the second, $10.00; and the third, $5.00.
2. At the close of the contest, which will be announced later, Brewster Publications, Inc., will engage a competent author to develop the story or plot adjudged the best of all those submitted, published or unpublished, into a workable scenario and will use its influence and best effort to sell it to some producing company, whatever price obtained to be paid directly to the winner.

Watch each issue of CLASSIC for news, awards and announcements.

At the end of the contest Brewster Publications, Inc., will engage a competent author to develop the story or plot adjudged the best of all those submitted, published or unpublished, into a workable scenario and will use its influence and best effort to sell it to some producing company, whatever price obtained to be paid directly to the winner. Naturally, if accepted, your scenario will get publicity in all three of our magazines. You are also free to sell your story elsewhere, even if it has been published in CLASSIC, any time after the contest closes.

It seems to us that this is the opportunity of a lifetime. It is the sort of thing that practically everybody can try for, since it requires neither education, nor skill, nor any technical knowledge whatever. The moving picture is badly in need of original stories, real life stories. Thru you, and you, and you, CLASSIC is going to supply them.

The rules are as simple as we can make them. You must follow them. They will be printed every month. Because of the enormous bulk of material we

(*Continued on page* 86)

Flashes From the

Of the Stage

Caught by



Underwood & Underwood

Above: Hope Hampton, who will sing the title-rôle of "Madame Pompadour," an operetta, in her first stage venture

THINGS theatrical are picking up after the summer slump that makes each year a quiet country lane of Broadway—almost. There have been dozens of new openings and some of them have stuck. * * * After several disappointments with foreign revues early last season, André Charlot's revue upset the dope and now, confident that novelties from abroad are fixtures, Arch Selwyn already has arranged for a second revue by Charlot. Prior, however, will come "Rue de la Paix," with a cast of international names: **Raquel Meller, Grock**, the clown, the **Russian Lilliputians** (who originated the "parade of the wooden soldiers"), **Maurice** and **Leonora Hughes, Ivor Novello**, and **Patou**, the Parisian fashion designer. Because of the wealth of revues nominated for New York in the fall, "Rue de la Paix" has been timed to enter after the others, about November 1st. * * * **Edward Laemmle**, Universal director, is making shots of the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré near Quebec, for use in **Clarence Budington Kelland's** story, "Miracle," which is being filmed. * * * **Judith Anderson**, who plays the wicked, wicked lady in "Cobra," was greatly incensed recently when a letter, addressed merely to the wickedest woman in New York, was marked "Try Judith Anderson, Hudson Theater," by some one in the Post Office Department. The letter was a scathing arraignment of women vampires, and altho the actress takes pride in her realistic work, she thinks that is going a bit far. Altho Miss Anderson has been signed by **David Belasco** for several years and will appear in a play under his management in the fall, the idea has occurred to **Mr. Williams**, of the Ritz Pictures Corporation, that she



Above: Little Charlie Gould, who plays Tom in Kingsley's "The Water Babies," can stay under water eighty-eight seconds

Sasha, London





Above: Bebe Daniels in a blonde wig and Richard Dix in a merry moment from "Sinners In Heaven." Right: Adele Astaire and her mother and her husband Fred, who are leaving their London triumphs to come home to star in a comedy by Guy Bolton

Eastern Stars

On the Screen

the Editor

would be a very good bet to play the part which she created on the stage in a picture version. Whether her appearance in the film can be arranged with Mr. Belasco remains to be seen, but so favorably impressed was Mr. Williams by the acting of the young star that he is endeavoring to arrange it. * * * Rehearsals of **Billie Burke's** latest vehicle, tentatively called "Annabelle," which her husband, **Florenz Ziegfeld,** will produce this season, have begun on the lawn of the country estate leased by the producer on Long Island. **Edward Royce** is staging the piece. **Ernest Truex** plays the male lead. **Clare Kummer,** author of the play, is directing most of the rehearsals in conjunction with Mr. Royce. * * * **Richard Barthelmess** is completing "Classmates" at the Tec-Art Studios which they leased for this picture. The company just returned from Florida where some exteriors were shot. * * * **William Brush,** producer of Kingsley's "The Water Babies," is in Miami, Florida, trying to persuade a sword fish and a shark to give him a mortal combat for his picture. He is going to stay aboard his lugger until he gets it. Mr. Brush has selected little **Charles Gould** for the rôle of "Tom." Charlie has a record of remaining under water eighty-eight seconds which is supposed to be the world's record. * * * It is considered likely **Madge Kennedy** will be seen this fall in **Lynn Starling's** new comedy, "In His Arms," which was tried out on the coast this summer by **Margaret Lawrence.** * * * While abroad, **Gilbert Miller** saw "Antonia," which his company will present here, and he brought back a translation by **Somerset Maugham** of Luigi Chiarelli's "The Mask and the Face." Mr Miller also obtained the rights for American presentation of **Barrie's** "Shall We Join the Ladies?"



Above: Allan Conner as Alexander Hamilton in the picture of the same name. The likeness is said to be remarkable



International News Reel



Abbé

Above: Dorothy Dalton and her new husband, Arthur Hammerstein, returning from their honeymoon



Above: The Dolly Sisters with their best friend, Pearl White, pose together before the Dollys left Paris for the United States to star in the new "Greenwich Village Follies." Left: Two of our own movie stars in an English film called "Swords and the Woman." They are Pedro de Cordoba and Holmes Herbert



Puffer

Above: Flora Le Breton directing her director, E. H. Griffith, in "Another Scandal." Right: The first of the "Follies" girls to get her millionaire, Addie Rolph, now Mrs. Cecil Sillman, posing on the most famous fire-escape in the world, that behind the New Amsterdam Theater which houses the "Ziegfeld Follies"

* * * **Eve Stuyvesant**, well-known scenario writer, together with **Helen Klumph** and **Elizabeth Stuyvesant**, have incorporated The Stuyvesant Pictures to produce a series of split reels featuring famous women of our time. The company intends making a pictorial hall of fame or historical record in motion-pictures of what women are doing in the way of world's work. * * * Recently, while making "Dixie" in Charleston, S. C., **Allan Conner**, who plays the lead, met Charles Durand, millionaire clubman, and the latter became so interested in picture making that he took an active part in the picture. Both Mr. Durand and Allan Conner are expert duelists, and in one of the scenes for the picture a duel was staged. Unfortunately Mr. Conner wounded Mr. Durand so badly that he was taken to a hospital. * * * **Hope Hampton** bought more than one hundred gowns while in Paris recently. Francs, Miss Hampton said, were selling at twenty-eight for one American dollar the week she selected the gowns and she quickly learned to compute the price of the raiment in dollars and cents as soon as it was announced to her by the shopkeepers. But alas, when she went to pay for the gowns which she had selected, she learned that only seventeen francs could be purchased for a dollar! And so that shopping expedition cost Miss Hampton nearly ten thousand dollars more than she had expected! * * * **The McCall Publishing Company** will produce a series of fashion films which probably will be called "Notes for Women," in which Miss Hampton will star with her one hundred Paris gowns. A regular story has been woven and the film will not be merely a fashion parade. Miss Hampton plans to go abroad at least twice a year to bring back gowns for the McCall series. This is the first time that any such thing has been attempted on the screen and it should prove interesting as well as profitable. * * * **Horace Liveright**, book publisher, heads a new firm of theatrical producers just incorporated with offices at 61 West Forty-eighth Street. Four plays, including one musical comedy, already have been obtained by the firm for October production. The first offering will be an American comedy by **Edwin Justus Mayer**, a young author, with scenery and costumes by **Lee Simonson**. * * * A new **Owen Davis** play is scheduled for early presentation under the management of Lewis & Gordon. It is entitled "The Haunted House." **Wallace Eddinger** will be the principal player. This piece was tried out at the tag end of last season under the name of "Find the Woman," and later as "The Long Arm." * * * After an out-of-town tour "The Green Beetle," by **John Willard**, is to be brought into the Klaw Theater early this month. * * * **Herbert Brenon** is in New York chafing to begin

(*Continued on page 97*)



© Keystone View

An exciting moment from Commissioner Enright's screen serial, "Into the Net." Both Jack Mulhall and the cameraman risked their life on Brooklyn Bridge for this stunt





In a California Garden

BEING THE FOURTH OF CLASSIC'S "FINE ARTS" SERIES

This lovely spot is a corner of one of the many beautiful gardens of the Jewett Estate in Pasadena, which was most generously loaned for the exteriors of First National's "Single Wives." An appropriate setting for Corinne Griffith, who starred in this picture, we think. This one charming view is a perfect example of what the screen can do to bring beauty to those whose lives lack it altogether. If one cant *have*, one can at least *see* lovely things, merely by going to the movies



Fictionized by permission from the Marshall Neilon production of the screen adaptation by Dorothy Farnum of Thomas Hardy's famous novel

IT all seemed so queer like, thought Tess, watching the hot red moon behind the haystacks. Harvest moon again, a farm dog baying somewhere beyond the downs, the doves making a sound like running water in the thatched eaves, and she sitting here in the dimsey —waiting——

Like as if, thought Tess, it was *meant* somehow. Always it was that way, things just seemed to happen. She was like that leaf there blown along the ground by the wind. It had to go the way the wind sent it, and the wind was strong and cruel. There was no use trying to hold against the wind. Her arms which had been cradling something invisible fell listlessly at her sides. Leaves—blown into the hedges—or into bonfires—leaves blown among tall stones, strange, grey, old stones——

"I must be fey!" Tess whispered, "why should I always be dreaming of stones standing on end? And yet—it frightens me sore—that dream——" a shudder ran thru her slight frame, "they're so *cold*——"

Thru the shadows a deeper shadow was moving toward her. Tess knew well who came, yet she watched him coming with horror washing in a chill tide over her soul. The moon-flashed night became another night when the Wessex woods and fields of her childhood had looked to her waking eyes unfamiliar under a pallid moon, like the dead body of a loved friend. In the pale light the face that she lifted to Angel Clare was stamped with fear.

"Why, Tess!" he said, in that gentleman's voice of his that was the echo of another voice, "Why, Tess, my dear little girl—did I startle you?"

Fear and the weight of memory slipped from her spirit as she looked up into the sensitive, clear-cut face that made her think of Saint Michael's in the stained glass window of the church. Angel Clare was beautiful, rather than handsome, but his slight figure in its rough homespun farm garb had a man's strength. Yesterday he had lifted a sick sheep in his arms and carried it from the fields to the byre, crooning to it all the way like a mother soothing a sick child. And today she had seen that nervous, slender hand double into a fist and knock down a hulking yokel who was teasing a dairymaid.

"No I beant afeard —I'm not afraid," she corrected herself, cheeks scorched with shame of her uncouth tongue.

Angel Clare laughed as he sat down on the bench beside her. But there was no mockery in the sound, rather a rushing tenderness. "Dont be ashamed of your Wessex dialect, Tess! With your face it gives you a charming air of a great lady masquerading as a milkmaid—for you have birth and family in every line of you!"

"He gave me no peace," Tess pleaded, "but I knew 'twas not the right way of loving. . . . I begged him to let me go"



The small head beside him with its crown of hair like metallic gold lifted with an odd pride. "Please, Mr. Clare! I've told you afore that I'm from very humble folk, born and reared in a cottage. Father did odd jobs for the gentry and there was never food nor clothes enough to go around the six of us children——"

"Durbeyville——" mused Angel Clare, unheeding her piteous attempt to change the trend of his thought, "it might easily be the corruption of some noble name. Our old families have always had branches that went to seed. I must look it up and find a crest for Tess to wear——" he took her hand, but it was snatched from him suddenly. Tess had leaped to her feet, small bosom rising and falling with stormy breaths.

"I tell ee I daont want to be gentry!" all her hard-won precision of speech forgotten, she swept on into the broad vowels of her childhood, "us was happy and hard-working till Parson, he comes to the cottage wi' a tale as we ought rightly to be D'Urberville. Seems like he'd looked us up in a book he had, and when my feyther gets it in ee head as he's got blue blood he'us too proud to do an honest day's work and spends his time in the Three Highwaymen drinkin' and tellin' folk how grand he be till he drank hisself under sod."

"D'Urberville!" cried Angel Clare, giving the word the correct pronunciation. There was a triumphant note in his voice as tho answering some question in his own soul. Homespun and heavy boots he might wear, and work at Talbothays' farm in order to learn how to manage a dairy farm of his own, but—the Clares had been gentlefolk since Alfred's reign, and he never forgot that fact even in his sleep. "Why, Tess! Do you realize that's a fine name—a great name?" He saw that she was trembling violently, and drew her down beside him, "There! There! We wont talk about it any more, you queer, proud little thing! We'll talk about something else—something that I came out here to tell you tonight, Tess——"

He thought that that was true, swept away from his life-long moorings by the warm, sweet nearness of her, the touch of her hair on his face, "I love you—nothing's been the same since I saw you six weeks ago, coming in at the gate with your little bag—I've—I've been wanting to tell you so ever since, but I didn't dare! You're such an easily frightened little thing, Tess!"

His hands were gentle on hers that fluttered like quivering bird wings, his eyes looked down at her with the clear light—she thought—of the candles on the church altar of a Sunday. Why did she remember eyes that held the hot flame of bonfires—bonfires that consume wind-swept leaves?

"I want you for my wife, Tess," said Angel Clare. Perhaps there was just a trace of vaingloriousness in his attitude, a hint that not every fellow in his position would have said that, but if there were she did not understand. It seemed to her that she would die of worship for this godlike being who had come down from his stained-glass window to the common ground. Yet she sat silent, staring with sick eyes at the hot red harvest moon which lighted the hayrick with ghostly flames.

"Of course," said Angel Clare, with a new note of humility, "I know I'm not good enough for you, dear."

"Good enough," thought Tess. "Oh God, *him* not good enough for *me!*"

"I've always known I would have to tell the woman I wanted to marry," went on Clare, almost with a fanatic's pride of confession. "But years ago when I was only a boy I went to London for a school vacation——" it was a common enough experience he had to relate, that of an ignorant boy initiated into sin by a woman he met in a restaurant, a tawdry little incident of a night of gin and love in a red-papered room over a pub, but it had evidently assumed terrible proportions in his eyes from

"It died," whispered Tess, "the parson wouldn't baptize it so I did it myself. Such a little pretty baby . . . but it died"





Angel Clare discovers that poor Tess Durbeyfield is one of a fine old family formerly called D'Urberville, whereupon he asks her to marry him

long brooding on it. His sensitive soul had been scorched by the everlasting fires.

Tess listened, hardly hearing his stumbling abasement, and happiness which had seemed so far away and impossible a moment ago suddenly reached out a hand to her. She who could never, now, marry a stained-glass saint perhaps might still be the wife of a human being who had sinned and suffered and who could understand —the way of leaves in the wind. Strangely enough, he grew only the dearer for his sordid little story, for his ludicrous fall. And then, at the end of it, his head went down on her knees she gathered it against her breast with mother-tenderness.

"There, there, my deary! I'm glad you told me—*glad!*"

"Then in spite of what I did you can still love me?" Angel asked humbly, and yet complacently—for after all not *every* man would have confessed! "You will marry me, Tess—Tess of the D'Urbervilles!" He gave the name its aristocratic form. Tho he had loved Tess as he had told her, since her first coming to work in the dairy at Talbothays, he loved her even more now that he felt her connected with the nobility. She would be easier to explain to the narrow-minded old North Country parson, his father, and that daughter of a Squire, his mother.

And then—for he was only a boy and very much stirred by the white loveliness of this girl, the dross of self was gone from the moment and only the gold remained. He took her gently into his arms and held her close, murmuring broken words—"Tess—so beautiful—love—always and always——"

A little wind came up sending a shower of leaves dancing by in gay carousal. A lamb in the near-by byre made a thin plaintive sound. Why, thought Tess, when she was safe in Angel Clare's arms must she be minded of other arms, ruthless—terribly strong? Would it be so always? No, no, thought Tess, she would be happy, she must be happy——

And the wind whirled the leaves on and on.

The master and mistress of Talbothays would have given them a fine country wedding with hearty eating and drinking and dancing in the great kitchen, but Angel Clare refused in that gentleman's way of his. "We shall go to her people in Wessex," he explained.

Tess said nothing at first when he spoke of his plan to her, only one small hand went up to her throat and for a moment her eyes seemed to look on some terrible thing. Then she laughed it off—no, she wouldn't go home, nor to his home either! She wanted no staring folk eating her up with their greedy eyes and making a fuss!

Angel Clare remembered afterward the way she had clung to him, as tho something was tearing her away. "No one at our wedding, dear heart! Just the parson and you and me—and God!"

On his wedding eve Angel walked for miles across field and down, wondering at the beauty of the world, a-tremble with his own happiness. But Tess knelt all night by her window gazing into the darkness with desolate eyes. "Maybe I'll never tell him," she whispered once, then in passionate denial, "Why should I be afeared! He will understand. He'll see that it wasna my fault —'twas *meant* to be—I'll tell him afore we go to the church——" her hands wrung together convulsively, "——or maybe afterward!"

The eglantine was a-bloom on all the hedges when Tess and Angel

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

A Marshall Neilan production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Starring Blanche Sweet. The cast:

Tess	Blanche Sweet
Angel Clare	Conrad Nagel
Alec D'Urberville	Stuart Holmes
John Durbeyfield	George Fawcett
Joan Durbeyfield	Victory Bateman
Dick	Courtenay Foote
South American Priest	Joseph J. Dowling

Clare walked along the road to the village the next day. Their simple luggage was to follow on a carter's wagon and after they were married they would take a train for the next town. The kind mistress of Talbothays had helped Tess make the plain white dress she wore, commenting slyly the while thru a mouthful of pins, "Well, well, art thin as a rail, my deary! Ess fay! But never mind—a raft of young 'uns will plumpen 'ee up wunnerful! Why, what's amiss, lass! Did I stick 'ee wi' a pin that you try to jump outen your skin?"

Tess was feverishly gay, pulling roses from the hedge and tearing them to tatters with restless fingers. The molten gold of her hair dazzled Angel's eyes. It made a radiance in the dark little church with the smell of mold and candle grease that he, a parson's son, had learned to associate with religion. It seemed the only living thing in a world of shadows as they whirred endlessly thru green English landscape afterward and later sought supper and lodging in the busy shire town.



When at last they were alone in a clean, bare little room high above the rattling carts and clamor of tongues in the market square, he took Tess into his arms and they stood so for a long time, not speaking, while the flickering candle cast a grotesque shadow embrace upon the whitewashed wall. "Are you happy, Tess?" he whispered, and she answered almost defiantly, "Yes! I am happy."

"Do you know why I came here?" Angel Clare asked, presently. "I played a little trick on you, darling! You asked where we were going, but I didn't tell you it was to Marlott——" he laughed boyishly, "I'm jealous, Tess! Jealous of the long years when I didn't know you. So we're going to your home village and you shall show me all the places where you played when you were a fat little girl with tow-colored pigtails!"

He stopped, for Tess had made a strange sound. Step by step she drew away from him till she was standing against the wall. Something in the stricken face she turned toward him warned him not to follow. Then her arms dropped helplessly. "See!" said Tess in a dead tone, "things just *happen* wi'out our contriving. I



At the top of the page: Tess and Angel Clare on their honeymoon, at last alone in a clean little bare room, high above the rattling carts and clamor of tongues in the market square, Tess tells her story. . . . Left: "I . . . killed him," said Tess. "I suppose they will hang me, wont they? 'Tis proper queer how things come—I never wanted to be wicked and now I must be hung——"

thought I'd never see Marlott again—and I'm going there on my wedding trip!" She laughed rather dreadfully.

"Tess!" said Angel Clare. His face had grown hard and stern, a stranger's face staring horrified at her, "what —can you mean?"

In the silence the bang of the shutters as some tradesman closed his shop for the night came to their ears, and the light, empty sound of a girl's laugh.

"I'll tell 'ee!" said Tess, stonily, "you'd hear it anyhow afore you'd been ten minutes in Marlott. There was little else they talked about when I ran away to be beyond the clack of their tongues——"

It was a year and a bit more ago—said Tess—that her father got it into his head that he was by rights one of the D'Urbervilles and after that nothing would do but they must claim kin with the family that lived in a grand house on the hill beyond the village. By night nor day her mother would give her no peace till she promised to go to the D'Urberville house and ask them to do something for their blood relations. And at last she went, tho she thought she'd die of shame telling the parson's silly guess to the haughty lady, and seeing her smile so scornful like.

But the lady's son, Alec D'Urberville, a fine young gentleman with rings on his fingers, was there, too, and he spoke up and begged his mother to give her work in the poultry yard. So she stayed on in the grand house and Alec D'Urberville——

"He gave me no peace," Tess pleaded, and now her stony calm was gone and she rushed on wildly, "he told me he loved me, but I knew 'twas not the right way of loving and I tried to keep away from him. I begged him to let me be but he only laughed—and then one night I was walking home from town with some o' the other maids and they started quarreling and shoving, and Alec D'Urberville came riding by and offered to drive me to the big house himself. I was afeared of the girls, for they'd been drinking so I climbed into the cart with him and I fell asleep——"

Sobs choked her. Thru them came Angel Clare's voice, harsh with scorn, "And I was afraid to kiss you! God! What a fool I've been!"

She ran to him, with frantic hands, "but I wasna to blame! I was asleep and when I woke up—I wanted to die! Angel, dont look at me like that. Why—why you look just like the rest of 'em when I come home wi' my shame——"

He moved his rigid lips with an effort, "——you mean —you have a—*child?*"

"It died," whispered Tess. Unconsciously her arms made a cradling motion, "the parson wouldn't baptize it so I did it myself wi' a basin of water. Such a little pretty baby, Angel—but it died. And I couldn't bear the staring eyes and the whispers, so I went away. And then I met you and it seemed maybe God was sorry and was going to give me a chance to be happy after all."



In the grim grey shadows of Stonehenge the "strange men" find Tess

He put her away not ungently and strode to the window, frowning out into the darkness, "and you let me *marry* you——"

"But you told me—about that night in Lunnon——" Tess pleaded, "it didn't make me love *you* the less! After all, how am I different than I was? I always *wanted* to be good!"

He had loved her very much, tremulously like a boy, bitterly like a man, and the struggle between love and hurt pride was a sharp one. But after all he had been the lover but a few weeks, and he had been Angel Clare, the parson's son, for twenty-four years. The end was marked from the beginning, tho it did not come until after devastating hours of tears and futile words and fierce spasms of rage on his part toward the man who had insolently stolen what belonged to him.

Toward morning Tess, sunk upon the floor by the window, fell into the troubled sleep of utter exhaustion to dream of great grey stones towering over her and when she awoke Angel Clare was gone. A note pinned with some bills to the window sill said briefly that he thought it best for both of them not to see each other again. "I am going to South America," he wrote, "I love you, but things cant ever be the same after what you've told me. If you need money write to my father——" he gave the address and that was all.

In the grey dawn beyond the window a tiny object whirled by, a leaf borne on the gust. The easy relief of tears was beyond Tess now. She had wept herself dry thru the dreadful scenes of the night. In a stony calm she took off the crumpled white bridal dress, put on a coarse clean smock from her bag, and smoothed the heavy gold of her hair. "When there's nothing more as can happen to 'ee," she said to the white face in the glass, "you're safe."

This fatalistic sense of being driven by forces outside of her went with Tess Durbeyville thru the drab days that followed when—back in her native village again—she moved automatically thru the old familiar drudgery, unheeding the avid stares of old crones who paused by the gate to watch her, unheeding her mother's perpetual whine. "Live on fat o' the land 'ee could, an' a'd rather see her own brothers an' sisters starve, an' the mother who bore 'ee!"

Tess knew that she referred to Alec D'Urberville and the money she might be able to get out of him. She knew that their situation was growing desperate and that soon something must be done or they would be put out of the miserable cottage, but it was the hungry wails of her youngest brother which finally pierced the numbness of her heart. They were a little like the thin plaint of the hapless scrap of life that she had held for a short few weeks in her arms.

And when Alec D'Urberville rode his curveting black horse down the winding street, flung the bridle rein to a

(*Continued on page 76*)



Star Light

A Billion Dollar Cast

The combined glory of this group would outshine the sun. We never saw so many stars together before. The occasion was a party that Conway Tearle gave in honor of Ethel Barrymore at the conclusion of her Los Angeles theatrical engagement. The group includes: Conway Tearle, Ethel Barrymore, Laurette Taylor, Bessie Love, George Archainbaud, Natalie, Constance and Norma Talmadge, Leatrice Joy, Colleen Moore, Theda Bara, Donald Brian, Vivian Martin, George Fitzmaurice, Percy Marmont, Buster Keaton, Ernest Torrence, Owen Moore, John McCormick, John Gilbert and others. How many can you recognize?



Rex, King of Wild Horses

His Story

By Tom Reeves

THE making of "Rex, King of Wild Horses," featuring a wild horse, under the Hal Roach banner, has marked a new epoch in the production of animal pictures. It has brought to the screen the impossible, and in days to come will bring many more new pictures of real, original and interesting entertainment.

When it was decided to make "The King of Wild Horses," Hal Roach very naturally wanted the best man obtainable to handle the selection, training, and direction of the animal. He wanted a man who could go out on the ranges, get a real wild horse, tame it sufficiently without breaking its spirit, to carry the lead in this picture. There was little doubt in the producer's mind as to what man he wanted, and he succeeded in gaining the services of Chick Morrison, the dean of horsemen.



Rex and his trainer, the late "Chick" Morrison

After a search thru several states, Morrison found Rex, an untamed, yet registered stallion in Colorado. It may seem peculiar to the reader to call Rex a real wild horse and at the same time say that he is a registered Morgan stallion, but the following few lines will explain this complex. When this horse was but a colt, he displayed every sign of what might be called meanness. He was treacherous and dangerous and developed an extreme hatred for man. Deciding to leave him alone for a while, as he was yet too young for commercial purposes, his owner gave him the freedom of the range. The call of the wild was greater than that of civilization and after a short while he became a character not unlike the "Black," which he portrays in the picture. Many attempts were made to capture him, none meeting with success.

The State Reformatory, located in the little town of Golden, found themselves in need of a work horse. The most economical thing for them to do was to take a horse from the range. In their search, Rex was discovered. His beauty attracted them. Several times individuals attempted a capture, but in vain. A round-up took place and they succeeded in driving the stallion into a large corral. The next move was to rope and break him. Many attempts were made which resulted in serious injury to the participants and to one, even death. They gave up the job as hopeless and driving him into a box-stall, left him unmolested. Even those who fed him did so with the greatest caution. It was then that Morrison appeared on the scene.

After an examination of the animal, he knew that Rex was the horse he wanted. Of course, having gone thru the excitement of being captured, which was none too gentle, the horse had increased his hatred for man. Such a thing as kindness from a human was beyond his imagination. Overcoming this was Morrison's task. It cost him a good deal, from a physical standpoint, to do this. He was kicked, stamped, bitten and pawed by Rex, many, many times. Morrison's leg was broken twice during the production of this picture. Each time thru the treachery of Rex. But this did not stop him. It was really pitiful to watch him hobble around on crutches, talking to Rex, telling him to do this and that.

That's how Rex was trained. Not thru beating, but by first being shown, using a certain set of words or phrases in explaining. This same set of words were used

(*Continued on page* 83)



Havral

Alexandresca

This interesting woman is considered a great beauty in her own country, Roumania. By any standards she is fascinating. She lends atmosphere and color to Rex Ingram's picture, "The Arab." Let us hope the screen will keep her

The Hollywood

Transcribed by



Above is Bessie Love answering her fan mail probably. Right is "Peter the Great," a rival of Strongheart, and his trainer, or should one say director, Chester Franklin. They are making "The Silent Accuser"





Left: They are using everything in First National's "The Lost World," from a dinosaur to a baby. This is the baby and another small actor whose name we didn't get

BEN TURPIN finds that the business of acting is taking too much of his time. It interferes with the progress of his art. Ben's favorite form of art is acting as an amateur traffic cop.

It began some time ago when an enterprising publicity man arranged to have Ben boss the traffic on one of the busiest corners in the business section. The experiences that he had that afternoon were like strong drink to a reformed inebriate. Every other experience in life has become tame by contrast.

Every afternoon, at six o'clock, Ben takes his station at the corner of Western Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard—in the heart of Hollywood's heaviest traffic. Until eight o'clock, he stands there like an island in a swirling sea and bosses the passing motorists. The official glare that he gives offending chauffeurs is said to be particularly terrifying from the famous eyes built on the bias. Meanwhile Mrs. Turpin stands on the corner and watches him, simply transfixed with admiration.

Ben excused himself reluctantly from his duties the other day and I hauled him over to a corner behind a telephone post where he told me about it.

"No more of this actin' stuff for me," he said. "Wha' do I want to act fer? I got all the money I want; got lots of property and everything; my wife isn't so well and I gotta stay home and keep her company." Ben says that the producers are trying to get him to sign another contract, so he might slip back to play acting after all. Meanwhile he will not lack for entertainment—not while the traffic trundles on down the boulevard.

* * *

Charles Brabin, who is suing the Mayer - Goldwyn - Metro corporation because he was ousted as director of "Ben Hur," is returning to Hollywood. He is going to direct Colleen Moore in Edna Ferber's "So Big." This will be a big change from Colleen's flapper stories. She plays the part of a worn and weather-beaten woman who earns her own living by running a vege-



Clarence Badger and Laurette Taylor lunching on location, while making "One Night in Rome." Dont they look cool and comfortable and satisfied?

Boulevardier Chats

HARRY CARR

table farm. Possibly to get herself *en rapport* with the part, Colleen has planted her whole back yard full of cabbages.

* * *

Wallace Beery, who has the distinction of having been the first husband of Gloria Swanson, is about to be married again. The bride is Rita Gilman, a motion picture actress. Wallace is building a very handsome home in Hollywood. In the process of building, his contractor suddenly left for parts unknown; wherefore Wallace had to pay all the gentleman's bills to the hired help. The consequence is that his house cost him just double the contract price.

* * *

A sprightly young lady who runs a gossip column in a local newspaper has brought word to a breathless and astonished world about "slave bracelets." It appears that the thing to do is to present your favored swain with a bracelet showing ownership. It seems that Ben Lyon is wearing one and the young lady writer has a feeling that it was Barbara La Marr who gave it to him; and John Bowers has one and Lois Wilson gave one to Richard Dix. Constance Talmadge, to tease her sister Natalie, has presented a slave bracelet to Buster Keaton, her brother-in-law.

* * *

Irene Rich returned to Hollywood from Europe the other day, and the Warner Brothers gave an immense luncheon in her honor. Irene thrilled everybody to the marrow bones by telling them how she went to the Queen of England's lawn party and another time, danced with the Prince of Wales. She said all they talked about was the movies.

* * *

Probably to start the right trains of thought in operation, many yearning Hollywood girls are having themselves photographed as Peter Pan. Gladys Hulette says that she wanted to have some publicity stills taken in a Peter Pan costume recently. Every Peter Pan costume in every costum-





Above is Nazimova greeting her director, Edwin Carewe, before beginning her return picture, "Madonna of the Streets." Left is Dorothy Mackaill trying to get fat on five quarts of milk a day



Right is Beverly Bayne, the wife of Francis X. Bushman, who is making "Her Marriage Vow," while her husband is in Italy working in "Ben Hur"



Young Mr. Ben Lyon, who has been in the limelight lately, getting an eyeful during the making of "The White Moth"





er's store in town was "out" except one; and that one was literally worn to rags by overuse. Every copy of the book has been worn to pieces in the public library by ambitious young ladies seeking to get themselves into practice—if it should happen.

* * *

The month of August, by official decree of the Mayor of Los Angeles, was set apart as "Better Film Month" with street parades and all sorts of public demonstrations. The object is to stimulate interest in pictures. The big exhibitors are alarmed at the falling off in attendance. It is estimated that the daily attendance, which was 20,000,000 in the years between 1912 and 1915, has fallen off to about 5,000,000. The general opinion of picture producers is that this is not due to poorer pictures; the trouble is high prices for tickets.

* * *

Will Hays is in Hollywood at the time of this writing. He is making a great crusade against off-color pictures and off-color advertising. He made an address before a meeting of the Wampas (an association of motion picture advertising men) at which he hurled fire and brimstone against the practice of placing decent pictures before the public thru the medium of smutty advertisements.

* * *

Ora Carew's domestic affairs, which usually keep the public keyed up to a pitch of excitement, took another turn last week. Miss Carew accepted a vaudeville engagement at a local house. The second day of her appearance she appealed to the police for an armed guard because she explained that her husband, John C. Howard, was jealous of the theater manager. Mr. Howard is, by occupation, a manufacturer of salad dressing. It is suggested that he has too much paprika in his cosmos.

* * *

Shirley Mason has announced her engagement to Harlan Fengler, a dashing young automobile race driver. They are to be married in the fall.

* * *

Word comes to Hollywood by the way of private letters that Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the first, is having hard sledding in Paris. She has dropped the name of her second husband and calls herself Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks again. She is said to have lost a lot of money in the film ventures of her son, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whose brief picture career was a tragic failure. His one picture, "Stephen Steps Out," is down on the list as one of the worst selling pictures of the year.



At the top of the page is Ben Turpin in "Two Weeks," burlesquing von Stroheim and Elinor Glyn all in one picture. Above is Fox's baby star, Marion Nixon, getting a free ride in "The Circus Cowboy." Right is George Fitzmaurice with Irene Bordoni, the popular musical comedy star, and Samuel Goldwyn

* * *

Alice Terry has announced that she is a blonde for keeps. For one of the first times of her film career, she appeared with her own hair in "The Arab." Having taken one look at herself, Miss Terry has taken a never-again pledge.

* * *

Oddly enough, the three women who are always directed in pictures by their beloved husbands have all dis-

(*Continued on page* 70)

GLORIA GOULD tells why the care of the skin is vital

"THE WOMEN *of the younger set today never permit the strain of many engagements or the attacks of wind and sun to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions.*

"Fatigue and exposure can leave no trace on the skin that is cared for by Pond's Two Creams. They are really remarkable."

Gloria Gould

GLORIA GOULD, who has recently become Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop, is the youngest—and many think the loveliest—daughter of one of America's oldest families of great wealth. She commands a unique position in New York's exclusive younger social set.

When in the cream-and-blue drawing room of her smart East Side apartment she gave me her views on the care of the skin, the simple friendliness of her manner delighted me, but still more, her vividness, her enthusiasm. Even her lovely ivory skin seemed to breathe life.

"Mrs. Bishop," I asked, "what in your opinion is the most important factor in a woman's looks?"

"Three things, I think," prompted Gloria Gould, "are vital to the woman who wants to keep an important place in the social world. Fine eyes, white teeth and a lovely skin. The latter, luckily, any woman may possess, if only she'll take the right care."

Then we spoke of the young women of her set, who in their need to keep themselves looking fresh and lovely have turned to Pond's Two Creams which prevent all weariness from showing and keep the complexion satin-smooth and exquisitely protected.

* * *

The first step in the Pond's Method is a thorough daily cleansing of the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it on generously over the face and neck. With a soft cloth wipe it all off, and rejoice at the black look the cloth gives you! Repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice.

The second step in the Pond's Method is to smooth over your freshly cleansed face a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Do this before powdering and especially before going out into the wind, sun, dust or cold. This delicate cream renders a four-fold service—it protects the skin from the weather, gives it a soft, smooth finish, holds rouge and powder evenly and long, and freshens and rests it amazingly.

Like Gloria Gould and the other smart young women of the exclusive social set, you can have an exquisite complexion. Begin today with Pond's Two Creams. Their daily use will keep your skin exquisite and with Gloria Gould you'll agree they "are really remarkable!" Pond's Extract Company.



Gloria Gould's lovely ivory complexion bespeaks exquisite care

THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI · MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE · THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR. · MRS. JULIA HOYT
THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU · LADY DIANA MANNERS

These are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams.



On Gloria Gould's dressing table stand Pond's Two Creams which keep the complexion exquisite despite the strain of social life

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon at once and we will send you free tubes of these two famous creams

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. K
145 Hudson Street, New York

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



Dick at West Point

Below is Dick, dressed as a plebe, with John Robertson, his director, and Cadet Officer E. L. Johnson. Left is Dick (first row) in a real plebe drill



Above is the winning West Point class marching out to take the Oath of Allegiance. Dick is among them. Below, he stands with Mary Hay, his wife





For Richard Barthelmess' next picture, "Classmates," a West Point background was needed and the courtesy of our finest military college was extended to this young star. They spent several days up on the Hudson shooting



The young cadets got the thrill of their lives being in the picture with Barthelmess, and some interesting and original material was shot

Left is the fine old entrance gate where many scenes were taken. The routine was not disturbed, Dick was just included in the drilling



Women who use the *right* shade of powder are never obviously "powdered"

Your powder should always complement the color-tone of your skin —and be applied to cover it evenly.

MME. JEANNETTE

SOMETIMES we have the experience of seeing a woman approaching us on the street and we have a horrible feeling that her face is deformed. Then when she reaches us we see a very pretty person with her nose so powdered that it is accented out of all proportion to her face.

This unpleasant result is especially noticeable if the wrong shade of powder is used.

The shade of your powder should match the natural tone of your skin. If we are of the Caucasian race, we all naturally think we are "white" women, and therefore must use white powder. This is a mistake—there are several gradations of color-tone in our skins. Even sisters are frequently found whose skin-tones are as different as though they belonged to different races. So we should study our skin and determine its classification.

In a general way, there are four distinct tones of skin found among the women of America—the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink skin. And because of this fact there are four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—a right shade of powder for every typical skin.

The Medium skin is more variable than the others. It is harder to determine, for it is frequently found with light or dark hair, light or dark eyes, or combinations of middle shades. The medium tone of skin is neither milk-white nor swarthy, it is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet.

Medium skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. If you find it difficult to determine whether you have a light skin or a dark skin, the chances are that you really have a medium tone of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Milk-White skin that is quite without trace of color except where the little blue veins show is the only skin that should ever use white powder.

The Pink skin can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated.

Women with pink skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. They should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Olive skin. Many artists think there is no type so beautiful as the clear, dark skin we frequently see in beautiful Spanish or Italian women. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is made from the finest, selected ingredients. This powder has an exceptional adhesive quality that keeps the skin well covered over an unusual period of time. 60c a box. (Canada, 65c.)

Pompeian
Beauty Powder

The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact—a thin model

Thousands of women who are devotees of the superior qualities of Pompeian Beauty Powder will welcome the news that there is now available this delightful powder compacted in a smart new refillable case.

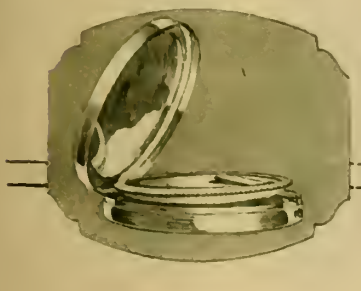
The new Pompeian Powder Compact is a graceful, round, golden-finished case—thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The top is engraved in a delicate design, the cuttings filled with violet enamel, the color that is typical of the regal purple of the Pompeian products. The mirror in the top covers the entire space to give ample reflection — and the lamb's-wool puff has a satin top. At toilet counters $1.00. Refills 50c (slightly higher in Canada).



(Top half shown)

Get 1925 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28x7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50 cents. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for 10c.



POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2128 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for the new **1925** Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Shade of face powder wanted? _____



The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page* 66)

solved partnership the same week. Mae Murray is to be directed by Eric von Stroheim in "The Merry Widow," while her husband, Robert Z. Leonard, will go to First National to direct Corinne Griffith. Mabel Ballin, heretofore working only under the direction of her husband, is free-lancing, while Hugo Ballin is directing Dorothy Devore in "The Prairie Wife." And Alice Terry, who has seldom worked under any other director than her husband, Rex Ingram, is in "The Great Divide," working under Reginald Barker. In each case it was a purely business separation, no domestic storms involved.

* * *

Irving Cummings tells a quaint little story about Carl Laemmle, the big chief of Universal. While Mr. Cummings was making a picture for U, an amiable dispute came up over money. Mr. Laemmle good-naturedly disposed of it by saying they should toss up a quarter and decide the matter of the thousand dollars. The old magnate produced a quarter and Cummings tossed it—and won. "Well, I won," he said absently putting the quarter back into his pocket. "Yes, you won the thousand dollars, but you dont get my quarter," said Laemmle, laughing and holding out his hand.

* * *

Nazimova, who is working in "A Madonna of the Streets" for Edwin Carewe, says frankly that her future screen career depends upon this picture. "I didn't turn against pictures," she said candidly to an interviewer. "Pictures turned against me. This picture will decide whether or not they still want me." The truth, of course, is that pictures did not turn against Nazimova. She will be always recognized as one of the great artists of the history of the screen. She was all but wrecked financially when she tried to make a too-high brow picture out of "Salome."

* * *

Louise Fazenda was embarrassed the other day when the owner of the pet seal "Freddie," used in the "Galloping Fish," made her a formal present of his darling swimmer. She took "Freddie" home and put him in a fountain in her yard. The first thing he did was to eat all the goldfish. Love is at times embarrassing.

* * *

They are making a picture at First National, "The Lost World," in which prehistoric monsters are seen fighting, breathing, eating, running. It promises to be one of the greatest trick pictures ever made.

* * *

How's this for a test of true love? Rod La Rocque and Pola Negri, who are reported to be engaged to be married, are to act in the same picture—"Forbidden Paradise" to be directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

* * *

At the time of going to press the producers are still deadlocked over the choice for Peter Pan. It's been worse than the Democratic convention. By the time this appears someone will undoubtedly have been chosen, but no matter who it is, CLASSIC still casts all its votes for Mary Pickford and will keep right on doing it indefinitely



John Bowers has taken a leave of absence from his film work to train for an automobile race to be held Thanksgiving Day. It is regarded as the most dangerous course over which a race has ever been attempted. In some places the grades are so steep that the wheels skid when locked, the brakes will not hold.

* * *

Ian Keith is the latest sheik to thrill Hollywood. He was brought out from New York to appear with Florence Vidor in "Christine of the Hungry Heart," at the Ince Studio. He is handsome, but haughty.

* * *

Madge Bellamy has been selected to play the lead in Adela Rogers St. John's "Inez of Hollywood." Anna Q. Nilsson, Lloyd Hughes and Lewis Stone will also be in the cast.

* * *

Samuel Goldwyn has won a decree from the courts permitting him to use his own name in his own

(*Contd. on page* 82)



$500.00 IN ONE MONTH DRAWING

CAREFUL, conscientious training by members of our faculty made this possible. Today, trained illustrators who draw pictures for magazines, newspapers, etc., both men and women, earn $200.00 to $500.00 a month and more. The present splendid opportunities in this field have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars worth of illustrations, like the one shown here, every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art. If you like to draw, let your talent make your fortune. Develop it. It takes practice, but so does anything worth while. Learning to illustrate is fascinating to anyone who likes to draw.



The Federal School, one of the oldest and largest art schools in America, has trained hundreds of successful illustrators. It was originally founded by the Bureau of Engraving to supply artists for its own needs. Since then Federal School graduates have become so distinguished for their high quality work that they are in great demand by publishers and art organizations. The reason for this was plainly because of the thorough training given by the school, instruction which was not duplicated by any other institution in the country.

Why the Federal "Master Course" Excels

A strictly up to date and practical art course must give thorough and comprehensive training in many different subjects such as illustrating, serious and comic cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc. No one artist is competent to give instruction in all these branches. For this reason the Federal School has established its "Master Course," in which every subject is covered by a specialist, an artist who has made a success in that one particular field. No other school can offer a course of instruction which is nearly comparable. No other institution in the country has such an array of artists as are on the Federal Staff.

The Federal Authors

The Federal Authors include such nationally known artists as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs, Norman Rockwell, Fay King, Frank King, Charles Russell, Herbert Johnson, Walter Wilwerding, Charles Bartholomew and over fifty others. Exclusive original lessons and drawings especially prepared by these famous artists are included in the Federal Home Study Course. They teach you everything you need to know about illustrating so that when you finish the course you will not find anything new to you. You will be prepared for any problem or emergency which may arise.

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Federal School Graduates are employed by publishers and commercial organizations all over the country. The usual salary for the beginner is from $35.00 to $50.00 a week and, with increasing experience, promotion is rapid. No previous experience is necessary in order to take this course. Every step is plain and you will be led gradually from simple sketches to complex illustrations having a high market value. At all times contact with you is direct and personal and every effort is made to develop your own individual style. What this style is can only be determined after thorough training in the fundamentals of draftsmanship.

Study at Home in your Spare Time

In studying with the Federal School you can take as long as you like to finish each piece of work. The fact that you are busy during the daytime makes no difference. The course may be completed in your own home at night or during any spare time you have. Earn while you work if you wish. Many students find a market for their drawings long before they finish the course. Some earn the price of the course several times over before they finish. Moreover, when you graduate your connection with the school is not terminated. We take a personal interest in the success of our graduates and our business connections enable us to offer many fine opportunities. In our files are hundreds of letters from students telling what the Federal School has done for them.

Send for FREE BOOK

Our *free* illustrated book, "A Road To Bigger Things" contains some of these. It also shows the work they have done and gives all the details of the course.

If you like to draw, do not give it up for something you do not like so well. You owe it to yourself to develop the ability you possess. Fill in the attached coupon, mail it today and start up the "Road To Bigger Things."



Federal School of Illustrating

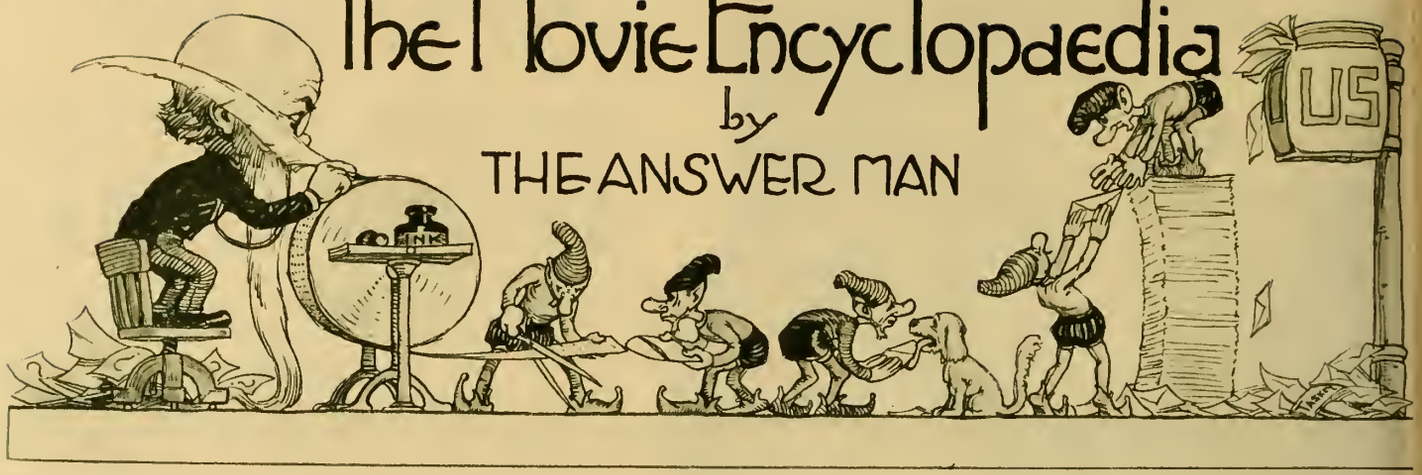
FEDERAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
1075 Federal School Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

.....

The Movie Encyclopaedia
by
THE ANSWER MAN



DOT B.—I hope you have had a pleasant summer. Mahlon Hamilton and Lillian Rich played in "Half a Chance." Glenn Hunter played in "Grit." D. W. Griffith has signed a contract to make pictures for Famous Players, at a salary of $10,000 a week, to take effect after completion of his latest picture for United Artists, entitled "Dawn." Under his new contract, Mr. Griffith is to produce three pictures in two years.

WASHTI.—But, we promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears. Address Mary Hay at the Abbott Cottage, Mamaroneck, New York. Betty Blythe, Lon Chaney and Forrest Stanley have been added to the cast of "The Breath of Scandal."

BONNIE.—You must not believe all the critics. Burns once said: "Critics are cutthroat bandits in the paths of fame." Well, I am over eighty, whether you believe it or not. Plenty of buttermilk is the secret. So you didn't like Gloria Swanson in "The Society Scandal." You dont like her new personality. Well, you must grant she can wear clothes. Clara Bow is nineteen. Ben Lyon is twenty-three. Mrs. Wallace Reid is playing in "Broken Laws" for F. B. O.

RHEA R.—Thanks a lot for the fee. Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California. Enid Bennett, also. Dorothy Mackaill is with Principal Pictures, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Well, I hope I am sane. The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old. Reed Hawes, the Arrow collar man, and Lefty Flynn are playing in F. B. O. pictures.

MIMI H.—Most of the players you mention are with Famous Players.

GINNY.—Well, to fall in love is much easier than to get rid of it. Enid Bennett with Metro-Goldwyn and she was born on January 22, 1896. No, I dont think Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish will play in "Romeo and Juliet." Lucille Ricksen is only sixteen and not married.

M. C. B., N. J.—That was Joseph Schildkraut in "The Song of Love," and Rudolph is his father. No, I never did hear what happened to Irene Rich's husband. Wanda Hawley, Nigel Barrie and Pedro de Cordoba are playing in "The Desert Sheik," which is taken from the Conan Doyle novel, "The Tragedy of Korosko."

FLORENCE S.—No, I never got the cast for "The Timber Queen." I should say not, Florence, no picture of me. Yes, I like all the players, no favorites. Anna Q. Nilsson is playing in "Vanity's Price," for F. B. O. It was made under the working title of "Purchased Youth," and concerns a woman who has been rejuvenated.

ELLEN A.—You can get the September, 1923, magazine by writing to our Circulation Department, at this address.

FAY BLOSSOM.—It is difficult to define love; we may say of it, however, that in the soul it is a desire to reign; in minds it is a sympathy and in bodies a secret inclination to enjoy what we love after difficulties. No, Gloria Swanson is not dead. You must not believe all you hear. Thomas Meighan is playing in Peter Clark Macfarlane's novel, "Tongues of Flame."

CLASSIC READER.—Thanks for yours—I know that Monte Blue has been married, but he isn't now.

SUNNY.—It is impossible to love those a second time whom we have really ceased to love. Yes, the Moore boys are brothers. Ernan Hansson in "The Blizzard." He is a foreigner, you know. Tom Moore has been engaged to play opposite Bebe Daniels in "Dangerous Money."

ROBIN DEG.—It is most dangerous nowadays for a husband to pay any attention to his wife in public. It always makes people think that he beats her when they're alone. The world has grown so suspicious of anything that looks like a happy married life. I understand First National will film "The Life of Christ." Buck Jones in "The Desert Outlaw."

RENAULT.—Well, I have never found the one best seller to be the wine cellar. That was an interesting picture of the tree growing from the stone roof of the court-house tower in Greensburg, Indiana. It was a very interesting picture. The soft maple fifteen feet six inches seems to have rooted from seed carried by birds in 1872, now fifty-two years old. Address Rod La Rocque at the Famous Players Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California, and Nita Naldi at Famous Players, Astoria, Long Island. Mary Pickford at Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Los Angeles, California.

M. E. F.—Most of the players you mention are with Famous Players, at the above address.

MISS L. O.—That was good of you, and I hope you received your answer by now.

M. C. B.—Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up. Doris Kenyon is playing in "If I Marry Again." Sylvia Breamer and Ben Lyon also in the cast. Well, it happened this way. About twenty-eight years ago, short-length pictures were shown at the Eden Musee on 23rd Street, New York City. They were "The Crying Baby," "Jumping the Hurdles" and "Feeding the Sheep." The first three-reel subject produced in America, so far as I know, was the "Passion Play," about twenty-six years ago. It was taken on the roof of the old Grand Central Palace and ran continuously for nine months at the Eden Musee and was considered to be the highest production of the cinematograph art at that time. That was Joseph Schildkraut you speak of.

JOHN.—All right, John, see how prompt I am? Baby Peggy was born October 26, 1918. Address her at the Sol Lesser Productions, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles. Richard Talmadge is playing in "American Manners." Helen Lynch opposite him.

IRISH.—If you marry a girl who is disagreeable to every one but you, you will get your share of it—after the knot is tied. Robert Ellis is married to May Allison. Helene Chadwick is playing right along. No trouble to answer your questions. Be sure to write me again.

DREAM.—Yes, Alma Bennett is five and one-half feet tall and weighs 130 pounds. She has dark complexion and black hair and brown eyes. You are right. We are by no means aware how much we are influenced by our passions.

EDITH.—That is Irene Rich's real name. Jackie Coogan at Metro-Goldwyn. Why Marion Davies has a sister, Rosemary, and another, Renee. Glad you like the CLASSIC. Tell us what you like and what you dont like about it.

ELITA.—No, I dont mind getting old, even tho old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth. Harrison Ford is playing opposite Rosemary Davies in "Souls Adrift," after which he will return to play opposite Marion, her sister, in "Zander." He recently played with Marion Davies in "Janice Meredith."

MARGARET R.—You want to know why Cecil De Mille had Miriam younger than Moses, when the Bible says that Miriam was old enough to care for Moses when he was a boy. I really dont know.

(*Continued on page 74*)

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all inquiries: The Answer Man, CLASSIC, Brewster Buildings, Brooklyn, N. Y. Use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear, also the name of the magazine you wish your inquiry to appear in. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must wait their turn. Let us hear from you.

FREE: 10 DAY TRIAL! Send no money. Simply clip coupon below.



Now marcel your hair beautifully

–in 5 minutes–at home!

An alluring wave guaranteed, bobbed or unbobbed
And the cost is but half-a-penny!
Coupon offers free 10-day trial

THE loveliness of softly waved hair—chic, alluring!—may always be yours, now. No more times, between waves, when the curl has gone—when hair is not as pretty as it might be—when it is hard to arrange.

For now you can do as thousands of other attractive girls and women do—whether your hair is bobbed or long. Every day, if you wish, have a fresh marcel. Right at home—in five minutes! And the cost is actually about half a cent. It is a new method, approved by hair specialists.

The coupon below offers you an opportunity to try it, without cost, for 10 days. Send no money—simply clip the coupon.

An exquisite wave

This new way to keep your hair beautifully dressed was perfected to do two things: First, to give you a really professional wave in a very few minutes at home; and second, to reduce the cost.

You use the YVETTE Marcel Waver to do it. Specially designed to impart an exquisitely soft, but very distinct wave.

Simply attach it to an ordinary electric light socket, as you would an old-style "curling iron." But the YVETTE does what no "curling iron" could ever do.

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In five minutes your hair is beautifully waved. How nice to have this help, for instance, when going to the theater some evening—with little time to get ready. What a comfort not having to bother with hairdressers' appointments and waiting!





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Buy several $20 hats with what it saves!

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This unusual, new waver will delight you as it has thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at $10—which is really a low price, when you consider the time and money to be saved. But we have determined to **reduce** the price—and, by selling still greater numbers, have just as large a business as ever. So we make this amazingly generous offer.

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Keep and use the Waver for ten days. Test it in any way you see fit. Then, if you are not entirely and completely delighted with what it does for your hair, with the saving in time and money, just send it back to us. Immediately, and without the slightest questioning, we will mail back your $4.97. Isn't that fair?

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The Breath of Scandal

Do YOU prefer to know "the truth" about the private lives of your favorite stars?

Does this make you more—or less—interested in their films?

Gladys Hall puts this question to the readers of CLASSIC in a lively fashion.

Animal Actors and Human Stars

They work together very calmly (sometimes) says Dorothy Donnell. And as for the pictures! You'll want one of the cubs, or perhaps a full-grown tiger, the minute you see these photographs we have to illustrate the story.

The Man Who Sold Himself

Monta Bell, the director of one of the best pictures of the year, "Broadway After Dark," broke all the supposedly cast-iron rules for directing. And got away with it. Jim Tully tells the story.

On the news-stands **NOVEMBER** *October 12th*

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

That "Different" Screen Magazine

The Movie Encyclopaedia

(*Continued from page 72*)

ARNOLD B.—That was Marion Nixon in "Circus Cowboy." Hope Hampton is going to play in a series of one-reel fashion pictures in which she will display the extensive wardrobe that she purchased in Paris with her husband, Jules Brulatour. Buck Jones in "The Desert Outlaw."

MOVIE FAN.—You should see me in my one-piece bathing suit. Yes, Patsy Ruth Miller and Matt Moore are playing in "The Girl on the Stairs." Percy Marmont and Zazu Pitts have the leads in "The Legend of Hollywood." William Duncan is with Universal. Ben Lyon with Famous Players.

BILLY F.—Just pronounce it Ne-gree. They say she was born in Poland, of German extraction. Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri are each twenty-seven years old and Thomas Meighan is forty.

MYRTLE H.—Well, the pleasure of loving is, to love; and we are much happier in the passion we feel, than in that we excite. I'm not much of a connoisseur on the subject, being an old bachelor. Harold Lloyd at the Harold Lloyd Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Edna Murphy is with Pathé. Yes, the Lloyd daughter is named Mildred Gloria Lloyd.

BILLY.—Pearl White has red hair. Norma Talmadge has dark brown. Buster Keaton has purchased the screen rights to "Seven Chances," from the stage-play.

FRENCH DOLL.—Sometimes I consume as much as two quarts of buttermilk a day. There's nothing like it. Alice Terry is with Metro-Goldwyn. No, I never heard the answer to question Number two. Ramon Novarro is with Metro-Goldwyn.

BETTY SWEET 16.—You must write to me whenever you feel like it. I nearly died with the heat this summer. Besides my movie fans, I had all the electric fans going. Yes, I read "A Tale of Two Cities," quite some time ago.

CUTIE.—Pola Negri was born January 3, 1897. You know her father was a gypsy and her real name is Apollonia Chalupez and she was once the Countess Dombski. She appeared in the Russian Imperial Ballet and her first picture shown in this country was "Passion." She is five feet four and weighs 120. Black hair and grey-green eyes.

SERIAL FAN.—Moderation resembles temperance. We are not unwilling to eat more, but are afraid of doing ourselves harm. Marie Prevost and Raymond McKee have the leads in the latest Grand-Asher production, "Desires of Men." You refer to G. O. Williams and George Routh in "Hazards of Helen." That was some serial.

THE WESTERNER.—You cant be so bad. Wild oats never grow near wall flowers. Robert Frazer was born in Worcester, Massachusetts. and William Boyd was born in Cambridge, Ohio. Constance Binney is touring for the stage right now. That's all right, I dont mind.

BEAVER MEADOW.—Bebe Daniels in "Dangerous Money" with Tom Moore. Norman Trevor has been signed up by Famous Players as leading man in Gloria Swanson's "The Wages of Virtue."

TEENEE.—No, I am not a genius; if I were I could cheat my grocer, rob my neighbor and betray my friend's wife, and all would be excused. That is Robert Agnew's real name. He was born in Dayton, Kentucky, in 1899. His first big part was in "Clarence."

N. D. G. H.—You must not.

A COLLECTING BUG.—You've got it too,

(*Continued on page 87*)



Brewing Beauty

"Olive oil, oatmeal, lemons, salt, and cornmeal!"

Any bachelor would order this list of groceries for food, and for food only. But a woman buying these things might not have thought of eating them. Far from it! But she would use them in another life-saving way which is, perhaps, just as valuable—for the magic beautifying properties. It's astonishing what happiness and comeliness can be found on the pantry shelves. If you believe it isn't so, read all about what's what, in *The Kitchen Beauty Shelf*. And when you have read, you'll not be able to resist trying their effects on that ever-present problem that is *yourself*.

The Problems of the Girl Who is Not an Acclaimed Beauty is told by Alice Brady, the very attractive stage and screen star. She writes of the joys of the girl who has no worries about the sun, or the wind, or rain, but who has other cares....

The Problems of the Acclaimed Beauty are those that concern Mary Eaton. She is well qualified to write on this subject, for is she not radiantly, blondely, beautiful? And hasn't she been "glorified" by Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld in his *Follies*?

The mouth is a "dead give-away," says Penelope Knapp. And it isn't so much the words you speak that counts; it's what your mouth says when you are silent.

If you care to keep your five senses "until the end," you'll care for your eyes and ears and nose now. See how to do this in *Coddling the Five Senses*.

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Just moisten the bristles of your hair brush with a few drops of Glostora and brush it on your hair. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing the wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in and leaves your hair soft and easy to manage, so that it stays just as you arrange it—even after shampooing.

Use a little once or twice a week and you will be delighted to see how much more beautiful and attractive your hair will look and how much easier it will be to manage—whether long or bobbed.

There is nothing better for children, whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is inclined to be stubborn and hard to train and keep in place.

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

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A little Glostora rubbed through the hair once or twice a week, or after shampooing, keeps it so soft and pliable that it stays in place just as combed or brushed and does not become mussed up or disarranged.

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Informal snapshots of famous movie stars



Just the sort of pictures you might have taken yourself had you been wandering around the studios with a kodak. They will fit in your album with your other snapshots. Any 6 for 25c or 15 for 50c.

Wanda Hawley	Rudolph Valentino	Clara Kimball Young
Jackie Coogan	Charlie Chaplin	Lloyd Hughes
Anita Stewart	Mae Murray	Tom Mix
Harold Lloyd	Hobart Bosworth	Baby Peggy
Charlie Ray	Bill Hart	Claire Windsor
Agnes Ayres	Charlie Murray	Priscilla Dean
Ethel Clayton	Lila Lee	Norma Talmadge
Mary Pickford	Douglas Fairbanks	Reginald Denny

GROVER C. MARTIN

536 So. Hope St. Los Angeles



Stonehenge, the ancient Druid temple whose mystery will never be solved, where Tess went out to die. This is the original pile of strange grey granite undisturbed for centuries

Tess of the D'Urbervilles

(*Continued from page* 60)

scraping old grandsire and strode into the yard where she was digging in their starvling garden, with his lordly air of owning the earth by right of inheritance, Tess only flung back the dull gold wisps of hair with one arm and listened to what he had to say.

Old flames fanned themselves to a blaze behind Alec's dark eyes as he looked at the sweet curves of her young body in the tight outgrown gown. He was sorry, he said with a light laugh, for the way things had gone with her, but he was willing to make amends.

"I couldn't forget you, Tess!" his hand was hot on her bare arm. "You were such a sweet little thing, but upon my word now you are positively beautiful! In the right clothes—with the jewels and furs that belong with beauty, why there isn't a woman in London could touch you!" He had come prepared to override her fury but this still calm disconcerted him, and intrigued his fancy. "Listen, Tess! Come to London with me—let me give you a fine apartment — clothes, luxury. I'll see that your family is taken care of for life!"

"You know," said Tess in a flat voice, "that I'm married?"

Alec D'Urberville laughed, "I heard all about that! You'll never see that sanctimonious prig of a parson's cub again. Come to London, Tess, where you'll be appreciated!" He saw himself beside this glorious creature in the opera, stared at enviously. "Damn these gaping clowns! I'm afire for you, Tess! You beauty—you cold tantalizing beauty! I want to kiss you all over from your golden head to your little feet."

"I ought to hate you," Tess said wearily, "but somehow I cant feel anything any more. Maybe I will some day, and then you will be sorry I came with you. But perhaps my heart is dead—it feels dead, and cold—and so if you will give my mother a thousand pounds so the little ones wont go hungry I will come to Lunnon."

With the voluptuous idea of giving his passion a perfect setting, D'Urberville made no attempt to claim Tess' promise until he had installed her in a handsome apartment, and bought her the clothes that would flatter her strange white loveliness. Like a marble woman, Tess stood in softly lighted, deeply carpeted rooms while they put soft silks and chiffons and laces upon her, did amazing things to her hair and skin, decked her with jewels. The winds were whirling the lost leaf into strange places, and the wind was too strong for leaves.

She moved thru the days and the new sights and sounds like one in a trance, and Alec D'Urberville, seeing, smiled a distorted smile. When the time came he would waken her, and—he drew a slow breath—the time was almost come. He had chosen the horse show as the setting for his first display of Tess in all her glory.

The world could not know it was a dead woman sitting in regal disdain of their staring eyes in the box beside the handsome, insolent young man who gazed at her instead of at the ring. They couldn't know that when she leaned forward suddenly and looked down at someone in the audience below they were witnessing a dead woman coming to life with all the agony of the birth throe. But Alec D'Urberville, following her eyes, had seen the tall, slender man who started up from the benches and was fighting his way thru the crowd.

His fingers sank into Tess' bare

(*Continued on page* 85)

A Thousand Dollars a Day!

(*Continued from page 40*)

know, but Cruze wanted to talk about far places. "How do you direct, Jim?" Cruze hates to speak in the first person.

"Dont know," he answered. "Dont like to talk about pictures. Direct on impulse; wait for occasions. Put in the thing I think is real. Dont follow rules. Never did. Never will."

"What quality is absolutely essential in directing?"

"Resourcefulness—but hell, a fellow has to be resourceful if he drives an automobile a hundred miles."

He really does not like to talk pictures, but in talking about life—he's a great conversationalist. One can see that he abhors the academic and bloodless makers of rules that real talent breaks. For the benefit of the longhairs taking walks in pseudo Greenwich villages, Cruze never uses the word "art." And for the benefit of the too well educated it may be well to remember that Cruze is a brilliant man and had less schooling than any man I know—schooling in the academic sense.

"What is your routine of directing?"

"There is none. It changes with every picture. No two pictures—no two situations—even no two leaves are exactly alike. A fellow cannot steep himself in stock methods, he's got to have guts, imagination, sympathy. He must make the story live. But I've said enough."

I once talked with an old Mormon in Salt Lake City. The conversation turned to the best-known man from Utah.

"You know," he said, "about seven years ago a young fellow came down here from Hollywood and talked to a lot of us about filming the history of our coming across country in wagons. He said he'd weave a love story thru it and make it a big picture and we'd all make a lot of money. He stayed down here with us four weeks but none of us would spend any money, for we all knew the youngster and didn't think he'd make good. So he went back to Hollywood and we decided to make use of his idea. We made a picture giving our entire history—but I guess it's no good. We're ashamed to show it to anyone now. Anyhow, the fellow who talked to all of us was that youngster we all know, Jimmy Cruze. So you see, he had that picture in his head a long time—or one like it, 'The Covered Wagon,' I mean. That Cruze boy always was a smart kid."

Jim Cruze entered pictures in 1908—rather a long time ago. In fact,



One Happy Day

She learned how to beautify teeth

Countless people have attained prettier teeth by making this ten-day test. They accepted this offer, they watched the results. Then they resolved to brush teeth in this new way.

Now, wherever you go, you see the whiter, cleaner teeth this method brought about.

They fight the film

Film is the teeth's great enemy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it.

Soon that clinging film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That's why teeth grow cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Hardly one in fifty escaped film troubles under old ways of tooth brushing.

That's why dental research sought ways to fight that film. Eventually two ways were found. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

These methods have been proved by many tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

The results are so remarkable that careful people of some 50 nations have adopted this new-day dentifrice.

The hidden results

But the visible results are not alone important. Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Thus it gives Nature multiplied power in the fight against starch and acids on teeth.

These combined results mean a new dental era. The benefits belong to you and yours. Let this delightful ten-day test show you how much they mean.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than namel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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A surprise

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. You will want that new beauty, that new safety all your life. **Cut out coupon now.**

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To-morrow's Telephones

So vital a factor has the telephone become in American life that the demand for it would undoubtedly grow even without increases in population. New businesses are founded; others expand. New homes are established in town and city, in suburban dwellings and apartment houses.

To meet the needs of America, to-day and to-morrow, with the best and cheapest telephone service, is the responsibility of the Bell System. The telephone will grow with the population and prosperity of the country, and the plans of to-day must anticipate the growth of to-morrow.

The service which is given to-day was anticipated and provision was made for it, long in advance. Money was provided, new developments were undertaken, construction work was carried through on a large scale. The Bell System, that is, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies, has continuously met these requirements. It has enlisted the genius of technical development and the savings of investors for investment in plant construction.

Over 315,000 men and women are owners of the American Company's stock and over half a million are investors in the securities of the System. With a sound financial structure, a management which is reflected in a high quality of telephone service, the Bell System is enabled to serve the increasing requirements of the American public.

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ANITA - *The Genuine* - PATENTED - NOSE ADJUSTER

Winner of GOLD MEDAL —— Highest in Merit —— Lowest in Price

Support nature and look your best. If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER, in a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation. No need for costly, painful operations. ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL NASAL SUPPORTER absolutely guaranteed. Highly recommended by physicians for misshapen and fractured noses. Self adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. GENTLE, FIRM and PERFECTLY COMFORTABLE. Beware of Imitations! Write today (just your name and address) for FREE Booklet, "Happy Days Ahead," which explains how you can have a perfect nose—and our blank to fill out for sizes. No obligations.

The ANITA Company, Dept. 1029, ANITA Building, Newark, N. J.

many of the leading financial men in pictures were still in the cloak and suit business and had not developed the spiritual in their natures in 1908.

Cruze played leads for some time and then started directing, his first picture being "Too Many Millions," in which Wallace Reid was starred. Since that time he has made many good pictures and it is claimed that he is the only man in Hollywood who has never made a financial failure. That is not a bad record for a lad brought up in tent shows and on freight trains and fishing vessels.

Cruze is the master of broad and subtle humor. Like all people with a delicate sense of humor—Cruze may be laughing at you and not with you—and you may not know it. Cruze learned so much about chivalry and all-round fakiloriums in the salons of fishing vessels, just as Shakespeare learned so much about English aristocracy while holding horses in front of theaters. I said before that Cruze just is. He has something that approaches genius. A better-rounded man than Griffith—not a propagandist—an artist if you will—and like all real artists . . . unconscious of it. . . . The First American Director.

Jetta and Her Temperament

(*Continued from page* 21)

part out here in one of Cecil De Mille's bath tubs. It would be a change." But when she came to examine her part she found she was a young lady of unfortunate morals in a French dancehall. She sighed and made the best of it—or the worst of it, whichever way you look at it.

Her first days in the part showed her to be a thoro and a subtle artiste. She has the French instinct for gesture and the French adroitness of suggestion. Also she is really beautiful in a strange exotic way. She suggests both Pola Negri and Barbara La Marr—a more tingling and more electrical Barbara.

So far she hasn't exhibited the famous Jetta temperament except to cry when the railroad lost her trunks. But Hollywood reflects with the gooseflesh of anticipated thrills that Pola and Jetta are working on adjoining sets. And if they should ever! Oh, my. . . .

Well, they never did! Since this sketch was written, Jetta Goudal has left Hollywood and is playing in "The Sainted Devil" with Valentino in New York, and to date she seems to have the famous temperament under perfect control.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

The Romance of the Extra

(*Continued from page* 35)

of Princeton and his real ambition is to become a playwright. So he is studying at first hand stage direction, etc. He has one more year to go. I certainly wish him luck. He has started a play and from what he read to me I think he has a chance.

There are four boys from my home town, Oakland, California, also working as extras. They are studying art here, and between their pay and selling an illustration now and again they manage to live. Altogether I found twenty-one boys who are studying in the universities here in New York City working in "The Miracle" to defray expenses. Several of the dressers also act as extras and each one has an objective in life not seen on the surface. One is studying law, another medicine, and another is studying stage direction.

The most remarkable character of all is "Mother." She is eighty-four years old and everyone in "The Miracle" loves her. She dances and jigs with wonderful agility for one of her years and is always "the life of the party." She is all alone in the world, only six years ago losing her husband, two sons and a daughter thru the capsizing of a catboat.

She has had enough happen in her long life to kill a hundred women and certainly enough to sour her whole outlook on life. "Mother," however, is always cheerful.

I almost forgot one old gentleman who was a scout with Buffalo Bill and traveled with every wild-west show of the past. He could tell the most hair-raising stories and I believe everyone was true. Anyway, we were always willing to listen.

And there were many others, each one with a story to tell, but all, no matter how old, with hope for the future. There was not a pessimist in the lot. That is the lesson the extras of "The Miracle" taught me, and no matter how much good the rôle of The Knight may have done me professionally it is nothing compared to "the lesson" I learned among my friends of extradom.

REBUKE

By James Courtney Challiss

White-hot with temper, from his raging
throat
Came crimson, hell-hued words that flamed
With hate till—suddenly—the vocal cords,
With curses burnt, snapped like a string
And left him dumb!
Thru all the long years dumb—
But calm,
And kind,
And loving.



FACE POWDER OF SPUN MOON BEAMS AND AZURE NIGHTS

What Princess Pat did by Perfecting the Almond Base

WHEN Puck was abroad with his fairies, weaving the spell of a Midsummer Night's dream over hill and dale, his enchantments were the delicate gossamer of thought and fancy.

Sometimes in a workaday world men have achieved almost the fabric of dreams with the stuffs of sense and sight. Almost always this super-achievement has been wrought in the name of beauty, with womankind for audience and inspiration.

So it is with Princess Pat Face Powder. Always there has been face powder "of a fineness," as the French say. But what of the face powder that some alchemy of loving care should transform into spun moonbeams and the allure of azure nights. What of the face powder which should call forth all the feminine superlatives, which would be as smooth as the satin skin it adorned, as delicate as the rose tints of dawn.

Truly, of such a powder, you would say it is different—and delectable. And that is what women *do* say of Princess Pat. It is no more possible to try Princess Pat Face Powder and miss its excellences than it is to deny the spring its flowers.

Yet patient chemists working steadfastly for months brought into being this new kind of face powder—and not some inspired being from fairyland.

The secret of inimitable softness in Princess Pat is Almond—Almond used as a base instead of all those ingredients which have gone before, since the remote days when chemistry was but the crude hint of today's knowledge.

Princess Pat—because of Almond—is a more clinging powder. Its affinity for the skin is productive of marvelous smoothness. It seems to blend with and become part of the skin texture—not so much something put on as some new quality of fineness added to the flesh. And Princess Pat, correctly applied, resists moisture. Face and neck and arms once given the loveliness of Princess Pat Powder retain their beauty for hours. It is even possible to powder with Princess Pat so that it withstands the supreme test of a plunge in salt or fresh water.

Then there is the exquisite fragrance of Princess Pat. It is not an aggressive perfume, but one that steals forth modestly and captures the senses with suggestion, with allurement and delicacy. It speaks the language of refinement.

But best of all perhaps, Princess Pat is a new kind of powder in that it is good for the skin. Almond again! For this happy choice of an exclusive base possesses all the soothing qualities that women well know. It lends pliancy to the skin and helps keep it free of blemish. Hence it is the powder for those whose skin ordinary powder drys and roughens.

In short Princess Pat Face Powder is a genuine achievement, with a real reason for being different. It is the only powder with an Almond Base, and the qualities this beneficent ingredient makes possible.

So that you may know this distinctly better powder—without the obligation of investment—you will be sent a generous supply for thorough trial. It comes in a little metal container ideally suited for the purse. The makers of Princess Pat will esteem it a favor to have you use the coupon right speedily and obtain your complimentary supply.

Princess Pat

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Entirely FREE! Send sample of Princess Pat, "The Only Powder with an Almond Base." Check shade you desire.

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K--The Unknown

(*Continued from page* 30)

followed we may be spared. The woman was beaten and the man was free. It is always this way, the only pity is that women have not learned it. Goaded to desperation by Carlotta's persistence, Max had flung out of the room in his excitement, saying, "I'm thru with you, thru, understand," all the way down stairs.

Poor, frantic Joe waiting at the foot of the stairs overheard the angry threat and thought naturally that it applied to Sidney. The boy's mind snapped. He pulled out a gun and closed his eyes and fired twice. The doctor dropped untidily to the floor and slipped in a ghastly comic sprawl down the stairs. "You dirty cad!" screamed Joe, mad with excitement and terror. "You dirty cad—to treat a decent girl so!"

"Never mind that, young man," said the proprietor, "just come along with me."

Doctor Max still breathed and he was carried thru the excited diners to an ambulance from St. Luke's that Carlotta had summoned. She followed him to the hospital to await the verdict of the staff who discussed the case in shocked excited whispers. One by one they came away from the sick room, each one graver than the other. "No hope," was the verdict Carlotta read on every face, but Carlotta knew there was one man who could save him.

Throwing a shawl over her evening gown, she ran panting thru the dark quiet streets of sleeping Charlottetown to the home of Sidney Page, but it was not Sidney she wanted, Sidney was at the hospital. It was K. Le Moyne, K., the unknown.

"I cannot—I cannot," groaned the man in response to her frantic pleading.

"You've got to," said the woman doggedly, "you're the only man who can save him. You're in my power, 'K. Le Moyne.' Do you want your past to kill your present? Do you want those dead——?"

"Stop!" cried the tortured man.

"The price of my—my silence then," went on the woman, "is that you operate at once on Max Wilson."

"All right," agreed the man wearily yet with a note of hope in his voice.

"There is everything you need at the hospital," said Carlotta. "I'll explain. I can fix it. Come."

"Gentlemen," she said a few breathless moments later, standing with K. before an astonished group of physicians, "here is a surgeon, incognito for the moment, who can save the life of our Doctor Max. I

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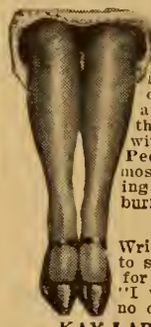
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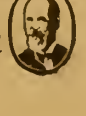
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will stake my life on that. Max is dearer to me than anything in the world——" her voice broke, but she went on, "I know this man can save him. He must be allowed to operate at once."

Desperate measures require desperate remedies, and it was not long before patient and doctor and a fascinated group of nurses and internes were assembled in the operating-room. Carlotta was not allowed to enter and after pacing the corridor outside in a frenzy of anxiety, she went down to the restroom where Sidney lay asleep on a couch all unconscious of the mad excitement on the top floor. She woke her savagely.

"Doctor Max is upstairs being operated on by K. Le Moyne," she began cruelly. "He was shot by Joe Drummond because he thought you were in a private room with him at Schwitters. I was with him. He loved me once. We lived together for years before he came here. He was going to marry me and then you came along. I got you suspended from the hospital and while you were gone he was mine again—my lover, do you understand?"

Sidney went white and red by turns. No words came to her trembling lips. She could only stare at the agitated woman dumbly while many sharp disjointed phrases tore thru her stunned brain: "Max shot—dying—K.—Joe Drummond—K. Le Moyne—he was a doctor—a surgeon—but what terrible thing had he done that the law wanted him—she was his dear—he had said it—Max, Carlotta's lover—oh, misery—she must tell K.—he would know what to do—but he was operating on Max—where——"

Two men entered the room at the same moment. "He lives?" breathed Carlotta to one of them.

"Yes, he'll be all right," answered K. "Sidney, dear," he said, turning toward her, "will you let me tell you a story——"

"Oh, K," wept Sidney in his arms. "Carlotta has told me that Max is her—her——"

"Not so fast, young woman," said the second man, to Carlotta who was trying to leave the room. "We want everybody to stay right here." Several excited doctors and nurses had pushed their way into the room and the group was rigid with expectation. "Which one of you calls himself, 'K. Le Moyne?'" he asked suddenly.

K. stepped forward and Sidney with him clinging to his hand.

"You are wanted for manslaughter, Dr. Edwardes," said the detective, showing his badge with the flamboyant gesture such persons always employ.

The roomful gasped with one



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"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well.

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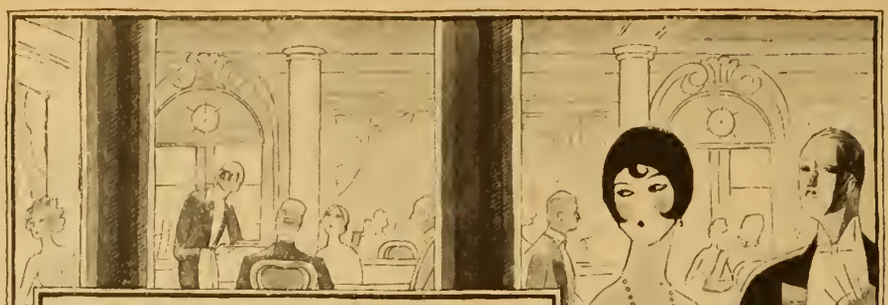
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breath. Dr. Edwardes! The famous, infamous Dr. Edwardes! The finest surgeon that ever lived who had suddenly gone off, and killed one patient after another by a criminal carelessness that had forced him finally to flee for his life, a harried fugitive. But no wonder he had been able to save Max Wilson's life. There had never been anyone to equal him. Carlotta should be grateful. . . .

Carlotta was grateful, just how grateful she was soon to disclose.

K. gently released Sidney's hand. "It is true," he said, "but I wanted to tell you first. There were things I could never understand and I—— I lost my nerve. Good-bye, little—friend——"

"Oh, I cant believe this," cried Sidney, suddenly seizing his hand again.

"You dont have to," said a voice. "I alone am responsible for the death of Dr. Edwardes' patients. I did it so that Max Wilson would get his place on the staff at Flower Hospital. I loved him so—I loved him so—he said he'd marry me when he got on the staff—and now—oh, God! I still love him——" Carlotta's voice broke in rasping sobs. The detective touched her gently on the shoulder and she mercifully lost consciousness.

The first thing Dr. Edwardes did after his public exoneration was to get into trouble again—at least some folks call it trouble. What he did was get married. And Charlottetown forgot that he had held himself aloof from them and they from him and turned out to the last man to see the stranger ride away in the biggest limousine its collective eyes had ever witnessed, appropriately placarded and properly burdened with its favorite daughter, Sidney Page—no—Sidney Edwardes.

The Hollywood Boulevardier Chats

(*Continued from page 70*)

productions. The Goldwyn company, with which he is no longer connected, raised strenuous objections to two Goldwyn names in the field.

* * *

Wallace McDonald, who is on location out in the desert at Victorville, has his wife, Doris May, along for company. He writes that their principal diversion is taking part in "spot dances" at the town hall. When the bell rings, you stop dancing. If you are on the right spot, you win a prize. Wallace proudly declares that he has already won four pairs of policeman's red suspenders. Doris May, may come back to the screen.

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Rex, King of Wild Horses

(*Continued from page 62*)

thereafter as the cue in working the horse. After each successful scene, where the horse performed as was wanted, Morrison gave him a carrot as a reward. If he was obstinate and would not work properly, he was denied this reward, instead of being beaten. If this picture is the box-office success that is anticipated, and that present returns indicate it will be, Hal Roach is deeply in debt, first to Morrison, then to the lowly carrot which played such an important rôle in this production.

After the picture "King of Wild Horses" had been completed, a great amount of trouble seemed to brew regarding its release to the public. Several persons interested in the prevention of cruelty to animals emphatically announced that they would seek an injunction against its showing. They knew, so they stated, that no animal could do the work that Rex had done, unless some inhumane treatment was used. They would take no one's word for it that the horse had not been beaten, yet they refused to have it proved to them that he had not. After much persuasion they at last consented to go to the Roach ranch and see Rex work.

At the ranch, Morrison had Rex do all of his stunts. The man was empty-handed, save for a few carrots with which he rewarded the animal. When seeing this, the men remarked that they would like to see how the animal acted when a club or a whip was used. Morrison told them that he did not even want to try working the horse with a weapon of any sort. They became suspicious and cast insinuations that the horse might show his mistreatment by acting cowed when a whip was produced.

"I will willingly show you this," said Morrison, "but I would prefer one of you gentlemen acting as both trainer and judge."

The men refused to do this and told Morrison that it was useless for him to do it as they had arrived at their conclusions and their minds could not be changed.

After having sacrificed and struggled for months in the making of the picture, to say nothing of the huge expenditures, Morrison naturally become somewhat peeved.

"I'll show you gentlemen that it would be a physical impossibility as well as near suicide for a man to try and beat this horse."

He released Rex from his stall. The horse bounded out into the corral and trotted down to the end opposite from which the two men were standing. Morrison walked over to



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an old motion-picture set and picked up a piece of two-by-four. Coming back he walked toward Rex. When within a few feet of the stallion, he started cursing the animal and raised the club over his head as if to strike. In an instant Rex turned to a demon. Rising on his hind feet he rushed toward Morrison, pawing the air as he came. His ears lay straight back on his head. His eyes burned with the hatred that he had always harbored for man. By this time Morrison had jumped out of his path. It was not Morrison in particular that Rex was after. He had again been offended and he hated all men. He trudged on toward the two visitors. Much to the mirth of Hal Roach and Morrison, who stood on the side lines, the two men who claimed that Rex was cowed, tried to climb into a small feed box about large enough for a good-sized kitten. With a well-placed roping, Morrison rescued them from their plight. The two men left and have not been heard from since.

Rex is still wild. His new environment has not changed him with exception of his love for Morrison.

NOTE TO EDITOR.—*Since the writing of this article, Morrison was killed in a tragic accident, while riding the horse that was to have played the villain in Rex's next picture. This will upset considerably the plans for the next picture and it is rumored that Hal Roach is having considerable trouble finding a man to handle the horse, which is natural, under the circumstances. Morrison's brother, Carl, will probably be selected to fill the vacancy left by Chick.—T. R.*

AUTUMN

By FAITH BALDWIN

The hills are warrior monks; with sandaled feet,
With tattered cloak, and cowl of piety,
They march, brown pilgrims, bravely glad, to greet
The wild blue dawn above the wild blue sea.

From crystal cups they offer praise with wine,
Sun-wine, as yellow as The Black Flag's loot;
Chill, silver brew of moons which, distant, shine,
And sharp, sweet wine which reddens in the fruit.

Their many lifted altars proudly bear
The scarlet-saffron torches of the trees,
And thru the flaming splendor of the air
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Tess of the D'Urbervilles

(*Continued from page 70*)

arm. "Is that your puling parson?" His face still bore a polite smile for the world's gaze but his eyes were suddenly red and bloodshot. "Sit still! Where d'you think you're going? Back to the arms of a fellow who threw you away like a broken toy? By Heaven, I wont be made a fool of! You're coming with me—*now*——"

"I told you that some day maybe I'd be able to feel sommat again," said Tess in a still little voice, "and now I can! I hate you—if you knew how much you would be afeared——"

It was two hours before Angel Clare, by dint of desperate seeking, stood outside the door of the apartment which Alec D'Urberville had taken for his love nest. The bell, under his trembling fingers rang with a resonant sound like a bell in a empty house. And then without warning, the door opened slowly and Tess stood framed against the thick darkness within. She looked very small and tired in the shabby coat that she had worn down to London, and she answered Angel Clare's haggard eyes with a faint, pitiful smile. "I—killed him," she pointed into the blackness behind. "I suppose they will hang me, wont they?" Her lips quivered childishly, "'tis proper queer how things come—I never wanted to be wicked and now I must be hung——"

"Oh God!" groaned Angel Clare, "Oh my poor Tess! I am to blame! It was my sinful pride which brought us to this——" with that little word "us" he took her burden of guilt upon his shoulders. Like terrified children they clung together while he whispered his fantastic plan. There was an empty house he knew near his own village. They would go there now, taking food with them and have their honeymoon until the end came—as they both knew quite clearly the end must come.

By some kind miracle of a pitiful God they were able to forget—for hours together—the horror that hung over them, and there in the deserted house on the edge of the wind-swept downs they were happy, as other lovers who find the world shut out in each other's arms. Tess bloomed to new beauty under Angel's worshiping eyes like a rosebud opening to the sun, and daylights and darks passed them by without their knowing. But presently, by the waiting look of her eyes, he knew that she had remembered



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These are the days that call for speed. It once took four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less than one. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two inches. But I don't stop till you're a finished athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it comes the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

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Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in factories literally kill themselves with exercise. They ruined their hearts or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed.

I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many experiments I discovered a secret of progressive exercising. I increased my arms over six and a half inches, my neck three inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor, and impart this knowledge to others. Physicians and authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well proportioned body and the abundance of health that goes with it? If so spend a pleasant half hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

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and all his passionate kisses could not drive the shadow away.

And then one night she woke trembling and told him of her old dream of tall stones, towering above her, threatening to crush her. Angel Clare listened, holding her close.

"You are describing Stonehenge!" he said, "the old Druid temple not three miles away from us!"

Tess sighed, "Then—all my life I've been coming here—I didn't tell 'ee, Angel, but yesterday I saw strange men about the downs. We will wait among the stones——"

In the grey dawnlight they stood among the great granite columns whose mystery will never be solved, hand clasped in hand. "I was always afeared here before," Tess smiled, "but not now. And I wont be afeared when they put the black cap over my eyes for I'll know you'll be there outside the prison——"

"Oh, God!" cried Angel Clare. "Oh, my dearest, I cant bear it!"

It was for her in that last few moments to comfort him. "There, there, my deary! I've been happy—so happy with you. Of course, I'm not saying it wouldn't have been sweet to live, and maybe had another child in my arms some day——"

He sobbed aloud, kneeling beside her, head on her breast; but Tess' face was lifted to the first rays of sunlight slanting thru the old grey stones. "It all seems so queer like——" Tess said, "but 'tis as if it's meant! That makes it right——"

And then she saw the men coming toward them across the downs, and pointed them out to Angel Clare. And with her hand in his and her head high like the daughter of a proud race, Tess of the D'Urbervilles went to meet them as calmly as in other days she had ever walked thru the sparkle of morning meadows with her milk-pail on her arm.

Behind them the wind from across the downs tossed a handful of autumn leaves into a crevice among the tall grey stones. . . .

The New Contest

(*Continued from page* 51)

expect, we shall have to be arbitrary about throwing out those manuscripts that do not comply with our rules. No coupon is necessary. You do not have to be a subscriber of CLASSIC to submit stories. Everything pertaining to the contest will be told in this magazine. We will save this page every month for the winning stories, news, and announcements of the greatest contest of them all——

The Life-Story Scenario Contest.

The Movie Encyclopaedia

(*Continued from page 74*)

have you? You will have to get in touch with the stars direct for their pictures. Jack Holt is playing in "North of 36." Norma Shearer is to have the leading feminine rôle in "The Snob," for Metro-Goldwyn.

DUTCHEY L.—Yes, Colleen Moore played in "The Ninety-Nine." Pola Negri is twenty-seven. So is Corinne Griffith. Mildred Davis is Mrs. Harold Lloyd.

CATHERINE L.—No, that was my error. Lucille Ricksen is not married. Natacha Rambova has reddish brown hair. T. Roy Barnes is playing in "Reckless Romance." Earle Foxe has been cast in the lead in the Richard Harding Davis series, which are being filmed by Fox. Florence Gilbert is the leading lady.

ALICE L.—Mildred June and Bobby Agnew in "Troubles of a Bride." Jacqueline Logan has been engaged to play opposite Richard Dix in "Manhattan." Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor in "So This Is Marriage."

GLEN.—El Dorado is given as a name to any wealthy country. It was really a fabulous region in South America, which surpassed other countries in the production of famous gems and precious metals. Leatrice Joy is twenty-five and Dorothy Mackaill is twenty. Blanche Sweet and Lew Cody in "The Sporting Venus."

MARGIE.—That was some letter of yours. Malcolm MacGregor is married and a father. Write me any time.

BETTIE AND JOHN.—How charming. No, Richard Dix is not married. Valentino is twenty-nine. Barbara La Marr is playing in "Sandra."

RICHARD T.—Douglas Fairbanks' last picture was "The Thief of Bagdad," which is still running on Broadway. Walter McGrail is playing with Rosemary Theby in "Souls Adrift."

JEANNE.—"The Humming Bird" was released January, 1924. Gloria Swanson has had her hair bobbed for over a year now. Charlotte Merriam, due to her splendid work in "The Code of the Wilderness," has signed a long term contract with Vitagraph.

DOROTHY W.—Sir James Barrie has decided upon Lillian Gish to play in "Peter Pan." If she can be released from her Inspiration Contract, she will probably play in it for Famous Players. Mae Marsh is second choice. Address Conrad Nagel with Metro-Goldwyn.

HELEN J.—Colleen Moore's real name is Kathleen Morrison, so she is no relation to the Moore boys. Frank Mayo, Mabel Ballin, Harry Morey, Wanda Hawley and Arline Pretty are playing in "Barriers Burned Away."

IRIS L.—Men may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. Too much overcharges nature, and turns more into disease than nourishment. 'Tis thought and digestion which makes books serviceable and gives health and vigor to the mind. So take heed, and dont read too much. Monte Blue is not married.

M. R. F.—Well, twenty years of romance make a woman look like a ruin; but twenty years of marriage make her something like a public building. Corinne Griffith was born November 24, 1897, and her real name is Corinne Scott. She is playing in "Wilderness." Mahlon Hamilton and May Allison are playing the leads in "The River Road." Alma Rubens and Frank Mayo in "The Lawful Cheater."

SLIM JIM.—Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Johnson. Laura LaPlante is not married. Someone once said that the man

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See how this side of face denotes the woman's age, 54 years.

Now, fold this side of picture under, along dotted line, and see how facial filming restored youth. *Time of treatment 25 minutes.*

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In this age of creams and clays, and endless other "beautifiers," it is hoped that *neoplasma* film will not be regarded as a cosmetic. It is gentle, to be sure, but it is a physical re-agent accomplishing the same astonishing changes for which women have undergone plastic surgery. The results are the same—without the risk, discomfort, or expense. You have read of the remarkable results of "face-lifting;" neoplasming is just as effective and being Nature's way is vastly safer and more satisfactory. Facial filming brings a new era of beauty and beauty methods. It dooms the superficial, surface preparations which are of no scientific activity, for this process of rejuvenating the tissues puts a swift—almost instantaneous—end to skin impurities of all kinds. It renders pores clear, clean and pliant.

And now for the proof: *neoplasma* sufficient to supply in solution to as many as respond to this first public announcement will be distributed by mail from the Dr. Egan manufactory in Chicago. The film is used without special knowledge or skill; it is effective in the hands of anybody using the simple instructions issued with each supply. It is a liquid film and comes in a *vescule* which seals the contents against any deterioration even while in use. Your skin may require one adrenalizing, or several, depending on its condition, your age, etc. But your first filming will bring such youth to your skin as will astound you. It is a fresh wonder of Science that is comparable to radium. It is the true *neoplasma* which in other forms has been found in the practice of medicine to restore the activity of a heart that has ceased beating. All-powerful but harmless. Skin regeneration is a discovery so far reaching that preparations which merely pamper the complexion, even rouge, will soon be abandoned.

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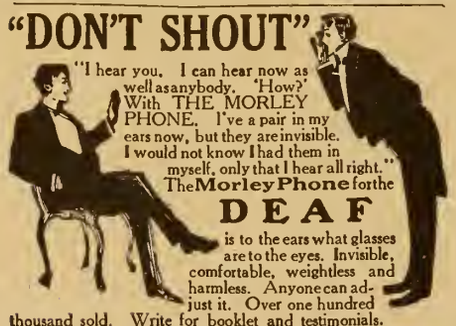
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that blushes is not quite a brute. Warner Baxter is being co-starred with Florence Vidor in "Christine of the Hungry Heart."

ELINOR.—*C'est une autre chose.* Yes, Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland. Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynn.

DESDEMONA.—Antonio Moreno is playing in "The Wildcat" with Estelle Taylor. Lillian Gish is twenty-eight. Dorothy is twenty-six. After completing her part in "In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter," Vera Gordon signed up to star in "The Golden Spoon," a legitimate play.

RED CHEEKS.—No, Theda Bara is not playing in pictures now, tho she is expected to do "Déclassée." Wallace Beery is married to Mary Gillman. Beverly Bayne is playing in "Her Marriage Vow." Kathryn Bennett, the attractive sister to Enid Bennett, made her screen début in Norma Talmadge's "Sacrifice."

HECTOR.—You sure are a promising young artist. The likenesses were very good. Gloria Swanson's next picture after "Her Love Story" will be "The Wages of Virtue," from the novel by Percival Wren.

ANNA S.—Corinne Griffith is a blonde, tho she wore a wig in "Black Oxen." Dont know about that foreign picture. Pauline Garon is twenty-three, and she is five feet one.

MOVIE.—Earle Foxe was Jimmie in "Fashion Row." Robert Leonard, the husband of Mae Murray, is directing Corinne Griffith in "Wilderness," while Eric von Stroheim is handling the megaphone on the next Mae Murray picture, "The Merry Widow."

BERTHA S. C.—So you dont like the plays Mae Murray is playing in. Wait until you see "The Merry Widow." Agnes Ayres in "The Story Without a Name." Antonio Moreno in "The Border Legion."

NORMA S.—You say you dont like Valentino but you do like Alec B. Francis. They are both so different. I like them both. Thomas Meighan, after playing in "The Alaskan," will play in "Tongues of Flame." Harold Lloyd in "Hubby," which is only the working title, however.

JOSEPHINE.—Nita Naldi is about five feet nine. Pola Negri five feet four. Conway Tearle five feet ten and a half. Polly Archer of the Follies has been signed to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." Henry Walthall in "Single Wives."

CHERRY BLOSSOM.—You want Lloyd Hughes on the cover. Address Wesley Barry at Warner Brothers. Lloyd Hughes is playing opposite Virginia Valli in "In Every Woman's Life."

LADY PARADISE.—No, Mary Miles Minter is not playing now. Lucy Fox is playing opposite Tom Mix in "Teeth." Julanne Johnston is playing the lead in "Garragan," made in Berlin. Mary Astor, one of our contest winners, is playing in "The Price of a Party." Eleanor Boardman, Earle Metcalfe and Raymond McKee have the leads in "The Silent Accuser," in which Peter the Great, a German police dog, is also being featured. The picture is being made by Metro-Goldwyn.

DARLING.—No, child, I dont mind answering questions, even tho it is 104 degrees in the shade. Niles Welch's last picture was "Wine of Youth." He is married to Dell Boone. Marguerite Snow is back in pictures playing in "Chalk Mark," which stars June Elvidge and Helen Ferguson. House Peters is playing in "The Tornado," which King Baggot is directing. Grace Cunard and Helen Holmes are back in pictures in the series of society stunt melodramas which Independent Pictures are producing with William Desmond as the lead. See you next month.

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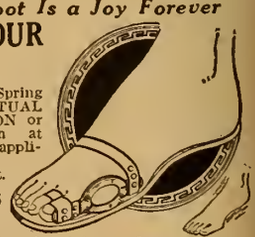
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The Play of the Month

(*Continued from page 46*)

completely wrong, even in the company of Heywood Broun, makes me ldess those coryphées of the Kurfnerstendamm in whose company I dallied.

And seeing "Abie's Irish Rose," for the first time on its nine hundred and sixty-eighth performance, permits me to be as superior as Ludwig Lewisohn to the opinions of Alexander Woollcott. The dailies roasted "Abie." Now I can roast the dailies by discovering the extraordinary virtues of that interracial masterpiece.

As a matter of fact, I feel very much like doing just that. The play is no worse than most of our failures and decidedly better than many of our successes. In May, 1922, I suppose I would have been hot enough and tired enough, after a season of just such trash, to ignore the fact that Miss Nichols knows as much about playwriting as Aaron Hoffmann and a great deal more than George Middleton. In August, 1924, I recognize that the only trouble with "Abie's Irish Rose" is that Sam Harris didn't produce it.

The secret of the success of "Abie's Irish Rose" is simple enough—tho that doesn't mean that any playwright or manager can achieve it. To begin with, it has a topic full of natural dramatic effects—the conflict of Irish bigotry with Jewish bigotry. Either race can ordinarily be depended upon to supply plenty of amusing hokum. Link them together by the secret marriage of their children and the result is bound to be effective—so long as the playwright is a good critic. If he can choose between the less and the more entertaining, then he will have incidents just a little more theatrically amusing than those of "Welcome, Stranger!" Aaron Hoffmann's comedy about the Jew who invaded a small New England town.

It is hard to present on paper any concrete evidences of Miss Nichols' virtue as a playwright. They are clear enough on the stage. But her faults—or, rather, her main fault—is another matter. It cries out at you. It shrieks: "I ain't got no style!" That is the secret of "Abie's" inferiority—and some of its popularity. It is common—in a common way. It ought to be common in a fashionable way. If Sam Harris had produced it, it might be as ordinary in its emotions, ideas, and wit as it pleased, but it would be fashionable. It would ride along with the procession. The hokum

(*Continued on page 92*)



Takes Off 41 Lbs
In Exactly 7 Weeks!

The lady in the picture is close to an ideal weight. Yet two months ago she was far too stout—was heavier by more than forty pounds! Mrs. Ella Carpenter, New Orleans, explains how she reduced with such success:

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Where Was the Camera?

(*Continued from page* 18)

stage play the better to enjoy a hero's sufferings, you will appreciate William de Mille's thoughtfulness in bringing the camera close to his characters' faces when they are registering grief or despair or love. The closeup is the screen substitute for the opera-glass habit, and Mr. de Mille has a telescopic camera grinding with every scene he shoots as well as the regular machine; then when he wishes to use a near view at any particular point the cutting from the full scene to the closeup face will be perfectly smooth. His brother Cecil recently used *seven* cameras simultaneously in taking a small but important shot centering about a blackboard, thus giving an unbroken sequence of the action from every possible angle. When the scene is flashed on the screen, the girl will not have a lock of hair loose in the long view and be wearing a hair net in the closeup, and the man will not be smoking a fresh cigaret at a distance and a butt in the nearer shot, as happens so often when the two views are taken at different times.

James Cruze, however, uses but one, or at the most two cameras in shooting a scene and leaves the matter of its position to his cameraman, Carl Brown, giving him *carte blanche* to work out his own ideas. Before taking "The Fighting Coward," Mr. Brown studied the art form of the period, steel engravings, and discovered that they were all made from a low angle of vision, the artist sitting on a stool below the scene he was depicting and looking slightly up at it. By straddling the tripod of his camera to its full width, he was able to reproduce the engraver's viewpoint, giving a quaintness to the picture which the audiences will not understand but will *feel.*

"Taking motion pictures isn't quite the same thing as turning an ice-cream freezer or cranking a Ford engine, tho the motion may seem similar!" says he. "Personally I believe a cameraman should try to interpret the spirit of the action by his photography. There was a scene in 'Stella Maris' I have always remembered, the one where the little drudge has killed the woman who tortured her. The lighting was flat and dead and the camera angle deliberately distorted to give a feeling of despair. Mechanically it was bad photography, but artistically it was great work!"

To Cecil De Mille a motion picture is first of all a *picture,* something to look at. Detail, finish, beauty of setting, clearness of background characterize his work and he has a director of photography, Bert Glennon, as well as a cameraman. Chummy camera angles have no place in a Cecil De Mille picture; to his mind the audience belongs in its seats, not on the screen. When there are more than two or three people on a set, his camera is raised above their heads.

In the great mob scenes in "The Ten Commandments," the cameras were hoisted thirty feet from the ground on scaffoldings, in order to obtain the widest possible range of vision. A telescopic lens caught the closeups of Rod La Rocque's face as he stood in the tossing motor-boat from the top of a breakwater *half a mile away,* while the Ackley camera, a machine arranged on ball bearings so that it can lie down, roll over and over and stand on its head, was used to follow Leatrice Joy to the roof of the cathedral and to panorama the pursuing chariots of the Egyptians.

Most screen players have a "bad angle." Perhaps one side view is not so good as the other, perhaps the profile is better than the full face. It is said that even Mary Pickford has one angle which is never shown on the screen. The camera can perform miracles for them, flattering their good points, concealing their not-so-good ones and aiding them to put their best faces forward as it were. A low camera angle combined with a high background has often made short actors like Henry Walthall appear supernaturally tall, while the reverse of the trick is called upon to conceal the sudden alarming tendency to legginess of some screen child.

Nowadays the crash of breaking traditions is heard on the movie lots. The actors turn their backs upon the lens, or look straight into it. The chalk marks which kept them toeing the line are gone and they may now emote without fear that when they fling themselves in despair upon the floor perhaps their heads will be missing from the finished pictures. The migratory camera is at home in autos and aeroplanes. It burrows into the ground or hides in a concrete dug-out thru which its single eye may watch a stampede of buffalo thunder by overhead and it climbs nimbly above the heads of a society dinner.

It conspires with the stunt actor to make him seem to do that which cannot be done. It makes bricks of straw, silk purses of sow's ears, builds Rome in a day, creates a mighty ocean from little drops of water, and a sheiky desert from little grains of sand and—greatest miracle of all—it makes stars out of ordinary mortals and dreams for a whole world from a dingy strip of celluloid.

Into the attic

FEW youngsters to-day ever saw a horsehair sofa. They wouldn't know what to do with a fire taper, carpet stretcher, or coal-oil lamp. They couldn't braid rags into a rug, or wind yarn without tangling. But they know the how and why of typewriters, phonographs, telephones, automobiles; what happens when a push of the button gives light, or a kodak's flash fixes their image on paper.

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A REPRESENTATIVE of the Federal Trade Commission made an address at the last convention of the National Association of Toilet Goods Manufacturers calling their attention to a situation which threatens the good faith between department stores and their customers. Now that the spotlight has been turned on this evil practice which has grown up slowly, it must inevitably disappear.

Many women have, no doubt, been at a loss to understand the persistent and often adroit methods by which clerks at toilet goods counters in department stores attempt to make them take some brand other than the one they had intended. They are frequently irritated by this, but how completely they would resent it if they knew the real facts. The young woman who is trying to substitute is not an unbiased clerk of the store, but in truth, the employe of a manufacturer masquerading as a clerk.

In a great many department stores of this country the salaries of all the clerks at the toilet goods counter are paid by individual manufacturers. The advantage to the manufacturer is that the young woman so employed will divert to his brand all wavering or undecided customers, and within the limits laid down by the store rules, switch from other brands.

There can be no objections to the open demonstrator. She often serves to perform a useful demonstrating and sampling job. But the hidden demonstrator—who masquerades as an unprejudiced clerk speaking in the interests of the store and with its authority—tends to break down the good will that is the greatest fundamental asset which the department store possesses.

At present the only real protection the customer has is to know what she wants and insist upon getting it.

The Play of the Month

(*Continued from page* 89)

would be the latest thing. It would be just a little smarter, just a little more exclusive. When the Jewish hero had to invent a kosher name for his bride, Rosemary Murphy, it wouldn't be so obviously impossible as "Murphysky." The verbal humor would run above the following: "For why you want to get Abie married? He's heppy."

The final fact about this play's success is that it appeals to the non-theatergoing populace. The theory has been that, between the Irish and the Jews, it was bound to make a mint of money. It happens that outside New York and Boston there aren't so very many of these peoples. It happens, also, that the audiences—if mine was any sample—are shy on both varieties. The people who go to "Abie's Irish Rose" are mainly the kind of people who went to "Ben-Hur" and "Experience." The fact that the gentlemen frequently bring a two-pound box of candy as well as a girl defines their familiarity with the ways of the theater. They like a certain amount of religion in their plays, and a certain amount of good old-fashioned hokum. But above all they need the obvious. And they get it from "Abie's Irish Rose."

The Picture of the Month

(*Continued from page* 47)

down to earth. He puts before us human characters in real places.

"Manhandled" might be criticized on the ground that there is just a little too much space given its star. Perhaps such is the case, but at least Miss Swanson deserves more space here than ever before. She is a real actress—and demonstrates here that she is a gifted comédienne as well as an accomplished mimic. And she offers a distinctly new touch in hairdress. She wears a bob like no other bob—with the front ends long enough to curl forward in a crescent over the cheek. It adds more color to her personality and makes her characterization sure. Is she a real actress? We offer in proof of this the fact that she wears a dingy dress thru half of the picture and still holds the attention.

There are others who give good performances. Tom Moore is a perfect representation of what he pretends to be—an every-day youth of the workshop, and Ian Keith (with profile), Arthur Housman, Frank Morgan, Lilyan Tashman and Paul McAllister act with authority.

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Iris In

(Continued from page 50)

seventy-six miles. Guava puts her fingers to her lips and points to a miniature which Essmore carries around his neck on a little gold chain. It is a picture of her mother!

(To be continued)

✣ ✣ ✣

It is amazing what publicity stunts are worked to exploit films. The ingenuity of the angles and tie-ups—to say nothing of the turn-overs and overheads, is sufficient to arouse one's competitive spirit even if the Olympic Championships dont. Here's what this department suggests for the following:

"The Red Lily." Give the patrons of the theater in which it is playing a pot of fresh mint.

"Neglected Women." Have a big register in the lobby and make all the lady patrons put down their names and telephone numbers.

"Feet of Clay." Arrange with the Mayor of Cincinnati to have him jump in Lake Michigan.

"Excitement." Set the house on fire on alternate evenings, but dont give out the dates in advance.

"That French Lady." Hire a Chinese Orchestra to go thru the streets on skis playing bagpipes and zithers.

"The Warrens of Virginia." Give out pet rabbits. (This will be a wow in Chicago.)

✣ ✣ ✣

American-made movies have invaded England to the extent of putting the native products out of business. Which proves beyond all question that the English can certainly take a joke.

✣ ✣ ✣

We certainly are a demon for uplifting the silent drama this issue. And here goes our last bit of friendly counsel. To Mr. Hal Roach, sponsor of the "Our Gang" comedies, Sir—Dont ever, ever let that nasty little fat boy keep losing his pants again.

FIREFLIES

By Helene Lefaivre

Star dust on summer's evening cloak,
Jeweled caps of little woodland folk,
Lovelight shining in woman's eyes,
Glimmering hopes that Fate belies,
Bright sparks struck from Love's brief hour,
Flung in a gleaming golden shower,
O'er vale and field and brooding park,
Making sweet mystery of the dark.

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Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the $10,000 prize in the scenario contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News* in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of $1000, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

"Judgment of the Storm" and "The White Sin" were also written by Palmer students. These two pictures were produced by us, through the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, and are now appearing in motion picture theatres throughout the country. Each author received $1000 in advance and will share in the profits on a royalty basis.

Mrs. Frances White Elijah won a $2500 prize for her story, "The One Man Woman," and we sold her earlier screen story, "Wagered Love," to D. W. Griffith. Our Sales Department has sold two stories for Winsor Josselyn so far this year.

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Distinguished Men at Helm

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 49)

who says and does the obvious things. This actor who flashed such talent in "Beau Brummel" is a good likeness, but there the comparison ends. He seems to be as much in the dark as the director in how to draw the character vividly and compellingly and sympathetically.

The picture will arouse discussion—for Lewis is either liked or tossed aside. It may be that some readers, disappointed in the novel, will admire the film—and those who like the story will probably be disappointed in the screen version. More lightness and humor would have made it more human.

"HOW to Educate a Wife" (Warner Brothers) is one of those satires on modern married life written by no less an authority than Elinor Glyn. She doesn't tread on the sob pedal this time—and somehow by getting away from sermonizing on this eternal subject she comes closer to the truth than what is usually revealed under her signature. It's extremely light fare, but pleasant withal—and the idea points out the impossibility of educating one's spouse when she wants to become contrary. Most any husband will agree with this.

The story offers a lot of little pretentions. There is a scheme afoot here when the husband's friend advises him to use his wife for vamping purposes. He cant see the plot at all. But she steps out and vamps one of the customers. And there's an end to the love nest. The rest of the fun deals with hubby trying to run his house single-handed—enjoyable incident interlaced with some delicate make-believe tactics toward reconciliation.

Marie Prevost and Monte Blue, who are much together in pictures these days, make an excellent pair of battling lovers. And Claude Gillingwater furnishes some of that fine character talent as the "fall guy." The piece moves at a lively pace, keeps its sparks lighted thruout—and exudes more than a share of realities. Monta Bell, who directed "Broadway After Dark," shows that he hasn't worked with Chaplin in vain. There is subtlety in his work.

"FOOLS in the Dark" (F. B. O.) is as near an approach to clever melodramatic satire as we've caught on the screen in some time. We who have grown accustomed to seeing the old situations with the regulation characters—all of them developed in the same old way,

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have cause to sing praises here when they become refurbished so that they are scarcely recognizable.

In other words, the director here (Al Santell, take your bow), has kidded the life out of the conventional stuff and furnishes us with a rapid-fire satire on such tried and true elements as romance, mystery and suspense. The mystery is ever dominant, brought out and held thru the high jinks that occur in a house where the hero and his companions are given to spooky carryings-on. Behind the melodrama runs this comedy vein, which is heightened with sparkling scenes. The heroine is kidnapped, the hero is assaulted—and the rescue comes in time when the marines jump in at the finish.

No trick is forgotten in poking fun at the old situations. There are some thrills to balance the laughs. And it is smartly acted by Matt Moore whose restraint aids in building the suspense. He gets the most from every scene—and does it by touching the soft pedal—acting not easy to accomplish. The girl is Patsy Ruth Miller—and her plastic expressions of fright, anger—and other emotions also help in carrying on the plot. She is a charming heroine. Tom Wilson who has won his laurels in blackface rôles, comes forth again in burnt cork, and furnishes the comedy.

There should be more such efforts. Melodramas have become altogether too standardized. And satirizing them occasionally one may respond to something different.

JUST what the Germans intended to convey in "Between Worlds" (Weiss Brothers) is a subject for argumentative discussion. It attempts to be a spectacle without much success—and it tries to trespass in fantastic fields after the manner of "Caligari." And the comparison is weak. It is heavy and somber—and often tiresome because it appears so incomprehensible. The German mind theorizes that a woman cannot find true love until she sacrifices all base motives. A pretty heavy subject and not worthy of argument in this world of erring humans.

The picture touches upon allegory, too. It also becomes fanciful when the heroine (we are reasoning from the way we saw it) goes into a sort of dream and visualizes herself and her lover as reincarnated figures of the Venetian Republic. Byzantium and Old China—both of them stalking thru tragic scenes suggesting something of the Montague-Capulet scrap. An uncanny figure shadows the girl—a figure similar to the sleepwalker in "Caligari." He has lured her lover away—and always bobs up to pass judgment on her. In the end

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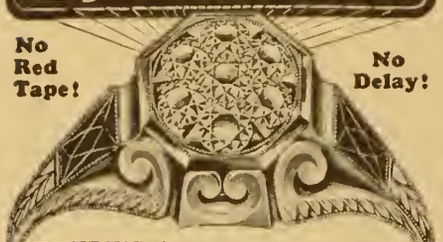
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the tragic youth awakes. The story wanders too much in the clouds and doesn't descend to the simple emotions until vengeance is meted out to the youth. If you look beyond this incoherent story and follow the actors, you'll be entertained with some fine pantomime (the Germans can act) executed by Bernard Goetzle, the uncanny stranger. And there is some creditable atmosphere. Its plot is as difficult to fathom as the fourth dimension.

THE youngest and smallest brunette on the screen, Baby Peggy, comes bidding for favors in "Captain January" (Principal)—a picture not much bigger than herself in regard to its plot, but capable of interesting any type of audience thru the tender appeal of the captivating Peg—and the sentiment which projects her. It's an old story, but one that never grows tiresome. One cant be bored over watching the play of affection between a kindly old man and a little tot—one cant be bored if the heart is right. So the old lighthouse keeper picks up his little piece of human flotsam and adopts her.

The lighthouse is a picturesque setting—and the aged keeper is a lovable character. And because Director Eddie Cline has painted him halfway human—with Hobart Bosworth portraying him to command sympathy, we feel mighty sorry when the child is taken away. But she comes bounding back into his life—and together they sail the seven seas.

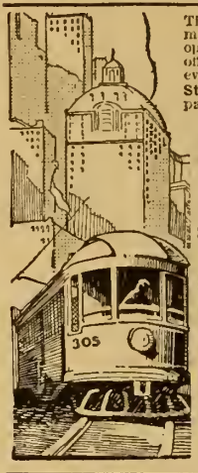
Peggy under appreciative direction acts like any normal active six-year-old kid. We take off our faded straw to Cline—and make an additional bow to Peg herself. She is natural—not a bit precocious—and acts with a sincerity that should be adopted by many of her adult contemporaries.

It may be an old story—this "Captain January"—but it is told with fine restraint, there being no stepping on the sob pedal—and Peggy makes the little waif so lovable that we take her and the film in the most friendly manner. The children will love it.

WHEN a play goes thru such a metamorphosis as "Along Came Ruth"—which came from France, found a haven in a Broadway theater—and eventually joined screen circles as a Metro production, there cant be much left of its original thought. There isn't much to it. All the racy atmosphere has been lifted—and what is substituted goes under the name of rustic hokum—the kind of hokum which Dr. Sennett strings thru his comedies—meaning, of course, that it is exaggerated and far from being a replica of rural existence.

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Flashes from the Eastern Stars

(*Continued from page 54*)

"Peter Pan," which will be made in the East, * * * Gloria Swanson has practically completed "Wages of Virtue" with Norman Trevor and Ben Lyon. It is a story of the Foreign Legion in Algiers. Her last picture, "Manhandled," has made a great hit. She will sail for Paris in September to make "Madame Sans-Gêne." Charles de Roche will play opposite her. * * * It is Famous Players intention to send American players over to London also to make a picture in their London studios. * * * The Japanese Chargé D'Affaires at Washington has been invited to attend a gala performance of "Ka-Bu-Ki" at the Threshold Playhouse in the near future. Clare Tree Major, managing director of the Playhouse, plans to arrange a Japanese night, on which occasion a number of both Japanese and American celebrities will be present. * * * Among the important foreign productions for which the Selwyns have secured the American rights is the three-act comedy by Sacha Guitry entitled "L'Accroche Cœur," which has been a tremendous success in Paris since last December. It will probably be called "The Two Adventurers," when presented in New York next season. The English adaptation has been made by Arthur Wimpers. * * * Joseph Hergesheimer, many of whose stories have proved good screen material in the past, will become actively engaged in the production of motion pictures at the Paramount Long Island studio when one of his first successful stories, "Three Black Pennies," is put in production. Mr. Hergesheimer and Margaret Turnbull are at present engaged in reducing the novel to scenario form and Paul Bern will direct it. * * * Doris Eaton, sister of Mary Eaton, has been engaged for the cast of "Good for Nothin' Jones" which is now in rehearsal. * * * Hope Drown, who will be remembered for her excellent work in the film "Hollywood," has deserted the screen for the time being and has an important rôle in "The Best People," a comedy by David Gray and Avery Hopwood. * * * George Broadhurst announces he will produce a comedy based on stories by the late George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester, and called, for the present, "Izzy." This has been written by Mrs. Trimble Bradley and Mr. Chester.

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There is so much to tell, and so many new pictures of stars, and directors, orchestras and things that this story will have to appear in three parts. It begins in the November number.

Is the Silent Drama Silent? is part of your motion picture education. But unlike some knowledge which is acquired painfully, this is "easy and pleasant to take."

HOPE BROWN certainly seemed to be well started in the general direction of being "bad." She had rather a qualm, despite her resolution, when she was escorted by the owner, very early in the morning, to Stanton Braithwaite's bachelor apartment. And Stanton himself was a bit puzzled to know what to do with this girl. She was bold, in some ways, and then again, she was so bashful.

But it was a most unconventional hour, and the girl had no place to go. So this rich young man decided that, for his good and her good . . . But you'll find Stanton Braithwaite asleep in a Morris chair when you read the

Fifth Instalment of

THE GIRL WHO COULDN'T BE BAD

By Henry Albert Phillips

November

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

On News-stands October 1

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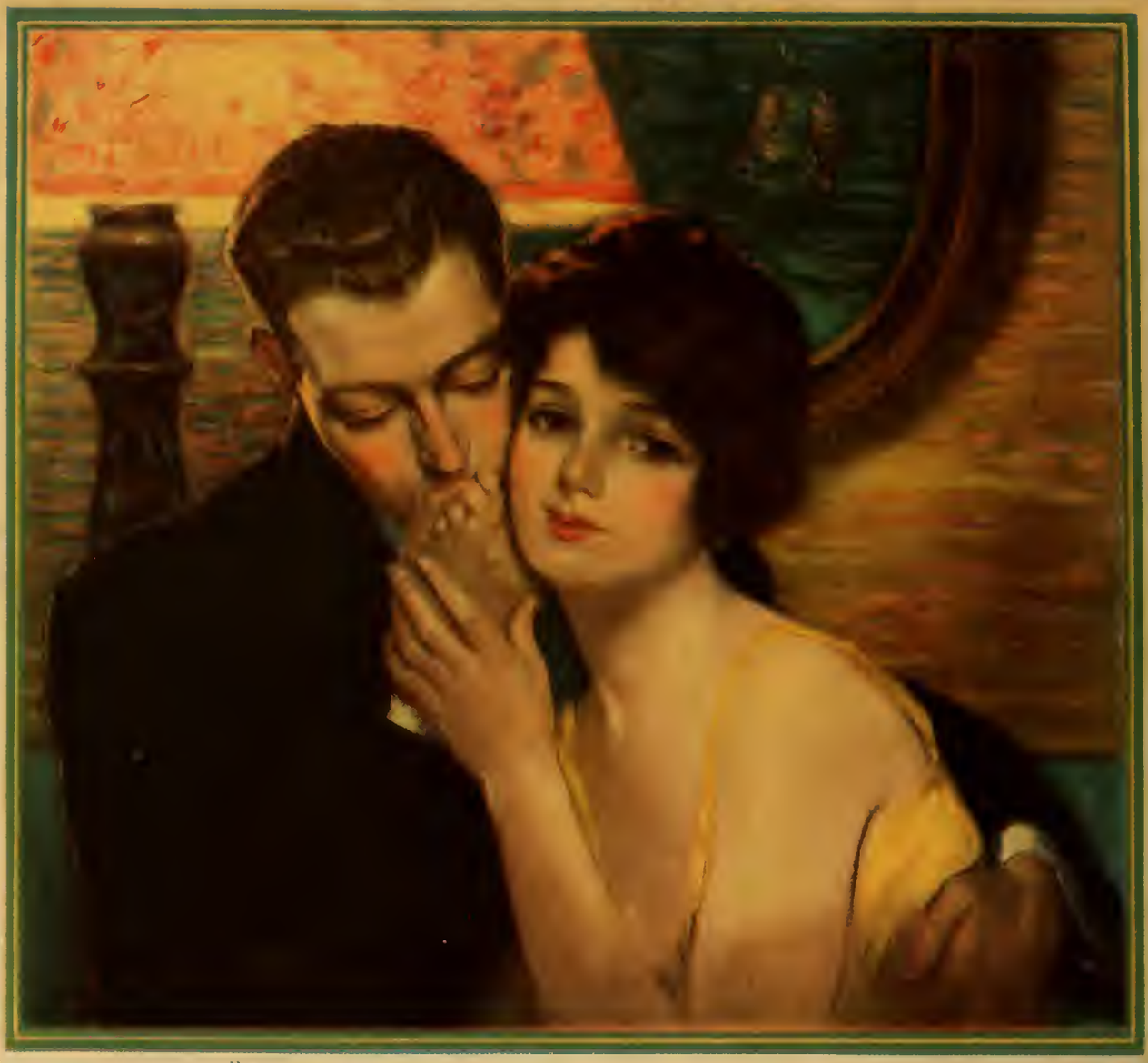
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CLASSIC

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About The Extra



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle - Sir Anthony Hope - Thomas Burke
Tell What They Think About Motion Pictures

When Beauty is at Stake —*take care*

Use a soap made for ONE purpose only: to safeguard good complexions

FOR your sake and for ours, we publish this in the interest of all concerned who value a good complexion. Some people, we learn, think ordinary toilet soaps, soaps claiming to be "for the complexion," have Palmolive effects on the skin.

That is wrong. They don't. Palmolive complexions come only from Palmolive.

In old days, women were told, "Use no soaps on the face." For all soaps then were said to be too harsh.

Then came Palmolive. It was made with cosmetic oils famous since the days of Cleopatra. It was made to be used freely, lavishly on the skin. Its ONE and SOLE purpose was to foster good complexions.

That soap changed previous ideas of soaps. Largely on expert advice, women tried it. And the results it brought in new beauty and new youth attracted millions to its use.

Palmolive soon became the leading toilet soap of the world. In France, home of cosmetics, it supplanted French soaps by the score. It is one of the two largest selling soaps in France today. French women find Palmolive their ideal of a soap. Its cosmetic qualities hold a supreme place in French beauty culture.

Now you may be tempted by rival claims to try unproved soaps on your skin. Think, please, before you do.

60 years of soap study, in the interest of skin beauty, stand behind Palmolive. It is made to do ONE thing well. That is to gently protect your complexion; to guard your youth and charm.

No other claims are made for it. Palmolive is not intended for other than toilet purposes. It is too neutral to be effective for fabrics. To make it good for other than complexion use its cosmetic qualities would be much reduced. Good complexions are too priceless to be endangered, and, frankly, we don't know how to make a beauty soap that is also effective for general use.

There are complexion soaps at 25c and more, we admit, that approach Palmolive quality. We know of some. But Palmolive sells at 10c—no more than ordinary soaps. Enormous production brings you this modest cost.

Carry that in mind, for your own sake, when asked to "try" another soap that claims Palmolive results. When beauty is at stake, use Palmolive, a soap you know is safe to use. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

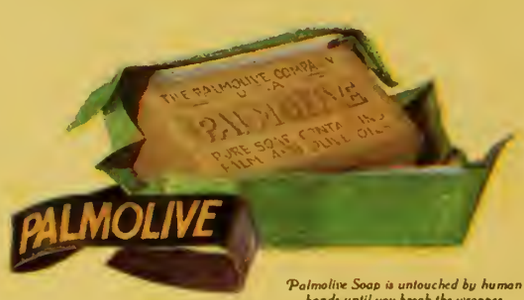
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Ill.

French soaps have largely failed to please French women

Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France today. When you are tempted with French claims for a soap, Madam, please remember that in France, the home of cosmetics, French toilet soaps by the score have given way to Palmolive.

In France, Palmolive Soap is the "imported" soap. French women gladly pay more for it than you pay. The coametic qualities of Palmolive Soap hold supreme today in French beauty culture.

Don't buy soaps with "French" claims and expect Palmolive results.



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper —it is never sold unwrapped

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

2005

Our Big Bargain for 1926!

Here it is! Our latest Fifth Avenue style silk Charmeuse dress, cut and made to our special design, and offered at a price that is simply **baffling!**

We have ordered just about enough of these ultra fashionable dresses to supply by mail **ONE** dress for each town. And since we've made it a **leader** (just look at the price!) a quality leader, we must tell you, Madam, "First come, first served." (A dollar deposit and not one cent C.O.D. buys the dress **if you act quick**—your dollar back if you don't want the dress.)

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Let your own theatre show you Paramount Pictures and keep your dates with the good time houses.



When you know what Paramount has You seek what Paramount shows

Anyone who enjoys great motion pictures and checks up where they come from, keeps a sharp eye on Paramount's production program.

Seeing great entertainment is merely a question of knowing what is being released and "when will it reach my theatre?" Here are six current Paramount Pictures you will enjoy to the last fade-out:



"BEHIND THE FRONT"
with
MARY BRIAN
WALLACE BEERY • RAYMOND HATTON

An Edward Sutherland Production from a story by Hugh Wiley.

Here is the comic side of Army life in wartime picturized in a way that is making all America hold its sides.

Somehow these two scapegrace doughboys win the audiences more than regular heroes, and the way they make love and war is the last word in irresponsible sincerity.

Produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City



Harold Lloyd in
"For Heaven's Sake"
Directed by Sam Taylor

Here is the prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! Go to the theatre as gloomy as a mummy and stay that way if you can! This star's pictures are produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"
A Malcolm St. Clair Production



with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor. From the play by Alfred Savoir. An aristocratic love-comedy set in the midst of the brilliant carnival of Paris night life. Here's a trip to Paris that gives you more of the gay city than many a traveller gets.

Zane Grey's
"The Vanishing American"



with RICHARD DIX, Lois Wilson, Noah Beery and Malcolm McGregor. Directed by George B. Seitz. Zane Grey's epic of the Indian ranks with The Covered Wagon in fateful power and excitement. Don't miss the mighty duel of Copperskin and White Man!



"The Song and Dance Man"
A Herbert Brenon Production

with Tom Moore, Bessie Love and Harrison Ford. From George M. Cohan's famous comedy success. Real romance lives and throbs within the make-believe of stage life, human beings loving and fighting and hoping behind the grease-paint.

"DANCING MOTHERS"

A Herbert Brenon Production. Starring Conway Tearle, Alice Joyce and Clara Bow. This is the Paramount picturization of the famous stage play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding which set all New York talking about the neglected wife who dances her way to freedom and love. Mere material prosperity divorced from happy, human comradeship will never chain any real woman, and "Dancing Mothers" shows you why in a show worthy of Paramount's greatest traditions.







The Trade Mark of Romance — Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

WINNERS OF THE ROMEO AND JULIET CONTEST ANNOUNCED ON PAGE 7

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXIII APRIL, 1926 No. 2

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FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor and Managing Editor
Harry Carr, Western Editorial Representative — Colin Cruikshank, Art Director
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CLASSIC'S Late News PAGE

SAMUEL GOLDWYN producing Harold Bell Wright's "The Winning of Barbara Worth," with Henry King directing. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman have the leading rôles, while the scenario is the work of Frances Marion. First, however, Miss Banky will play opposite Rudolph Valentino in "Sons of the Sheik."

Metro-Goldwyn starts story of marines with co-operation of United States Marine Corps. Due to this arrangement, the Marine Corps has refused to co-operate with William Fox in making "What Price Glory," claiming Metro - Goldwyn has exclusive motion picture rights to Marine Corps. Fox officials declare they may go to court and, if necessary, appeal to the President. Metro-Goldwyn picture to be called "Tell It to the Marines." It is being directed by George Hill.

Richard Barthelmess signs two-year First National starring contract, which makes him one of the dozen leading stars in earning capacity. This contract will follow the completion of his present Inspiration Pictures contract, expiring this fall.

Contract between Dorothy Devore and Warner Brothers terminated by mutual consent. Warners announce they will star Dolores Costello.

Dorothy Gish returning to England to make three more pictures for British producer, Herbert Wilcox. "Nell Gwyn" to be released by Famous Players-Lasky.

Cecil De Mille signs Donald Crisp to direct.

Title of Mary Pickford's "Scraps" changed to "Sparrows."

Roscoe Arbuckle to direct for Metro-Goldwyn under another name.

Virginia Valli leaves Universal to free-lance.

Sessue Hayakawa playing on New York speaking stage in "The Love City."

Ramon Novarro's next to be "Bellamy the Magnificent," adapted from stage-play by Roy Horniman. Hobart Henley directing.

William Haines and Mary Brian have the leading rôles in Metro-Goldwyn's production of "Brown of Harvard." This is the picture for which staid old Harvard refused to co-operate in permitting scenes to be shot at Cambridge.

Bessie Love has title-rôle in Metro-Goldwyn production of "Lovey Mary," Alice Hegan Rice's story.

Clarence Brown, having completed the direction of Norma Talmadge in "Kiki," takes his megaphone over to the Metro-Goldwyn lot.

Ernst Lubitsch to have Irene Rich in a leading rôle of his next picture, "The Door Mat."

Reported that Joseph Kennedy, a Boston financier and a son-in-law of former Mayor Fitzgerald, and associates have purchased control of the Film Booking Offices, R-C Pictures Corporation and subsidiaries from Lloyd's Bank and the Grahams of London. Major H. C. S. Thomson, president and managing director of the companies, remains in active charge.

Metro-Goldwyn obtains screen rights to writings of Queen Marie of Roumania.

Thomas Meighan's brother, King Meighan, enters films with Columbia Pictures.

First National to build studios at Burbank, California, close to Hollywood.

Georgia Hale, now under long term Famous Player contract, to have leading feminine rôle in "The Rainmaker," a Gerald Beaumont story. Clarence Badger is directing and William Collier, Jr., plays the male lead.

Greta Nissen goes from Famous Players to Universal. She had been withdrawn from cast of D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan."

William de Mille finishing his last Paramount release, "The Flight to the Hills."

Margaret Morris signed to play opposite Douglas MacLean in "That's My Baby."

Gregory La Cava signed under long term Famous director contract as result of hits scored by his recent Richard Dix pictures.

Metro-Goldwyn to make elaborate film version of Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island," with Lon Chaney featured. Under water scenes will be made in Bahamas with Williamson filming appliances.

Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens remarry. Originally married on January 30 at Riverside, California, and point was alleged that this was six days before the divorce granted Miss Rubens from Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman became final.

Wallace Beery given two year contract by Famous.

Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers reveal that they have been secretly married for a year and a half. Married in San Francisco.

WATCH FOR THE MAY

Motion Picture Classic

A striking cover, in the spring spirit, of Colleen Moore!

A sensational article, by Tamar Lane, on FAMOUS BLUNDERS; revealing some of the mistakes behind the screens of our motion pictures.

A remarkable article on MOTION PICTURES IN JAPAN by a leading Japanese critic, Kimpei Sheba, of The Tokio Times. This will be illustrated with some charming pictures of popular Japanese film idols.

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH writes an absorbing inside story of the making of "THE BIG PARADE." King Vidor evolved a brand-new way of making pictures in screening this film classic.

Over a Dozen Other Unusual Features!

Romeo-Juliet Contest Winners

THE Great Lover Contest, the winners of which were announced last month, attracted much attention, but this was as nothing compared to the widespread interest aroused by the Romeo and Juliet Contest, originally announced in the January issue of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.

The Romeo and Juliet Contest brought an avalanche of letters and votes to the editorial offices of THE CLASSIC. Every one of THE CLASSIC's vast army of readers seemed to want to express herself or himself on the subject of the screen's ideal Romeo and Juliet.

When the letters and votes were finally tabulated, Ramon Novarro was found to be chosen as THE CLASSIC's Romeo, altho John Gilbert was a comparatively close second. Some distance back, Ronald Colman and Rudolph Valentino were practically tied for third place. Then came John Barrymore, Ben Lyon and Richard Barthelness.

THE CLASSIC readers selected Lillian Gish as their ideal Juliet, altho, as in the case of the Romeos, there was a close second. This was Vilma Banky. Mary Philbin was safely entrenched in third place, while, some distance behind, came Betty Bronson, Norma Talmadge, Greta Nissen, Mary Astor and Mary Pickford in close formation.

So THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC presents its congratulations to Miss Gish and Mr. Novarro. Long may they reign as the perfect cinema Juliet and Romeo.

The first prize letter, which, by the way, was a telegram, is published on this page. The first prize was twenty-five dollars. The second prize, of fifteen dollars, went to Karlene A. Armstrong for the following letter:

Second Prize Letter

The qualifications of Romeo are: youth, idealized fervor of youth, romance, beauty, chivalry and courage—thus *Ramon Novarro*.

The qualifications for Juliet are: youth, idealized fervor of youth, romance, beauty, innocence and abandon — thus *Vilma Banky*.

KARLENE A. ARMSTRONG,
8th Street and 64th Ave.,
Oak Lane Park, Phila., Pa.

The third prize, ten dollars, was awarded to Margaret H. Johnson, for the following letter:

Third Prize Letter

Because she is ethereally beautiful and he is stalwartly handsome; because her art would complement his and his supplement hers; because they are both intelligent, sincere, and blessed with eternal youth —*Lillian Gish* and *Ramon Novarro* would make an ideal couple to play Romeo and Juliet.

MARGARET H. JOHNSON,
3518 Fulton St.,
Chicago.

First Prize Letter

The romance of Romeo and Juliet carries a lyric quality of spiritual passion. Ramon Novarro and Mary Astor reflect no modernity, no haphazard tricks, but play with dignity and glowing beauty. They have the youth, intensity, personal thrill and imagination to portray the old-world charm of Romeo and Juliet.

ELIZABETH CARMICHAEL,
Care Mason Theater, Gorilla Co.,
Los Angeles, California.

Honorable Mention

I choose *Lillian Gish* and *Ramon Novarro*, because—

1. She has the deep-feeling, everlasting youth, and the keen sense of romance so necessary to any Juliet.

2. He has romance, spiritual quality. He has glow and sweet fire.

3. The work of both would thus bring the fine spirit of fire and youth necessary to the rôles.

CATHERINE LUKSIC,
1505 Warner Street,
N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Honorable Mention

Romeo and Juliet were young, but with maturity of feeling of the Italian race; were of brilliant and strong character, of sweet, generous soul, passionate, but not daring or devilish.

Thus my selection would be: *Norma Talmadge* and *Rudolph Valentino*.

Both are fine artists with depth of expression, romantic appeal, splendid physical appearance and illusion of youth.

FLORENCE SHANNON,
2428 Park Avenue, Apt. 3,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Honorable Mention

For her incomparable youth and beauty of face and youthful figure—even among the youngest rivals—*Lillian Gish's* superior ability to interpret the fourteen-year-old Shakespearean Juliet should be an inspiration for the romantic, dashing, fiery *Ramon Novarro*, the Adonis of the screen — thus vying with the great tragedienne, the one object of his screen admiration — to play the rôle of Romeo *à la* Shakespeare opposite her Juliet, so increasing the already excellent histrionic powers of the two greatest artists.

D. J. ALLEN,
2661 Valdez Street,
Oakland, Cal.

Honorable Mention

Who shall be the screen

(*Continued on page* 82)

The Ideal Romeos and Juliets

The letters and votes in this contest resulted in the following selections, presented in the order of final tabulation:

	Romeos	Juliets
1	Ramon Novarro	Lillian Gish
2	John Gilbert	Vilma Banky
3	Ronald Colman	Mary Philbin
4	Rudolph Valentino	Betty Bronson
5	John Barrymore	Norma Talmadge
6	Ben Lyon	Greta Nissen
7	Richard Barthelmess	Mary Astor
8	Ricardo Cortez	Mary Pickford
9	Douglas Fairbanks	Norma Shearer
10	Richard Dix	Blanche Sweet


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—in a real dramatic gem
and the most gorgeous fashion parade in colors!
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Harry Tierney and Joseph McCarthy, Composers
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Directed by
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APRIL, 1926



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RAMON NOVARRO



TOM MIX

Max Autrey



Melbourne Spurr

DOROTHY DWAN

A Remarkable Real Life Document

The Inside FACTS

By Percy Knighton

WITH the exception of a few nationally important topics of the day, "Have you a chance in the movies?" is close running in majority to the world's greatest problems.

So far as an accurate record shows, there are many examples of those who began at the bottom and soared gradually to the top, a portion of their success is, of course, due to the rapid growth of the motion picture industry from obscurity to fourth or fifth place in the world's gigantic affairs.

But it is true that those same men and women who achieved fame as stars came by it honestly. In most cases it was sweat and blood, ability and the spirit of the conqueror, that did the trick—not pull or "stand in." And to the exception of this rule embracing phenomenal rises, such as, stars being made overnight, is a matter of circumstances and luck.

Five Days' Work a Month

AT present, however, we are only concerned with those who are working from five to ten days a month as extra people—and they are lucky and glad to get that much. But especially are we concerned with you whose eyes may be turning toward the great Golden Gate with a hopeful gleam of their future stardom; their visionary dream turning to reality.

Who will be the Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford of tomorrow? The John Barrymore and the Gloria Swanson? And who will be the thousands of other stars? Who will gradually slide into the thousands of vacancies which Time makes inevitable? Who will fill the mechanical, technical and business places in the annals of our great, great movies?

You may guess the answer, you may solve the riddle, you may be right or wrong in calculating the solution to the above questions. You may even be the very one who will make the grade from the ranks of the thousands. But whatever the answer, whosoever you may be, please take along a few of these facts and stamp them indelibly in a remote corner of your brain—that is, if you are movie-struck, if you are an "extra" or prospective material for the mill—the mill, it grinds slowly and too often with deadly accuracy.

In the first place, tho, if you happen to be "one of the family" with a chip on your shoulder, you may hoot and sneer at some of the things I tell you. But if you are considering a trip to Fairyland—California, where a large part of the world's movies are made, then consider, my dear little innocent one, some true situations existing here—before you take the leap.

I am only speaking to you whose future is bent upon a berth in the movies, and maybe a grave, too. Otherwise, go to California, lots of other fine men and women conduct other lines of legitimate business. For instance, real estate. The climate is unsurpassed, the cafeterias unlimited. No! I am not advertising California, Florida might get jealous, besides, I am only a poor "extra" character in a land where, perhaps, fifty thousand other folks are working—mostly not working. In the movies, I mean.

I happen to be here. I am among those present. I am one of those queer "odd" creatures better known as "extras." I am out here in "Californy" taking pot-luck and uneven lunches and playing rôles from a Bolshevik to a Roman soldier, also doing odd jobs—odd indeed! But I love it just the same.



How men and women by the thousands can clamor into a stuffy room and receive the daily stab of rejection is beyond the power of reasoning

About the EXTRA

The Heartaches Behind the Screen

The Story of a Real Extra

So here goes for better or worse!

Lure Like a Drug

As a warning, let me tell you that if once you ever work in a picture, it is worse than a high-powered drug, it gets in your blood, it is a very contagious habit. Immediately, an uncanny, unbelievable sense of fascination seizes you, grips you; in fact, strikes you with such force that your endurance to run the race is surprising. But too often it is the other way round. However, you find to your amazement that at times you really have a chance —which is the first symptom of the hobo's disease. I call it mental inertia. But when reaching this stage you have advanced to the first degree in the Royal Order of Moviedom, you have been permanently annexed, and, you are prepared to make any sacrifice for your art, sometimes you have many to make, too. But the struggle is on.

Without the slightest shadow of doubt, this business of playing the movies as an actor—extra—is the greatest game of chance ever invented by man. The uncertainty of it is heart-breaking, sickening at times, often beyond endurance. It holds first place in the baffling elements of a minus average. It is the most bitter, ironic and cruel, peculiar and unusual topic to discuss. And yet, despite this, there is no end of material on which to base true and helpful illustrations.

There are no groups of people working in any other business in the world, any other trade, who would tolerate the fateful result, the usual failure, the treatment received (sometimes while engaged on the production of a picture). I do not mean that you are ill-treated or horse-whipped, nothing of the sort. I do mean, tho, in a mob scene that the dismal existence gained, the action one has to do, the delay and foolishness of it all would never be accepted as a road to success by many men and women in other walks of life. Your patience is put to the supreme test by the minute. It appears a losing game.



Hard to Get a Job

It is often much harder work getting a job than working after you get it. And the discouragement that goes with the business is almost beyond the understanding of an otherwise intelligent person. Really, the whole scope is far too technical to give in complete detail. But a few points will serve as examples.

How in the name of Moses, men and women by the thousands, can clamor into a stuffy, musty and dirty little room or shed and receive the daily stab of rejection is beyond the power of reasoning. Especially, after waiting for hours to get a peep at the assistant casting director, possibly only an office boy.

How day in and out those starving souls tread wearily from Universal City in the early morning, then to Hollywood by noon, thence to Culver City by the waning afternoon with the tiny spark of Hope burning dimly in their heaving bosoms merely to ask the fatal words, "Anything doing today," and get the fatal blow, is, so far as I know, too problematical in the sphere of normalcy for one so insignificant as I to render a correct reply.

But if one-half the energy expended in trying to break the almost impossible barrier would be applied to

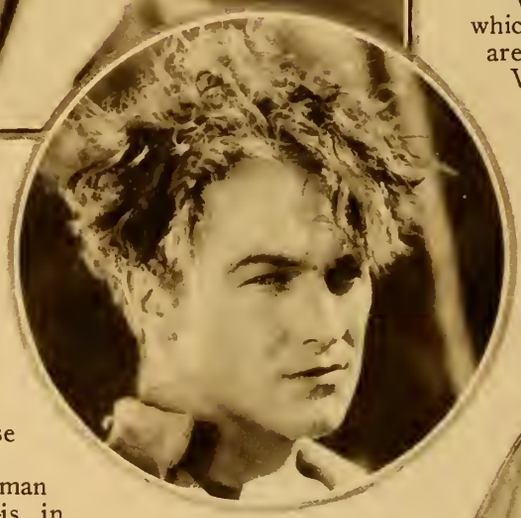
(*Continued on page* 83)

No BOOK Learnin'

By Alice L. Tildesley



William Boyd says he acquired his education by listening to other people talk



William Boyd plays a Russian peasant in "The Volga Boatman." The circle above shows him in this rôle. At the right, in "The Road to Yesterday"

IF William Boyd ever decides to become president of these United States, they had better get the White House ready, for he'll be there!

Bill—he's the kind of man one cant call "William"—is in the great American tradition.

He's the *Satevepost* chap who started out with nothing, worked before he was in his teens, did anything and everything—steel-mills, oil-fields, orange groves, groceries, driving trucks—and, having tried all sorts of jobs, finally picked out a profession and followed it doggedly to success.

No Acting Temperament

"I HAVEN'T an actor's temperament at all, so I'm afraid I cant talk like one," he apologized, as we strolled along the sunny gallery at the De Mille studios.

"In fact, I'm not an actor. You don't have to act on the screen. You have to understand the technique, know about spacing, timing, camera angles, lights, make-up and all that, and you have to understand the character you're playing and simply live him. The camera will show you up if you're just acting. You have to be terribly sincere and natural. You must have the whole personality and history of your character inside your head and then just open up your face and let your audience see what's going on in there. You're not acting then. You just *are!*

"When I was getting ready for 'The Volga Boatman,' I was worried about what to do with him. I had read the script and knew he was a Russian peasant, and I'd read Russian stories—Tolstoy—and Russian history, and I thought I knew what was back of this fellow, all the centuries of oppression and injustice—the revolt he felt inside.

"Victor Varconi played the other male rôle, which made mine more difficult, since he and I are about the same height, build and coloring. Varconi was an officer and would, of course, play it straight, I must be 'character.'

"First, I decided against wearing a wig and had my hair curled. I had misgivings about that,—afraid it would weaken my face,—but it didn't. And then, the very night before we began to shoot, the thing came to me.

"I was walking up



Pearsall

Bill Boyd worked in a rolling-mill at twelve



At sixteen William Boyd swung a sledge-hammer in the oil-fields for ten hours a day. He has driven trucks and delivered groceries. Now he is a film favorite

and down in my room, like this——" He paced the length of the dressing-room we had appropriated, three strides taking him from one wall to the other, and suddenly stopped, standing with his head lowered a trifle, looking up from under sullen lids, a figure tense and yet quiet, as of terrific power held in leash. "There! It came like that. I saw him in the mirror and recognized him."

Bill Boyd has a splendid body under perfect control. He isn't vain of it, but he takes care of it because it is part of his stock in trade.

Worked in Oil-Fields

"Got my strength swinging a sledge-hammer ten hours a day in the oil-fields," he explained, "I was sixteen. I began to work when I was twelve, when my father died, but the oil-field was the hardest job I ever had. I used to get so tired. But I wouldn't let it tear me down because I had too much spirit. It wasn't going to beat me!

"I think any boy who wants to grow up into a he-man ought to go out and get himself kicked around all over the place and fight and struggle and endure—that is, if he has spirit. If he hasn't, he'll go under.

"But I've never done anything that hasn't been of use to me in pictures afterwards. Strength from the oil-fields. In 'Steel Preferred' I was at ease among the ladles of molten metal because I had worked in a rolling-mill when I was thirteen. I knew how to handle myself so that I would never be in danger. . . . Oh, I could go on indefinitely!

"I've always worked. I didn't care what kind of job it was, but I tried to get one that would take me among educated people so that I could learn by listening to them talk. That's the way I got all the education I have. Associating with people who knew things helped a lot. I wanted to know so desperately that I couldn't help remembering.

"Seven years ago, I ran out of things to do. I had some money that I'd made in a summer resort I had conducted in Arizona and at the Post Exchange I ran in March Fields, and I bought a good wardrobe. I was in California and everybody was talking pictures. so I decided to try them. I asked Frank Miller of the Mission Inn how you got in.

A Note to De Mille

"'Oh, Bill, you wont like pictures!' he said, but he gave me a letter to Cecil B. De Mille. I didn't know who Mr. De Mille was—he might have been the janitor at Lasky's—that was how ignorant I was then!

"Mr. De Mille saw me. He told me that he thought I might do something in six or seven years, if I started

(*Continued on page 78*)

HAMLET

By Don Ryan



John Barrymore as the immortal fourteenth-century libertine, *Don Juan*

JOHN BARRYMORE says he is crazy about the movies. He must be—literally—otherwise he would not immerse himself in a tank of cold and mucid water—suffering tortures that would make a starving stuntman throw up his job—in order to inject the serum of reality into the final scenes of "Don Juan."

This is no pabulum of praise for a movie star—none of that belly-wash about the handsome chappie who is so keen for art that he insists on crocheting his own doily for the big tea-room scene. I saw Barrymore go under this stinking, algid flood, with a wind-machine playing against his soaking back—saw him go under and remain two minutes by the watch. Then saw a hand come up—a groping, abysmal hand—the hand of a drowning man, clutching at the rotted straws floating on the surface.

The Aquatic Barrymore

AFTER the hand had registered, the head and shoulders emerged and Barrymore—in the character of the great fourteenth-century libertine—struggled thru the torrent to safety. I am still sneezing and sniffling from the mere sight of it. For the scene was made at night and the nights in this land of sunshine and roses are frequently the chilliest, clammiest, most dismal monsters ever loosed from Erebus.

Attendant figures—actors, property-men, electricians, wearing oilskin trousers belted about their waists—said, yes, that was Barrymore's way. When they suggested a double in some of the scenes of "The Sea Beast," Barrymore snorted, "Double, fudge!" (Only he didn't say fudge.) "I'd have to do it myself anyway!" And thereupon plunged into the sea to grapple with a whale or something of that sort.

Standing in dripping tights with his back against a salamander—a small, charcoal-burning heater thoughtfully provided by the Warner Brothers—Barrymore had the nerve to tell me that he considered the movies a fascinating game—lots of fun—more fun, he implied than the stage.

Far From the Greenroom

HE was a long stride removed from the subtleties of "The Jest." A far cry from Barrymore emerging by the stage door after a comfortable performance of "Hamlet"—emerging into a scented crowd of women who ogled and fluttered like a barnyard when the ruler of the roost appears.

Barrymore had yet to re-enter the tank. Waiting for the next set-up, he sipped a cup of coffee—he is on the wagon—smoked a Tareyton, and gave me his opinion of pictures.

The modern demiurge who manufactures Rotarians wholesale also gave us John Barrymore, and he must have been a bit under the Greek influence when he modeled this un-American-looking young American. It is a compliment to the designer that, in spite of a bedraggled figure, in spite of the ugly cut with pendant streams of dried blood which had been painted on the forehead of the actor, Barrymore was superbly handsome. The water-soaked garments clung to a figure proudly delicate and strong: the line of forehead and nose in the steamy light as pure and radiant as anything in classic sculpture.

I attempted, evilly, to trick the defendant into some sort of delation against the movies. But he loyally and adroitly defended his favorite mistress. This scion of the oldest and most celebrated acting family in America was on the stage at nineteen. A few years later he entered pictures, working in comedies for Famous Players. At that time he was struck by the possibilities of this brand-new medium. He is still thinking about them—these immeasurable possibilities—as yet only scratched by a few of the more daring and imaginative producers.

The Amazing Possibilities

"IT'S an amazing thing," he said, "these possibilities of the pictures. The pictures are not inferior to the stage—different. Truly I have been more moved by good pictures than by anything seen on the stage. 'The Birth of a Nation,' 'The Four Horsemen'—pictures such as these are as fine as anything ever performed on the legitimate stage.

"You hear a lot of talk about inferiority of the screen—how childish the stories, how happy the endings must be. But they dont have to be. It is true that many producers have not realized this fact. But I think when the story is authentic—when the audience can smell it—they will not only stand for an unhappy ending, they will

and the FILMS

John Barrymore Likes Pictures

Drawings by
K. R. Chamberlain

actually enjoy it, if it is the real and logical ending for the story. The public is the same in both instances—the moving picture public is just as intelligent as the stage public.

"In 'The Sea Beast'—a classic story by a great author—we retained the integrity of it absolutely. This was a difficult thing to do, because we had to impose a love-story which wasn't in the book, 'Moby Dick,' at all. I think we performed the trick without doing violence to Melville."

In doing "Don Juan," a different problem confronted him: how to show the hero as the "personification of amorousness," as Barrymore explained—and, at the same time polish him off with a satisfactorily sympathetic ending.

"The way we did it," elucidated the creator of *Don Juan*, "was to make him funny during the first part of the picture. After he is disillusioned he becomes a sinister character. But he is regenerated in the end.

"Here we met our greatest difficulty. It would not do to make *Don Juan* put on carpet slippers and have the picture fade out in a clinch. So we had him drop out of sight. His contemporaries think he is dead, thus preserving the tradition of the great philanderer."

(*Continued on page* 66)

BARRYMORE ON THE MOVIES

Making pictures is a fascinating game . . . fine a medium as the stage . . . not inferior—different.

I'm crazy about the movies . . . always something new . . . good pictures have moved me more than good stage plays.

The audience will stand for unhappy endings if these are logical . . . movie public just as intelligent as stage public.

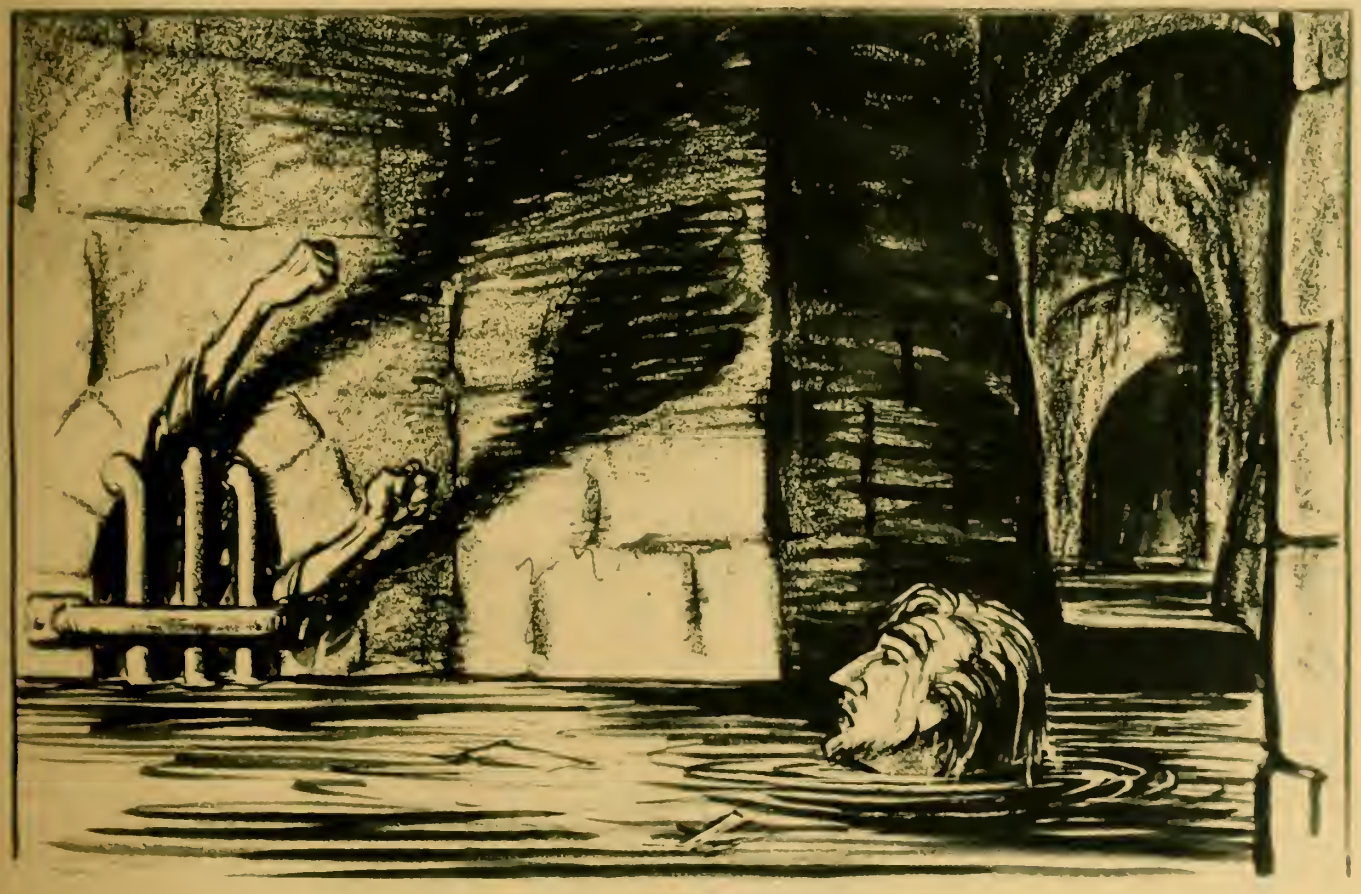
I'm disgusted with these sweet-scented jackasses I've been playing . . . want to play somebody with intestines!

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" the only picture of mine that was any good. . . . I'm satisfied with "The Sea Beast" and "Don Juan."

The movie comedies are the greatest thing in drama . . . nothing in "Hamlet" any better.

We'll have finer pictures when producers cease to undervalue public taste.

Don Juan struggles thru the torrent to safety. The torrent was real—but Barrymore refused to let a double do the scene



Four Famous Writers



Courtesy George H. Doran

Thomas Burke



Pacific & Atlantic

Sir Anthony Hope

By Henry Albert Phillips

Thomas Burke

IN the small group of photodramas that stand out in my mind and memory under the selective title of "the greatest," I always include "Broken Blossoms." In fact, it tops the list. So, then, it was but natural that I should seek out Thomas Burke, the author of "The Chink and the Child," which furnished D. W. Griffith with the story of such unique blend of character—brute and bully, tender, helpless innocence and inscrutable Oriental passion — that made "Broken Blossoms" the most delicate and poignant study of character that the screen has ever seen.

"The Chink and the Child" is among the stories that make up one of the most remarkable books in the English language—"Limehouse Nights." The reason of the popularity and appeal of both the book and photodrama is to be found in the fact that it is so largely the life story of Thomas Burke himself.

As you may have gathered from "Broken Blossoms," Limehouse is one of the worst—if not the worst — districts of London. Here I found the dock rats and dives, dope and dissipation just as he had described it, and lived it. For Thomas Burke was born and bred in this environment, and his best friend thruout years

Sir Anthony Hope

I FOUND Sir Anthony Hope (Hawkins) of quite a different mind in regard to American films. It was a cold, foggy night and Sir Anthony talked standing with his back quite close to the small English grate.

"I think the films are interesting, very interesting. I go to see them often. They give you so many things the stage cant. They read between the lines of stories and speak undertones that the stage actor cannot utter. Too, the stage cant bring in the perfect sequence the way they do it, nor the novel, for that matter. But they never move me so deeply as the stage performance does. They are, after all, 'the shadow show,' I call them!" He laughed in that voice which is the deepest I have ever heard. "Yes, one misses the personality of the actor, which is, after all, the personality of the author."

I was particularly interested in "The Prisoner of Zenda," the most popular of all the pseudo-romances that was ever written.

"Rex Ingram directed the last production made of my 'Prisoner of Zenda' — this is the third time, by the way, that they have made it into films. I have watched Ingram's work in other films and I am inclined to think that he is as good as any they have produced. I was tremendously

(Both Continued on Page 64)

Consider the Films

"I like the German pictures best—or the Swedish. In them you will always find skill, background, finesse of story, maturity, mellowness."

—Thomas Burke.

"I am looking forward to the appearance of moving photographs of the fairy and spirit world. They are bound to come."

—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

"I think the films are interesting. They give you so many things the stage cant. They read between the lines of stories and speak undertones."

—Sir Anthony Hope.



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The First of a Series of Talks About Motion Pictures With Famous English and Continental Authors

Ralph D. Blumenfeld

RALPH D. BLUMENFELD, editor-in-chief of "The London Daily Express," and accounted one of the greatest journalists in the world, is an American, by the way. It was none other than this same Blumenfeld who, with Stanford White, built the Herald Building in Herald Square under the financial leadership of James Gordon Bennett. Mr. Blumenfeld has been an editor in London now for more than thirty years.

"The films," he told me, "particularly the American films, have done much to lower the literary and artistic tastes of the whole world. There is usually a cowboy story or a thoroly bad story in which crime more often than not triumphs. An audience is tied down in their seats—for it is not like a book you can toss aside—and cant escape the bad influence. From a British standpoint they are intensely annoying from the fact that they all have an American background—I speak now of nine out of ten—and an American story—which is no credit, by the way, to anyone concerned. The stories are seldom big enough for universal application, which is the test of great literature or drama."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE is as different from Burke as day is from night, which is a fitting simile. He is a great big, smiling, spontaneous fellow; enthusiastic about everything, particularly some new "finds" he had made in the spirit world, of which he showed me the negatives. Then he showed me some alleged photographs of fairies that had recently come into his hands.

All movie fans will readily recall "The Lost World," taken from a book of the same name by Doyle, by the way. It is no more the story of a group of scientists who went out and stumbled over a lost world of still-existing prehistoric uncivilization than it is a spectacle of the drama in the lives of those mastodonic animals under the pressure of a great catastrophe. The marvelous feature of the picture lies in the reproduction of all the antediluvian—"auruses"—dinosauruses, ichthyosauruses, etc.—in the life.

"How did you like the filming of 'The Lost World'?" I asked Sir Arthur.

"Oh, the films did it very well, very well," he said enthusiastically.

"Do you go to the cinema much?"

(Both Continued on Page 64)

The Film Stars Tell

Here Are Facts that Will Help You This Summer

By Alice L. Tildesley

Spring is in the air!

That is, for most of America. Californians get more than their share of sunshine, but they miss the lure of Springtime, too.

Right now everyone is thinking of his or her garden. The screen folk are just like everyone else. The Classic *assigned Miss Tildesley to ascertain the favorite flowers of the stellar celebrities—and how they grow them. Here are her findings, of genuine interest to every garden lover everywhere.*—The Editor.







Top, Colleen Moore in her tulip garden. Center: Adolphe Menjou trimming his oleander hedge. Right, Noah Beery with his water hyacinths in his rock garden

Colleen Moore

Colleen Moore is a tulip fan.

"I plant my tulips in the spring. Some people put their bulbs in water with enough stones to hold them upright, but I prefer to plant mine in rich soil in the garden. I think they thrive better. They should be covered with about four inches of earth and watered daily. Keep the soil loose around them, so they can breathe.

"A lovely effect is achieved by planting them in beds alongside tuberoses, iris and other flowers of the same family."

Estelle Taylor

Estelle Taylor:

"I like trees better than flowers for my garden. One of my favorites is the English myrtle, probably because we had a hedge of them around my home in Delaware, brought

ABOUT THEIR GARDENS

The Players Explain About Their Favorite Flowers—and How They Grow Them

from England by my grandfather, so they always seem like old friends.

"You can keep myrtle trimmed down to a hedge two feet high; but give it plenty of room, sunlight and water and it will grow to ten feet. It stands intense heat well and can live for three weeks without water, altho I advise frequent watering. Black scale is its great enemy. The tree should be protected by tanglefoot to prevent the ants from carrying this plague, and I use a spray of whale-oil soap dissolved in hot water with kerosene and a green coloring matter that prevents it from being seen on the leaves. After forty-eight hours, I wash off the spray."

Willard Louis

WILLARD LOUIS is known at all California flower shows as a champion dahlia grower. He has created several new varieties of his favorite flower and has taken many prizes for his choice blooms.

"After your dahlias have been cut for the season, get your tubers out of the ground and let them stand thirty days before you separate them from the root and 'mother bulb.' Keep in a cool, dark place. In getting tubers ready for the next planting, saw them—dont break them—from the root. Be sure each one has an eye and a neck. This is most important, as the slip must have an eye in order to bud, and planting tubers without a neck is a waste of time—you will not have plants.

"I plant the tubers in furrows in ground that has been carefully cultivated and enriched. I plant in April or May—for late season flowers, as late as June. You need a careful eye in the selection of tubers, little ones are likely to be much better than big ones, but this does not always follow.

"Do not water until the plants are up, and then water the ground, not the top of the plants.

"Deep, soft loam is necessary. Different soils demand different treatment, but it is important not





Top, Of all her garden Estelle Taylor is most interested in her English myrtles. Left, Charlie Chase, the comedian, specializes in silver daisies

The STARS and Their GARDENS



Gene Kornman

Mildred Davis Lloyd loves her poinsettias. Right, Willard Lewis has won many prizes with his dahlias. Below, Irene Rich and her climbing roses



to use the same ground year after year—virgin soil gives better dahlias. It takes three or four years to produce a good new variety. Pollenization has everything to do with this, but anyone by constant care can raise very fine flowers.

"I have named my new varieties after favorite parts—*Babbitt, Wales,* etc., and one for my little girl, Dorothy."

Marshall Neilan

MARSHALL NEILAN is so fond of the blooms that his studio is a bower of roses.

"Roses require three things—good soil, sun and water. But remember to water around the roots, never touching the leaves. Watering the leaves will cause a mildew to appear. If your roses mildew, however, you can treat them by wetting the leaves again and sprinkling them with sulphur."

Irene Rich

IRENE RICH, whose favorite flower is also the rose, has a "Tausendschoen" rose climbing over the pillars of her home.

"I agree with Mr. Neilan about the essentials of rose culture, but I keep the ground loose about the roots, water only after the sun goes down and believe in careful pruning. A broken or scarred branch is cut off cleanly and the wound covered with tree salve."

Seena Owen

"OLD-FASHIONED stocks are my delight.

"Of course, in California we plant them almost any season, and aside from watering them, leave them to grow as they will; but in cold climates they should be grown from seed planted in a hotbed early in March. The seedlings should be transplanted several times, each time in a richer soil, and when they are about ten inches high, they may be set out in the garden.

"The biennial variety should be sown the season previous to that in which the flowers are desired, the plants wintered in a cool house and grown the following spring."

Noah Beery

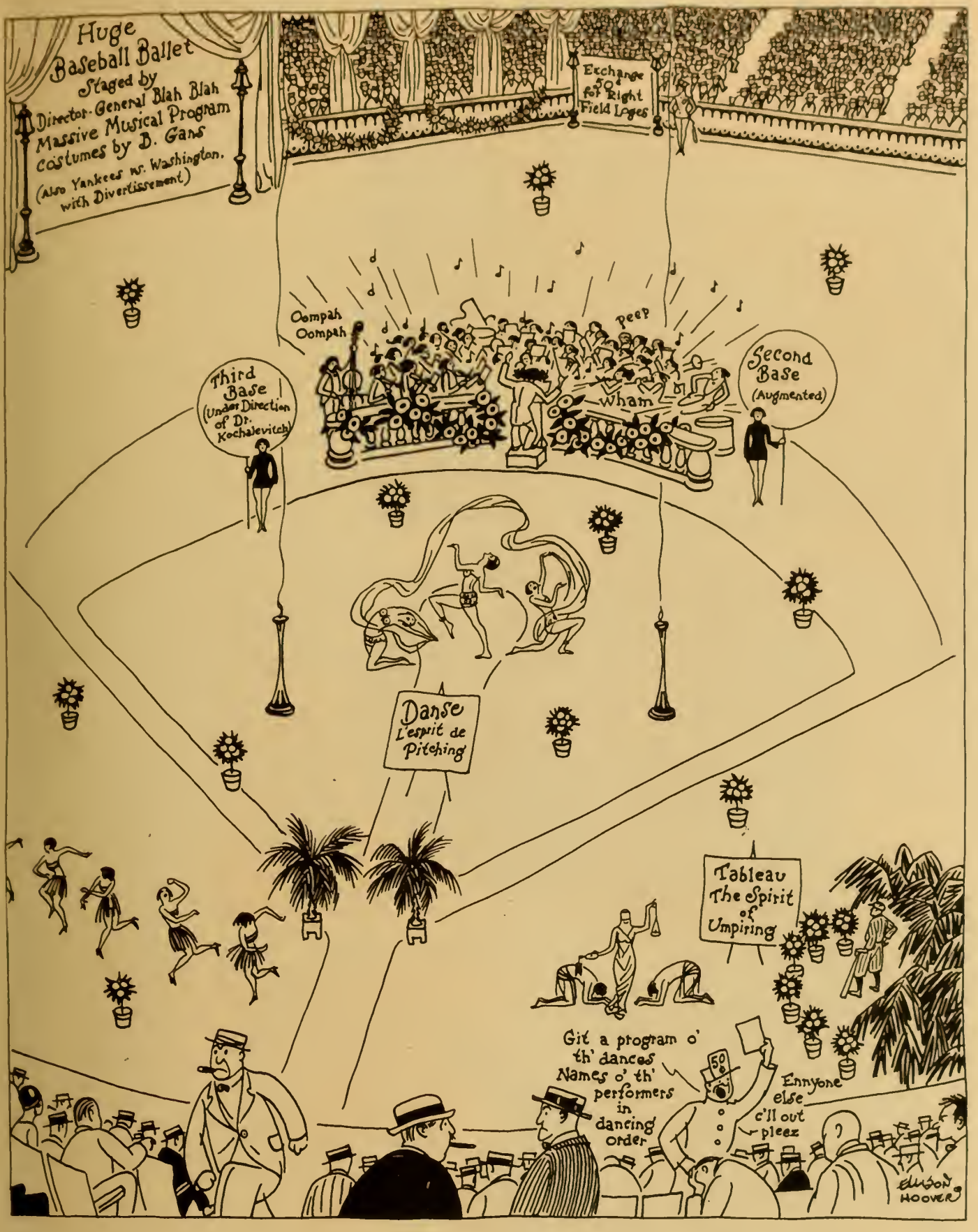
TO Noah Beery, the pale-blue water hyacinth has a fascination. He grows them in a pool in his sunken garden.

They add tremendously to the striking effect of his rock garden.

"They grow best in from nine to twelve inches of still water, thrusting their roots into the rich soil under the water. A miniature waterfall keeps the pool full of still water, and the rest I leave to Nature."

(*Continued on page* 68)





By
ELLISON HOOVER

IF THEY STAGED BASEBALL IN
MOTION PICTURE FASHION

PAGING the FILM

By Dorothy Donnell



Gene Kornman

Top: J. Darsie Lloyd, Harold's father, who handles his famous son's vast real-estate investments



Oval, June Marlowe and her father, who is a banker



Clara Bow and her father, who now manages his daughter

FATHERS are the unknown quantity in the movies. You read all about the stars' motor-cars, their bungalows, their Pomeranians, their man servants and their maid servants. You wipe a sentimental tear from your eyes as you gaze upon pictures of them sitting on the edge of Mother's armchair, or perched on Mother's knee, their cheeks laid against the dear silver that shines in Mother's permanent wave. But you would not think that the stars ever had any fathers, tho that seems biologically probable.

In some cases, picture players, in their swift rise to fortune, have discarded their male parents on the same general principle that they discard four-cylinder cars, cotton hosiery, and ready-made clothing, as being unsuitable to their new way of living. Many of these fathers do not fit into the splendor of their daughters' careers.

The Unknown Fathers

WHEN motion picture fans discovered a brief note in their newspapers recently announcing the sudden death in Los Angeles of the father of Norma and Constance Talmadge, they were surprised. Mr. Talmadge never had achieved a line of publicity, altho Ma Talmadge has appeared in scores of newspaper and magazine interviews, besides being the author of a book about her famous daughters. Indeed, Mr. Talmadge never had his picture taken.

Research reveals that most movie fathers are inconspicuous by their own wish. Business and professional men, they have their own work and have no desire to borrow any of their offsprings' glory, proud as they are of it.

There are movie fathers who have helped their children as faithfully as any mothers could have done. There is J. Darsie Lloyd, for instance, who, in the lean days of Harold's movie career, used to cook their dinners over a two-burner gas-stove, mend his son's coat, patch his trousers and set clumsy darns into the heels of stockings trodden thin with the search for work.

Treasurer of Lloyd Corporation

Now he is treasurer of the Harold Lloyd Corporation and, by a newly discovered talent for real estate, he has increased his son's fortune many fold. But proud as he is of his famous son, he has his own little prides, too. "Joe," he said not long ago to the Lloyd publicity man, Joe Reddy, showing him a clipping from a newspaper story, "I see here that you say that I used to be a sewing-machine salesman.

FATHERS

An Attempt to Turn the Spotlight Upon Dad

Now, of course, it's not especially important but, Joe, the next story you write, you might just mention the fact that before I got thru I was appointed agent for *a whole territory!*"

Clara Bow's papa used to be a waiter in a restaurant at Coney Island. Things weren't very prosperous with the Bow household just then. The mother of the family was sick in bed, and Clara, a pigtailed youngster in high school, by right should have worked in a department store or a factory to help increase the family budget.

But Robert Bow dreamed of better things for his little girl. Ever since she was a child, Clara had shown unmistakable dramatic talent and he resolved that she should have her chance. To save her from the drudgery of housework he would hurry home after his work was over, wash dishes and scrub floors. His wife remonstrated, his relatives and neighbors scoffed and said that he was filling Clara's head with nonsense, but Mr. Bow went on encouraging his daughter to try for a foothold in the pictures.

The winning of a screen contest (conducted, by the way, by the Brewster Publications) gave Clara her chance. She was given a leading rôle in "Down to the Sea in Ships," and the Bow ship had come in as well. Soon after the completion of the picture Clara's mother died. When she went West, her father went too, to play mother and father and business adviser to the little girl who had wanted to be an actress.



Gene Kornman

Mrs. Mildred Davis Lloyd and her father, Howard Davis, who is a newspaper man

June Marlowe's Dad

June Marlowe's father moved to Hollywood because of his own business as a banker, and not because he had the faintest idea of having his daughter become a picture player. When she begged to try her luck at the studios, he was dubious and tried to discourage her. But he told her to decide for herself and if she showed the right stuff for a movie career he would help her in every possible way. She did, and he has.

Patsy Ruth Miller's father was a manufacturer back in the Middle West. He brought his family to California for a vacation, with a round-trip ticket. But while he was attending a convention in San Francisco, Patsy Ruth telegraphed him that she had a moving picture job. Now if Oscar Miller has a weak spot, Patsy Ruth is *it*. In his secret heart he hadn't a doubt that his little girl could become as big a star as any of them, but he spoke to his daughter with parental sternness. "Look here, young lady," said he, "before I go home and sell my car and my home and my business, I want to know whether you are serious about this thing. Are you going to be somebody in the movies or is this just for fun? I'll take your word for it, but I must know."

And when Patsy Ruth opened her big brown eyes earnestly and assured him that she was going to be a star, Mr. Miller believed her and moved his family to Hollywood. He has made his daughter's career his business and put into managing it the same attention to details that he once put into the manufacture of brooms.

Louise Fazenda's Father

Louise Fazenda, on the other hand, did *not* ask Dad when she decided to abandon the future of school-teaching he had decreed for her in favor of falling down-stairs with trays of dishes and being sideswiped with custard pies. Tho Mr. Fazenda is in the brokerage business, his interests are distinctly scholarly. He speaks a dozen languages, including Japanese, delves into phi-



Mary Philbin's father was a Chicago street-railroad worker when his daughter won a screen contest

losophy and reads science in preference to the daily paper. Louise sneaked her comedy costumes out of the house in a suitcase for weeks to avoid the discovery of her low-brow occupation by her high-brow father. It wasn't until she began to make a real success that she confessed one evening that the awkward girl in tow-colored pigtails and spectacles who had made him laugh so heartily at the picture show that evening was his own daughter.

"And even now," laughs Louise, "I sometimes think that he is secretly sorry that I'm not a school-teacher on a salary of two thousand a year."

Perhaps the oldest father in Hollywood is Myrtle Steadman's, an eighty-year-old Grand Army man. Twenty-five years ago he sold his wholesale grocery in Chicago and came to Southern California to end his days. Now he raises choice roses in Myrtle's garden and entertains her friends with reminiscences of Antioch and Gettysburg.

In spite of the "Junior" after his name, William Collier, Jr., is only the stepson of the famous Broadway star, but he received all his stage training from him.

Among the picture people who have followed in their father's footsteps, are the Costello sisters, daughters of the former screen idol, Maurice. Then, too, there is Lillian Rich, whose father, J. C. Rich, has spent the greater part of his seventy years behind the footlights as an English variety actor. In her childhood, Lillian's father kept her carefully away from the theater, and she was never permitted to see a play, but she had inherited a gift for comedy from her father. Now, living in retirement in a suburb of London, the old actor goes to see all his daughter's pictures.

Joseph Schildkraut is another who adopted his father's profession. The two Schildkrauts are working in the pictures now, and Rudolph, tho he has been a prominent figure in the theatrical world all his life, is willing to hear himself referred to as "the father of Joseph Schildkraut."

Top circle: Patsy Ruth Miller and her father. Center: Buster Keaton, with his mother and father. Lower circle, Jobyna Ralston and her dad







Gene Kornman

Keaton, Senior

"It was my father who is responsible for my wooden face," says Buster Keaton, "when I was a tiny kid working with him on the vaudeville circuit. I used to burst out laughing on the stage whenever we did something funny; but he cured me—by the laying on of hands where they would do most good. 'Never laugh at your own comedy,' he told me, 'keep a solemn face, no matter what happens.'"

The elder Keaton occasionally takes a part in one of his son's pictures—but now it's Buster who gives the orders.

Conrad Nagel's father was, for many years, the director of a school of music in Des Moines. Now he has a studio in Los Angeles. He is a composer and a musician.

Small Bennie Alexander is jealously anxious that his own fame shall not outstrip his adored father's. Now managing a department store as Daddy Alexander does is a fine business, but Bennie felt that it needed a little dressing up to sound sufficiently important. When one of his boy friends was coming to dinner, Bennie approached his father in some embarrassment. "If Tony should speak about the store, Daddy," he hesitated, "dont seem surprised whatever he says. I maybe let him think the store was a *little* bigger than it is, and when he got the idea that you were the owner of it instead of the manager I didn't just exactly *deny* it."

Joseph Ralston wanted a son who would be called "Junior," but when a daughter came to his little Tennessee farm she was named after her father, so far as possible, "Jobyna." He didn't take much stock in "Joby's" stage yearnings

(*Continued on page 73*)

Famous at FIFTY

By MILTON HOWE



Witzel, L. A.

Edward Martindel isn't really fifty. He is forty-eight. He was prominent on the stage in light opera before he tried pictures

MAKING fun of Hollywood's greatest director is a precarious thing to do, as a chorus of ten thousand Hollywood "yes" men will tell you. Edward Martindel took a chance on being bounced completely from the good graces of those who worship at the shrine of Lubitsch when he took the job of *Lord Augustus* in "Lady Windermere's Fan." He dared to make fun of the little German genius of the films.

"When I read the script which Lubitsch had written, it seemed that all the actors turned to stone," said Martindel. "I would read a scene in which '*Lord Darlington* turned to stone.' Another excerpt from another scene would read, 'And then *Lady Windermere* turned to stone,' and finally I came to a scene in which I turned to stone! When I saw Lubitsch I told him that we didn't seem to do anything but turn to stone. He laughed and said he would use salt next time. It was his way of telling the actor to assume an air of severe silence.

How Lubitsch Directs

"I could ape Lubitsch and make fun of him, and that may be the reason we got along so well. He has a marvelous sense of humor. He would say, 'Eddie, you walk so funny. Do it like this . . . you know . . . just walk right in.' And he would illustrate by walking into the scene himself. When he rehearsed the scene again, I aped his peculiar walk. 'Is that the way I walk!' he exclaimed when he saw me waddling into the room. 'My, my, my! Well, walk your own way, Eddie.'

"The cameras were grinding on another scene when suddenly I heard his voice from the directorial chair. 'Pick up that cigar, Eddie.' I couldn't see any cigar and finally terminated the scene by looking under the carpet. He meant cigaret, but to Lubitsch they're all cigars.



Martindel was in pictures for six years before he scored as *Lord Augustus* in "Lady Windermere's Fan"

"During the taking of another sequence he shouted, 'Look dumb, Eddie, my God, look dumb!' I told him I looked naturally that way and I couldn't possibly look any dumber. 'I know,' he said, 'but you can look a whole lot dumber.'

"I pray nightly that I may be given another rôle under his direction. Lubitsch has a thoro understanding of the actor and a thoro understanding of story value. He allows a player plenty of freedom with a part. Every morning after witnessing the previous day's work in the projection-room, he would put his arm around me and say, 'That was fine, Eddie.' He seemed to be telling all the players how good they were, yet at the same

(*Continued on page* 87)

JUST





E. R. Richee

If there are legs more famous than those of Gilda Gray (above), we would like to know the name of their owner. Gilda's are international. Right circle, Betty Compson about to dive into the Cruze family bathing-pool. Betty has always been known for her—er—pedal extremities





What gathering of legs would be complete without those of our own Mary Pickford. Here you have comedy and personality rampant. Right, Carol Dempster. Carol's legs, be it noted, come nearest to the Parisian's ideal. For further particulars, see Carol in "That Royle Girl"

LEGS





Pacific & Atlantic



Top right, Mme. Diamond, the famous Parisienne who has been declared, by a judging committee of famous artists, to possess the most perfect limbs in all Europe

Top circle, the famous legs of little Ann Pennington, long a feature of the Ziegfeld revues. Yes, yes, poems have been written about Ann's knees, but we wont quote 'em here

Right, Gloria Swanson caught in an unguarded moment. Here you have the real Swanson supports

And, left, Fay Lanphere, who was awarded first prize in the national Atlantic City bathing-girl contest of last year. Here you can see why the Los Angeles girl was given the title of "Miss America"



The Candid KID

By Verne Kibbe



Freulich

Laura La Plante stepped out of the ranks of the extras as an ingénue in Al Christie comedies. Right, as the ballet dancer of "The Midnight Sun"

WHEN one lays a lamp on Laura La Plante, emotions akin to those evoked by a South Seas sunset twist and turn under the second waistcoat button—to wit:

"Gawd! Ain't nature grand!"

One feels like a discoverer; like dashing off to the nearest land office to file a claim or at least look up the title.

Optically Pleasant

IT is such a relief, for interviewing, as it is called, a lady of the lenses is not always what it is cracked up to be. In fact, it is something of an uncertainty, similar to opening a can of oysters in July, an adventure calling for more than a modicum of courage, if not genuine intestinal fortitude.

One usually heaves a sigh and phones the lens lady's terrapin or press-agent for an encounter with the desired dazzler. Press-agents are now called terrapins because of their impenetrable shell or crust and also because they are never in the soup until one has turned them over on their backs to stop their squirming out of an unfavorable environment, and applied some sort of club.

If the demand for an encounter is not frowned upon and a rendezvous is arranged, the scribe heaves two sighs in rapid succession and prays for something to happen, even to the extent of being so disloyal as to hope for an earthquake to hit Hollywood.

But Fortune is never kind, so the scribe, at something near the appointed time, draws near the appointed shrine carrying a goat-skin bursting with apple-sauce and Tamar Lane's "Questions and Answers for Timid Twinklers," also bound in goat-skin.

This book is a great help. The following are culled, hit or miss, from its pages, so you can get an idea as to its worth.



I've No Particular Ambitions, says Laura La Plante

Question: Do you genuinely love your work?

Answer: It thrills me beyond words. (Clasp the hands ecstatically: roll the eyes upward and squeeze the last drop of fervor out of this conversational sponge.)

Question: Who do you believe is the greatest director since Moses?

Answer: O-o-o-o-o-oh! (Cross between a sigh and a gargle). Why, Mister —— (here insert the name of your present director—if any—or the name of the one for whom you want to work). He thrills me beyond words!

Question: Who is your severest critic?

Answer: (Be yourself and answer simply). My wife, mother, brother, sweetheart, butter-and-egg man, or what have you. (Be sure and cross out undesirable words, remembering what your press-agent has said about the policy of your studio.



Freulich



Freulich

Laura La Plante has no desire to be a great actress. She says she's simply going on playing until death or matrimony intervenes

So you can see why I approached the La Plante *maison* (house) with more or less *sang-froid* (cold feet), and the two goat-skins.

The languishing Laura, herself, in person, answered my furtive poke at the door-bell.

Laura Answers the Bell

She was as free from gush as a deaf and dumb débutante. With one hand she despoiled me of Tamar Lane's tome and whisked my goat-skin of guff from under my arm with the other. And this in a moment, a single age-long second, leaving me standing alone in the center of the La Plante living-room in the full glare of her past, present and probably future b. f. (boy friend and also big fellow, hence my secrecy).

After an introduction and a single sniff of disdain, said b. f. stalked heavily from the room, leaving me alone with Laura.

The following inventory made at the time is submitted for your approval:

Hair: Yes!
Face: Yes! Yes!
Eyes: Yes! Yes! Yes!
Figure: A thousand times Yes!

Then without further ado we plunged into our work.

(*Continued on page* 80)

The Master Mind of the

By H. W. Hanemann

Here is an interview with the Arch-Master of the movies.

Here is the man whose scratchings have done so much to the surface of the industry.

Here speaks the director who first used the United States cavalry in a picture, who held apart the Red Sea in "The Ten Commandments," and who created the floating bed in the middle of a lily-pond boudoir.

He wrote that immortal subtitle: "Came the dawn to gild with its rosy fingers the snow-clad peaks of the Sierras."

You will want to know the Master's real thoughts.

HIS face displayed the serenity of a Buddha along with the eagle eyes of a traffic policeman, the pinched nostrils of an artist, the firm mouth of a bank manager and that schoolgirl complexion. He was attired in Oxford bags and a Russian blouse. He reclined on a divan and toyed intermittently with a hookah. On his head he had placed a silk hat and his toes were hennaed.

The All-in-All Speaks

HE had been indicated to me as the Man at the Top, whose scratchings on the surface of the motion picture industry were historical. It was whispered about that he was the Power, the All in All, the Fountain Head from which gushed the millions of celluloid feet of the past and present and from whom the billions of celluloid feet of the future were trustfully expected. He was, to make myself plain, the projected personality of all the people that make the movies what they are.

"You have come," he said.

"Yes, Master," I replied. "Yes," is an extremely handy word about the industry.

"You have come because I have summoned you. My Eyes watched your progress, my Hands made smooth your way. There was a door that was not a door and yet . . . There was a ceiling, which, if one understood, was not so much a ceiling as a path. . . ."

"And so's your old Michael Arlen's recent visit to Hollywood," I put in. I knew whence had come that "door-not-a-door" speech.

"Dont interrupt," he said severely. "You are a worm."

"Yes, Master," I said.

"And stop saying 'yes' all the time. You are not on my pay-roll." He paused, and tossed a lump of lakoum to a spotted ocelot that lay drowsing on the rug.



The Interview Background

"PRETTY nice place you have here," I remarked, feeling that we didn't seem to be getting anywhere.

"Hah!" he replied, "I know of what you are thinking. This *milieu* is not what you had expected. You would have me in a bare walled cell, pierced with high, narrow, heavily barred windows——"

"That's not a bad idea," I agreed politely.

"You would dress me in the habit of a monk and shave my pate. You would surround me with sterilized asceticism—me, the first man who ever used the United States cavalry in a picture, who held apart the Red Sea in 'The Ten Commandments,' and who dreamed 'Broken Blossoms' and wrote it down ten minutes after I woke up!"

"You did all that?" I asked.

"My child," he replied, "that is nothing. I have as many facets as a diamond, as many moods as April. The colors of the rainbow are mine, and my overtones—ah! my overtones!" he shuddered and clasped his hands about his head. "Shall I, then, breathe in an empty cask, or shall I permit my surroundings"—he indicated the room—"to vibrate with my soul?"

"Yes," I replied, risking another reprimand.

"Tomorrow," he continued, "my mood will have changed. Accordingly, this divan will become a swinging hammock, this water-pipe a long black cigar. I shall change my Russian blouse for the coat of a Japanese fisherman and my Oxford bags for a kilt. I shall wear ballet slippers. The day after—who knows? Girt cap-a-pie in a full suit of armor, I may ride about on a small velocipede. And why?"

"Why?" I echoed.

The Master Mind at Work

"THAT I may create. Do you remember a picture in which the bed of the dissolute beauty was a boat floating in a lily pond in the middle of her boudoir?"



"If there are cabaret scenes, swimming pools, orgies, romping flappers and faces that appear in the heart of a rose," says the Master Mind, "it is because I wish to have cabaret scenes, swimming pools, orgies, romping flappers and faces that appear in the heart of a rose"

Movies Speaks

Drawings by Kliz

"Can I ever forget it?" I assured him.

"*I* thought of that. Like Jonah, I was inside the whale in 'Down to the Sea in Ships.' It was I who sent Martin Johnson into the heart of Borneo and who sent the gunboat to his timely rescue. I timed the gunboat. I introduced Flaherty to Nanook of the North and told them they ought to get to know each other better. I told von Stroheim he was a man I loved to hate. I taught each one of the Four Horsemen to ride. . . ."

"I am beginning to understand," I murmured. "And the scenery in the 'Cabinet of Dr. Caligari'?"

"A joke of mine. One must have one's relaxations. That was the day my house was being done over. Fools! They took it seriously. I built the castle in 'Robin Hood.' I created the cathedral in 'The Hunchback.' Do you know why 'The Last Laugh' had no subtitles?"

"No," I said.

"Because I couldn't bother to write them."

"Oh," I said, "you do those, too?"

"Who else? 'Came the dawn to gild with its rosy fingers the snow-clad peaks of the Sierras—only a mother's love can save that tiny atom of humanity from Eternity's brink.' Those are mine—mine—mine!"

"Movies Are Thus and So"

"That accounts for it," I said. "A good many people have wondered. . . ."

"The entire world has wondered. They say, 'the movies are thus and thus—and why?' I answer, 'because of me.' Quinn Martin, Harriette Underhill, Robert Sherwood, what do they understand?"

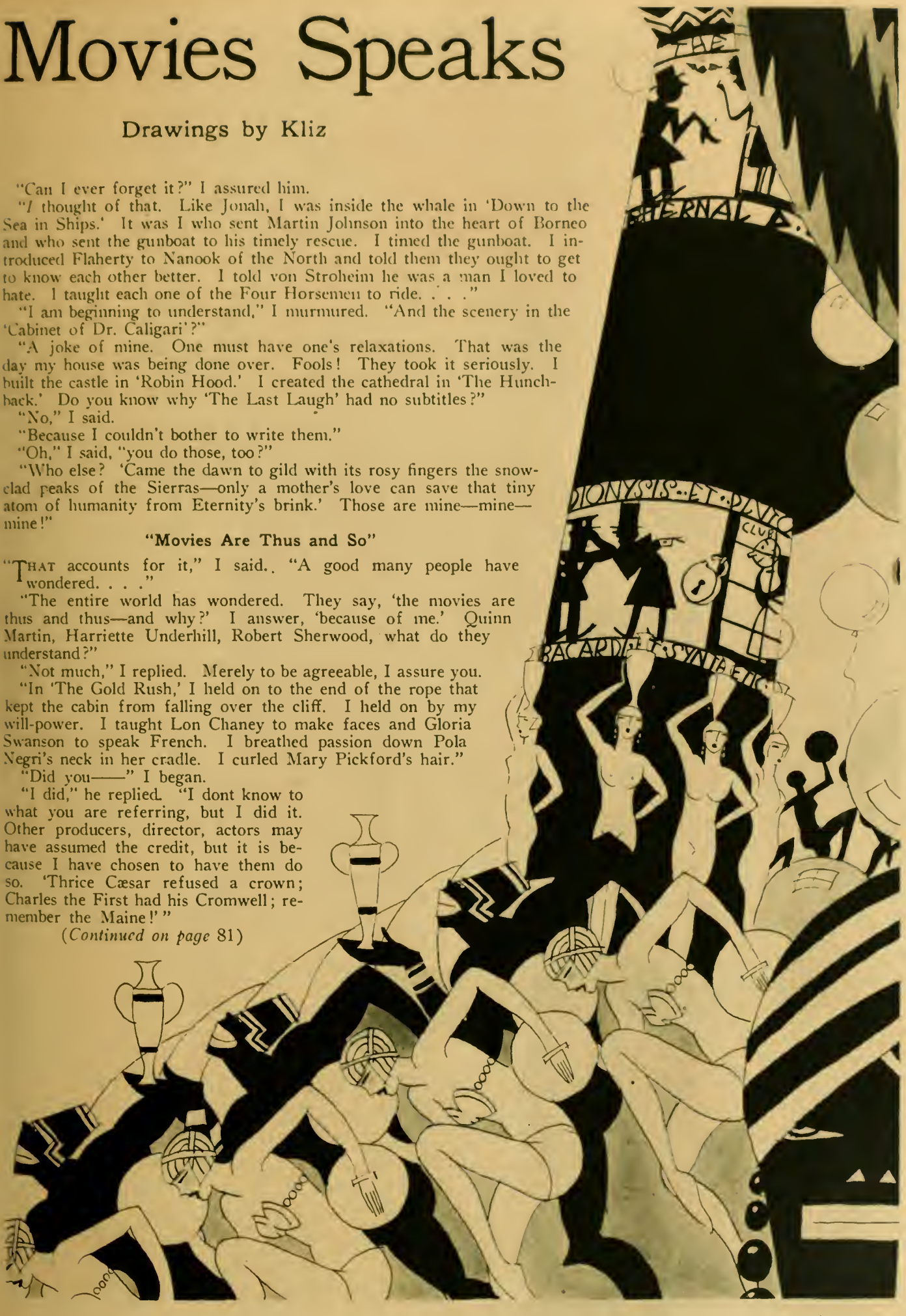
"Not much," I replied. Merely to be agreeable, I assure you.

"In 'The Gold Rush,' I held on to the end of the rope that kept the cabin from falling over the cliff. I held on by my will-power. I taught Lon Chaney to make faces and Gloria Swanson to speak French. I breathed passion down Pola Negri's neck in her cradle. I curled Mary Pickford's hair."

"Did you——" I began.

"I did," he replied. "I dont know to what you are referring, but I did it. Other producers, director, actors may have assumed the credit, but it is because I have chosen to have them do so. 'Thrice Cæsar refused a crown; Charles the First had his Cromwell; remember the Maine!'"

(*Continued on page* 81)



Renée Makes GOOD

By CAROL WHITE



Ruth Harriet Louise



Ruth Harriet Louise

Renée Adorée's performance in "The Big Parade" took her from the ranks of the second-raters and put her in the ranks of those who belong. Right, as *Musette* in "La Bohême"

SIX years ago, William Fox produced a motion picture from a story written by Georges Clemenceau, then premier of France. It was called "Les Plus Forts," which, translated in English for the billboards, meant "The Strongest." There was a great fuss over the picture and the Tiger himself was delighted because, being only human, he aspired to scenario writing.

But the picture now is important in movie annals not because it was written by Clemenceau but because it marked the début of Renée Adorée. At the time "The Strongest" was produced, Miss Adorée was completely unknown and obscure. She fell into the leading rôle of an important picture quite by accident. The Fox company wanted a French actress in the cast, probably out of deference to Clemenceau. And Miss Adorée, having been a circus performer, a dancer, a vaudeville artist, a cabaret singer and a small-time actress, saw no reason why she shouldn't take a fling at the movies.

Miss Adorée was not particularly wonderful in the picture, but she wasn't so bad. She was good enough to be signed up for leading rôles at a satisfactory salary. She was engaged to play leads in a series of comedies that Tom Moore was then making for the Goldwyn company.

Instead of heading back to Paris, Miss Adorée went to California and became so delighted with the movies, the climate and her new opportunities, that she promptly married Tom Moore, just by way of sealing herself definitely

The Girl Who Became the Talk of Hollywood with one Rôle

to her new career. Her marriage to Mr. Moore didn't last but her union to her career did, and Miss Adorée is just as happy anyway.

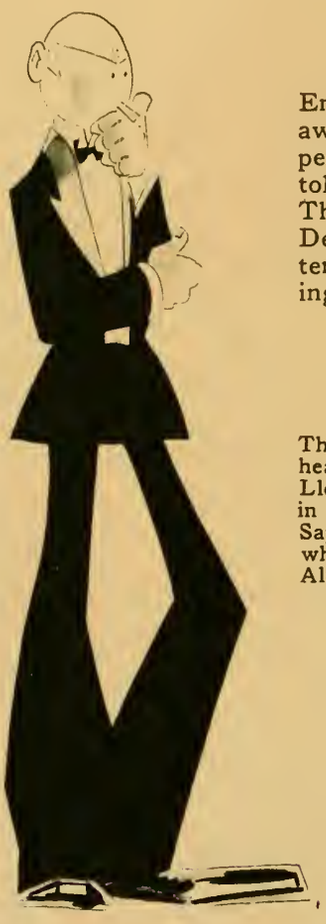
In spite of the fact that she was unusually fortunate in being thrust immediately into

(*Cont'd on page* 88)



Both photos
Ruth Harriet Louise

CELLA LLOYD Crashes



WHAT'S GONE ON BEFORE

Only a few months ago Cella Lloyd stood behind a counter in Blatz's Emporium. She dreamed of Screen Stardom, but, alas, Fame seemed far away. Then Cella won first prize in a Big Bathing Girl Contest—and the peaceful existence of the Blatz Maison was tossed Topsy-Turvy. Cella told Siegmund Blatz what she thought of him and departed for Hollywood. There the inventor of the Babylonian Flashback, the great director, Horace De Grind, took over her artistic career. The eminent De Grind encountered difficulties until it occurred to him to put Cella in her one-piece bathing suit. So the great super-special, "Passions of the Younger Set," got under way. Now read on!

Scene I

The Sap, Cella's home-town sweetheart, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, comes to visit the young star in her Hollywood bungalow. The Sap, in a rented tuxedo, wonders where all the money comes from. Also he figures his chances at winning Cella to be nil

Scene II

In honor of her father and mother, Cella throws a regular Hollywood bathing party. The great De Grind comes—and so, too, does Rolly Quixote, the screen colony's newest sheik. The Sap dopes out his chances to be less than nil



HOLLYWOOD!

By
JOHN HELD, JR.

Scene III

Pa Lloyd is a problem in Hollywood. He *will* revert to type. Indeed, ever since the first star discovered Hollywood, fathers have been a problem. Cella solves the difficulty by keeping Pa comfortable in the bungalow kitchen



Scene IV

Mother is quite different, however. She takes to silk and lorgnettes like a duck to water. So Cella gives a reception for Mater—who makes a hit and becomes the talk of Hollywood.

Continued next month





Frank Bangs

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Dick hankers for a Western picture of the great open spaces where stars are cowboys. Here's how he'll look when he gets it

Super-Realism in the Movies

By Matthew Josephson

Mr. Josephson is a well-known young radical writer, who has been taking a profound interest in motion pictures. He has contributed to Gargoyle, The Double Dealer, The New Republic, The Nation *and other publications. He was an editor of* The Broom *and* Secession.

One returns as from a *Robinson Crusoe* sojourn of several years' absence from the cinema temples to find that the movies have unconsciously, and by imperceptible stages, grown up. Curious, quiet, bloodless revolutions have come and gone under the surface.

The last winter season offered such spectacles as "Stella Dallas," "The Big Parade," "The Merry Widow," "Lady Windermere's Fan." Names that are already conjured with as landmarks in the history of this new art. And it is astonishing also how clearly the directors, Henry King, King Vidor, von Stroheim, Lubitsch, emerge as the dominating spirits of these dramas in black and white. It is as if you had been listening to the same orchestra play the same music for a long time, and then suddenly became aware of a more competent and inspiring leadership, of an unflagging spirit knitting it all together, intensifying the shadows and the lights. . . .

And quite as gradually it dawns upon your *Robinson Crusoe* of the brief nap away from the movies that the technique of them is now cleaner and firmer than that of the older pictures. Both directors and actors seem to know more about what they want to do, and to have profited silently by their own experiences or errors. The camera itself has undoubtedly become a more devilishly accurate instrument. And there are so few waste motions: every piece of furniture, every bit of foliage is properly placed or *composed* within a design; the directors seem to realize that even their stars are only tools, things that reflect so much moving light and shade back to the camera-lens, so that if a book or a hat is more important to the whole effect than the expensive and temperamental actress, the book or hat has its own bright holiday.

* * *

Several years ago, in the winter of 1922-1923, I chanced to visit, in Berlin, the sumptuous studios of UFA, where I saw that brilliant fermentation out of which came so many famous German pictures. Talking to the German directors, I became aware of the rapid developments that were taking place. They were proud of their historical romances, "Henry VIII," "Peter the Great," "Othello," all lavish with perfected detail, scientific atmosphere, and artfully composed studio sets. Also of that weird and imaginative "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," black flower of post-war Expressionism, which I had already seen in Paris in the guise of a Swedish masterpiece. And yet, much as I respect and hope for from the Germans' gift for the theater, the drama, I come to America for certain qualities and achievements in the film that are inimitable and unrivaled. . . .

* * *

For my own part, I never forget that the motion picture means just that: it involves *motion*. It has seemed necessary to me that the forms in the screen be always in an eternal movement. The moment they stopped, or had the effect of stopping, I lost interest. Now even in the best German films at times, the directors had a way of getting lost in the "literary" content of some clever or ironical book or play. The picture suddenly became *static* (*i.e.* motionless), and I found myself watching a dull, reasonable-looking set that rarely changed or assumed any fresh meanings for me, while the wise or witty problems of life were being worked out between conscientious actors and overworked subtitles.

Now our restless and animated Americans, with their spectacular American scene, make the most admirable subjects for the film. American pictures still hugely outbid all others abroad because of the magnetic attraction of their vivid movement and energy. Always the American films seemed to "follow the ball," even in those innocent pictures of Western life as it never was, there were things that escaped them, moments of a tremendous reality that the eye as it watched knew was deeper and more revealing than any reality it had ever seen!

* * *

Since the motion picture is purely a visual art, the eye strains to see things untampered with, unaltered, *just as they are,* in the penetrating flashes of the camera. Motion we have never actually seen before. The mass of a face spread over twenty feet of screen in mobile lights and shadows we have never been able to study with so much composure. The spinning of a wheel, the gallop of a horse — all these commonplace things have for us a *super-reality* that no other art ever presented; and since we know so little about the world we live in, and are assured now that all is relative (!) we hunger incessantly to see more of this world we never really see. In every direction and every corner of our daily lives the screen brings such illumination that unconscious habits or gestures or expressions of the mouth and hand become tremendously important things. To me this has always been the *genius* of the films.

Is it not time to take stock, then, of the present-day films? Do the directors on whom the whole business depends realize these qualities? Delighting in the competence, orderliness and intelligence of these men, Cruze, Lubitsch,

(*Continued on page 70*)

Says Mr. Josephson

"It is astonishing how clearly Henry King, King Vidor, von Stroheim and Lubitsch emerge as the dominant spirits of these dramas in black and white.

"American pictures outbid all others abroad because of their vivid movement and energy.

"Lubitsch I regard frankly as a dangerous influence.

"Henry King's 'Stella Dallas' was undoubtedly the outstanding achievement of the winter."

FLASH

By F. J. S.

LAST month we picked some flaws in the skill displayed by the Pacific coast organization of press-agents, the Wampas, in selecting baby stars. If we remember correctly, their selecting average, running over a period of five years, ran to exactly .138.

Modesty prevents us from making a comparison with the discerning ability of the Wampas. However (business of blushing), in the August issue of THE CLASSIC we mentioned the fact that during the coming year 950 motion picture dramas would be produced but that just twenty of them would be of consequence.

Yes, we named the twenty. And all but one of the box-office hits of the subsequent months were in that twenty. For our chosen twenty included: "The Big Parade," "The Merry Widow," "Ben-Hur," "The Gold Rush," "The Freshman," "Don Q," "The Pony Express," "Sally of the Sawdust," and "The Unholy Three." Our list included too, "La Bohême," "Mare Nostrum," and "Moana of the South Seas," the fates of which remain to be seen. We missed guessing just one big hit, "Stella Dallas."

Pretty soon we are going to select our chosen list of next year's hits. Producers and exhibitors are welcome to look over the list — and reap their respective fortunes.

Yes, come to think of it, with nine hits out of twenty selections to date, our guessing average is .450.

Naturally, it is the easiest thing in the world to make lists and predictions. We plead guilty again in selecting the sex best sellers of the screen at the present moment of palpitating to press:

Vilma Banky
Norma Shearer
Dolores Costello
Renée Adorée
Greta Nissen
Esther Ralston

Everybody loves to imagine things. We have an imaginary film magazine in which we publish (mentally) all the things that we (personally) like.



ALICE JOYCE
An impression by Wynn, Paris

The magazine is called NICKELODEON MASTERPIECES and it is given over to the best thought in the industry.

For instance, we would publish contributions from all the leading New York screen critics. We would have F. Mordaunt Hall, of *The Times*, contribute one of his characteristic reviews, except that we would insist that he tell the plot in detail of the film in question. And we would have Quinn Martin, of *The World*, tell exactly how he discovered Harold Lloyd some years ago.

We would get an article from Fannie Hurst telling the literary throes of creating such a great story as "Mannequin." This would be a fine help to people planning to enter future scenario contests.

We would answer everyone who attacked the screen by declaring, with as much heat as we could generate offhand, that the aforementioned attacker was just a disappointed person who had tried to sell scenarios.

We would run a lot of pictures of Hollywood stars' backyards, showing the complete extent of the bathing-pool vogue. And we would have Marie Prevost pose on the edge of everyone of the pools.

We would run a lot of pictures of the young ladies mentioned in the preceding item on this page. And we would throw all pictures of Ernest Torrence *et al.* into the wastepaper basket.

We would run only such interviews as the one in this CLASSIC with Laura La Plante; *i.e.*, chats with frank cuties who did not try to palm off the idea that they loved Strindberg.

We would only review productions by King

BACKS

About Pictures and People

Vidor, Ernst Lubitsch, Eric von Stroheim and John Robertson, or, upon favorable report, those of certain German directors, Rex Ingram and Henry King.

We would review more pictures starring Richard Barthelmess and Richard Dix because, in NICKELODEON MASTERPIECES, we wouldn't care how much our personal liking for these chaps brought superlatives rushing to our typewriters.

We may go on baring our editorial soul (or lack of it) next month. We'll see.

Last month we handed out a lot of medals to the unsung heroes of the screen, the men who do the real work and never get the credit. Somehow we overlooked the unhappy fellow who did the cutting of "Ben-Hur."

Imagine trimming the thousands of feet of original negative down to the mere twelve reels of the "Ben-Hur" as it is being shown now! The cutter's name, by the way, is Lloyd Nosler, and something ought to be done about getting folks to rush some fan mail his way.

My spies report to me that 1,600,000 feet of negative were shot in making "Ben-Hur," from which 800,000 feet of positive were printed. Nosler cut this 800,000 down to 12,000.

The Joppa Gate sequence, shot in Italy, was trimmed from 100,000 to 1,000 feet, while the Roman galley sequence was lopped from about 132,000 feet to 1,500. The chariot race occupied originally 200,000 feet of negative. The race now runs 1,000 feet.

Nosler must have cut his film like a dyspeptic city editor.



ROD LA ROCQUE
An impression by Wynn, Paris

Probably the most interesting event of the autumn screen season will be the launching of Gloria Swanson as a star in special productions. As Miss Swanson herself pointed out in a recent CLASSIC, she has been starring in moderate-priced program pictures, altho critics have frequently commented upon these as if they were specials.

Gloria lifted these to prominence by sheer personality. We doubt if there is a more vivid feminine figure in all picturedom than Miss Swanson. She has gone through a number of eras in the development of her career, be it noted.

She was under the De Mille influence for a time and then after that she was a devotee of Elinor Glyn, the lady who discovered the asterisk. She threw off these influences, began to develop rapidly and hit her stride in "The Humming Bird."

Up to that time she had been looked upon as a wearer of picturesque attire. In brief, she was a clothes horse. But she has used her brain in developing herself and she has forced her acceptance by the public as a big star.

Miss Swanson's first vehicle, we understand, is to be an ornate adaptation of "The Miracle," the Max Reinhardt spectacle which was imported a year or so ago with a great deal of theatrical hokus-pocus by Morris Gest. This is a version of the old medieval legend which also served as the basis of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice."

This old Dutch legend is a delicate subject for the screen. It relates of a nun who is seduced away from her convent by a brash crusader. When she returns, she finds that her place has been assumed by the Virgin, so that her absence has passed without notice. The legend points the moral that love extenuates all.

We suspect that Miss Swanson will play the runaway and the image of the Virgin which comes to life and assumes the rôle of the nun. In the Reinhardt production these parts were played by two actresses, Lady Diana Manners being the

(Continued on page 86)

Our OWN NEWS CAMERA



Harry Cooper, winner of the $10,000 Los Angeles national golf championship, visited the Lasky studio right after the tournament. Naturally, he talked to Bebe Daniels, who loves golf. And naturally, the press-agent snapped 'em both. Cooper hails from Dallas, Texas



No, Virginia Bedford isn't doing a seven-league-boot stunt. No, indeed! She is merely jumping over a motion picture miniature, a tiny farmhouse built in the studio

International Newsreel

Ladies and gentlemen, we present the King and the Queen of "The Fiesta of the Tropics," held in Miami, Florida. The City of Realtors had a gay celebration. You will note that Ben Lyon was the king and Eugenie Selma the Queen. The hobo whiskers had to be grown by Ben for his next screen rôle. Hence the comedy king appearance



Pacific & Atlantic

Joan Crawford breaks into THE CLASSIC so frequently that we hardly know what to do about it. Just when we had made a resolution not to use her picture for awhile, she went and was snapped demonstrating a high kick. Do you blame us for breaking our resolution?



Gilliams Service

Thomas Meighan went to Florida to film scenes of "The New Klondike," in which he plays a baseball pitcher. Here you may observe Gene Tunney, the fighter (at left), and Gene Sarazen, former open golf champion, looking him over at Miami



The CLASSIC'S Own News Camera



Hollywood Honeymooners: Roy D'Arcy and his bride, the former Laura Rhinock Duffy, daughter of the vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures: Remember Roy as the crown prince in "The Merry Widow"?



Stellar disclosures continue! Here is Norma Talmadge as the piquant French *gamine*, *Kiki*, played on the stage by Lenore Ulric. Herewith is the Talmadge *Kiki* in the theater scene of the screen version



Richee

Being a stellar favorite has its tribulations, as we have intimated before. The item of avoirdupois is a vital problem, for instance. Here you have Bebe Daniels keeping in training with her friend, Marie Mosquini. They do this—and twenty other convolutions every morning. All these are designed to keep the hips at the right weight

MASTERPIECES of the SCREEN

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

IF anybody were to ask who was the greatest general that ever lived, who was the greatest philosopher, or the greatest prize-fighter, or what was the greatest painting, or novel, or poem, how could one answer? How can one compare a race-horse with a reindeer, both being perfect animals of their kind? And so, how are we to compare "The Birth of a Nation" with "The Last Laugh"? We have no yardstick with which to measure the qualities of a picture and, therefore, we cannot compare pictures with scientific accuracy. Again, a picture may not please us and yet be a masterpiece. Likewise, a picture may be very bad technically and yet please us immensely. Let us see if we cannot formulate some sort of diagram, chart or schedule of qualities that a one hundred per cent. picture should have. First, it must have story interest. While pictures of a mere rose, and a simple "scenic" might be masterpieces of their kind, they could not be rated as one hundred per cent. pictures because they do not include many of the qualities that a one hundred per cent. picture must contain. Strictly speaking, a one hundred per cent. picture must have all the elements and qualities that a picture could possibly contain. Let me try to name some of those qualities:



© Lumière

EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Story interest
Direction
Theme
Acting
Heart interest
Beauty
Instructive value
Characterization
Dramatics
Titles
Construction
Universal interest
Suspense
Spectacle
Box-office value
Photography
Cast
Morals
Historic Value
Finesse

Climax

The One Hundred Per Cent. Picture

THERE are other qualities, but these will suffice. Some of these may not be necessary to a one hundred per cent. picture, you may say, such as "morals"—a picture need not preach or point a moral to be one hundred per cent. Yes, but if it does contain this quality, is it not so much the better? A one hundred per cent. picture, you may say, need not be a spectacle and have gorgeous sets and stupendous mobs; but, if it does, is it not a greater picture with than without? The theme of "The Last Laugh" was very simple, while the theme of "Ben-Hur" was the greatest, perhaps, that has ever been conceived; therefore, if other things were equal the latter is by far the greater picture. The former might be one hundred per cent. of its kind, just as a picture of a rose might be, but the "kind" is not the greatest possible and, therefore, these cannot be classed as one hundred per cent. pictures. The first movie drama ever produced, "The Great Train Robbery," was a masterpiece of its kind and for its time, and so was "The Birth of a Nation," which came a dozen or so years later; but neither of these would be a masterpiece today. Here is a group of dramas that were masterpieces of their kind and for their time:

Driven
The Jack-Knife Man
The Lady
Tol'able David
Broken Blossoms
Revelation
A Tale of Two Cities
Drusilla with a Million
Foolish Wives

Masterpieces of Their Kind

BUT the same class of picture has since been equaled and surpassed; therefore, they are not one hundred per cent. pictures. "The Lost World" was a masterpiece of its kind and unique, but it did not contain all of the elements of a one hundred per cent. picture. "Shoulder Arms," "The Kid," "Safety Last," "Introduce Me," "Seven Chances" and other comedies were masterpieces of their kind, but they were not of the one hundred per cent. kind and could not possibly contain all of the elements of a one hundred per cent. masterpiece. "The Miracle Man" and "The Four Horsemen" were also great, but they were not of the one hundred per cent. kind. Several of the pictures of Mr. Fairbanks were masterpieces of their kind, notably "Robin Hood," and so were some of the "historics" like "The Thundering Herd" and "The Pony Express," but none of them contained all of the elements of a one hundred per cent. picture, even tho they were perfect so far as they went and even if it were impossible to have added any of these elements without marring the picture. There is still another group of great pictures:

The Hunchback of Notre Dame
The Phantom of the Opera
The Merry Widow
The Vanishing American
The Sea Hawk
He Who Gets Slapped
The Unholy Three
Kiss Me Again

Eugene V. Brewster selects the six masterpieces of the screen:

"Ben-Hur"
"The Wanderer"
"The Ten Commandments"
"Stella Dallas"
"The Big Parade"
"Lady Windermere's Fan"

(*Continued on page 79*)

THE CELLULOID CRITIC

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

A WEEKLY magazine recently conducted a contest in conjunction with the Famous Players, offering a prize of $50,000 for the best story adaptable to motion pictures.

The fifty thousand smackers were awarded to Fannie Hurst for a story called "Mannequin." The story, in brief, is the old hokum of the baby stolen from her crib and later reunited to her real parents. Even the old situation, of the girl being tried in a court, of which her own real father is the judge, is trotted out for inspection.



Ball

Frederick James Smith

That Winning Story

IF this ancient dramatic wheeze was the best story turned in by the magazine contestants, then motion picture companies probably are right in refusing to read unsolicited scripts. Miss Hurst must have chortled in her Paquin sleeve upon receiving the $50,000 for this venerable junk.

"Mannequin" was a darn sight better produced than it deserved to be. Doubtless, the eminent Famous Players realized the weakness of their prize and decided to dress it up as best they could. Director James Cruze gives the creaky tale a whole lot of human atmosphere. And he gets superb assistance from Dolores Costello as the girl and Alice Joyce as the mother of the kidnaped kiddie.

I am not going to go further in exposing the bones of this ancient plot for your ribald laughter. I will explain that the stolen child is raised in the tenements, becomes a clothes model and is unjustly accused of murder, everything being explained by a deathbed confession. Personally, I think Miss Hurst ought to donate at least a part of her $50,000 to the great-great-great-grandchildren of the original author of this plot, provided he can be traced.

As I have intimated, Miss Costello gives a striking performance of the girl, *Joan*. This Miss Costello is going to be a big star of the screen, or I shall miss my guess. She looks a bit like Elsie Ferguson when she first dawned upon the theatrical horizon and she possesses a singular sympathetic charm. With any sort of break, Miss Costello is going to do big things.

Miss Joyce gives one of those understanding performances audiences have come to expect of her. And Director Cruze has injected a human note here and there. For all its antique machinery, "Mannequin" will touch you now and then, thanks to Miss Costello and Miss Joyce.

Watch Miss Costello!

A New Dorothy Gish

I VIEWED "Nell Gwyn," an English product, at a special showing. It may not reach the general public of America, which will be regrettable, since it reveals a Dorothy Gish you have never suspected heretofore.

"Nell Gwyn" tells, in leisurely English film fashion, the story of the orange girl who became an actress and who won a portion of the flitting affections of the gay Charles II. It is practically a film monolog, barely sketching the gay court of those dissolute roistering days.

"Nell Gwyn" is singularly lacking in drama, altho the period was vibrant with color, as any reader of Samuel Pepys' diary will testify.

I suppose the producer-director,

James Kirkwood and Carol Dempster in "That Royle Girl"





Dolores Costello and Alice Joyce in "Mannequin"

Esther Ralston and Laurence Grey in "The American Venus"



The New Photoplays in Review

Herbert Wilcox, would explain that he did not wish to distort history with the injection of romance or dramatic climax. But his story has plenty of distortion, as, for instance, the metamorphosis of the Duke of York into a dour-faced Puritan. And there are inaccuracies galore.

I have said that "Nell Gwyn" reveals a new Dorothy Gish. I use the word literally. *Nell's* attire leaves little to the imagination. However, Miss Gish stands the revelation admirably. Her playing has gusto, buoyancy and humor. The roistering spirit of the real Nell, as she must have existed in those rough and merry days, isn't there. But the characterization has more breadth and verve than anything Miss Gish has given the screen. If her work is repetitious, it is because the direction is decidedly amateurish. The work of Randle Ayrton as Charles II is good, but, outside of Miss Gish, the real honors go to Roy Overbaugh, an American cameraman, for his photography.



© E. O. Hoppe

Dorothy Gish in "Nell Gwyn"

Those Dempster Limbs

I HAVE noted Miss Gish's revelations. Then there are those of Carol Dempster in "That Royle Girl" to be considered. If I may say so, Miss Dempster's legs are the real features of this decidedly mediocre effort by D. W. Griffith.

"That Royle Girl" is adapted from a magazine serial by Edwin Balmer. It concerns the tribulations of a cutie whose father is a lazy student of prohibition and whose sweetheart is unjustly accused of murder. It moves thru the underworld of Chicago and terminates with a cyclone somewhere in the outskirts of that metropolis. The cyclone is mildly interesting, wrecking the roadhouse where *Daisy Royle* is held prisoner. There is a certain unsavory element running thru "That Royle Girl," principally centering about the chief villain who carries a little whip and is palpably a subject for Dr. Krafft-Ebing. Miss Dempster's histrionic contribution to "That Royle Girl" isn't much, altho that is the fault of a rushing and false melodramatic story, but she does lead piquant support to the tottering tale. No one can ever say that this Griffith picture hasn't a leg to stand on. W. C. Fields is in the story, playing the father, but he is only allowed to catch the camera once or twice. Even in those flashes, he reveals his fine comic spirit. Fields is going to be as great as Chaplin in three years. Wait and see.

To continue the revelations of the month, let me next consider "The American Venus," an original story built around the late lamented national bathing-girl contest at Atlantic City. I resent "The American Venus" because it is essentially cheap and tawdry, being built obviously upon the idea, already a success at Atlantic City, of exploiting gals in brief bathing attire. Like everyone else, I like pulchritude, but I hate to see it retailed in circus and chautauqua fashion.

The plot of "The American Venus" almost makes "Mannequin" look like a literary masterpiece. This tremendous mental effort of Mr. Townsend Martin discloses how the daughter of the owner of a small town beauty-cream factory enters the beauty contest. The proprietor of a rival cream works holds a mortgage on the plant and is going to foreclose unless the gal will marry his son. Honest, that is the story.

Another Literary Gem

YOU will have to go to see "The American Venus" if you wish to know the denouement. I left, but not until the camera had proved to my satisfaction that Esther Ralston, in a one-piece suit, completely eclipses Fay Lanphere, the real winner of the 1925 contest, who also appears in this big literary gem. Ford Sterling was showing signs of stealing the picture when I left the theater. The much-exploited Broadway chorus beauty, Louise Brooks, is in the piece. She has a provocative face, but she hasn't learned yet how to make her knees behave.

"Womanhandled," Richard Dix's newest starring effort, amused me a lot. A great deal of the credit for the diverting qualities of this comedy goes to one

(*Continued on page* 89)

Presenting DUPONT of Berlin



Ufa

Ewald Dupont, the director, and Emil Jannings between scenes of "Vaudeville," which features Mr. Jannings

CERTAINLY Ewald Andre Dupont can be called one of the most interesting personalities in motion pictures. In Germany he is the most popular of all film directors and in Berlin they are predicting that it wont be long until his name will be just as popular in the United States. He has had a contract with Universal for many months and he is now in California about to start his first American picture.

Dupont was born in 1891. He comes from one of those old Huguenot families which emigrated from France in the eighteenth century and became the special pets of Frederic the Great, who strongly favored their immigration into Prussia. The Duponts, during two centuries, have yielded quite a number of strong personalities in all walks of life. Since the second half of the last century they have gone in mostly for newspaper work and many of them have played important parts in German journalism.

Born Into Journalism

DUPONT'S father was editor-in-chief of the then most popular Berlin daily. He died, however, when young Andre, or Ewald as he is generally called by his friends, was barely six years of age. And, strange to say, the fact of his being the famous journalist's son did more to impede than to help the boy's own journalistic career. In the big publishing house, where years ago his father had played such an important part, it was not at all easy for that young and highly ambitious journalist to be recognized on his own merits. He had literally to force himself on these people by writing under an assumed name before they at last accepted "Old Dupont's son" as an editor who had won his way thru sheer efficiency.

Very soon (this was about fifteen years ago, at the time when film production was at its very infancy in Germany) the young editor began to revolutionize his columns by starting a thing unheard of at that time. He began to take the movie seriously. He was the first man who ever wrote a film review in Germany.

First German Film Critic

ANY amount of ridicule was showered upon the young editor for giving serious thought and valuable space to so silly and unimportant a thing. But Dupont was not to be discouraged. Once he had recognized the importance of the new silent art, he considered it his duty to do all he could towards improving it.

Much as the trade and the film producers were delighted to see their work taken seriously in an important newspaper and by a recognized journalist, they very soon began to be rather scared by that young man's frankly outspoken criticism.

It was mostly the story and still more the continuity of those pioneer films which elicited those severe and highly dreaded criticisms from the young reviewer. And it certainly was not a bad idea when one of the producers approached the young editor with the request that he try to write a continuity himself instead of condemning every story he saw on the screen.

Writes His First Script

DUPONT jumped at this opportunity. Within the next year or so he wrote more than thirty scenarios. For the first one he received a salary of $10. Very soon, however, he was considered by the steadily growing trade to be a crack scenario writer or, as a matter of fact, almost the only one of his time and he was paid the then enormous weekly salary of $250 for continuity. Indeed, this was a great deal, considering the fact that at that time the cost of production hardly ever reached the $2,000 mark. The leading stars, mostly famous Berlin stage actors, were quite contented with a salary of $25 a day, plus second-class railway expenses in case of exteriors.

It was not long before Dupont,



Ufa

Ewald Dupont directing night stuff on the U.F.A. lot

Another German Director, a Graduate Journalist, Comes to America

By HEINRICH FRAENKEL of Berlin



Ufa

Ewald Andre Dupont comes of a long line of journalists and he was himself a prominent Berlin editor before he became interested in the screen

who was just twenty-two at that time, went in for the production of a film and not merely continuity writing. He was successful from the very start. Altho he has already produced more than thirty films, there has hardly been one failure among them. Most of them have been artistic successes and have scored high in box-office receipts in Germany and other European countries.

A Successful Director

I SHALL not mention the titles of all those pictures, but it is interesting that in one of them the producer intentionally did not use a single star, preferring to take into the cast only "quite new faces." In this he was successful and he has always laid special stress on giving a chance to young artists.

Dupont has long been keenly interested in vaudeville business. He even went to the extent of running a big vaudeville organization some two years ago. There isn't anything worth knowing about the business that he doesn't know. Surely this intimate knowledge was useful to him last year when he directed the biggest and most ambitious of his productions, the one which Berlin believes will make him popular in America as well. This was "Vaudeville," featuring Emil Jannings. His Universal contract was made, however, before this picture was released, which implies that it was offered on the strength of former merit.

It is not necessary to mention here any details about "Vaudeville," featuring Jannings and Lya de Putti, since the picture will be released soon in America.



Shooting a scene of "Vaudeville." The rotund man at the camera is Karl Freund, who became famous in America for his photography of "The Last Laugh"

Ufa

Quiet Home Life

EWALD DUPONT'S private life is and always has been a rather quiet one. He is a married man and he likes his home in town as well as in the pretty little bungalow he owns near one of the beautiful Bavarian lakes. Here he retreats for a quiet spell of recreation whenever he finds a short time from his work. He likes gardening and he is also quite a keen motorist.

He told me, before leaving Berlin, that he was looking forward to his American trip and all the possibilities for work which seem to be in store for him there.

RANDOM IMPRESSIONS

[*Eugene V. Brewster, the editor-in-chief of the Brewster Publications, has been visiting the Coast studios. You will be interested in reading his impressions of the Western capital of Celluloidia.*]

IN front of the Fox studio in Hollywood is a small grass plot on which is a little black and gold sign reading thus:

> I AM GRASS,
> NOT GAS;
> DONT STEP ON ME

WHO do you think is Hollywood's greatest pianist? No, it is not Eleanor Boardman, altho she seems artistic and looks very much like a musical artiste of some kind. It isn't a woman, anyway—it's a man. No, not Ramon Novarro, altho he plays the piano very well indeed and sings excellently. Yes, and he looks the part, too. Nor is it the suave, polished Valentino, nor yet Ronald Colman, who might well be a musician. No, you are not even warm.

Well, I'll let you in on it. Remember "Tol'able David"? Remember that terrible, gigantic tramp who oozed villainy and wickedness from every pore? And that big, ugly, raw-boned chap who nearly ran away with "The Covered Wagon"? And that monstrosity who ran a blacksmith shop with one hand while holding a Bible in the other in "The Pony Express"? Yes, that's the chap—Ernest Torrence! But who would think it? And he carries a big gold medal as the star opera-singer of the Royal Academy of Music in London, too!

AND speaking of anomalies, of queer freaks of unnatural selection, who do you think is the star master of ceremonies, toastmaster, etc., on the Coast? You will at once think of all the handsome, dignified, cultured, polished, suave, smooth-voiced men you have heard of, but you'll never guess, because he is the lowest of low comedians, always playing absurd comedy parts, and you picture him as a comical Irish hod-carrier. Yes, it's Charles Murray, and he always makes a hit.



Our idea of a charming lad, otherwise Marion Davies masquerading in "Beverly of Graustark"

DO you remember Virginia Pearson of the dim and distant past? That vivid, beautiful brunette who was right up among the leaders a dozen years ago? Well, at a Preview of Commodore Blackton's latest picture the other night, there was a very striking blonde, young and beautiful, the observed of all observers, and her hair was a shimmering gold. It was the same Virginia Pearson. And her husband, Sheldon Lewis, sat by her side, looking much too old for her.

OVER at Fox's studio they think they have the coming greatest star of all. I had a good look at her and she looks the part. It is Olive Borden.

THE finest speaking voice I ever heard issue from a human throat came out of the face of Noah Beery the other day while I was dining with him at the Montmartre. It is rich, deep, resonant, clear and what I would call perfect. He says he can sing several notes below lower C, and I doubt not. And yet the poor man cannot (or will not) make a public speech. What a pity! Charles Murray and he should do some swapping.

YOU may not believe it, but Hollywood goes to sleep about 9 P. M. It is really a quiet town. During the day it is all bustle and hustle like any other big city. The film folks work hard all day and they take it easy all night. They have to.

HANDSOME Jack Gilbert looked anything but handsome fixed up as a burlesque Red Grange at Marion Davies' costume ball. And he didn't try to look pretty, and he wasn't, and I told him so, and he liked it and I liked it.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN certainly enjoyed taking off Napoleon at the ball, and he looked the part amazingly. I told him if he could find some humorous incidents in Napoleon's life and play the part straight, in a feature high-class comedy, it would be a knock-out. And it would.

YOU can ride around Hollywood for hours and never know but what you are in Philadelphia, or Atlanta, or Chicago. You might come across some

OF HOLLYWOOD

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

players and a studio or two, and you might not.

I WALKED in on a set at First National and saw Norma Talmadge in a suit of men's striped pajamas doing "Kiki." The previous night I had seen a Vitagraph revival which Commodore Blackton put on at "The Writers," in which Norma appeared in a 1912 picture, and I swear that Norma looked far younger in 1926 than she did in 1912.

AT the Lasky studio I saw them making a miniature elevated railroad structure with real cars and engines. It was about one hundred feet long and the cars each about a foot long. The whole thing was complete and perfect in every little detail and many men will work many days to complete this railroad. When you see it on the screen, you will feel sure that it is the real thing, rearing up some twenty feet in the air with full-size cars and everything. And this scene, costing thousands of dollars, will be on the screen perhaps less than one minute.

WARNER Brothers have the handsomest studio from the outside and First National has the handsomest inside. The Fifth Avenue of First National (exclusive section) is about two hundred feet long and contains three bungalows—Norma Talmadge's, Colleen Moore's and Valentino's. Warner's studio looks like one of those stately government buildings in Washington with a dozen big pillars running all the way up in front, Colonial style, and very picturesque.

KING VIDOR, who did "The Big Parade" and who is therefore one of the world's greatest directors even if he did nothing else, looks to me like a big, overgrown boy, simple and unaffected. Seems to me nearly all the great directors are young fellows now.

COLLEEN MOORE is very pleased with her little studio bungalow and garden, and well she might be. She proudly showed me thru, and pointed out every item of interest, including her stove and cooking utensils. And, by the way, she is one of the sweetest and most charming little ladies I ever met. Everybody loves her. She gets everybody. Yes, her eyes are not quite the same color, but almost. She laughingly let me look into them—and I still live!

I RAN into Maurice Costello on Hollywood Boulevard and had a chat with him. No, he is not directing his daughter Dolores as reported, and doesn't intend to. He is, of course, proud of her and everybody else seems to be. Maurice is free-lancing. Not working just now but hopeful. And this is the first great screen idol the world ever saw!

ON almost the same spot an hour later I met my old friend, Edgar Norton, who made a hit in "The King on Main Street." He was once stage manager for the great Richard Mansfield, and is now the champion butler of the screen and a mighty good all-around character man.

HOLLYWOOD is surrounded with hills or young mountains, and your chauffeur keeps saying: "That's Mary Pickford's house up there," "That's Tom Mix's," "Up over there is where Fitzmaurice is going to build," etc. Every hill is represented by one or more players and their places all look like money. All the hills are not yet working, but from the looks of things they soon will be. They are building roads and things everywhere. Talk about Florida, everybody here is land crazy. Everybody is making money buying and selling lots. Prices are already tremendously high and they are going up every day. The players are all dipping in, too, and Rockefeller and Ford will soon be poor men in comparison.



W. F. Seely

A brand-new study of the Lloyd heir apparent, Mildred Gloria Lloyd

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IF you want to be very smart and proper, call a studio a "lot." That's the correct word, "On the lot"—"He's not on the lot," etc.

NEARLY all the studios are on one street—Sunset Boulevard—and here you see all kinds of

(Continued on page 72)

That Chaplin Complex

By Harriette Underhill

DON QUIXOTE without a windmill; a mute dilettante; a faun or a sprite; a will o' the wisp; just a fantastic cuss; a marionette with Charlie Chaplin on the other end of the wires; a grown-up *Peter Pan;* a phantom; a wraith with a sense of humor; a nomad; Charlie Chaplin, himself, but a Charlie Chaplin known only to himself.

These are some of the answers we have received to the question we have been putting to our friends recently. For we have been going about like the inquiring reporter; and these answers we have had to dig up from divers places, for we had them jotted down on the backs of envelopes, on calling cards, margins of newspapers and on theater tickets.

Miss Underhill says the Charlie Chaplin you and I laugh at is just an inferiority complex.

Chaplin is an egoist, she says, and what he has put on the screen is the thing he once feared he was, at least in the eyes of others. Thus his inferiority complex became a shadow for the whole world to laugh at.

One of the most popular fallacies in the world is the belief, culled from the movies, no doubt, that newspaper reporters carry notebooks. They dont. We kept one once when we were young, but what good was it? None. For in consulting it, how could anyone guess that T.S.O.M.D. might mean, "Tell story on Marion Davies," or that T.C. rec. P.N. could possibly mean, "Traffic cop recognized Pola Negri"? Along with the answers to our question was a scrap of paper with these letters scribbled on it: "Get C. St. R. by the 5," and we had sense enough to know that that meant "Get the Classic story ready by the fifth." So here it is.

The question we have been eagerly asking each one we meet is, "What is your idea of the funny little man which Charlie Chaplin has put on the screen? Is he a character study? Is he the same character in each picture? Is he a real person or a figment of the brain?"

And the answers are all here at the start of this article.

We think the man who said, "It is Chaplin, himself," comes nearest to the truth. For, when finally we put the question to Mr. Chaplin, he replied without hesitation, "He is an inferiority complex." And what a simple solution that is; especially now, when nearly everybody has at least one in the family. It seems to be one of those cases where, after he learns the answer, anybody will exclaim, "Of course! I might have known that all the time!"

And it is quite apparent, too, to anyone who believes in signs, that that inferiority complex is dwindling with the years. In Chaplin's earlier pictures the funny little man on the screen never had any happy endings to cheer him on his way. And how well we remember the first time that the "phantom lover" was permitted to enjoy requited affection. It was in "The Immigrant" that he married Edna Purviance in the office of the justice of the peace and that was the first ray of sunshine allowed to creep into his sad life. The first time one felt that Mr. Chaplin was going to attempt a "materialization" and allow love to awaken a soul in the lonely little marionette.

Recently, Mr. Chaplin was a guest at a house party where we were. Someone accused him of being the most famous person in the whole world, not excepting the Prince of Wales, himself. To prove this, the man who made the assertion said that when they were traveling thru China, one of the coolies grabbed up a derby lying on the ground, stuck it on the side of his head, and, twirling a stick in his hand, gave a Chinese imitation of the Chaplin walk.

"He laughed that funny head with a pig-tail nearly off, and seemed to feel that one touch of Chaplin makes the whole world kin," said the narrator.

"Well," replied Mr. Chaplin, "it is something, isn't it, to unearth a Chinese sense of humor!"

While Mr. Chaplin is a very friendly person, he is, withal, so modest that it is difficult to tell him that he is the most famous man in the world. He doesn't give the usual polite protest, which means, "Let any man deny it if he dares!" He just blushes and begins to talk about something else.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

During supper we sat next to Mr. Chaplin, and it was then we determined to ask him about his elusive character that is known all over the world, yet with whom none is acquainted.

"You give us no clew," we said. "Because your 'Wanderer,' your 'Prospector,' your 'Immigrant,' never yet has spoken a word on the screen. If only you would let him say, 'When I was in England last year,' or 'Mother is waiting for me,' 'I was sensitive about these big feet when I was a kid in school,' you would give one something to work on. But was he ever in England, this nomad of yours? Was he born here, one hundred per cent. American? Has he a mother? Does he worry because his feet are large? Did he ever go to school?"

Mr. Chaplin shook his head, and then it was that he said: "He is just an inferiority complex." He did not add, "my own," but what he told us later made us realize that that was what he meant.

"I became terribly unhappy," he said, "when first I began to be well known on the screen; and I shall tell you why. It was because people insisted on lionizing me. I was invited out everywhere, and if I accepted, as I often had to do, I would

(*Continued on page* 90)

EVOLUTION of a LAUGH



Harold Lloyd as he was some years ago, just after discarding the *Lonesome Luke* character and donning the glasses destined to make him famous















All photos by Gene Kornman

Those shell-rimmed, but glassless, glasses that Harold Lloyd wears in all his comedies are not just a happy thought. They are the result of a study of the psychology of laughter.

Laughter and life are two of the commonest, simplest things. In its purest form laughter is life. The more life the more laughter. And in the weakness of human nature is to be found the most humor.

In life it is a laughing matter to see a dignified person lose his dignity, such as a frozen-faced individual slipping on a banana peel. It is a laughing matter to see an efficient person make a mistake—for instance, a deft waiter spilling soup on an irate guest.

Because at one time shell-rimmed glasses were always synonymous with learned people, as professors or scientists, they acquired a dignity that even their present popularity cannot dispel.

Worn by Harold Lloyd, as his only make-up, they make of him a serious-minded youth, and accordingly magnify the humor.



Remember when Bebe Daniels played with Harold Lloyd in the old Rolin comedies about eight years ago? Here is a scene from one of the old laugh makers



No, Elinor Fair isn't just a willing target. This is Cecil De Mille explaining a scene of "The Volga Boatman" to William Boyd



Renée Adorée has just been given a shining new contract by Metro-Goldwyn. Louis B. Mayer is congratulating her

Letters to King Dodo

HOLLYWOOD.
Dear Majesty:

I should advise against Your Majesty coming to Hollywood at this time. Hollywood is not yet ready to embrace Your Majesty's daring design of making motion pictures that would show human beings acting as human beings act in real life. Hollywood would give Your Majesty the loud guffaw if you proposed such a radical departure from the accepted tradition of the cinema in the place of its birth.

There are hopeful signs, however, which indicate that at some future time Your Majesty's ideas may be put into practice. Louis H. Tolhurst has been making pictures showing the lives of insects. It is possible that somebody may take a chance and show the lives of men and women just for the novelty of it.

But I am not so optimistic about the future of the films as Laurence Stallings, who has not lived in Hollywood so long as I have. Stallings thinks they have a brilliant future—ah, where have I heard that phrase before?

Meanwhile, in accord with the expressed desire of Your Majesty, I shall keep you informed of what is happening in Hollywood from day to day, so that Your Majesty may judge for yourself the trend of celluloid culture.

New York.
Dear King:

Richard Barthelmess, who has been ill in a New York hospital with ear trouble, as Your Majesty has probably heard, has departed for California to make one picture in Hollywood. This will be Richard Harding Davis' "Ransom's Folly," which you may remember as a story of an army post in the old days when an army review looked like a parade of the Smith Brothers. Not that Dick is going to wear whiskers in this piece. No, no!

All sorts of rumors are current regarding Dick's next stellar plans. His present contract with Inspiration Pictures expires in September. Dick has been doing consistently good work and his next contract will carry a whole lot more of mazuma for the young star.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

Since I last wrote, Hollywood has been elevated by the presence of young Anthony Asquith, son of Lord Asquith, former Premier of Great Britain and Earl of Oxford and Asquith. I think Your Majesty will recall the father from certain negotiations relative to oil concessions in Your Majesty's beautiful Island of Oz, which were abruptly terminated by Your Majesty when a radio set and two strings of glass beads were not forthcoming as promised.

Your Majesty may also recall the mother, Margot, whose memoirs caused many a monocle to drop from many an eye and many a teacup to fall from many a knee when they burst upon poor old Mayfair.

However that may be, young Asquith is the latest lion to be captured in our jungles and he roars complacently from his suite at Pickfair, the Beverly Hills estate of Mary and Douglas. His sister, the wife of the Roumanian Ambassador, the Prince Something-or-Other, is also a guest at Pickfair. Anthony is here to learn the moving picture business. He hopes to become a director. He is a very intelligent and studious lad, homely even for an Englishman, with a pair of trousers quite like Charlie Chaplin's and his collar much too big for his neck. He has delicate and aristocratic hands.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

The Laurence Stallings whom I mentioned in a previous letter is back in Hollywood, lending the luster of his name to the script for Paramount's production of "Old Ironsides."



While abroad Rudolph Valentino visited the UFA Studio. Left to right, Valentino, Director F. W. Murnau and Manuel Reachi



John Drinkwater, who wrote the drama, "Abraham Lincoln," drops in to call upon Phil Rosen, who filmed "Abraham Lincoln." Carmel Myers at the right

By Don Ryan and Frederick James Smith

Your Majesty will recall Stallings as the one-legged soldier who co-authored in "What Price Glory?" the realistic war comedy that pleased you when Your Majesty was on a tear last winter in New York. He also did "The Big Parade" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Stallings' name will go on "Old Ironsides" as the author, altho the real author is our mutual friend, Harry Carr, who conceived and hatched this astonishing movie. Harry put over the greatest tie-up in celluloid history when he got Secretary of the Navy Wilbur to back the production with the co-operation of the United States Navy. The frigate *Constitution*, now at dock in Boston Harbor, will be the principal prop used in reconstructing a chapter from our naval history dealing with the war with the Tripolitan pirates.

The Government is raising funds to restore the old vessel; hence the tie-up. All the kiddies who give pennies will go to see the picture. This is what Will Hays might call super-salesmanship.

Jesse L. Lasky thinks it safe to spend unlimited millions on making "Old Ironsides." It will take about a year to do the thing right, that is, to out-Benjamin Ben-Hur. Already a fleet of eighteen sailing ships has been built and some two thousand extras are assured of cakes for some months to come.

Jimmie Cruze, who is directing this spectacle, spent many weary weeks in toilsome research work among the bazaars of Tripoli, along the Riviera, at the Folies Bergères, the Casino, the Crystal Palace and other dull and out-of-the-way places, just to make the picture authentic.

New York.
Your Majesty:

If you follow the public prints, your royal highness has doubtlessly noticed that Adolphe Menjou has filed suit for divorce from his wife, Katherine Menjou. Menjou charges cruelty.

It takes a brave man to chance public disfavor like this and I hope Your Majesty will reward Menjou with a special proclamation of your appreciation. Menjou alleges that his wife scolded and found fault with him, calling him "good-for-nothing, puffed-up and conceited," and charged his mother with being a prevaricator.

Thus does the famous screen-understander-of-women get his troubles off his chest. I'm with him heart and soul and I trust Your Majesty will back me up. We men must stand together.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

I should like to call Your Majesty's attention to the career of Roy D'Arcy, because it offers the finest example I could cite of the way to get ahead in pictures.

This competent actor had knocked about for many years in Shubert musical shows, working under his real name, which was Roy Guisti. When he was working in Los Angeles he was seen by Eric von Stroheim, who, out of a clear sky, presented him with the part of the Crown Prince in "The Merry Widow."

Roy used to drive up to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in his little Chevrolet coop, accompanied sometimes by Jean, the girl who had liked him for himself—before he got a big part in pictures. Towards the end of his first engagement Roy began to appear in a huge, roaring touring-car with the top down and smartly enclosed in a patent-leather boot. He had been signed for a five-year contract.

Recently the studio was visited by Mrs. Laura Rhinock Duffy, widow, the daughter of old J. L. Rhinock, vice-president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer outfit, and, oddly enough, president and treasurer of the Shubert organization. The widow had seen a photograph of Roy as the Crown Prince. When she saw him in real life, wearing the cute little whisker cultivated for the heavy rôle in "Graustark," the daughter of the vice-president and treasurer gave her heart to the actor.

They are married. Roy D'Arcy—the other name was considered too tough for the fans—smiles to himself when he remembers how he used to caper and cavort on tired dogs because he had to please Jake Shubert. From a performer in musical road shows he has jumped into



The real barber-shop chord. Director Mal St. Claire, Louise Brooks (getting the bob) and Adolphe Menjou at the Famous studio. Next!



Colleen Moore gets telegrams from all parts of the world on her birthday. What one? Now that would be telling

the same as part ownership of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer interests. As for Jean, by-gones are by-gones. She merely liked him for himself—before he got a big part in pictures.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

At this time of writing the pictures are really moving. The Paramount Studios are being transferred to the lot formerly occupied by the United Studios. The property of Paramount, occupying two blocks at Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street, became too valuable for studio purposes and will be subdivided into business lots.

Among both classes of the population—I mean movie actors and realtors—there is considerable speculation about what Joe Schenck will do. Schenck, who formerly functioned extensively at the United Studios, is ensconcing himself temporarily at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio. But those who speculate in futures say he will build.

Schenck has just effected a combination with Sam Goldwyn to produce "The Garden of Allah" on large scale, using Norma Talmadge as the vamp and Ronald Colman as the priest. Henry King, who made "Stella Dallas," will direct.

Norma has finished "Kiki," in which she played the part of a French *gamine*. The script called for one sequence in which she works as a chorus girl.

New York.
Sire:

Movie ranks have been a bit upset recently at what it called the entrance of nudity into pictures. Famous Players tried some undress in "The American Venus" and Universal has gone a step or two further with "The Midnight Sun." Critics have wondered why your prime minister, Will Hays, permits this and then draws the line at the production of a seriously written drama such as "Rain," f' instance

Meanwhile, the speaking stage goes 'right along its lurid way. David Belasco has just revealed Leonore Ulric in a drama of the New York negro cabarets. Indeed, Leonore plays a "high yaller" who dances her way from the Harlem gutters into the home of a French nobleman. The dialog, too, is what even you would call profane.

Dont think I am advocating this sort of thing for the screen. I'm just mentioning it to show the broader scope of the speaking stage.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

Your Majesty has graciously requested me to give you some idea of the sports and pastimes of movie actors in Hollywood. The movie actor always endeavors to live what we call "La Vie d'Hollywood," no matter where he happens to be, for he realizes instinctively that if he once permits himself to get out of this atmosphere he may be compelled to think.

William Powell, who has just come in from location on the Painted Desert, told me about a New Year's celebration he attended while working with the Paramount company engaged in embalming Zane Grey's "Desert Gold" in celluloid.

Bill said he had been impressed. Nature in the Painted Desert is rather splendid. The sets she has reared of twisted rocks and the mighty back-drop of desert sky which she has hung there are rather awe-inspiring. They made a man feel very small, Bill said, and as if he would like to be alone with himself for a while.

But on New Year's Eve there was a pleasant surprise for the company arranged by Eddie Brandstetter, the caterer for this trip. Eddie had been busy all day in the closed dining tent. When evening came he flung it open and invited them inside.

The tent had been decorated just like the Montmartre, Eddie's celebrated boulevard café. There were paper caps for everybody, tin horns to blow, turkey to eat, things to throw at each other—everything to make them think they were back in dear old Hollywood. And at the conclusion of the riotous evening, Bill said, they all went out and sang and the cowboys discharged their six-guns at the silent desert sky.

Yes, they beat the desert, Bill said. They made themselves forget they weren't in Hollywood. But, for some reason or other Bill said he wished he could have been alone that night, under the blazing stars that made the sand strangely white, listening to the coyotes howling in the distance, imbibing something that is not for sale in Hollywood.



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean return to Hollywood after a trip East via the Panama Canal and Cuba



Florence Reed drops in between scenes of "The Light Eternal" and is received by Director Benjamin Christianson, Norma Shearer and Carmel Myers

New York.
Your Majesty:

There are all sorts of denials, but I feel that your royal highness should know of the reported tribulations in the Jack Pickford-Marilyn Miller marriage. The domestic bonds in this instance are likely to be severed when Miss Miller goes abroad next summer, if reports are to be believed.

Do you know who has been taking Miss Miller to social events about New York? No other than your loyal subject, Ben Lyon. Not so long ago Ben was squiring Barbara La Marr. How time flies.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

The craze for things Russian, which has passed over London, Paris, and Your Majesty's own capital of Oz, has just hit Hollywood. Cecil De Mille, who successfully transferred the Ten Commandments to the screen, has just performed the same office for Chaliapin's song about the Volga Boatman. Not to be outdone, William Fox sicked Victor Schertzinger on to a Russian revival of "Siberia," the old melodrama that Your Majesty no doubt witnessed as a child when it was being performed by touring repertoire companies.

The making of these pictures revealed the fact that there are hundreds of Russian exiles in Hollywood, ranging from dukes, thru exiled bureaucrats and intelligentsia, down to droshky drivers—tho I have never met one who admitted to the latter occupation.

Pola Negri, who cherishes a warm feeling for the icy steppes, assembled all of the Slavs in Hollywood for a Russian musicale. Chaliapin who was appearing at the Philharmonic, was a guest. The great basso sat at the piano for two hours playing and singing Slavic airs, the longest time on record for him.

The Negri mansion in Beverly Hills was the scene of this affair, at which Pola incidentally displayed the wealth that accrues so easily in this land of great opportunity to progressive actresses. The house is colonial, the appointments French and Spanish, the gardens Japanese. Amid this potpourri of luxury the hungry exiles consumed thousands of cakes and unlimited gallons of tea.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

I have neglected previously to tell you about the annual Wampas Frolic and Ball which was held this year in the ultra-smart atmosphere of the new Shriners' Auditorium.

The new auditorium is much nicer than the Odd Fellows' Hall. And Sid Grauman, a notorious showman, put on a series of acts that were almost worth the five dollars Your Majesty would have had to expend to gain a seat.

Many of the acts presented actual scenes or prolog effects based on feature pictures of the various studios. De Mille's act was a rendition of the "Volga Boatman" by a large chorus; Universal gave "Custer's Last Stand" from "The Flaming Frontier," and so on.

The movie stars were presented in a manner that only Sid Grauman could conceive. The stage represented the court of Grauman's Egyptian Theater. The stars drove on in their private purple limousines, just as they do at an opening.

There were a great many sarcastic snickers among us wiseacres when the thirteen Baby Stars of 1926 were introduced. These infant prodigies, discovered by the astute press-agents who compose the Wampas, turned out to be for the most part already well known in pictures. At least half of them had been billed as stars already by some of the studios where they were working.

To predict that these talented young women will become stars during 1926 is like betting that Cal Coolidge will continue to steer the ship of state, that Wayne B. Wheeler will denounce the demon rum, or that Gilda Gray will perform a dance called the shimmy during the same period of time. The truth is that the press-agents were unable to agree in the annual log-rolling contest that preceded the ball and had to compromise on these candidates already practically elected to stardom.

Next month I shall write Your Majesty more fully concerning the affairs of Hollywood. Meanwhile I remain Your Majesty's humble and obedient secret agent in this curious country——

"Where cowboys are made
But actors are few."

(*Continued on page 74*)

HIGH HAT



Richee







Now that the surface of the industry really has been scratched, the silk topper is coming to be quite the thing. All the stars are wearing 'em.

Not that the films are becoming Ritzy. They are heading toward the smart, the ultra and all that sort of thing referred to so glibly by our noble opponent, *Vanity Fair*.

Alas, gone is the good old custard-pie era when mortar was mortar and tomatoes were tomatoes.





Ruth
Harriet
Louise

Raymond Griffith — **Richard Dix**
Adolphe Menjou — **Lew Cody**
Ronald Colman — **Roy D'Arcy**
W. C. Fields — **Billy Bevan**
Charlie Murray



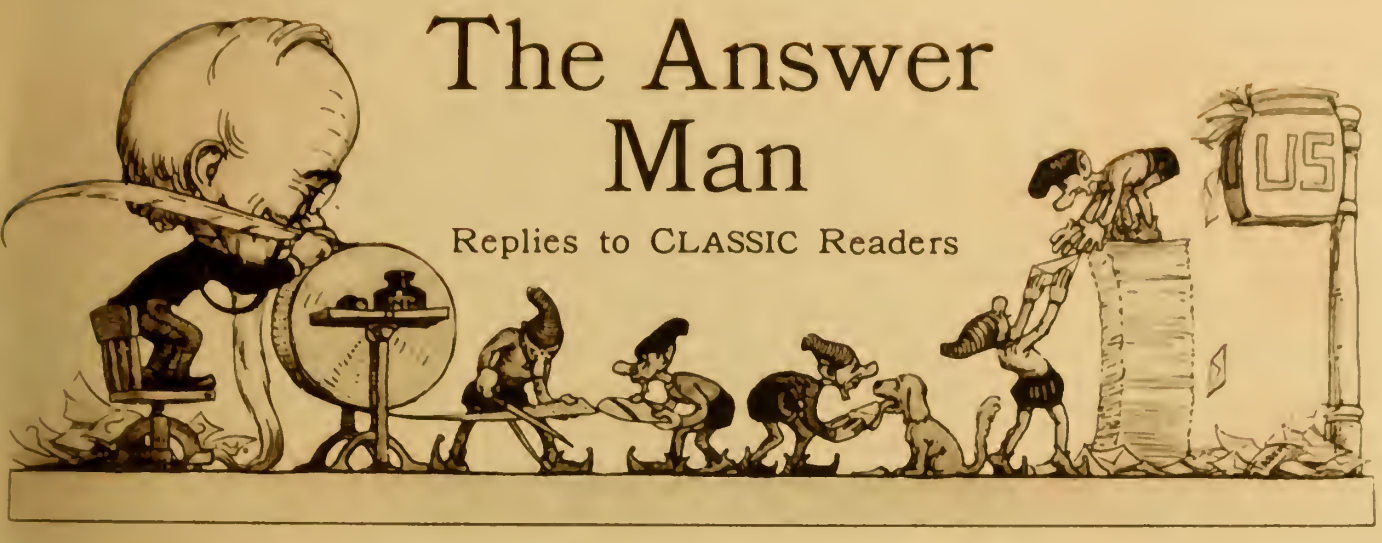


Abbé



The Answer Man

Replies to CLASSIC Readers



Hear ye, hear ye! All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? for the last fourteen years, and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me. The Answer Man, care of Classic, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MILDRED N.—Greetings! Did the March winds blow you in? So you think John Gilbert was wonderful in "The Merry Widow." Most everybody thought so. He was born in Logan, Utah, but so far as I know he has had only one wife, Leatrice Joy, from whom he is divorced.

BOBBIE.—Yes, it was woman who first tempted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account afterwards. William Haines was *Joe Kelly* in "Little Annie Rooney." Pola Negri is playing in "Because I Love You," which Dimitri Buchowetzki is directing. A rather fitting title for Madame Pola.

MARJORIE S.—Bull Montana is now an American citizen but was once an Italian, because he was born in Voghera, Italy, ten days after our Fourth of July, thirty-seven years ago. You refer to Youcca Troubetzkoy.

ME.—Oh, is that you? You know the Venus of Milo derives its name from the island of Milo where it was discovered by a peasant in 1820, who was trying to uproot a pistachio-tree. Mary Brian is eighteen years old. Irene Rich has two children, Jane and Frances, who are now at school in Switzerland.

ALMA.—Well, it is supposed to be a secret, but you know nothing travels so fast as a secret. Right now Richard Barthelmess is making a picture in California. It was Douglas Fairbanks who gave Barbara La Marr her first real part in pictures.

W. M. J.—I should say I do drink buttermilk. I couldn't answer these questions without it. You refer to Ivor Novello opposite Mae Marsh in "The White Rose." Alfred Lunt opposite Carol Dempster in "Sally of the Sawdust."

LEONE C. SCOTT.—I should say I do go out in the fresh air, it is the king of physicians. Sure I go ice skating—that's how I retain my equilibrium. Bert Lytell was *Baron Madox* in "Eve's Lover," with Clara Bow and Irene Rich. And now Gloria Swanson and Eugene O'Brien as her leading man are playing in "Fine Manners."

SASSY SUSIE.—Never write what you dare not sign. You refer to Gwen Lee as the stenographer in "His Secretary." Yes, I thought Norma Shearer was beautiful in that picture.

E. B. C.—So you always plant a tree on Arbor Day. Governor Morton of Nebraska first created Arbor Day, and the first was April 20, 1872, when twelve million trees were planted. You refer to Templar Powell in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

THE OL' LADY.—Ara! Ara!! Your letter sure was all about villains. You want to know who the fellow with the Persian lamb fez was in "The Phantom of the Opera." Guess you refer to Arthur Edmund Carewe. Come on down to Brooklyn.

LARENA, FORT WORTH.—You want the whole truth about Valentino. Well, he and Winifred Hudnut are divorced. Absolutely, and finally. Norma Talmadge is thirty-one, Constance is twenty-six and Natalie is twenty-eight. So you think I must be terribly nice, and young. Ouch—you know I am over eighty years old.

IRENE'S FAN.—Well, no woman has faith in another, but she insists that man shall have faith in her. Viola Dana is playing in "Wild Oats Lane" now, she was born right here in Brooklyn, and her sisters are Edna Flugrath and Shirley Mason.

RUTH A.—Here, write this in your album—

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
For a day, perhaps a week,
After that we're prone to wonder,
At our love for the antique.

AGATHA D. J.—That sure was pretty peach paper you used. So you think THE CLASSIC is a great magazine. So do I—why dont you tell your friends about it. Sure, that's my salary—$15.00 a week.

RUTHIE.—Perhaps I was too frank. In the language of the poet, I seen my dooty and I done it. Rod La Rocque is playing in "Bachelor's Brides" from the stage-play and also in "The Dancing Man" from the Edna Ferber novel. See you later.

SIGHNED SHORTIE.—Well, I never really have taken the time to figure out how old Douglas, Sr., was when Douglas, Jr., was born, but for your benefit, Shortie, Douglas, Jr., is about nineteen and Douglas, Sr., is forty-three, so that makes Doug, Sr., twenty-four when he was born. Righto!

BROWN EYES.—Dont be too sure, the well-fed are not always the well-bred. You want to know who receives the higher salary—Norma Talmadge or Gloria Swanson. Well, I'm betting on Norma.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Well, I dont want for a dull moment, I'll tell you that. Only the scissors-grinder invariably finds things dull. You refer to "The New Commandment" with Ben Lyon. Louise Fazenda made her début in pictures with the Keystone Company in 1915.

HELEN.—I sure was glad to hear from you. Fire away. So you would like to see Carol Dempster stop the kiddish pictures and appear in something that fits her noble personality. I'll speak to Miss Dempster. D. W. Griffith paid Monte Blue his first screen salary, which was just $1.50 for the day's work. His birthday was January 11th. He has made lots of hits, but his first home run was in the part of *Danton* in "Orphans of the Storm."

LEO H. G.—Well, there isn't much history to Clara Bow, except that she was born in Brooklyn in 1905 and won a contest that this magazine started, thereby getting into pictures. As I understand it, she is doing very well.

SEE A. WHY.—What do you bet I dont look like the picture at the top of the page? Well, I should say on the first of the month there is no female or anything else more deadly than the mail. Blanche Mehaffey who was formerly in the Follies and with Mack Sennett has signed a long-term contract with Universal. See you later.

CLARA R.—You refer to Colleen Moore in "Broken Chains" and not Lillian Gish.

RONALD B.—Hello there, thanks for yours. Maurice Costello played in "The Fast Pace." Johnnie Walker isn't playing now. Run in again some time.

PEACHES.—So you would like to have me for a pal. I wont object—I like peaches. Antonio Moreno is playing in "The Temptress' directed by Mauritz Stiller.

BILLY S.—The only sweeping reform that has succeeded is the

(*Continued on page* 68)

Famous Writers Consider the Films

THOMAS BURKE

(*Continued from page 22*)

of poverty and squalor was a "Chink."

I expected to meet a great big husky—thinking probably that only a big rough man could have weathered the hard life it had been his fate to live. But Burke is a little man with a delicate, sensitive face and a habit of licking his lips before he speaks, which is usually after hesitating to think a moment. There was something about him that reminded me of Charlie Chaplin.

Burke took me to The Ivy for lunch. It is a sort of Hotel Algonquin of Soho—the Great White Way area of London—where actors, artists and writers congregate and tell each other what they are going to do "some day."

"I never knew an author who didn't spit at the films," said Burke quietly.

"But didn't you like the production Griffith gave your 'Broken Blossoms'?"

"Yes. I think it was extremely good—but extremely overdone as well."

"Were you allowed to pass any judgment on it before it came out?"

He suppressed a smile and hesitated, licking his lips for a moment. "I didn't know it had been sold until it had been produced."

"You didn't receive any exorbitant price then—in five figures?"

Mr. Burke smiled ironically. His silence was eloquent and I would not be surprised to learn that he had received almost literally as well as figuratively—next to nothing. And this for what I consider the finest picturization on the screen! But you see this is ancient history. While they have just paid $100,000—and an additional percentage—for the film rights of "Is Zat So!"

"I like the German pictures best—or the Swedish. In them you will always find skill, background, finesse of story, maturity, mellowness. The American pictures are all the same. Once they were all Indian pictures, then cowboy, then all pictures either featuring Mary Pickford or a thousand like her trying to imitate her. Now they are all of a peculiar brand of jazz life that has no lines of society, breeding, taste or aristocracy to hold them back. Is that what you would call jazz?"

"Yes," I told him, "as possibly applied to the melodies of life."

"I really try to see and enjoy your films—but I cant, really. They sicken me."

"What about Chaplin?"

"Ah, that is different," he replied more quickly than usual. "There is only one Charlie. He is all Art—especially his feet. When Charlie came over the last time, I was one of the first persons he came to see. Strangely, we both worked our way up from the bottom, climbed out of the hell of English lower-class life at about the same time. We came here to The Ivy and had a bottle of wine together just like you and I are doing and had a jolly talk over old times—and new ones."

SIR ANTHONY HOPE

(*Continued from page 22*)

satisfied with his version of 'The Prisoner.' Of course, it is the sort of story and setting that especially lends itself to film production—action, romance, plenty of incident, costume and a rapid dash of plot. One reason for its success as a story of the films was that it is so foreign to common experience—which is all there is to romance in a way, isn't it? People read or see films to gratify one of two desires usually; that the story shall be absolutely different from their own personal story—or just like it! That is the difference between Romanticism and Realism."



Bull

RALPH D. BLUMENFELD
Editor of *The London Daily Express*

When I asked him if he had collaborated in any way, he shook his head.

"They just took the book, you might say without my knowledge—which is all the more to their credit, if they made a go of it. I have heard that the more an author interferes with the production, with his attempted collaboration, the worse he makes the resultant screen picture. Why bother?"

And that phrase, I find, sums up the diffident English character in relation to almost everything American—except the films.

And I wonder sometimes if they could—or *would*—produce film pictures of a higher, better and finer tone than we are producing. I hope so. But I am of the opinion that they did not consistently do so, when they had their fling at it. And why did their industry collapse before the assault of our bad pictures?

RALPH D. BLUMENFELD

(*Continued from page 23*)

I reminded Mr. Blumenfeld that not a few of the books filmed were from the pens of English authors.

"You may be right, but the ones I see are all turned out in the same mold. What do you suppose the great uncontrollable inland populations of the colored races of India, Japan, China, the Philippines, Africa, must be set to thinking when they see the 'superior' white man reeling about their civilization with dope and drink, intent on crime, being kicked about, handcuffed and imprisoned by inferior policemen. Doesn't tend to lighten the White Man's Burden, do you think? Rather helps to make a menace of the 'rising tide of color' we hear so much about, and not without foundation. In these populous centers of China and the Uganda they have never seen, never conceived of the white man being so easily handcuffed and made prisoner. I tell you, these low-toned films complicate the world problem, which heaven knows, is bad enough already."

I confessed that this was a fresh viewpoint that demanded serious consideration.

"Mind you, I dont say you are not turning out any good pictures, but what makes the British well-wisher mad is that for every good film you put forward you demand that the exhibitor take *six duds!* Block booking, that's what makes all the trouble. I am working and my paper is working to make block-booking illegal."

I was a little skeptical of the drastic carrying out of this idea as he pictured it.

Whereupon Blumenfeld seized the latest edition of his paper that had been laid on his desk a moment before. "This is what I mean," he said, beginning to run his finger down the list of cinema theaters. "'Too Many Kisses,' 'Too Many Kisses,'" he read over and over again. "Now, unless the exhibitor takes 'Too Many Kisses'"—he smiled at the patness of the title—"he gets one big kick from Hollywood and finally gets nothing. And that's just the sort of film the whole world would be better off without—'Too Many Kisses'—England is sick of that sort of film, but cant help herself—*yet*."

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

(*Continued from page 23*)

"I cant spare much time for them—you see, I have my own little shows to carry on." He indicated a long box full of slides he was looking over. "I'm on my way to Brighton now to give a lantern-slide lecture. This little box has been all over America with me—competing with the films." He laughed good-naturedly.

"Did you collaborate at all in the making of 'The Lost World'?"

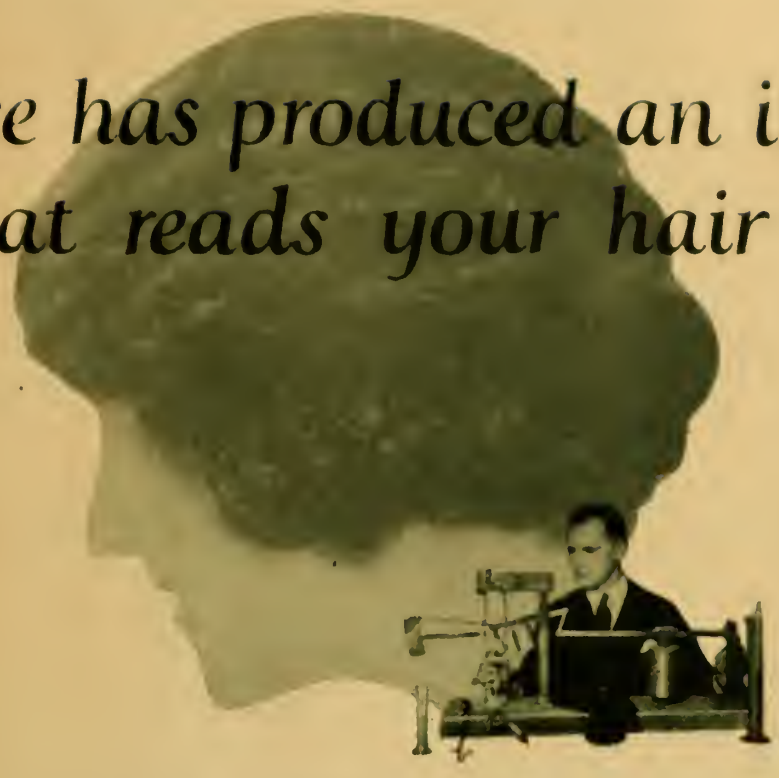
"Oh, no. Why should I? They know their work amazingly well, it's a great art in itself. They made an amazing thing out of my book, I should say. Dont you think so? Altho I confess, I dont think it will ever add much to my reputation—you know what I mean—it's not the sort of thing I'm really doing, you know."

I thought I knew what he meant and I told him that I did not think that anything could ever add to his reputation after doing "Sherlock Holmes." But Sir Arthur did not know that Holmes had been filmed.

He shook his head uncertainly about it. "What I am looking forward to is the appearance of moving—that is, animated—photographs of the fairy and spirit world. They are bound to come!"

He always came back to his fairies or his spirits. "It's my life-work," he added later in explanation. "But there is no doubt whatever that the films reach a great audience and their power for good—and evil—is enormous. For that reason alone they all ought to be good—I mean well conceived, well done and bring about well being. Come, wouldn't you like to run down and see my Psychic Book Shop which I have just opened in conjunction with Sir Oliver Lodge? I'll call a taxi.

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(Please write plainly)

*Address*_____

If booklet only is wanted, check here ☐

HAMLET AND THE FILMS

(*Continued from page* 21)

The Two Mediums

BARRYMORE explained more in detail his theory regarding the differences between the two mediums—stage and screen.

"It is chiefly a difference of dimension, isn't it?" he postulated. "Take a thing such as 'The New Sin.' A *genre* piece. The characters are all men. You can do that in a play—you can take a morsel of life and hold it up and analyze it before an audience for two hours at a stretch and make it interesting. The most exciting scene I ever saw in a play was one of Bernard Shaw's scenes in which three men sit at a table and talk. On the stage it was more exciting than a Mexican bull-fight.

"In pictures it is very different. You cannot photograph a thesis. You do not have the flesh and blood and the voice to work for you. But the reality is just as great. The picture is purely ocular, isn't it? In a play there are more facets working—more dimensions presented. But in a picture there is greater scope, a broader sweep—more power—a larger canvas. On the stage a certain artificiality may not detract, but in the pictures it is fatal. They are so damned alive!"

Barrymore illustrated his point by referring to scenes from pictures of the past, incidentally paying high compliment to the pictorial acting of Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish and John Gilbert. The scene in "The Big Parade," in which Gilbert as a doughboy teaches Renée Adorée, the village mademoiselle, to chew gum, was mentioned by Barrymore as one of the best pieces of acting he has ever encountered.

Contrary to a general impression, Barrymore is not at all cynical about his contemporaries. I even fell flat in trying to draw from him a sneer for poor old Robert Mantell. Barrymore said he thought Mantell's soliloquies in "Macbeth" were "great."

And he fairly glowed when he spoke of the cast which trouped with him thru "Don Juan." Mary Astor, who plays opposite as *Adriana;* Warner Oland as *Cæsar Borgia;* Estelle Taylor as *Lucrezia Borgia;* Nigel DeBrulier as *Marcus Rinaldo*—those and all the others were "great."

The Modest Barrymore

IT was rather surprising to hear Barrymore talk this way, because there is an opinion abroad that the brother of Ethel and Lionel is inclined to feel his own importance. If he does so, John Barrymore is a greater actor even than I thought him. To all appearances he was as earnest, as honest, as simple in his enthusiasms as if he were a little girl from Medina, Ohio, who had just won a beauty contest and was working in her first picture. I am almost inclined to believe that envy has given rise to rumors about Barrymore being high hat, autocratic, temperamental.

Temperamental—my stars! If any director had asked an average group of extras to get into that slimy, chilly tank, the ensuing outburst of temperament would have reverberated thru all filmdom. Of course, Barrymore's check is larger than an extra's. But by the same token, a star drawing such a check as Barrymore's is not usually expected to do such stunts, while extras are. Jove! I would give an eye to be there when some director asks Mae Murray to take a similar plunge!

"And the comedians!" exclaimed Barrymore, enthusiastically. "I think they are wonderful—Chaplin, Lloyd, Keaton. The Mack Sennett comedies are the greatest thing in drama!

"I remember a scene from a Sennett picture where a coon is beset by a crowd of comedy highwaymen. He cries 'God hep me!' And a clock falls down from its tower, squashing the bandits. 'That's what I call service!' exclaims the coon. There's nothing in 'Hamlet' any better than that!

"For this reason I like pictures. They're so real—so fresh—so new. Making 'The Sea Beast' didn't seem like a movie at all. It seemed absolutely real.



The strenuous movies are quite different from the speaking theater. The studio is a far cry from "Hamlet's" stage door

No More "Sweet-Scented Jackasses"

"I CONSIDER 'The Sea Beast' and 'Don Juan' the first decent things I have done in pictures since 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' That was the only thing I had ever made before that was any good. I got so tired of these sweet-scented jackasses I had been playing that I wanted to do some character with intestines. They were good enough to let me take the story of 'Moby Dick.'"

I reminded him that other less celebrated actors were less fortunate. Barrymore admitted the existence of purblind producers, unable to see the possibilities of screen characterizations. He said he got a chance to play *Jekyll* and *Hyde* by a ruse. He made a strip of film showing two characters—one sinister, one benevolent—and presented it to the head official of Famous Players. This gentleman swallowed the bait, thinking he had made a great discovery—Barrymore for *Jekyll* and *Hyde!* And he trotted off to persuade the actor he ought to tackle the dual rôle.

"Pictures are fascinating," resumed Barrymore, "because in pictures we produce things of fantasy such as 'Siegfried' and 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.' This mighty field is just beginning to be explored. The possibilities are limitless. Years ago, I was asked by a producer what kind of picture I wished to make next and I said, 'I want to do a picture in which I have a fight with a horned toad.' He told me I was crazy. But I am going to make that picture some day—I hope before very long.

And Then Next——

"THERE is already the beginning of a new movement in pictures—evidences of it in such pictures as Fairbanks' 'Thief of Bagdad,' and 'The Lost World.' I hope that my next picture——"

Whatever Barrymore hoped for his next picture must wait, for at this juncture a loud voice called out to inform us that the water was ready for the last shot of "Don Juan."

The man of the movies shed the army blanket he had wrapped around his shoulders and with a grim smile plunged into the slimy depths.

The scene represented an escape from prison—a ghastly chaos of rushing water and struggling arms beneath the cold glare of studio lamps.

Don Juan, confined in a dungeon at Rome, had loosened a stone and burst his bars. But his efforts also had loosed a flood of murky water from the Tiber. Under gaunt, cobwebbed arches swept this foaming cataract, while from the grated cell adjoining, he whose wife the philanderer had filched—the character played by DeBrulier—screeched imprecations at the wounded, struggling swimmer.

I waited long enough to see Barrymore fished out and headed for a warm dressing room with a bath, a rub-down and a month's fishing trip ahead of him. He deserves them all.

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SHADE CHART for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the ***Naturelle*** shade.

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Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use ***Flesh*** shade.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you should use ***White*** powder in the daytime.

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Madame Jeannette
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Shade of powder wanted? ..

This coupon void after Sept. 1, 1926

The Stars Tell About Their Gardens

(*Continued from page 26*)

Adolphe Menjou

ADOLPHE MENJOU'S especial pride is an oleander hedge *(Nerium Oleander)*.

"I had a nurseryman set out the plants where they would have plenty of sun. I dont allow them too much water. Each spring the soil is enriched and each autumn I carefully prune the hedge.

"I do not recommend the oleander except for climates like ours, since it will 'winter kill.'"

Raymond Hatton

RAY HATTON rejoices in a flowering almond-tree.

"I planted it four years ago, when it was no more than a lonesome shoot, setting it carefully in sheep manure. Since then it has had no attention except yearly pruning and fertilizing."



Warner Baxter devotes his spare time to cultivating a cactus of Mexican origin

Anita Stewart

TO ANITA STEWART there is a charm about the "Shasta daisy."

"If you live in California, plant your seed in January, or set out your seedlings in February. For a hedge of daisies, scratch a groove an inch deep in moist, fine soil. Keep the ground soaked until the shoots appear, then thin out the plants to a distance of five inches apart. Be careful to mulch them in hot weather until the root-stem becomes woody close to the ground, or they will be burned and die."

Dorothy Phillips

DOROTHY PHILLIPS: "Calla lilies are a satisfaction because they are easy to raise and so decorative.

"Bulbs should be planted early in the spring. If arranged in a hedge, they bloom best. When the bulbs send out shoots, dig very carefully around the plants; then give them plenty of water and—that's all there is to it!"

Warner Baxter

WARNER BAXTER thinks his Spanish-style house is best set off with *Amaryllidaceæ*, a cactus of Mexican origin, better known as the century-plant.

"The beauty of these plants is that you put them in and let them alone for fifty years. They need nothing but sun and water."

H. B. Warner

H. B. WARNER has been in California only long enough to buy a house, but he has already planted some tiny pansy plants.

"I know that all that is necessary to grow pansies, once they are planted in good, rich soil, is to keep them watered and carefully pick off the blooms. The more you pick them, the more they will bloom."

Mildred Davis Lloyd

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD: "Poinsettias begin to bloom in November. During the blooming season, supply with plenty of water, and when they have finished the flowering, cut down almost to the ground. Plant these cuttings in rich soil in another part of your garden and they will bear flowers the next year."

Charlie Chase

CHARLIE CHASE: "The silver daisy makes a very decorative flower border. It has a faintly purple-silver bloom and each daisy lasts a long time. I raised mine from seeds, planted in soil that is rather sandy early in February. If you set out plants, be sure you set them well apart, as the daisies spread and you may have to spend a lot of time thinning them. In winter, watering once a week is sufficient (for California), and in summer every other day. Every two years transplant to a new bed.

"Keep the tops cut down and dead stalks removed and you will have the neighbors begging for slips."

Louise Fazenda

LOUISE FAZENDA is another lover of pansies.

"If you want your pansies to look their best, separate the clumps into single plants to give them room. The advantage of this, also, is that you can arrange your colors to suit your own fancy. I like to graduate my flower beds and have the pansies backed with taller flowers and sometimes bordered with the lovely sweet alyssum."



Anita Stewart and her Shasta daisies

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 63*)

vacuum cleaner. The players you mentioned are with Famous Players. Wallace Beery and Neil Hamilton are playing in "Beau Geste." Of course, I go to the office every day.

MURIEL D.—You refer to Ray Howard in "Sally, Irene and Mary." Baby Peggy Jean Montgomery will be eight years young on October 26th, while Jackie Coogan will be twelve on exactly the same day. Ten years from October 26, she will be eighteen and he will be twenty-two, so it is quite possible, you see.

CAROLYN G. H.—So you are going to Scotland, and you want your CLASSIC sent there to you. It shall be done! I didn't know you were right around the corner from me.

GERALD FROM MOVIELAND.—Well, the best way to be contented with your lot is to build a house on it. Shirley Mason is not playing now. Sally O'Neil has been loaned to Buster Keaton for the lead in his next picture, "Battling Butler," from the stage-play.

G. S. D.—What beautiful orange stationery. Well, Ramon Novarro is twenty-seven years old. The only way you can get a personally autographed picture of him is to write to his most able, alert and conscientious press-agent, Herbert Howe, Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

REBECCA B.—Well, we have a lot of things in common. And you know

(*Continued on page 71*)

METROPOLITAN PICTURES

Presented by John C. Flinn

Priscilla Dean



Another Priscilla Dean feature coming is

"Forbidden Waters"

By Percy Heath

NOBODY deserves popularity better than Priscilla Dean, whose pictures are the delight of more than a million devoted fans. Her sparkle and gay charm, her daring escapades, her altogether bewitching way of slipping in and out of danger, have endeared her to audiences everywhere.

And now this fascinating star is making for you three wonderful pictures—crowded with fresh comedy, breezy situations and hair-raising thrills. Watch for them!

Another Priscilla Dean feature coming is

"The Dice Woman"

By Percy Heath

"THE DANGER GIRL"

with JOHN BOWERS

adapted by Finis Fox from "The Bride" by George Middleton and Stuart Olivier

Directed by EDWARD DILLON

Here is a spectacular drama worthy of the extraordinary talents of Priscilla Dean. A daring jewelry robbery leads to a desperate situation in which suspicion falls on everyone. Rapid-fire action, quick laughs and tender romance follow one another as Miss Dean winds in and out the tangled thread of the story and proves herself more captivating than ever.

A delightful film which nobody can afford to miss!

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There are two colors in Brownatone from which any shade may be obtained—one from Blonde to Medium Brown; the other Dark Brown to Black. Sold at drug and toilet counters everywhere, 50 cents and $1.50. Use Brownatone and you will say as does Mrs. R. H. Staeubli, 836 North Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles, Cal., *"It is the best hair tint I ever used."*

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TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE



Marion Davies entertains George Wilson (left) of the Los Angeles Tigers and Red Grange (right) of the Chicago Bears. Here are two big-time professional football players

Super-Realism in the Movies

(Continued from page 43)

King, von Stroheim, Vidor, Ingram, I am nevertheless worried about their attitude. Lubitsch I regard frankly as a dangerous influence, much as I admire his sophistication and his wizardry. Stroheim is a tortured, unhappy spirit, who plainly never does what he is after, but has a boundless genius for cinema composition; he has been developing downward from the dynamic "Greed" to the virtually static "Merry Widow." Vidor in part of the "Big Parade" creates something of sheer perfection. Henry King's "Stella Dallas" was undoubtedly the outstanding achievement, the master stroke, a picture which, like "The Last Laugh," seemed to have absolutely everything the motion picture could give us.

WHAT I fear much is the influence of the Lubitsch of "Lady Windermere's Fan." Mind you, he is amazingly clever and sure of himself. But to me he seems to depart steadily from the true character of the *motion* picture. People sit in a salon, or in a hotel room, weeping their closet dramas sardonically over each other's shoulders, and one of them, behind the other's back, grimaces, mocks. On these subtle gestures of people in a London drawing-room he centers the spotlight of your attention. The beauty of these stunts is not of motion, or of dynamic forms, it is "literary" and stationary. The movies become a vehicle for his particular brand of skepticism. But I cant bear watching merely skepticism spread over a large screen. I must see things, people, in related motion. Here they stay in a room, the tempo is slow, and everything is reduced to little smiles and grimaces, or hand waves that move back and forth to each other. . . . I would rather read Lubitsch.

I DO not question the all-important business of the director (conductor of the whole symphony) to select, to arrange the order of things, to relate the movements, to compose his "shots" in order to gain the utmost effect or atmosphere.

"I prefer to *suggest* ideas and situations in my pictures," says Lubitsch, "rather than to load them down with nothing but the *starkly realistic*."

And Rex Ingram says likewise:

"The most convincing atmosphere is often far from realistic. Because the director aims to get over the *effect* of the atmosphere he desires, rather than the actual atmosphere which exists in such scenes . . . which, reduced literally to the screen, would be quite unconvincing."

Yes, this is all very sensible and very clever, when it does not go too far. But you must not get away from the camera you must give it space to roam and work in, room to breathe. Otherwise, you lose (1) the particular revealing *super-realism* that the motion picture has, and (2) the significance and beauty of objects in related motion which is the very soul of the cinema.

IT is fashionable to be subtle and "arty" just now. To be *suggestive*. In "The Merry Widow," von Stroheim blurred the film every time Mae Murray wept. It was like the false impressionism of painters some years ago. Why should we look at colors or faces thru a fog, if we were near sighted. In the same film there were marvelous shots of John Gilbert's head, isolated in a close-up, as he reacted to some shock. Here the firm, clear tones of the picture made it seem like a great piece of sculpture. The effect of the unabused camera was infinitely stronger than the fake impressionism they go for when they try to color or touch up a picture, or when there is a sunset, or moonlight over water. And just as bad as the gushingly sentimental fadeouts of the end are the places where the sets have too definitely the air of being fresh from the scene factory. I know,

(Continued on page 77)



Underwood & Underwood

ack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle aylor, on the roof of the Hotel Fleet-ood at Miami Beach, Florida, gaze ut upon the waters of Biscayne Bay

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 68)

e habit of going to the bottom of things, ually lands a man on top. Forrest anley opposite Marion Davies in "When nighthood was in Flower." You were K.

MAY'S BUD.—Well, the trouble with ost marriages is that a man always kes the mistake of marrying the woman o carries him off his feet—instead of ing to find one who will keep him on m.

MARGARET LOUISE. — Yes, that was rold Austin in "Black Lightning." hy "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under Sea" was done about seven or eight rs ago. Sure, but when days go wrong, member they aren't self-starters.

CHIC.—Just mark down 1895 for Valen-o's birth year.

SWEET TURPENTINE.—Women can ask stions which wise men wont answer. ria Swanson was born in 1897. Con-Tearle finished work in "The Dancer m Paris" and left for the Coast to n work on "Good Luck," a famous ry Lane melodrama for First National.

ITA.—I dont think anything will hap-

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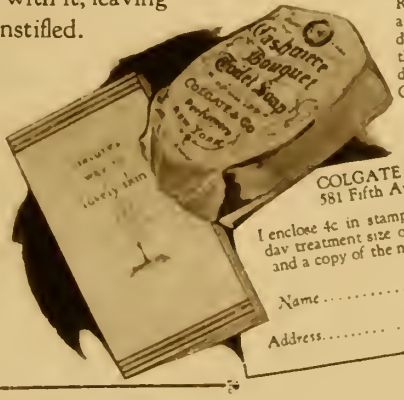
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You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 656 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

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"Old Town Canoes"

pen to me, unless it be enlarged condition of the cranium due to excessive flattery. Norma recently completed "Kiki," from the stage-play.

RAMON NOVARRO FAN.—Of course, if you feel like writing to the editor, you do so. He will be glad to hear from you.

GLADYS W. W.—I think she is, but I'm not sure. No, David Powell was married. Webster Campbell directed Doris Kenyon in "The Half-Way Girl."

MAGDALE.—Yes, the Brooklyn Navy Yard is not far from our office. That's why we dont eat peanuts here—afraid the shells might scare the sailors. Patsy Ruth Miller is with Warner, and address Jack Mulhall at First National. Fred Thomson owns the horse, "Silver King."

ANNA.—That was some stationery you have. No, I never get tired answering questions. That's what I get my $12.50

(*Continued on page* 74)

Random Impressions of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 55)

actors running around loose, going to and from restaurants and soda fountains with their make-up on. Elsewhere the city is just like any other.

HARRY CARR is very popular here with everybody and much beloved. He is now doing a little work for Lasky, but Brewster Publications still have a lien on him and hope soon to haul in on the chain.

I SAW "Don Q" in New York last spring, and in London last August, but it just arrived in Hollywood late in January. "Ben-Hur" and "Lady Windermere's Fan" are not here yet. Yet they were all made here.

FOX is fixing up their lot. It now looks like a rubbish heap—part of it—but they're going to make all the other studios take a back seat. The outside of Lasky's looks like a lot of old sheds and barns nailed together. They are going to move out soon and take over First National, and First National is going elsewhere.

IN every studio now they have at least two cameras on every scene, and they take every scene twice, which makes four negatives of every scene. You folks see only the best of the four.

JACK HOLT has the prettiest cigar-lighter in Hollywood. He works it with one hand, which he cant do with a match. He was smoking a cigaret and I said, "For shame—*you* should smoke a pipe." He admitted it, adding that he does so at home, but at the studio a pipe is awkward and is likely to be mislaid.

WHEN I first saw Esther Ralston on a First National set, I said, "Hello, I haven't see you since 1913 at the old Kalem studio when I was photographed with you and Alice Joyce and the Answer Man." She looked puzzled and said "Y-e-s." Then I discovered that I was not speaking to Anna Q. Nilsson, and we all laughed, including Anna Q., when I told her a moment later. They do look something alike, now dont they? Only I guess Esther doesn't date back quite so far.

SINCE I have been in Hollywood I have kept my lamps trimmed and burning, and I think that Tom Mix is the finest specimen of He-manhood I have yet discovered. He looks good to me, and he talks even better than he looks. He is a mature man of well-thought-out ideas.

OF course, anybody would recognize the six feet three of Ernest Torrence a mile off. When I got within hailing distance, I said, "Come hitherward, little one, I wouldst make speech with thee." He came hitherward with knitted brows and piercing eyes and pierced me. "Ah, 'tis thee," he answered and then we shook hands. Mine is sore yet.

ONE who has traveled thru France and Belgium observes at once when traveling thru America the striking difference in the houses of the poorer classes. Abroad the poorest and humblest are picturesquely beautiful; in America they are monstrosities of ugliness—until you get near Los Angeles. There are very few ugly houses around here, and I guess those were built by Easterners.

"PARDON my persistency of vision——" I said gravely to Constance Talmadge when I found myself in the same elevator with her at the Great Western Costume Company. "To what fortunate circumstance do I owe the honor of this impertinence?" she replied haughtily. Then we both laughed heartily and shook hands. You see we were old friends—at least of nine years' standing.

WHEN I was introduced to Ricardo Cortez, he greeted me with all the gallantry of a cavalier and knight errant but quite naturally. He looked quite as handsome and polished as ever Valentino did and he has those dreamy eyes with the whites showing under them that always makes feminine hearts flutter. I think this man will perhaps be counted among the screen idols of the near future.

"IN thy arms let me taste the delights of paradise," I greeted Alec Francis on the Lasky lot, and then we embraced like two Frenchmen. I had not seen him for twelve long years, and he looks younger now than then.

IF I were asked to name the most popular player in Hollywood, I would hesitate between Florence Vidor and Marion Davies. Neither is at all up-stage, and both are charming.

IF you think you have a few automobiles in your town, wait till you see Hollywood and these parts. Everybody has one—even the cook. Cars are as important here as shoes—more so.

EVERY day a Santa Fé train leaves Chicago for California, and each train has four long sections full. Returning, two sections are usually empty. Soon everybody will be in California and Florida. There are real-estate offices on nearly every business block, and some have men out in front laying for you.

ASSISTANT directors are more important here than directors. At least, they think they are.

THERE are 2,479,781 directors here (approx.). Nearly everybody has directed or thinks he can direct, and wants to try. Multiply this by five and you have the exact number of those who can act or think they can act and want to try. If *you* thought of coming, too—well, dont

Paging the Film Fathers

(*Continued from page 30*)

and remained behind to till his fields when his wife and daughter went to Hollywood, expecting them home soon. But instead they sent for him!

When Norma Shearer was a girl in Montreal, her father was master of the hunt. A picture of him in his hunting regalia hangs over her Hollywood dressing-table, but Norma hasn't seen her father for three years. His business keeps him in Montreal and Mrs. Shearer travels across the continent twice a year to be with him a few days—so the movies are responsible for the breaking up of one happy home.

Fathers in All Walks of Life

From all walks of life the players have come; from the New England factory town where Neil Hamilton's father worked as a metal polisher ("But I took Dad out of the shops last year," says Neil happily); from Pennsylvania coal-fields, where the elder O'Malley toiled and Pat himself was a breaker boy; from the Chicago apartment house where Mary Philbin's father in his street-railway uniform brought the newspaper announcing that his little girl had won a beauty contest. Mr. Reynolds, Vera's father, is a Los Angeles politician. Howard Davis, father of Mildred, is a newspaper man. Marion Davies' dad is a justice in New York City.

In the war George Arthur's father had to salute his own son. He is a contractor, formerly of London, now of Hollywood. At first the Arthurs did not like the blaze of California sunshine after London fog and returned home. Ten days later they cabled that they were sailing for America.

Sometimes a screen star does not add luster to the paternal name, when that name is not considered dressy enough for electric lights. J. Cronk found his surname no hindrance in the banking business, but his daughter changed her name to Claire Windsor.

One evening last year Hollywood observed Mae Busch dining at the Cocoanut Grove with a handsome, grey-haired man who seemed very devoted. The next morning's paper announced her engagement—to an "Australian millionaire." It was a week before the mischievous Mae revealed the fact that it was her own father. For many years Mr. Busch had lost trace of his daughter. Mae had left Australia with a traveling road show. Then one day he read an interview with her in a fan magazine, and that very night took a boat for Los Angeles.

A favorite movie plot in the early days of the movies was that in which a locket identified a long-lost child. Life has quite as impossible plots, as Jack Gilbert discovered last spring, when a perfect stranger came to his dressing-room and holding out his arms in the fashion beloved of melodrama greeted him with, "My boy! My boy!" Papers he carried proved unmistakably that he was Jack's real father, whom his mother had divorced when he was a baby, and of whom he had never been told!

In the eyes of the fathers of the stars, as they gaze at their famous children, is pride—and something else, bewilderment. Are they thinking, perhaps, of the days when these glorious beings were not screen stars, but little boys with grubby hands, and little girls with missing front teeth, to be taken care of and scolded and loved—and spanked?

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DOES your mirror still reflect a youthful radiant complexion? Ask yourself these questions. If the answer is "no," then you are being unfair to yourself. Every woman—no matter what her age—by observing the laws of nature in the care of her skin can prevent fading color, blotches, and other blemishes, and keep ever fresh the charm of youth to which she is entitled.

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Letters to King Dodo

(*Continued from page 61*)

New York.
Dear King:

Your Majesty must begin giving a thought to your wardrobe at once. I have just seen Rudolph Valentino upon his return from Europe and I realize that your regal raiment is sadly out of date.

Valentino came back with a dozen or so fur-lined bathrobes. Scores of pleated trousers. (A lot of Italian relatives, too.) He still wears his slave bracelet. On the other wrist a watch held in place with a second slave bracelet. A couple of platinum chains across his decorative waistcoat complete the ultra touch.

With his new divorce, Rudy was decidedly happy. There's just one cloud upon his horizon. His pictures have been barred in Italy because of his recent plan to become a naturalized American. Suppose this international problem should ultimately lead to war, Your Majesty! Just suppose. Imagine your subjects rushing into enlistment camps with the cry "Make the world safe for Valentino!"

New York.
Your Majesty.

Reports have filtered all the way to Manhattan anent one Greta Garbo, a luxurious appearing Scandinavian actress who is yet to make her début on your majesty's screen. When the Metro-Goldwyn powers looked over Ibañez's "Torrent," in which Miss Garbo makes her American début, their eyes glistened. "Here," they chuckled, "is the sensation of the next film year." "Torrent," I am reliably informed, is but an indifferent production of Monte Bell but Miss Garbo flashes like a bolt of lightning from the silverscreen. So plans for the immediate making of Miss Garbo's next picture, "The Temptress," also an Ibañez effort, have been held up temporarily while the aforementioned powers consider how best they can embellish Miss Garbo's vibrant dramatic qualities.

Hollywood.
Dear King:

By this time Your Majesty will know definitely whether or not your subjects have taken a fancy to "La Bohême," in which Lillian Gish makes her first celluloid appearance since that turgid effort, "Romola." Doubtless Your Majesty has heard of the tribulations encountered in meeting Miss Gish's insistence upon lengthy rehearsals before each scene. Miss Gish was developed in the Griffith school, which calls for weeks and weeks of rehearsal before anyone unpacks a camera. Director King Vidor, on the other hand, likes to shoot spontaneous stuff.

Miss Gish had her way and "La Bohême" was made as she wished it. Now reports are leaking out of Metro-Goldwyn that Victor Seastrom is having his difficulties with Miss Gish in "The Scarlet Letter."

Still Miss Gish, who starts for Art with a capital A, always has her way.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 72*)

per for. Leatrice Joy's first under her contract with Cecil De Mille was "Hell's Highroad," in which Edmund Burns played opposite her.

MISS RUTH.—Yes, it is true that Vitagraph sold out to the Warner Company. Thus disappeared from the movie landscape a landmark of antiquity.

JERE DE L.—Corinne Griffith was born November 24, 1897. Wallace Beery in "Devil's Cargo."

GILL, MEXICO.—Listen here, you must not include your questions in letters intended for other departments. When you do, I have to put on roller skates and skip all over the map. May McAvoy is twenty-four, single, and address her at First National. Yes, Barbara Bedford is married to Albert Roscoe. See you again.

NELLIE E. O.—Your letter was a gem, and I'm sure I understand. Anyway, some of us have to suffer more than others. I will be glad to hear from you any time.

KATHARINE L. P.—Yes, there is a Kathryn Perry who is married to Owen Moore. Marshall Neilan left Metro-Goldwyn to start his own producing company. His first picture was "Skyrocket," with Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Owen Moore, which had its première on the U. S. S. *Leviathan*. I have never computed the number of times Peggy Joyce has been married.

A MOVIE GIRL.—Johnny Walker has black hair and brown eyes. Percy Marmont played the lead in "The Shining Adventure," directed by Hugo Ballin.

BETTY.—David Powell's last picture before his death was "Back to Life," in which Patsy Ruth Miller also appears. Mr. Powell died of pneumonia April 16, 1925, and left a wife, living in this country, and a child, now attending school in England.

THISTLEDOWN.—Wrong! My nose is not red. But in winter it is like one of Oppenheim's novels—read to the very end. Holmes Herbert was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1882. He is six feet tall.

M. T.—Warner Brothers have been busy developing the new "sheik," Don Alvarado, and he has been signed under a long-term contract with them. He is twenty-two; a Spaniard, five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds, and has black hair and eyes, of course. Did you ever see a blond sheik? Richard Barthelmess in "Just Suppose." No, I pass.

MILDRED C.—Most of the players you mentioned are with Famous Players.

ROY S. O.—A new camera was used for the first time in this country for Bebe Daniels' picture, "The Manicure Girl." It is called the gyroscope, and by using this camera the cameraman can follow the player from room to room and thus get the effect of continuous action. It was first used on the German picture, "The Last Laugh." Tom Mix is forty-six. Hoot Gibson is married to Helen Johnson, and Marion Nixon is with Universal. I'll see you in my dreams. Good night!

FRENCHIE.—Thank you for the drawing. It looked just like Pola Negri. She would be flattered at seeing it, I'm sure. Ramon Novarro is twenty-seven. No, I never argue. I find that those who argue most are those who know least.

THE OL' LADY.—Hello there, you here again? So you received a picture from John Gilbert. And you have ridden in our Times Square shuttle and know what it is—yes, just like the subway scene in "Manhandled."

ROSE D.—That was a great letter, Rose. You must write me again, but you must ask some questions.

Super-Realism in the Movies

(*Continued from page 70*)

course, that it is generally better to produce even exteriors under the perfectly controlled light of the studio, and that some of the most triumphantly realistic scenes have been worked out indoors. But what I applaud is the realistic spirit with which von Stroheim, in "Greed," reproduces a dentist's office. Because here he seems to realize how varied, fantastic and lovely all the "business" of such a room can become when translated to the black and white of the screen.

But when the director orders a certain kind of bedroom, shaped like a gondola, let us say, a bit of fantastic Orientalism, whose formal beauty is created not by the camera, but by the art-director, then I protest, and become unhappy.

THE more high-handed the director becomes, the more he tampers with the camera, and so much the more stagy dives, cafés and boudoirs do you get. You get more and more uncomfortable-looking actors and more blots and blurs and glozings on the film. It all seems inevitably cheap and offensive, and really harks back to the trick film that so completely went out of fashion. The "expressionisticism" of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" was really this same stuff on a much higher plane. Now "Caligari" was actually a series of tableaux invented in the hothouse imagination of the art-director. Everything was distorted and twisted, in accordance with the demands of some other art—except the more or less lifelike players, who really should have worn masks. It was a bizarre and fascinating experiment, but led us in the wrong direction entirely. For, once you begin *suggesting* and touching up, once you stop photographing people in natural settings and place them in a distorted cheese-cloth paradise (whether distorted by sentimentalism or "expressionistic" fantasy, it does not matter) you may as well go on scene-painting everything in your photoplay. And the further you go in this direction the further you get away from the important and particular qualities of the motion picture.

THE camera is a greater artist than any property-man! He may try a daring stunt in the way he handles the perspective of a building or a wall or a window. But the camera with its super-human powers beats him; it is far more daring in what it discovers. For it is an instrument which, left to itself, seems to have a soul of its own.

In "The Last Laugh," direct clear camera shots of a revolving hotel door made a more beautifully fantastic picture or symbol than any painted contraption in "Calgari."

I have heard of times when the camera turned up with effects that the director scarcely counted on or hoped for. James Cruze and his colleagues, in making "The Covered Wagon," became a little afraid lest the endless trains crawling over the desert might draw the picture out too monotonously. But in the act of cutting and editing it, they realized suddenly that it was the long line of wagons winding slowly and rhythmically that carried the whole picture and even became the hero of it.

REALISM. Realism. More Realism. The movie camera when used in connection with real or natural forms is always capable of giving us something better and more imaginative than when taking form or scenes which have been deprived of their "natural" character thru the interference of the scene-painter. Scene painters, when they are merely that, should go back to the theater, and let the camera do its own work. Directors in their composition of interior as well as exterior scenes should cling to natural forms as much as possible. They should especially try to get away from the bad tendency of dressing up rich people's homes in the most elaborate and horrible bad taste.

IN von Stroheim's "Merry Widow" there were exquisite cinema compositions. But in their weaker moments they had two defects: at times they seemed completely artificial and stuffy; at other times they would seem to stop, like motionless tableaux.

The early portions of "The Big Parade" had an amazingly natural quality. Life in the French village behind the lines was as if in a strange new home; one placidly lovely picture *moved* into the other. And when the big kick of the story came, it came thru the energy, the motion. There was a scene where *Mélisande* rushes upstream, against the mad torrent of motor transports, looking for her doughboy. In constant motion, her frail human anxiety is centered always against a background of madly rushing force—"The Big Parade!" I doubt whether anything better has ever been done with the movie camera.

One remembers also for such beauty the scene in "Stella Dallas," where *Stella* goes into the comfort station: the square window to the right, the hard bench, upon which she sits weeping so miserably that the mascaro dribbles down her face, and the hard young woman beside her smoking a cigarette. Supremely imaginative treatment of real detail.

"STELLA DALLAS" is perhaps the ideal picture so far. It has the barest thread of a story, and resembles the "Last Laugh" in being essentially the portrait of a character. In the progression of the film there was an illusion of reality which only fragments of other pictures attain. Nothing seemed artificially "composed"; the director never thrusts his ideas at you. He seems so restrained that you have the illusion of watching, unobserved, from a window, a life. The vulgar, weak, sympathetic soul of *Stella* is revealed by a hundred little gestures and objects: the cheap, bric-à-brac of her flat, the shiny glassware, the posies and favors that her addle-pated mind loves, assume the greatest meaning and arrange themselves into the most intricate and beautiful patterns. Her predicament is tremendously real and becomes steadily more and more intense as the film clings steadfastly to the single, poignant idea of *Stella Dallas*, until she becomes one of the most tragic figures that any part has ever presented. I saw no sentimentalism here; I felt only that the director had helped the camera to find its soul in its realistic searching of depths such as we only suspect and pass by every day in our own lives.

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7

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and
JAY HUNT

"Counsel for the Defense"
Directed by Burton King
From Leroy Scott's Famous Novel
Personally Supervised by Edward Silton

8 9 10 11 12 13 14

GLENN HUNTER
with
CONSTANCE BENNETT
as another of those "lovable boob" characters

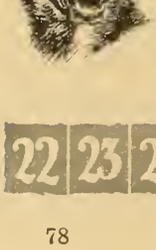
"The PINCH HITTER"



Directed by Joseph Henabery from the Story by C. Gardner Sullivan

15 16 17 18 19 20 21

STRONGHEART
The most natural actor on the screen in a smashing picturization of the widely read Novel by Rufus King



"NORTH STAR"
Presented by
HOWARD ESTABROOK
Directed by
Paul Powell

22 23 24 25 26 27 28

No Book Learnin'

(*Continued from page* 19)

at the bottom at seven-fifty a day (when I could get it) and if I worked, studied, watched and learned all about every department of the studio.

"Mr. De Mille is the most wonderful man in the world! I'm all alone. I haven't anyone belonging to me and no one to work for. *He* is the reason I didn't go under in those seven years, because I wanted to show him I could top anything he had said I might do if I stuck.

"I use psychology on myself. I talk to myself and make myself follow what I decide is best. I knew that I very likely wouldn't stick to such a disheartening business if I had money back of me. I was only twenty-one and I had twenty-five hundred dollars.

"You've got to get rid of that money," I told myself. So I stayed at the Alexandria for five weeks and spent the money right and left, only keeping the wardrobe which I needed for pictures. Then I worked as extra for weeks, sometimes one day a week, sometimes three, sometimes not at all.

"The first day on the lot I was absolutely bewildered. There's never been such a green extra! Didn't know anything about make-up and I looked so funny after I got it on that I was afraid to go out.

"After three months of this, I was down to twenty cents and knew something had to be done. I met Goodstadt, the casting director, and asked him if he wouldn't let me go up north with the men who were to make 'The Sea Wolf.'

"'Bill, we want men on this picture!' he said.

"'I'm a man!' I told him.

"'But these are tough birds.'

"'I can raise a beard in a week. I can look so tough you wouldn't know me! Just let me go!'"

His First Contract

"He looked at me a minute and said: 'Come into the office!' And there he gave me a contract beginning at thirty dollars a week! I was so happy—I thought I was sitting on the world. I walked all the way from the Lasky Studios to Los Angeles, stopping every five blocks to take out the little pink paper that had 'contract' written on it. You see, De Mille had said I might be a jobless extra for years and this was only three months!

"Every time I had a chance I talked to Mr. De Mille. Half the time I didn't know what the devil he was talking about, but I thought about it and wondered and finally some of it began to seep in. After two or three years I realized what he meant by timing, spacing, and other cryptic remarks. For instance, he might say: 'This will be a six-foot fade-in.' I had to know when six feet had been ground and start the action then.

"'Skip over the center—we're going to put a title in these.' I must know how long to hold it for the title and when to go on."

But after the first few years, the Fates who sit up yonder spinning destinies began to get the thread of Bill's life snarled and knotted. Everything went wrong.

Then—Hard Luck

One day, after a period of hard luck, Fox gave Bill a contract for two pictures. The wolf was so uncomfortably near the door that Bill looked on the slip of paper as a gun to keep the animal away. . . . That night—of all nights!—there was an automobile accident and "William Boyd—broken leg" was entered in reporters' notebooks. . . . The contract was as useless as an unloaded gun!

For nine months the leg refused to mend.

"The first three months I felt sorry for myself," said Bill, "I thought I was getting a raw deal and it wasn't fair and so on. Then one day, as I sat with my leg propped up, I said to myself: 'See here, this isn't getting you anywhere. I know you haven't had anything to eat for two days, but you've gone without eating longer than that before this, and it didn't kill you. You came up then, and you can come up now!'

"I think that experience helped me develop my spirit. Anyway, a man must have ideals and ambition and never let go if he's going to get to the place he's headed for!"

It's Bill's ability to get something from every experience, his willingness to learn even from the most unintelligent fan letter that has brought him from the rolling mill of fifteen years ago to screen prominence.

"Oh, but there is no part that isn't worth playing!" he cried. "Somebody had to think in order to write the part, no matter how small it is, and if it was worth creating in print, it's surely worth creating on the screen. Perhaps you can develop it so that it stands out. My part in 'The Road to Yesterday' was developed. It wasn't much to begin with.

"Sincerity is the whole thing. If you are sincere and know what you want to do, go to it and let 'em stop you if they can!"

They cant stop Bill.

KIMPEI SHEBA, of the Japan Times, of TOKIO

has written a remarkable article

THE MOTION PICTURE IN JAPAN

for the May CLASSIC—it is illustrated with some striking pictures of Japanese film favorites

Masterpieces of the Screen

(*Continued from page 49*)

Of these, "The Vanishing American" came nearest to being a masterpiece, yet it contained several glaring defects that take it out of the one hundred per cent. class. "The Merry Widow," "He Who Gets Slapped" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" could hardly be improved on, for their kind, and yet they fall short of the one hundred per cent. rating. "Kiss Me Again" comes in the same class with "Lady Windermere's Fan," both almost perfect in their way, but the latter had more of the one hundred per cent. elements, so that the former cannot be rated quite at one hundred per cent. As for "The Sea Hawk," "Ben-Hur" contains all the fine points that "The Sea Hawk" contained plus many more, hence it is not in the one hundred per cent. class. There are possibly several dozen more great pictures that I have overlooked, but these will suffice. That leaves us the following, which I nominate as the great masterpieces of the screen:

Ben-Hur
The Wanderer
The Ten Commandments
Stella Dallas
The Big Parade
Lady Windermere's Fan

The Six Great Films

Of these, according to my lights, "Ben-Hur" is the greatest. Far greater than "The Wanderer," which falls in the same class, much better than "The Ten Commandments," also of the same class; it seems to contain all the qualities and elements of a one hundred per cent. picture, and, therefore, I award it first honors. I cannot conceive of a more masterful production. Next to it I place "Stella Dallas," altho it lacks many of the qualities of a one hundred per cent. picture. And yet it is certainly the greatest emotional drama ever produced and a greater picture of its kind is beyond my wildest hopes and dreams. "The Big Parade" is a war picture and stands in a class by itself unapproached. One can hardly compare "The Big Parade" with "Stella Dallas," they being so different in scope and theme, and they both come very close to the one hundred per cent. mark because the great qualities they do possess are far beyond one hundred per cent.—if that is possible. According to our chart, "Lady Windermere's Fan" falls considerably below the two last mentioned, but yet it is so wonderful of its kind that it must be rated as a masterpiece.

When you have seen "Ben-Hur," I am asking you kindly to look again at the chart in the first part of this article and check up. If any reader can name any other picture that contains anywhere near the number of qualities that "Ben-Hur" contains, I will be very, very much surprised. You may prefer "Stella Dallas," or even "The Big Parade" if you have not seen enough of the horrors of war, but I think you will have to agree with me that "Ben-Hur," all things considered, is the great masterpiece of the screen.

Eugene V. Brewster,

Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications, has been in Hollywood.

Be sure to read his impressions in this issue.



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The Candid Kid

(*Continued from page* 35)

My first cast elicited the information that Laura was in pictures for the do-re-mi as well as for art's sake, and that is not her boy friend's name either. Since she is a blonde, this was entirely unexpected, as only brunettes are supposed to carve the gold out of one's teeth or tooth, as the case may be.

Not for Art Alone

THE next throw produced the return that she is entirely satisfied with doing pleasant parts with Reginald Denny and not parts unknown and attempted by aspirants with a burning ambition and adenoids.

As a matter of fact, Laura does not think that she can put the Great Elcanora Bernhardt on the bum. She deposes that since she seems to be fated to be an actress until death or matrimony doth intervene, that she may as well try to be a fair to middling performer and a good trouper.

Next she proved to be a genuine girl by almost lapsing into an emotional coma at the mere mention of the name of Ronald Colman. She said she got the best weep of her life from "The Dark Angel."

A Film Fan Herself

THEN she proved that she was different by not becoming delirious at being questioned anent her views of that bold, bad boulevardier, Lew Cody. In fact, she even defied him by saying that she was going to move out into his Beverly Hills neighborhood where all the husbands wear the marksmanship medals they won in the war all over their vests.

Laura was full of candor. She said she felt sorry for Lew. She might even be called the candid kid even tho being sorry, for Lew has been known to be serious if not fatal.

Of this she was informed, so the responsibility is her own.

The conversation progressed thru police dogs to the carelessness of latter-day vestals, cigaret smoking and psychoanalysis, even to nearing the last hope of all interviewers, the Volstead law. Then the b. f. returned and started to wind his watch.

Laura got her start in pictures with her candor. After taking a flicker at the flickers as an extra, Laura braced Al Christie for a job in stock as an ingénue. She got the job.

Laura's Career

SINCE then her rise has been rapid. She is now one of the best bets out at Uncle Carl Laemmle's Universal joint. But she has not even dropped back into second.

You will note that I have not attempted to describe her. Who has been able to dissect a dimple with a typewriter or catch the lilt of a liquid laugh. You are able to look at the pictures. If you are not satisfied with Laura's looks, you are a sap.

If you would read and believe a lot of applesauce that I might write about her rise to success, you would be a still greater apsay.

It has never been a question of Laura's getting into the movies. They could not keep her out.

The Candid Kid's got what it takes.

MORE IMPRESSIONS OF HOLLYWOOD
By EUGENE V. BREWSTER
In the May CLASSIC

The Master Mind of the Movies Speaks

(Continued from page 37)

"You are great, Master," I breathed.

"In motion pictures," he replied modestly, "I am Everything. All that has been, that is I. All that is being, that is I. My thoughts, my plans, my direction, from the sun kissed slopes of California, to—to—to . . ."

"The rock-bound coasts of Maine," I completed, glad to be of any assistance.

The Alpha and Omega

"EXACTLY," he said. "That also is mine. I am the Alpha and Omega. If anything is so, it is because I have said it must be so. If there are cabaret scenes, swimming pools, orgies, romping flappers and faces that appear in the heart of a rose, it is because I wish to have cabaret scenes, swimming pools, orgies, romping flappers and faces that appear in the heart of a rose."

"And that lets out a lot of people," I said.

"People!" he puffed, "what people? Lubitsch, Griffith, De Mille, Ingram, Neilan, Robertson, Brenon, Fox, Goldwyn, Lasky—pawns, tools, puppets of my genius; my raw materials, my clay, my canvas, my tubes of color, the keys of my piano. *I* direct, *I* undertake, *I* dispose. I tell them what to do, and they do it!"

"Indeed they do, Master," I agreed, politely.

"And now," he said, with a vague gesture of finality, "you know what you know. Which is not much. And you may tell the World. Which is also not much."

"Thank you, Master," I said. "Shall I go back the same way I came?"

"You have seen ME!" he replied. "You cannot possibly go back the same way that you came."

The Master is right. I am a changed man. Now, whenever I look upon a super-special extra gold star fifty-two jewel feature picture, I lose my appetite and black spots appear before my eyes.

And sometimes I have to carry a heavy cane.

DON RYAN

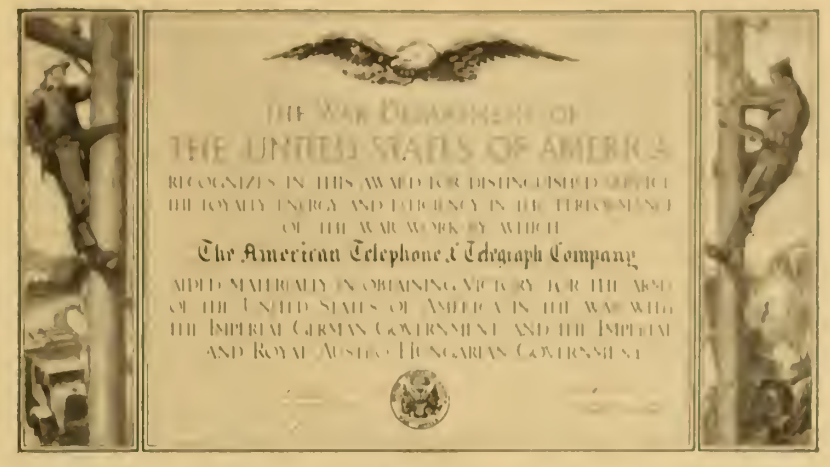
The CLASSIC'S brilliant writer, is interviewing

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

for the MAY Issue!

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Fifty years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, gave to the world a new art. He had the vision of a nation-wide telephone system by which people near at hand and far apart could talk to one another as if face to face. He foresaw a usefulness for the telephone which could not be achieved without innumerable developments, inventions and improvements, to him unknown. But not even he foresaw the marvelous applications of telephony which gave to the American armies that fighting efficiency which is possible only when there is instant exchange of complete information.

Since the completion of its service in time of war, the Bell System has devoted itself to the extension of the telephone art as one of the great agencies for the development of the pursuits of peace.

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MARY T. GOLDMAN,
946-D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

Romeo-Juliet Contest Winners

(Continued from page 7)

Romeo and *Juliet?* Why, Mary and Doug, of course. Mary's loveliness combined with her years of acting experience make her an ideal choice for *Juliet*. And Doug! Why, he is the only actor I know of who could put the necessary verve and dash into the rôle of *Romeo*. I'd give up a whole year of picture-going, if, by doing so, I could see these two favorites make "Romeo and Juliet," a real classic of the screen.

Sincerely,
MISS TONA SWAN,
2496 Fulton St.,
San Francisco.

Honorable Mention

John Barrymore and Mary Pickford as *Romeo* and *Juliet* would be an achievement for the screen.

Barrymore, the polished artiste, giving us love, grace, physical charm, and intense passion.

Mary, with her ethereal beauty, sincerity, and natural ability of emotional expression.

"Romeo and Juliet" calls for sweet romance, intense love, blended with fire and passion.

Barrymore and Pickford can give us all these.

VIRGINIA KELLER,
112 Ea. 40,
Tacoma, Washington.

Honorable Mention

It is a trite but nevertheless true statement that Lillian Gish and Ramon Novarro possess the complete lyrical beauty of an ageless classic. They alone, among us of the earthly earth, seem to have caught the perfection of eternal youth. To them love would be the unquenchable fire of Zoroaster.

JESSIE LIVINGSTON BUTLER,
1523 East Boulevard,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Honorable Mention

Since I first saw a picture of Ramon Novarro, he has been my ideal of the perfect *Romeo*. I shall be deeply disappointed if anyone else is cast in that rôle. Quoting Harry Carr: "He has romance without physical taint."

Mary Astor has wistfulness, dark beauty, purity, youth! What else is necessary for the perfect *Juliet?*

MRS. H. L. KINGTON,
248 W. Broadway,
Madisonville, Kentucky.

Honorable Mention

One must bring to the rôles of *Romeo* and *Juliet* not only physical beauty and charm, but deep intelligence. Lillian Gish is the perfect *Juliet*. She is convincing in pathos, has youth and a great spiritual beauty. The ideal *Romeo* would be Ronald Colman. He has fire, romance and sincerity.

Very truly yours,
C. G. GOTSHALL,
153 Prospect St.,
Ashtabula, Ohio.

Honorable Mention

Richard Barthelmess and Mary Pickford are my choice. Both are the very spirit of youth and masters of its screen technique. Both artists sincere and true. Sweet and pretty and sixteen as any is Mary, while something tells me charming *Romeo* had beautiful dark eyes and a lovable, crooked smile.

SUSAN WYNNE,
Care W. G. Harvie,
"Dogwood Farm,"
Mattoax, Virginia.



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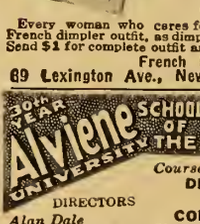
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The Inside Facts About the Extra

(*Continued from page* 17)

mental labor, then, no doubt, greater prosperity would come to the extra.

I have met at least five hundred persons in the motion picture industry in the past eighteen months. I have purposely talked with or interviewed these people, inside and outside, everywhere, in order to get the real truth as to your chance in the movies. I have particularly concerned myself with the problems of the extra character. Fortunately, I have closely observed the ways and means of the biggest men and greatest stars in the game today. But this does not make me immune from error. Any other extra character had the same, or almost the same, chance to put his or her observations down on paper for the benefit of his or her fellow workers, as I am doing here.

But back to the subject.

The Element of Chance

Do not be discouraged yet. I will give you the sunny side in a moment. In our discussion, let us not fail to recognize that there are always two view-points to every subject. The matter of *chance* is simply being balanced by the weights of a scale whose springs and point of accuracy are so often uncertain, having no fixed destination. Now read on.

It is true that there are hundreds of people who get work. I have gotten lots of it myself. But by no means is the average up to a fairly good weekly salary. Say, thirty-five to fifty dollars a week would be a figure unheard of as an average—it would really be a catastrophe for an extra to average this amount of money for one month straight. Of course, there are some men and women who get fifty to five hundred dollars a day; perhaps they work four or five days a month, depending on the person, the circumstance and the picture. But we are only dealing with the extra and the newcomer at present.

Let us assume, then, that you have joined The Great Parade, whose carriers bear the banners of the extra. In other words, you are here in our fair land and are ready to begin your journey for work. You have turned your back upon the rest of the world (which is a grievous mistake) and your heart is throbbing with the romantic hope of the brilliant future ahead. Good enough, that's the spirit, all right, but there is a saying about ignorance being bliss, etc., etc.

You've just begun, we'll say. You have a few dollars in your pocket, and mighty lucky if you have. Let us say that you are on your way from Los Angeles headed toward Culver City, where one of the largest studios in the world is situated. And you are happy; the flowers and the sunshine on a December morning will make you that way.

As you enter the vicinity you see a huge electric sign telling that your Golden Gate is near—but they are iron gates. And as the saying goes, you walk down the street, all the little birds go tweet, tweet, tweet. You see a great line of struggling humanity forming to the right of the iron gates. And one by one you see the line move forward! forward! forward! And around to the left and right there are huddled with deathlike grips upon each other, men and women clustered in a mass that only a machine gun could disperse—much less you, who must get thru that mob for a job.

But that's nothing, you join your fellow



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You owe to yourself an investigation of a method which has done so much for millions, and for 18 years. It must be right.



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workers and add another struggle and push to the already angry forces. Presently you arrive fourth or fifth from the casting window, where you see a man giving out cards in different colors. You wonder what the devil they are. Alas! it is not long before you learn. In another breathless second you are hurled in front of the man who gives you your job. You'll probably grin and blush. It takes but a glance to see that you are a novice. "Your name," the man will say. Johnny Jones or Mary Smith.

The Beginner

Quickly as a flash, the man's fingers will scale his card-file box. Ah! your name is not there. Well, you didn't know. You are told to wait for prospects. Yes, wait in case some poor devil is late or is trampled to death. But that never happens—there are too many ready to grab a job accidentally left vacant. But you sit, if there is any place for you, and you watch the faces pass by you. One after another the worn faces move on and the nervous hands grab their checks—extra pass-checks they are called. Among them you see old and young, high and low, rich and poor; with the rare exception, it is mostly the latter.

Among this queer, fascinating line you may see a face whose earlier day may have held the envious gaze of countless thousands. You may see the poor soul that once played *Hamlet* or *Julius Cæsar* or *Henry VIII*. And you come to learn later that the same face smiles and the same hands gesture deep gratitude when the paltry five dollars is given as a reward for a day's work as an extra. Just an extra! Funny, isn't it? And in the next breath, while you are waiting! waiting! in comes a regular Hollywood Sheik whose white shirt is carelessly flung open about the neck, whose hair is pasted back with some glossy fluid. But he is tall and good-looking; he is smoking a cigaret nervously, importantly and nonchalantly.

Your breath is taken, you are amazed, by gad! You recognize him, maybe you do. Why, it's that chap who rescued Gloria Blank Blank in Madame Glyn's "Great Moment." No, it really wasn't, after all—but he was a double for the hero. For the real heroes do not enter the studio that way—not often, at any rate. However, the casting, or assistant casting, director looks up and with recognition comes a smile. You hear a click and the door swings open. All doors are electrically manipulated. And the young man has gone thru the Great Barriers, leaving behind him hungry hearts, saddened eyes and shrunken souls casting furtive glances, as tho peering at mystic shadows.

But, fear not, for you may be in his shoes tomorrow, and he may be in yours. And so on and on—the chance you have. But you gladly take it, and thousands of others along with you at least afford consolation in some form.

The Extra and the Phone

Now you have filed your photograph and registered at all the different studios. And on the back of your photo you have written all the information required by a studio. Of course, you may lie a little, but use discretion. As the Englishman said, it will do no 'arm. But all your accomplishments are put down, your type, your experience, whether you have a complete wardrobe or not, and, most of all, your telephone number. Old man Bell did a great thing for movie actors when he invented the telephone. For upon the telephone you must depend as your only little middleman. It is true, too, that your num-



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ber often changes, due to troublesome landladies. You know what I mean. But stranger things happen in the movies than in fiction. Both good and bad greet you. But such is life in all its roads.

Finally you land a job. Hurray! Yes, sir, be thru the gates at 7.30 A.M., made up and on the lot or set at 8 A.M., costumes furnished. That's your call. Great guns! at last the Golden Gate has swung about, gracefully admitting you to cherish its mysteries. What few friends and many enemies you have hear you shout aloud your triumph. At last! at last! You kiss the dirty rug in grateful pose to the god of chance.

Of course, it is understood that you know how to make up; you have, in fact, a complete make-up case. With full equipment, it is known as straight make-up, which includes grease-paint and powder, puff, cold-cream, pencil, brush and comb, lining, loquaro, rouge and toning brush, mirror, towels and many other items which you will learn about as you go on; yes, many! It is true, too, that you could "get by" without such things—but not an actor. Never! Besides, suppose the director should select you out of the mob of three or four hundred, more or less, to do a little part which is called a "bit." Or suppose you are a camera hog and are prone to getting close-ups—not to have make-up would be terrible! It would be ruinous! Nay! your career is at an end before starting.

But no such luck, either with or without make-up. The little "bit" you may do is obtained from the outside; you are written in for the part before you ever go on the lot or set. However, the director was very busy that day and had no time for personal interviews, and if such were asked for the result would be what you didn't ask for. But maybe, perhaps, tomorrow! ah, tomorrow! will bring better luck.

Your First Work

WHEN the day's work is finished, you draw your three dollars, five or seven-fifty, as the case might be, and you are happy. But when told that you are done for the day, not so good. It means that you have to do the same thing all over again to get another job on another picture. You waste two days, often a week, to get one day's work.

Now comes the chance you have. Briefly, here it is:

Hard work and persistence, backed by a fitting and proper motive, based on a normal and correct source, plus a lot of patience, nerve and iron ability, mingled with tons of brains—should help some.

Good appearance, possible photographic qualities, a complete wardrobe, the art of knowing how to make up, which in itself is a great accomplishment, wearing a clean-cut smile, with loads of PERSONALITY, go a long way in time. In time!

And the natural process of elimination among your competitors—those who cannot stand the grind, those who fall by the roadside of failure for one reason or another, and being a sticker yourself—all will push you several rounds up the ladder.

And last, but not the least, sticking to it, facing the seemingly impossible, doing the grim task of hounding the casting directors to distraction, never slackening one minute on the ropes of discouragement and disappointment—regardless of anything short of death itself—will, in time, put you over the big hill where a new world will arise to greet you and shake you by the hand—success loves success. And by that time you will have other difficulties which need

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Start Today, Take Off from 10 to 50 Pounds, as I did—Simple, Easy, Harmless Way—HERE IT IS

If you are ashamed of your figure, especially in a bathing suit, decide to take off that extra fat and look your best on the beach this summer. You can do it. I did. I am glad to be able to explain to you how to go about it—I am not going to tell you to go through strenuous exercises or weakening diets. I will not recommend you to rub your body with absurd creams or wear reducing girdles or garments, as I KNOW THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS. I am giving you here the new way found out in Paris and which is the most marvelous discovery ever made to easily and safely take off fat. I suffered for years with all the troubles well known to fat people—time after time, I deprived myself from all pleasures—bathing, dancing, riding or golfing because of my ridiculously fat figure. I turned down parties and friends to avoid the dreaded, "Here comes fatty," until one day, after I had tried everything known to reduce and failed, I hit upon SAN-GRI-NA with which I made myself over. SAN-GRI-NA is the discovery of a French scientist who has solved the problem of obesity. SAN-GRI-NA is put up in small tasteless tablets. You take two before each meal and watch your weight go down. With this simple, easy, marvelous new way, I reduced from 180 to 130 pounds in eight weeks and have never regained since. The reducing I went through was gradual and easy—did not leave me flabby or wrinkled—with every pound of fat lost, I felt a steady increase in strength and vitality. Now my health is splendid and I look and feel years younger. SAN-GRI-NA is guaranteed absolutely harmless, and is sold with money back guarantee. Nothing like SAN-GRI-NA was ever before offered to you—Try it Today.

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not be mentioned here. You'll know a few tricks of the trade by that time.

The Men at the Top

BUT by no means do I wish to give even the slightest insinuation that the men who are the executives of the movies are wrong or in any way have the responsibility for the creation of the great law of compensation in the game.

Undoubtedly some of the finest men and women in our land are highly associated with the movies. We know that. Some of the best people, morally, are holding down responsible positions in a hundred different departments of the great industry. One could not meet finer men and women, in my opinion. And this embraces the row from producer to extra. And, of course, one oftentimes will meet the opposite—so it is in any walk of life. "The Movie" is still a big baby—that's why a lot of people love the screen.

To repeat, as in every walk of life, we meet folks who are not so good—the movies are not to blame for their share of the minority. So, good luck to you, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Extra. As Billy Evans, the famous baseball umpire, said, "The hours are from three to five and the game is always on the lookout for good, intelligent and honest men." So it is with the movies—the camera is on the lookout, too, and it pays from three dollars a day to many, many of them, as the case may be.

Flash Backs

(*Continued from page* 45)

most prominent of the footlight Virgins.

Our bet is that Gloria will get away with "The Miracle" neatly. We dont know who will direct, but Fritz Lang, the man who made "Siegfried," would be a good selection.

Now that Dolores Costello seems to have arrived definitely as a potential star, the usual discoverers are advancing their claims. The Warner Brothers, the producers, for instance, lay claim to her discovery.

Actually, the credit goes to John Barrymore. It is true that the Warners noted a picture of the Costello sisters in a Chicago paper when they were chorus girls in a musical revue.

Small film rôles were offered them—and the two girls, daughters of the first film idol, Maurice Costello, arrived in Hollywood. Dolores began to play tiny rôles, those of maids and so on. Then Barrymore reached the Coast to start work on "The Sea Beast." The leading feminine rôle hung between several actresses, but Barrymore insisted upon the untried Miss Costello for the part.

In this fashion came her first hit. Meanwhile, Dolores's sister is still playing obscure parts. Thus luck in the movies.

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH'S

reviews of the current motion picture dramas appear exclusively in

The CLASSIC

Be sure to read his

THE CELLULOID CRITIC

each month!

Famous at Fifty

(*Continued from page 31*)

time everyone had the feeling that he could have been a whole lot better. It is this encouragement that fires one with the enthusiasm to give him more and better work.

"When we had finished the picture, Lubitsch said, 'See, Eddie, I made you an Englishman.' Because of his cheerful manner, one at first wonders if he knows what he is doing. It is not long before one finds out. Lubitsch has that artistic instinct that knows the right thing from the wrong. He inoculates you with the scene so thoroly that you are amazed at yourself on the screen. You begin to wonder, did that man make me do that? I believe that if I had a few more pictures with him I would be a good actor."

Martindel's Career

MARTINDEL has been in the theatrical business all his life, and says he hopes to live to be a hundred that he might eventually learn all there is to know about acting. His career has been mostly on the legitimate stage in New York. He has a rich bass voice which may be remembered by many who saw the New York productions of "Naughty Marietta" and "The Firefly." Numerous other light operas and musical comedies have his name on the original cast sheets. His career in the film realm has been varied. Eddie has worked in everything from comedy and horse opera to "Lady Windermere's Fan," under the direction of Lubitsch. It is in this picture that he scores his first real bit in the movies.

"When I was given the part of *Lord Augustus*, I wondered if I hadn't been miscast," continued Eddie. "According to Oscar Wilde's play, I could not understand how I would fit the character. When I came under the thumb of Lubitsch, I found out. He had changed the character. He understood what he was doing, and had allotted me my proper niche in the cast. During the filming of the picture I felt like one of these light-hearted individuals who breezes into a scene and out again with a happy good morning and a hearty farewell. It was delightful work, in fact, the happiest work I have had during my six years in pictures.

"When I came to Hollywood and the picture business, I did not expect to stay. I thought I would take my fling at the movies and return to the stage. For six years I have been working in the studios. I have been cataloged. By that I mean I have been placed as a character, going down on the casting books as a typical business man or banker type. Because of my grey hair and my size I get the part of the man of wealth. I wish the same parts were wished on me in civil life. I lost one job because I made up my mind not to play bankers any more. I was called to a studio and appeared with a couple days' growth of beard, an army shirt and old trousers. I lost the job. They wanted a rich man . . . banker type."

Martindel is a big man of commanding presence and aristocratic bearing. Another great Hollywood rumor that he bemoans is that most people think he is an Englishman.

Hails from Ohio

"I CANNOT understand why I create the impression that I am English. I was born in Hamilton, Ohio, and anyone who has talked to me knows that I manipulate my 'r's' like any good old backwoodsman. I experienced the same thing when I was working on the stage. When an English



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gentleman was needed, I was assigned the part."

Martindel admits he is forty-eight years old. He's not a juvenile, but there are few juveniles who appear more youthful. Six years ago he came to Hollywood to play with Earle Williams in "Captain Swift." When he arrived, Eddie said he saw ex-chorus men from New York riding around in automobiles and buying houses. He made up his mind to stay and get some of the swag, if a mere chorus man could bowl over such a heavy pay check. He has succeeded in getting the house and the automobile. How he ever did it, Eddie says he does not know, for he has no conception of business, despite the fact that he plays the parts of American bankers. A few weeks ago he discovered a salary check which was dated 1922, and was made out to him by the old Goldwyn company. It was lying in the bottom of an old wardrobe trunk. Fortunately, he was still able to get it cashed. If nothing else, this little episode should give out the impression that he is not a base commercial artist. Like *Lord Augustus,* he is the blythe young blade of forty-eight who never counts his pennies nor his dollars, but flits thru the films playing the parts of severe bankers and rich old moneybags of the business world.

Renée Makes Good

(*Continued from page 39*)

leading rôles, success didn't rush out to Miss Adorée and throw its arms around her neck. In the first place, Miss Adorée was a stranger in a strange land, and the fact that she married into citizenship didn't make her any less a foreigner.

And then there were thousands of pretty girls in Hollywood. Miss Adorée is not a great beauty; she is attractive, she is magnetic and her face is alive and sparkling. But there are far prettier girls to play pretty rôles in little pictures.

So Hollywood thought she was awfully lucky to get on at all and directors chose her for rôles because she was amiable, quick and easy to work with, rather than because they suspected she had a definite and unusual quality to bring to the screen.

Then came "The Big Parade"—and King Vidor selected her to play the rôle of *Melisande,* the French peasant girl who falls in love with the gum-chewing doughboy. And when Miss Adorée began work in "The Big Parade," she began to remember her life back in France, before she ever heard of the movies. She forgot her six years in America and all the things she had learned that a movie heroine *must* do, and she played the rôle the way she felt it.

Renée Adorée's performance in "The Big Parade" takes her from the ranks of the confirmed second-raters—those who merely "get by"—and puts her in the ranks of those who belong. It was not merely a rôle, played before the camera, it was the summing up of a series of authentic experiences.

Besides her work before the camera, Miss Adorée played an important part in the making of "The Big Parade." She was one of Vidor's most valuable assistants. It was Miss Adorée who supplied the details of the scenes in the French peasant home. It was Miss Adorée who explained the whole psychology of the peasant tossed in the midst of unthinkable chaos. Without her, "The Big Parade" would have been a less vital, less stirring picture.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 51*)

Gregory La Cava, a new director. This La Cava not only has directed an entertaining satire upon the he-man pictures of the great open spaces, but, I am reliably informed, he rewrote the story into its present form. Other gentlemen get the program credit, thus fulfilling one of the unwritten laws of the cinema.

The highly popular Dix plays *Bill Dana*, who goes West at the instigation of his Blonde Inspiration, no other than Esther Ralston. Out where men are men, however, he finds that the West has changed. Fords and modern plumbing are now the thing. All goes well until the Blonde Inspiration decides to go West for a visit. Then *Bill* and the boys have to hunt around for mustangs, board up the bathroom and hide the flivvers. Dix is excellent and the whole effort is breezy and amusing. You will like it. While I am on the subject, let me suggest that you keep an eye on La Cava.

The Blonde Miss Joyce

"THE SKYROCKET," starring the much talked-about Peggy Hopkins Joyce, has a whole lot of what they called box-office value. It is likely to do a land-office business thruout America, I am told. Probably it will.

The story itself is built from a novel of movieland life by Adela Rogers St. John, the local Edith Wharton of Hollywood. It is the story of a bathing girl extra who ascends to the heights of screen stardom. Then, in the glamourous confusion of fan letters, billboard superlatives, bills and general adulation, she loses her viewpoint and almost loses the one man who cares for her.

Like all of Miss St. John's stories, "The Skyrocket" is said to be based upon a real Hollywood tale. It is whispered . . . But why repeat gossip. You can probably guess the real life counterpart of Miss St. John's *Sharon Kimm*. Oddly, Miss Joyce rather intrigues me as *Sharon*. Anyway, she is very blonde and not at all uninteresting. The direction of Marshall Neilan isn't very good. Mickey, I fear, was more concerned with the injection of a bitter thrust at certain people and things than with his direction.

The question has been raised as to whether or not "The Skyrocket" hurts the Coast screen colony because it shows that prohibition isn't being completely enforced thereabouts. Well, what about it? To ask fans to believe that everything is as Will Hays would have it, is to ask them to believe in Santa Claus.

Mickey Neilan Again

HERE I can turn to another Neilan effort, "Mike." This, I believe, is the story in which Mr. Neilan originally was slated to direct Mary Pickford. Then Colleen Moore started work on "The Desert Flower" and Miss Pickford changed her plans, fearing a confliction of pictures. Neilan persuaded Metro-Goldwyn to let him make the comedy with his discovery, Sally O'Neil.

Mike is the eldest of three children. The father is a comedy railroad section boss. *Mike* foils a robbery and wins the love of a young hobo. All this is done after the fashion of the old Mabel Normand comedies, with Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling as slapstick foils for Miss O'Neil. Far be it from me to say whether or not Sally O'Neil is a successor to Mabel Normand. Miss Normand, I must admit, never won much laughter from me. However, her screen comedy seems

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in a fair way to become a legend and even a tradition. Personally, I dont care for Miss O'Neil. Her personality is too hard. You can chip the laughs from her beaded eyelashes.

In "Hands Up," Raymond Griffith dons a silk topper of the Civil War vintage. In fact, the brash Mr. Griffith plays a spy who sets out to foil the attempt of the Union to get gold from a Nevada mine. Thus he hopes to save the Confederacy.

Griffith does a whole lot of foiling, including taking the beads away from a bloodthirsty Indian in a crap game, but he finally falls in love with two girls. The war ends, but Griffith cant decide. Then Brigham Young drives by in a crowded covered wagon. Griffith assists the two girls into the wagon, headed for Salt Lake City—and the picture ends. "Hands Up" is hardly hilarious, but it has funny moments. Griffith knows his business as a farceur, but the comedy seems long.

A No. 2 "Stella Dallas"

I DONT know the original novel by Sir Philip Gibbs, but the film version, "The Reckless Lady," turns out to be a feeble imitation of "Stella Dallas." Here is the deserted mother caring for her daughter, in the new background of the Continent, it is true, but doing all the "Stella Dallas" stuff. The scoundrel who has attempted to seduce the wife finally jumps off a cliff—really!—and mother and daughter are reunited with daddy. Altho Belle Bennett and Lois Moran, the two players of "Stella Dallas," play in "The Reckless Lady," the piece doesn't register. It is just dull and tedious. An observation of the two in this new piece will lead you to give new laurels to Henry King for his fine direction of "Stella Dallas." With the same players, Director Howard Higgin is helpless.

The leather medal of the month goes to "The Ancient Mariner." This version isn't wholly Coleridge's poem. Not by a long shot. It seems that a wealthy rounder is about to win a gal away from her true love when an old sailor takes the silk-hatted scoundrel aside and tells him the story of "The Ancient Mariner." Dont ask why. I cant tell you. The film adaptation of the old salt's tale seems to concern the Ancient Mariner, two symbolical figures labeled Life and Death, and a flock of bathing girls. So the wealthy rake, overcome by the bathing girls or something, renounces the girl to her true lover and all ends well.

That Chaplin Complex

(*Continued from page* 56)

stand at the portals of the rich homes, after having timidly knocked at the front door, and, as a butler would approach to let me in, the urge to seek safety in flight was almost too strong to be overcome. I felt that my feet were larger than anyone's else, my arms were dangling, and I was painfully conscious of the fact that I might have a cockney accent, having been reared in the streets of London. Sometimes I was obsessed by a horrible idea: What if I should lose part of my clothing!"

Of course, the funny little man on the screen does lose a part of his clothing. It has happened before and it happens in the latest picture, "The Gold Rush." And by the way, if one may judge by their reviews of this picture, the critics feared that Chaplin might be about to bestow a real personality on his vague and elusive little marionette. They expressed the belief that here was a character study rather than a farcical presentation. We, however, had not felt that way about it. To us the

lonely prospector in "The Gold Rush" was as much of a mystery as ever. There still remains between him and the humans the great divide.

"One night I was invited to dine at the home of one of England's greatest actors," continued Mr. Chaplin, mentioning his name, which we shall not. "I was shown into the library. He was rehearsing 'King Lear,' but I did not know that, and was so much agitated when he looked straight at me and cried in agonized tones: 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child. Sit down.'

"I sat down. I sat on the edge of my chair. I was frightened. Red spots danced before my eyes. Again he stared at me and cried, 'Tremble, thou wretch, that hast within thee undivulged crimes. Are you quite comfortable?'

"Presently, the great actor's daughter entered. I was introduced. She looked at me and said sadly, 'Mr. Chaplin, I never have seen one of your pictures.' That didn't help a bit. Then we were seated at the dinner table. There were hundreds of forks and spoons and knives, it seemed to me, at either side of my plate. I wanted to say gaily, 'Let's use the brassie for this shot,' and attack my food with any one of the implements I could seize first; but my hands were clammy with embarrassment. I just kept on drinking water; at least the glasses were the same as the ones I was used to at home."

Mr. Chaplin declares that it is difficult to realize how many people suffer from shyness and how often what is called 'upstaginess' is merely an aggravated form of bashfulness.

"'Success has spoiled him,' everyone declares as soon as a man begins to be known at all," resumed Mr. Chaplin. "It may only be, as it certainly was in my case, a desire to shield oneself from a hurt. It is a terrible thing to feel that you are surely going to be the most awkward and stupid person at a party, that the others have had advantages which you have not had, and that you are making yourself ridiculous."

This sounds strange from the most famous man in the world, a man who has been treated like a king all over the world. Why, Mr. Chaplin even gives other people the credit for his pictures!

"I never can say," Mr. Chaplin added, sweeping toward a conclusion, "'Now I'm going to make a new film,' and then go ahead and make it. I have to receive my inspiration from someone else. It was because I saw Edna Purviance as a woman of Paris that I was able to work out that story. Jackie Coogan immediately suggested 'The Kid' in every detail; and I had no idea of making an Alaskan picture until I saw Georgia Hale as a dance-hall girl. I cannot make another one until I suddenly see some character which interests me, and then I suppose I shall involuntarily weave a story around that character."

And there you have the origin of Charlie Chaplin's contribution to the art of the cinema—a nomad, a lovable mute dilettante, his own inferiority complex, spread out on the screen, a shadow for the whole world to laugh at.

Like most sensitive and imaginative persons, Mr. Chaplin is an egoist, and what he has put on the screen is the thing that he once feared he was; at least, in the eyes of others. In the happy and prosperous endings he now allows his downtrodden hero, one can trace a dawning complacency, a breaking up of complexes. But Mr. Chaplin will, at least, we hope he will, remain to the end what he is now—a modest, whimsical, lovable person, who is never quite happy, always a little distrait and a little sad.

These are indeed ingratiating attributes!

Cure That Spring Fever!

There are just two cures for that spring fever. Sulphur and molasses—and THE CLASSIC! One is old fashioned, the other is the 1926 remedy. Everybody likes motion pictures—and THE CLASSIC is the one de luxe magazine of the film field. Aside from being the most beautiful publication of the screen, it is the most intelligently edited and the most brilliantly written. It is free from fan bunk and slush. It treats of pictures and picture people accurately, brightly and fearlessly.

* * * *

Glance over its list of contributors and you will realize that THE CLASSIC is *the* magazine of the screen. Eugene V. Brewster, the founder of The Brewster Publications, Frederick James Smith, Agnes Smith, Robert E. Sherwood, Don Ryan, Alice Tildesley, Dorothy Donnell, Milton Howe, Verne Kibbe, Sara Redway, Harriette Underhill, H. W. Hanemann, Tamar Lane, Harry Carr. All big names in the world of motion pictures—and they *all* write for THE CLASSIC—most of them exclusively.



Dont jump off that cliff—buy a copy of THE CLASSIC!

* * * *

The May issue is going to be unusually bright and attractive. There's a stunning cover of Colleen Moore, redolent of spring. Tamar Lane has written an article, FAMOUS BLUNDERS, which is destined to cause a lot of talk. It relates—fearlessly—of the notable errors made in motion pictures, the big mistakes of business and judgment which unmade stars.

Henry Albert Phillips will continue his interviews with famous European writers on motion pictures. You cant afford to miss this!

Lya de Putti, the famous German star and idol of Berlin, is coming to America. THE MAY CLASSIC will present the first interview with Miss de Putti, secured in Berlin. You doubtless have noticed that THE CLASSIC has been covering German film activities thoroly and interestingly. In Berlin THE CLASSIC has scored one journalistic beat after another.

And some fifteen other sensational features!

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How it is done in the Movies



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Harold Lloyd *in* *"For Heaven's Sake"*

Directed by Sam Taylor. Here is the prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! This star's pictures are produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

Thomas Meighan *in* *"The New Klondike"*



With Lila Lee, Directed by Lewis Milestone. From the comic story about Florida by Ring Lardner. Baseball! Sudden riches! Sudden laughs!

Douglas MacLean *in* *"That's My Baby"*



Directed by William Beaudine. Imagine riding in an aeroplane with a mischievous kid on each side of you trying to make you loop the loop! That's just one high spot among hundreds in Doug MacLean's latest and best.

Gloria Swanson *in* *"The Untamed Lady"*



With Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Story by Fannie Hurst author of "Mannequin," the $50,000 prize story. The untamed lady has a pretty face, twenty million dollars and an ungovernable temper. Picture Gloria in that plot!

Bebe Daniels *in* *"Miss Brewster's Millions"*



A Clarence Badger Production with Warner Baxter and Ford Sterling. From George Barr McCutcheon's "Brewster's Millions." Bebe Daniels inherits one million dollars with the promise of another seven millions if she spends the first million within one year!

Richard Dix *in* *"Let's Get Married"*



With Lois Wilson. Adapted by Luther Reed. From "The Man from Mexico," by H. A. Du Souchet. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The fastest, funniest Dix farce yet. If you saw "Womanhandled" you know what that means.

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CLASSIC'S Late News PAGE

JOSEPH SCHENCK signs John Barrymore for United Artists.

Reported that James Cruze is going to United Artists after completing "Old Ironsides," now under way, for Famous Players.

Plans for Gloria Swanson to do "The Miracle" appear to be off. Morris Gest is asking $200,000 for the screen rights to the spectacle and the interests behind Miss Swanson's coming United Artists activities look upon this as too high.

George Bancroft playing prominent rôle in "Old Ironsides." Esther Ralston has lead.

Dorothy Gish returns from California visit with her sister and departs for England to begin contract with British National Pictures, Ltd.

Eleanor Boardman playing opposite Jack Gilbert in Rafael Sabatini's "Bardelys the Magnificent," now being directed by King Vidor in California.

Sally O'Neil playing opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Heart Breakers," directed by Hobart Henley.

Mary Pickford has changed the name of Mary Pickford Forrest, daughter of her sister, Lottie, to Gwynne Pickford. Gwynne was adopted some time ago by her grandmother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford. Little Gwynne went to Europe recently with her illustrious aunt and uncle.

Jobyna Ralston, subject of an interview in this issue, was loaned to the M. C. Levee-First National production. She plays the leading rôle opposite Jack Mulhall in "Sweet Daddies."

George Sidney selected for David Warfield's rôle of Simon Levi in William Fox production of "The Auctioneer." Frank Borzage directing and Madge Bellamy playing the feminine lead, done years ago behind the footlights by Antionette Walker.

Work started by Director Mauritz Stiller on Ibanez's "The Temptress," starring the highly promising Greta Garbo. Antonio Moreno plays opposite Miss Garbo.

Josef von Sternberg, the maker of the ill-fated "Salvation Hunters," is back at work again. He went to Europe after his break with Metro-Goldwyn and now has returned to work, making "The Sea Gull," starring Edna Purviance, for Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin, it would seem, still believes in the erratic von Sternberg.

Alla Nazimova returning to stage.

Cecil De Mille planning big million-and-a-half dollar special to be made during the coming year. Announced this during New York visit. Believes he has biggest bet of the screen in William Boyd.

Report that Mary Pickford may make a picture during her European trip with Doug. Said to have negotiated with Ernst Lubitsch to make the picture in Germany.

Mae Murray signed again by Metro-Goldwyn.

Sam Taylor has ended five years directorial association with Harold Lloyd. His last comedy for Lloyd was "For Heaven's Sake."

Buster Keaton has completed his Metro-Goldwyn contract and all future comedies will be released thru United Artists.

Doug Fairbanks' "The Black Pirate" is a big New York hit. Biggest advance sale of any Fairbanks picture yet produced. Apparently a London hit, too, judging from the critical notices of the English press.

W. C. Fields' first Paramount starring comedy, "The Old Army Game," filmed at Ocala, Florida, with Eddie Sutherland directing.

Charles Brabin signed by First National to direct Doris Kenyon in "Mismates" for First National. Picture now being made in New York.

D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan" under way at last with Adolphe Menjou, Carol Dempster, Lya de Putti, Ricardo Cortez and Marcia Harris in cast.

Fred Niblo returns from European trip. Reported that he will direct Norma Talmadge in her revival of "The Garden of Allah."

Ann Nichols, author and producer of the stage success, "Abie's Irish Rose," announces suit against Universal Pictures claiming that "The Cohens and Kellys" strongly resembles her play.

Clarence Brown selecting his cast for the Metro-Goldwyn spectacle, "The Trail of '98."

Harry Langdon visits New York.

Victor McLaglen gets coveted rôle of Captain Flagg in Fox production of "What Price Glory."

Conrad Nagel and William Haines renew contracts with Metro-Goldwyn.

Jean Hersholt to play in new von Stroheim picture and then to go to Fox for a David Warfield rôle.

Harold Lloyd in New York for rest. Has called off plans for building elaborate Beverly Hills residence.

LAST MINUTE REVIEW

"The Black Pirate"

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo-ho, and a bottle of rum."

Buccaneers, cut-throats, desert islands, black flags, captive princesses in despair, boats scuttled on lonely seas, prisoners walking the plank—they're all in Doug Fairbanks' newest effort, "The Black Pirate."

There is a fine boyish spirit to "The Black Pirate." Here is a rampantly wild tale told with a superb sense of youthful exaggeration. It is the great imaginary adventure of boyhood—the sort of thing that for generations has set boys building rafts on old mill ponds. "The Black Pirate" isn't just an interesting experiment in subdued color photography. Actually, it is a much finer thing. It is a roystering adventure pictured thru the eyes of a boy.

The black pirate sets out to avenge his father's death at the hands of sea marauders. He masquerades as a pirate—and, of course, outwits the whole brood. There is a superb incident where the black pirate, in his false rôle, demonstrates how he can capture a merchantman single-handed. He puts the rudder out of commission and slides down the sails, ripping them to bits with his sheath-knife.

Doug never had a better rôle than the Black Pirate. In fact, he never had a better picture. A great deal of the credit should go to the director, Albert Parker. Here is direction superb in its directness and simplicity, capturing and retaining the fine spirit of youth. It ought to put Parker at the top of the directorial heap.

F. J. S.

Nameless~homeless~Kiki! ~nothing could stop her!

OUT of the dust of the gutters—into Paris' frenzied whirl of riches and romance . . . . all in one dazzling bound!

Yesterday nobody . . . . today KIKI—darling of a delighted audience.

Then luxury and love almost within her grasp! . . . . Can Kiki reach them—and keep her impish child-heart happy and unstained?

It's a breath-taking gamble—that last desperate ruse of Kiki's. Your eyes won't leave the screen—you'll forget the folks around you—as you follow plucky, adorable Kiki's amazing fortunes to their climax of cleverness.

Norma Talmadge's greatest success!

A brilliant screen production of the famous Belasco play which ran two years on Broadway. Great supporting cast including Ronald Colman.

"No other actress on the cinema today could play this character with the artistry and faithfulness of interpretation that Norma has put into the role."
David Belasco

"I never made a picture I like better."
Norma Talmadge



THEY SAY—

San Francisco, California.

Editor, CLASSIC:

IN a recent issue of THE CLASSIC you have an article: "What Counts at the Box Office." In this article you call attention to the fact that "There are a lot of players of mysterious popularity, difficult to define." Particular mention is made of Milton Sills and by inference Conway Tearle and Thomas Meighan are included in the same category.

Then in another part of the magazine is an article, "Simplicity Is Being Paged." Does not this article explain and define the question propounded in the former article. Dont you think, just as the public is demanding more simplicity and realism in their pictures, they are also demanding the same thing in those who interpret the pictures?

Once upon a time not so long ago moving pictures as a form of entertainment were almost the exclusive prerogative of women and more particularly the very young women or the older and more disillusioned ones.

Times have changed. The saloon is gone. So is the café. Only the man of wealth can afford clubs. Therefore the ordinary man, the everyday fellow in the street, has had to find some way to pass his evenings. Some have found the radio a means of passing their evenings. Still more, and of these I am one, and I believe a typical one, have become movie fans.

This trend of men toward the movie theaters has been evolutionary. The movies, however, have not exactly kept up with these changing times and changing class of audience. That is, not until lately. Now the change is beginning to work almost without their knowledge and they do not seem to realize what it means.

Well, to me it seems simple. Sills, Meighan, Tearle, Wallace Beery and such players are just every-day sort of men—that is, men such as you and I. Possibly I take a liberty in classing you with the rest of us, but you are a newspaperman even as I, and I have found that newspapermen the world over are pretty much the same.

Now look about you. Have you any friends that look like or act like Valentino, Novarro, Cortez, Lou Tellegen, Charles De Roche or any of the other Mexican, Spanish, Italian or metamorphosed Jewish boys who for so long have been the "heroes" and sheiks of the films?

But surely among the doctors, lawyers, businessmen and other ordinary mortals whom you know you can recall a double of either Sills, Meighan or Tearle. Tearle, during my work as a newspaperman, I have met. I found him just a regular unaffected human being. Sills and Meighan I have never met personally.

Now as for the acting of these players. Stop and think. Take the man whom you know who is the double of any of these players. Does he not in a given situation act just about as they do on the screen. In other words, does it not occur that their unaffected, natural way of carrying themselves—they do not act—carries a greater semblance of reality to grown men than does the sheik stuff that the Latin "actors" try to foist upon a too credulous world?

Dont you think that possibly movie magazines give too much credit to the gushing letters which they receive from the flapper admirers of these so-called sheiks? Do you really believe that young girls are in the preponderance among movie audiences? Of course, I never have the opportunity to go to a movie in the afternoon, but I do attend at least two evening performances a week.

And what do I find? That the audience is about evenly divided as between men and women and that the flapper type is greatly in the minority. In fact, such as I see of them there, judging by their interest in the various acts of the program, are more interested in the contortions of the so-called director of the "Super-Jazz Soloists" who stands with his back to the audience and beats time with his hips and knees than they are in the feature picture.

Therefore, do not overlook the fact that men have become a real factor in the popularity of any given picture or actor. After dinner the wife or the sweetheart suggests a movie. She wants, in many instances, to go and see one of the sheiks because he has such languishing eyes and they just thrill you thru when he gives the heroine a hypnotic glare.

Hubby, however, is all fed up on this stuff. He is not jealous, as some people think. He just is a realist. He never saw any sheiks in actual life. He thinks sheiks are the bunk. He prefers to see Tommy Meighan, Conway Tearle or Milton Sills win the loved one in the real old-fashioned ordinary way. Dont forget, men are just as romantic, if not more so, than women. They, however, want realism with their romance. They want the kind of romance they can believe in. They want to forget their humdrum business cares and the lack of joy in this blue, dry land. But it destroys their sense of romance to unreel before them an impossibly pretty boy taking the world and the hearts of all the ladies by storm with such action and such a manner of making love as was never seen either on land or sea.

So please give us ordinary, every-day men a little consideration also in the future. We like the movies, we want to be entertained, but we want life to be depicted somewhere near as it is—that is, real life just smeared over with sufficient romance to make it interesting and real men to portray it for us.

As for the women, I have little to say. Leave them, with the exception of Mae Murray, as they are, God Bless Them. We want them to be exotic, different, strange and mysterious. In other words, just the opposite of the men and with all of those attributes which we do not want in the men.

As for Miss Murray, cannot you use your influence to have her stop pouting her lips and posing all over the scene like a dressed-up doll? Because she is, for some unexplained reason, sometimes cast in real pictures, we have to see her. Voicing the opinion of all of my men friends, it is painful to say the least.

Sincerely,

EDWIN MYERS.

San Francisco Bulletin,
San Francisco, California.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is going to devote a page each month to the best letters from its readers.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second and five dollars for the third. If two or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Letters must be constructive and interesting. They must deal with pictures or screen personalities. And—please note—they should be typewritten.

1467 Sixth Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

Editor, CLASSIC:

I have just read an article in the CLASSIC for February. The article closes with the following sentence:

"The CLASSIC is in favor of the old-fashioned film theater at decent admission prices. We would like to know what our readers think about it."

I have not been appointed by many of my friends to tell their opinions, but I know what they are, nevertheless. We most emphatically are in favor of a theater where FILMS are shown; not a higgledy-piggledy combination of cheap vaudeville and a picture, cut in half or three-quarters, separated by an hour's parade of cheap singing or worse dancing, so that one completely loses the thread of the story, all interest.

Our big theaters have been getting worse and worse, to our way of thinking. Admission is fifty cents. The feature picture is just an hour long. There are screeching females, almost bare; there are child WONDERS, singing "I'm the Hottest Baby in Town"; there are dancers who leap around the stage with no clothes on, and no art, not even talent. We sit thru all this. Then we decide that "this week we wont go down-town. We'll go to the neighborhood theater."

Ye gods, they're bitten, too. Either it is a grocery-store night, and we have to wait one-half hour while sugar and rolled oats are handed to the winner of the door prizes; or the KIDDIES' REVUE tortures us for another half hour. We want a *picture house.* Yes.

ED. BLAKEY.

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S

PRODUCTION

"The VOLGA BOATMAN"

By LENORE J. COFFEE
Adapted from Konrad Bercovici's *novel*
WITH WILLIAM BOYD, ELINOR FAIR, VICTOR VARCONI, JULIA FAYE, and THEODORE KOSLOFF



CECIL B. DeMILLE
the Master-Genius who thrilled the world with "The Ten Commandments" surpasses himself in this inspired production.

AGAIN the master magician De Mille has waved the magic wand of his directorial genius and brought to life on the screen a mighty, epochal drama that sounds a new and triumphant note in the history of motion picture entertainment.

Brushing aside the cobwebs of motion picture tradition, he has approached the subject of the Russian reign of terror with a sympathetic and human understanding. In "The Volga Boatman" is depicted the heart-beat of a nation in revolt—pulsating—human—dramatic—irresistible.

And from this maelstrom of flame and strife emerges a heroic and sublime story of love and devotion involving a Prince, a Princess and a Volga Boatman. Never in the history of the cinema has there been depicted a more fascinating, thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten theme—*A Veritable Achievement.*

To miss seeing this is to miss one of the screen's finest productions.

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IBANEZ'
TORRENT



Ibanez' Torrent! Rushing flood of mighty emotion
Sweeping us on—ever on—breathless . . .
Ricardo Cortez—dashing—gallant—torrid . . .
Greta Garbo—Perfection!
Discovered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in stark Sweden—
She is setting the heart of America aflame!
Monta Bell is the director.
You positively musn't miss Ibanez' Torrent!

A Cosmopolitan Production

Scenario by Dorothy Farnum, from the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Titles by Katherine Hilliker and H. H. Caldwell.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"



Ruth Harriet Louise

GRETA GARBO

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

MAY, 1926



POLA NEGRI

Melbourne Spurr



Hartsook

GEORGE O'BRIEN



Melbourne Spurr

VILMA BANKY



Melbourne Spurr

RONALD COLMAN



Hoover

The most famous of early blunders was made by the Biograph Company when it gave the wizard, D. W. Griffith, his release, rather than grant him a small increase in salary

FAMOUS

By TAMAR LANE

"BY Their Blunders Ye Shall Know Them." These few words, paraphrasing a well-known proverb, sum up to a large degree the successes and failures of most of our film personages and companies.

The Blunder Mile-Stones

To blunder is human, and the careers of nearly all of our famous stars, directors and producers are marked with blunders of one sort or another that have played an important part in their professional lives.

In many cases it has not been the blunder itself which has had such a disastrous effect upon their careers, but the celebrity's failure to perceive quickly the effects of his blunder and take drastic steps to offset it by corrective measures.

Blunders have been in vogue with the motion picture world almost from the very inception of the industry. In fact, hardly a year passes that one or two of our most prominent film personages do not commit a *faux pas* of some kind which does them great and lasting damage. This is but natural with such institutions as the screen or stage, catering as they do to the fickle public.

The Griffith Blunder

ONE of the most famous of early blunders was that made by the Biograph Company when it gave the wizard, D. W. Griffith, his release, rather than grant him a small increase in salary. Griffith was then in the heyday of his career and had built the Biograph Company into the greatest film organization of its time.

The advance in salary which Griffith had demanded would have amounted to a few thousand dollars in the course of a year. By not granting it to him Biograph Company eventually lost millions. When Griffith left the concern, along with him went not only most of the firm's most popular players, but the master mind which had been really responsible for the company's success. After "D. W.'s" departure, Biograph went rapidly into decline until finally it passed entirely out of existence.

Vitagraph was another of the old companies whose successful career was vitally affected by lack of foresight and poor business judgment. At one time Vitagraph had what many consider the greatest aggregation of screen favorites the film industry has ever known. This was in the day of the one- and two-reeler.

Vitagraph's decline came with the arrival of the feature-length photoplay. The Famous Players-Lasky had just come into existence and were presenting famous Broadway stars in films produced on a more lavish scale. The five- and six-reel pictures featuring famous stage stars quickly became the vogue. Vitagraph failed to see the importance in the new trend of affairs and stuck to its old policies.



William S. Hart made the mistake of quitting the screen at an inopportune time. In his absence Tom Mix and others stepped into the limelight

Vitagraph's Error

THE company's films soon lost their popularity with exhibitors, because they could not compete with the elaborate productions being presented by Famous Players-Lasky and other new companies that had rushed in to offer features. Vitagraph finally saw its mistake and took hasty steps to get into the swim. But it had waited too long and never regained its lost prestige. Vita-



Rudolph Valentino's mistake was in allowing the term of "sheik" to become too firmly attached to him. He is still suffering from this term

BLUNDERS

Immortal Screen Mistakes

graph also erred in releasing several of its best players, rather than raise their salaries.

Other Company Mistakes

THE other famous film concerns of bygone days, Edison, Lubin, Essanay, Selig, Kalem, etc., all fell by the wayside thru the mistake of adhering to ancient policy, instead of keeping abreast of changing conditions.

Generally speaking, film concerns rise or fall upon the strength or weakness of the personalities in their organization. Producers must know just what stars and directors to hold onto, and just which ones to release. This requires both analytical powers and foresight, two qualities which are noticeably lacking in most production outfits.

Conversely, stars and players, rise or fall thru their ability to perceive what companies to remain with and what companies to abandon, when a contract terminates. Many players have made the fatal mistake of quitting a company or producer merely because a little more money was in immediate sight, when they would have profited more in the long run by remaining with the outfit that could have carried them to greater success.

Ray's Famous Blunder

CHARLES RAY'S quitting of Thomas Ince is marked down in film history as one of the greatest blunders ever made by a star. At the very height of his career, Ray deserted the Ince guiding hand to shift for himself. In spite of his tremendous popularity and talent which amounted almost to genius, Ray was never able to make a go of it on his own hook. One or two of his independent efforts were successful, but slowly and surely he slipped farther and farther down the ladder, until finally he was forced to return to the Ince banner. Misfortune continued to dog his footsteps however; Thomas Ince died, and his company also passed out of existence. Ray is now trying to stage a comeback with M-G-M.



Carsey

Nazimova blundered into the idea that she was not only a great actress but a great producer, director and business woman combined

Dorothy Dalton was another noted star who tried to leave Ince's guiding hand, and failed. Dorothy maintained her popularity for a short time after leaving Ince, due to the prestige she had gained while working under the Ince banner, but a year or two later she passed off the screen entirely.

The Case of Mae Marsh

SEVERAL players made the blunder of leaving D. W. Griffith. Mae Marsh is the most noted case. Under Griffith's direction Mae Marsh gave performances that were rated among the finest in the annals of the silent drama. Away from his megaphone her portrayals were but mediocre. There were many who predicted that Lillian Gish would rapidly decline after leaving "D. W." While Lillian by no means has done as fine work in the past two years as with Griffith, nevertheless, she has succeeded in holding her popularity to a great extent. It will take one or two more films to ascertain definitely whether Lillian has blundered or not.

Richard Barthelmess, another Griffith protégé, is one of those who set out for himself and made

(*Continued on page 79*)



Spurr

Many are of the opinion that the greatest blunder in recent years was Cecil B. De Mille's cutting loose from Paramount—in taking so much responsibility upon his own shoulders



Charlie Ray's quitting of Thomas Ince is marked down in film history as one of the greatest blunders ever made by a star

The TOAST of BERLIN

By HEINRICH FRAENKEL, of Berlin



Lya de Putti really comes of the Hungarian aristocracy. Her father was the Baron Hoyos von Büxenstein, and she herself was married to a Hungarian baron



Dunky, Fiverck

The earliest existing picture of tne fair Lya (right), taken with a playmate in Hungary

ALTHO not yet twenty-five years of age, Lya de Putti can boast of being the most popular of all European film actresses at the present moment.

Hers has been an adventurous and interesting career. To begin with, Lya de Putti is her real name, altho most people consider it far too well sounding to be real. But it cant be helped. It is so. And she can prove it documentarily if you would dare to doubt it to her face — which I am sure you wouldn't.

As a matter of fact, she comes from one of the best families of Hungarian aristocracy. Her father was the Baron Hoyos von Büxenstein, and young Lya was married to Baron de Putti, Colonel in the Hungarian army, just before her sixteenth birthday. She was not married for a long time, however, and, altho her family kicked up a considerable row about it, she insisted on going in for a dancing career on the stage.

In her eighteenth year she lived in Berlin and married an attaché at the Norwegian embassy. Incidentally, this was more or less responsible for her future

Lya de Putti is not yet twenty-five.

Her father was a Hungarian baron. At the age of sixteen she married the Baron de Putti, a colonel in the Hungarian army. Her married life was brief. At eighteen she married again—an attaché of the Norwegian embassy in Berlin. Her husband died two years ago.

She was discovered by Joe May, the German director, while dancing in a Berlin music-hall.

Lya de Putti, the Famous Hungarian Screen Beauty, Is Now in America



At the right, an interesting study of the Hungarian star as she appears in "Vaudeville" with Emil Jannings. Below, as *Manon Lescaut* in the recently completed German film production of that name



Photos by Binder, Berlin

screen career. She wished to join her husband, who was staying in Norway at the time. In view of the Hungarian revolution, however, she could not go back to Budapest to get her visé and, having to stay in Berlin much longer than she had expected, young Lya accepted an offer to dance at a leading Berlin music-hall.

Here she was "discovered" by Joe May, the famous German film producer. He instantly recognized the immense "screen value" of her beautiful face and gave her a good part in the picture he was just embarking on: "Das Indische Grabmahl," which has also been shown in other parts of the world under the title "The Indian Tomb."

It was a tremendous success for the young débutante and offers to star in pictures were virtually showered upon the youngster, who had hardly dreamed of going in for screen work.

An Amazing Career

AS a matter of fact, she was launched now upon her amazing career. Since "The Indian Tomb," she has worked in at least three or four pictures a year and, as befits her strong energy and restless temperament, has hardly ever had any spare time except a week or two in between her films; especially

(Continued on page 73)

Has the GREAT LOVER

By Don Ryan



Rudy is going to resurrect the sheik in the hope of again climbing back to public favor

AND yet, Rudolph Valentino, *né* Guglielmi, is a very creditable actor.

* * * * *

Audiences are strange birds, as Valentino has found. America will fondle a movie actor, but its embrace is half mockery, like that of the grubby little cash-girl of the department store, who gives herself giggling into your arms.

She is kidding. America is always kidding like that. Valentino acts for it, but America doesn't care for any. It craves him for a public character.

And yet, Valentino is really a very creditable actor.

Rudy and American Men

HE used to be, if we may believe the various stories, a bus boy in a hotel. He was earning his living in a new country, having come from Italy to make his fortune in America. Many compatriots of high and low degree have been bus boys and bootblacks in America. Why not? I know a count, who drives a laundry wagon.

But the men of America dislike Valentino. They like to say, when they are compelled to sit beside their dames and see the fire and grace of Valentino as a lover — they like to say, "Once a bus boy, always a bus boy."

They also like to sneer at Valentino as "Vaselino." Then they sneak home and rub more grease into their own stubborn cowlicks in futile emulation of the shining sheik.

It is Valentino's misfortune to have been the innocent cause of more fads than any man since Volstead. Sideboards (miscalled sideburns), peon pants (the wide-bottomed corduroys since supplanted by those that are wide all the way up), the very word *sheik*, applied to pubescent lovers—such are his contributions to the transient foibles of youth. As these fads go out of fashion, Valentino likewise goes out. He has to swim hard against

Become Just a CELEBRITY?

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain



Waxman

Valentino has been the cause of more fads than any man since Volstead

the current to keep abreast of his public, which is more interested in his divorce cases than in his screen performances.

And yet, Valentino is quite a good actor.

It is no longer smart to live in Hollywood. I suppose you know that? So Valentino lives in a stucco house on a minor peak of the Beverly Hills, surrounded, for his immediate neighbors, by Jack Gilbert and Frances Marion.

The place is approached by a winding road going up, up, till it seems about to lose itself in the rain clouds hanging low above the hills, and then ends within the walled enclosure of the mansion.

From the wide window of Valentino's library the hills are seen to raise their backs below—dark and glistening in the recent deluge, like seals just risen from the sea. Far out, on the plain, the lights of the city are warm, yellow. The red roof of his stables is straight down at the base of the greater eminence.

In the stables Valentino has quartered five horses and about the same number of dogs. Most of his leisure time is spent with them. He has the taste of a country gentleman in these things. (*Continued on page* 69)



What good was it that he could sell more autos than the rest of the sales force put together? Beside this sleek-hair son of Satan he was an oaf

MEN



Peggy Hopkins Joyce has just stepped from the newspaper front pages to the screen in "The Skyrocket"

(In the March issue of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC *Adolphe Menjou told what he thought about* WOMEN. *Mr. Menjou spoke as an authority, at least cinematically speaking. This month Peggy Hopkins Joyce tells what she thinks of* MEN. *And Miss Joyce may be considered an authority!)*

THE lecture hall is crowded. Professor Ennelbesser has just finished his brilliant lecture on ichthyology. "And now if there are any questions you wish to ask," he adds in conclusion, "I will be glad to answer them."

Someone helps the oldest lady to her feet. "I have a question to ask, Professor," she says in a quavering voice.

The Eternal Question

THE professor is flushed with pleasure. He has reached the peak of his career after a lifetime of study. He has followed fish from North Pole to South studying them carefully, and now he feels that no matter what the question is, he cannot fail to know the answer. "Certainly, certainly, my dear Madame," is his kindly reply. "What do you wish to know?"

The old lady adjusts her ear trumpet in order to hear more clearly what his reply will be. "Well, I want to know just what you think of marriage as an institution," she trembles. "My nephew has been going to see a young lady lately——" But there is a sharp retort. The professor has beaten himself unconscious with the jaw-bone of a whale.

And so it goes. If a banker after years of sacrifice and toil, years of wearing rubbers to save the wear and tear on his shoes, so far forgets himself as to talk about banking at a dinner-party, he is labeled an old bore, and in the future is left severely to himself to eat his crackers, milk and a baked apple in the gloomy silence of his own dining-room. But let him talk about women, brilliantly or stupidly, and even the most correct salad fork will pause on its way to the mouth.

Moving pictures, magazines and books tell us how to hold our husbands or our wives. But they dont tell us how to lose them. The most popular column in the newspaper begins, "Dear Miss Banana Oil: For two years I have been keeping company with a young man four years my senior. He seems to like me, but whenever we go out he wears a false mustache. What shall I do?" And the answer always comes, "Keep his respect, my dear, and he will tire of the others and eventually return to you."

But there is so little good advice on men, so little authentic news, that most of us are content to rely on a good pack of fortune-telling cards to tell us, "Be true, he is a good friend."

For pretty girls, beautiful women, will not talk about men. They leave all that to visiting celebrities, for they are too busy with their own affairs to generalize, too much a part of the world's romances to get a perspective on love. But every now and then, there is a famous beauty with intelligence, and she will have a few ideas on what is wrong with the picture, and why four out of five of us are psycho-analyzed before we are forty.

Probably most of you have not seen a picture called "The Skyrocket" yet, and therefore you have not seen its star, Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Miss Joyce is a lovely blonde, slender, with blue eyes, and a large thickly coated aura of romance and charm enveloping her. And having reached the heights of moving picture stardom, she must be submitted to the acid test, "What, Miss Joyce, do you think about men?"

Men Have Changed

"OF course, I cant very well say anything general about them," Miss Joyce replies. "But I think it is very obvious that men have changed. I dont mean in your time or in my time exactly, but it seems to me that with all the discussions about the women of today, there ought to be at least one word said about the man.

"Recently women have been cast into a part formerly

Says Peggy Hopkins Joyce:

"I think it is very obvious that men have changed.

"Financially, women have been forced from the home. Twenty-five years ago a girl helped about the house spasmodically until she got married. Once married, her rôle changed only slightly. The house was still her setting.

"Now a girl goes to work at seventeen or eighteen. She is thrown with all sorts of men. Her judgment grows sharper. She learns the value of money, so her demands grow larger.

"I believe in marriage. It is absolutely necessary, of course. It is the world's greatest convention. We do it to please our mothers, our friends, ourselves, but it seems to me that right now something is wrong with it."

In a recent CLASSIC, Adolphe Menjou talked about Women——Here Miss Joyce answers him

By SARA REDWAY



Peggy Hopkins Joyce is a lovely blonde, slender with blue eyes and a large, thickly coated aura of romance and charm enveloping her



not their own. Financially, they have been forced from the home. Twenty-five years ago, a girl of eighteen whose parents were of moderate means lived at home, had pretty clothes, beaux, gave parties, and helped about the house spasmodically until she got married. Once married, her rôle changed only slightly. The house was still her setting. She did not have to look about for new material. She did not have to keep up with the times. She could settle back, grow fat, raise children, be supported pleasantly, and her position was assured.

"You hear a good deal about the work the old-fashioned woman had to do. I do not believe it was so bad. There was more room in which to raise a family. A tiny baby in the country taking its air on a sunny veranda, is not the care and responsibility that a child raised in the city is, one who must be taken to a park and watched, actually watched, every second of his play time or nap time.

"Then, too, there were more servants in proportion to the population, and their wages were cheaper. Life was not so exacting. If a husband or so strayed away, it was usually temporary, he returned home after a while, the incident was ignored, and every thing ended happily. Women were divided into two classes, good and bad. Think then of the irreproachable position of a good wife and mother. She was where she was. Her stand was as strong as Gibraltar's. The rest of the world came around to her way of thinking.

(*Continued on page 72*)

SILVERSCREEN:

By H. W. Hanemann

Sponsored by Will Hays, arbiter of the cinema, a model movie community has been on the celluloid horizon for a long time. Most reports have placed its probable location on Long Island.

Mr. Hanemann has taken Mr. Hays' idea and developed it along practical—and humorous—lines.

Here, then, is Silverscreen, the Community Super-Beautiful and Super-Moral.

COMPLETELY surrounded by an exact reproduction of the Great Wall of China, Silverscreen—the Community Super-Beautiful, the Home of Cinema Art and the Playground of the Public's Darlings—nestles against vine-clad hills, drowsing the while to the murmur of the opalescent sea fringing its palm-shot shores. Here nature conspires with man to create the ultimate in beauty. Fresh-water lakes set like sparkling sapphires in the green gold of the lush foliage that leans above mossy marges to kiss (but only in the most Platonic fashion) each sun-caught ripple, reflect the glory of Switzerland. The cleanest and purest possible are filters from the Formaminted firmament to assail the clear-cut nostril as the headiest of rare wines ever guaranteed to contain less than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol by volume. At night, the very constellations lean closer, beguiled from their places in the Heavens by this Earth-Paradise. Here it never rains rain, but violets—and frequently orchids.

Decorum Plus

SUCH, then is Silverscreen. Which is saying absolutely nothing of its shady, broad walks and its orderly, dignified business district, wherein traffic moves with the suavity of a symphony orchestra under the baton of a super-maestro. Decorum is more than perfectly maintained by the Sennett comedy police force to whom is given this opportunity for serious work toward which the heart of every true comedian secretly yearns. In the realization of this opportunity, the police may be strict, but they are ever just. Bootlegging, drug-running and husband-shooting are unknown to Silverscreen.

Accommodations, and Manner of Living

LIFE, in Silverscreen, is based on the old patriarchal system of "we are all just one happy family" upon which has been superimposed the guiding principle of the Marshal Stillman Movement—"give the movie artist a square deal." The girls and boys are housed in separate dormitories, situated at the opposite ends of the community and further safeguarded by wide moats filled with broken glass and sulphuric acid. Each "dorm," however, has a large, well-ventilated and sunny community room, where, under proper supervision, girls and boys may on occasion gather to sing hymns, pull taffy or indulge in such stimulating games as "Logomachy," "Clap in and Clap out" or "Going to William Fox's." Further classification is made by housing those actors and actresses



A new arrival from the farms of Iowa is arrested while the Sennett beauties register "Shocking!"

The Model Movie Community

Drawings by Kliz

whose similar types give them interests in common. Thus we find the sinister sisters living happily together along the "Avenue des Vampires," while gay girlish giggles may be heard at almost any time of day emanating from the rose-clad purlieus of "Flapper Terrace." Over on the boys' side, all the Western types listen in to the radio at "The Ranch House," while the fan mail of the Sheiks may be addressed care of "The Mosque" on the corner of Coogan Street and Mae Murray Avenue.

With the curfew-bell ringing regularly at ten o'clock, it is readily seen how easily any particular member of the community may be located, when wanted. Furthermore, there is no marriage or giving in marriage in Silverscreen. The major portion of the success of the community has been ascribed to this admirable precept. True, many of the Supervisors are married, and live in pretty little cottages dotted about the landscape. But the Supervisors are in reality beings apart, busy with the administration of the community and like the gods on high Olympus rarely mingle with the less exalted inhabitants. And when they do, you can jolly well rest assured that they are as closely watched as anybody else.



Life in Silverscreen is based on the old patriarchal system of "we are all just one happy family"

Places of Interest, Buildings

CARRIED out to the smallest detail in the finest example of Cecil B. De Mille architecture, each building in Silverscreen is a veritable "thing of beauty." Space scarce permits detailed description of the many studios and permanent sets which, as Mme. De Montespan said of the Grand Cañon of Arizona, "need to be seen to be appreciated." One might mention, however, the gigantic cafeteria-automat where all of Silverscreen takes its simple but wholesome meals. The exterior of the cafeteria is patterned after Mont St. Michel (with improvements and additions), while the interior blends the best features of the Blue Grotto at Capri, the grand ballroom at Versailles and the lobby of the Pennsylvania Hotel. Another building of note is the Silverscreen Museum, which contains (among other things) a collection of canes loaned by Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin, a curl shorn from the infant head of Mary Pickford, the original illuminated subtitle, "Came the Dawn," and the first pair of puttees ever worn by David Wark Griffith. The Administration Committee is now negotiating for the purchase of the 1920 Robert E. Sherwood derby, which, if secured, will be encrusted with a quarter-inch layer of twenty-two-carat gold-leaf and mounted on the head of a Milesean Venus, sculptured by Mr. Ferdinand Pinney Earle and posed by Miss Bebe Daniels.

Even of greater interest, perhaps, is the Artcrafts Building hard by, which contains the Play-time exhibition of the actors and actresses. Here may be seen the beautifully wrought samplers and knitted woolen goods, done by the girls in their spare moments, while the boys show their ingenuity in examples of chip carving, model boat building and pottery. A handsome medal is given every year for the best work, and competition is always at a feverish heat.

Recreation and Amusements

No little attention is paid to the

(*Continued on page 77*)

Making "THE BIG PARADE"

By Frederick James Smith

KING VIDOR believes the motion picture comes nearer music than any of the other arts. He sees the photoplay as breaking away steadily from the drama and literature. Whether or not you believe this, you will find Vidor's theories to be highly interesting.

"The motion picture play must have a rhythmic flow, a steady movement, a genuine musical beat," he says. "I believe that 'The Big Parade' is successful largely because we kept to this idea.

"Every scene of 'The Big Parade' was done to the music of the doughboy song, 'You're in the Army Now.' There is, indeed, a very real reason for its use in the subtitles.

SAYS KING VIDOR:

"The motion picture play must have a rhythmic flow, a steady movement, a genuine musical beat.

"Every scene of 'The Big Parade' was filmed to the music of the doughboy song, 'You're in the Army Now.'

"It isn't possible to achieve complete realism on the screen. In fact, the photoplay can never become an art if it tries to."

The Belleau March

"To most audiences, the big moment of 'The Big Parade' is the march thru Belleau Woods in the face of German machine-gun fire. That march evolved in an unusual way. Before we started shooting 'The Big Parade' I had studied a mass of official war film made at the front. Each time this mass of film was projected, one brief stretch of celluloid hit me between the eyes. It shows the burial of a young officer in a small French town.

"Now there was nothing particularly gruesome about that scene and yet it chilled me each time it flashed upon the screen. In fact, it annoyed me so much that I told my assistant to cut it from the film before running it off again.

"Then I began to wonder why that bit of film got to me. I had it projected—and suddenly I realized it was the slow march of the soldiers that chilled me. The doughboys were schooled, of course, to move at a normal drill time and the funeral march slowed them down to half that. Each time a man lifted his foot there was an odd, hesitating, gruesome second. It symbolized the doubt of death.

"I'll try that on the march thru the woods," I thought. "So when the march was filmed—and it was the first episode we made—I had a drummer beat the slow time. Involuntarily, the men moved thru the woods with the slow shambling yet steady march that stands out so strongly as picturing the destruction, terror and mental drunkenness of war.

"The first day we tried the drum the military experts rushed up to me. 'That's all wrong,' they protested. 'It's impossible.' 'I know it,' I said, 'but we're going to do it that way.'

Complete Realism Impossible

"It isn't possible to achieve complete realism on the screen. In fact, the photoplay can never become an art if it tries to. The films must translate life, even idealize and temper it. They must give the feeling rather than the photograph of a scene.

"Suppose," said Vidor, pointing to a table in the Ambassador dining-room, "suppose John Gilbert were sitting there. Suppose he looked out the hotel window and saw the girl he loved. In real life he would mask his feelings and go on with his bread and butter. On the screen he would have to mirror a half-dozen emotions. It is the same way with the picture of any happening."

Vidor returned to his description of the making of "The Big Parade." "After the march sequence," he went on, "we realized we were right. We shot every scene to march music. In fact, we went thru the continuity and, with the aid of a metronome, marked the time of every scene.

"The parting of the lovers was filmed to this march. When the drama speeded up and the men were sweeping away to the front, the action speeded up to double time. The beat doubled—and you unconsciously feel that in watching the boy torn away from his French sweetheart. Thru all those scenes of Rénee Adorée seeking for Gilbert, a squad of soldiers ran up and down at double time."



Apeda

KING VIDOR

Pictures Plus Music

VIDOR continued. "You are going to find a steady movement toward the blending of pictures and music. Every successful picture must have its rhythm. I am

(*Con. on page 71*)



Melbourne Spurr

"SO'S HER OLD MAN!"

Dolores Costello has been pronounced a fine artist of the screen, proving that she is following in the footsteps of her father, Maurice Costello, the first idol ot the films. Dolores played child rôles at old Vitagraph. Today, critics declare that she is the most promising young actress in all celluloidia

How Fairbanks Took



Doug Fairbanks, as the adventurous hero of "The Black Pirate," watches the buccaneers on their lonely treasure island

THE motto: "Take color out of color" would hardly seem an apt choice for a picture in which there is not one single foot of black and white; yet Albert Parker, the director of Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture, swears this was "The Black Pirate" slogan from six months before the first scene was shot until the last scene of the last print was dry. An incessant battle was fought from the beginning to the end; and the enemy was—*color!*

If you and I were to speculate upon the making of a colored picture, our first thought would most likely be to push to the furthest extreme what we considered its most obvious potentialities. A thought somewhat like the following would undoubtedly be the first to enter our minds: "Color?—ah, sunsets and rainbows! Brilliance!—play it to the limit!" But what would we find as our result? In all probability a product that could only be fittingly described by some such burlesque title as "The Cullud Buccahneah." But it was not so with these pioneers in the field of what we might well call "controlled" color—after the first they took the precaution to have a *second* thought.

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Doug Fairbanks experimented for six months before he started shooting "The Black Pirate" in color.

First a definite color scheme was worked out, green and brown. Costumes, make-up, even wigs, harmonize to this color scheme.

Fairbanks followed the precepts of art in idealizing nature. His skies are almost white, with a tinge of warm brown.

It was found that twice as much light was needed as in black-and-white photography.

The Color Idea

THE inescapable impression made by Mr. Parker when one first met him—an impression strengthened by each succeeding moment—was of a man bursting with enthusiasm for this new idea, but trying hard to control it for fear that, being so close to his subject, he could not focus sharply, nor get a true

the Color Out of Color

The Man who made "The Black Pirate" explains how the Menace of Color was met and overcome

By Dunham Thorp



Albert Parker, who directed Doug Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate"

perspective. But, before even a very few moments had passed, a second enthusiasm, of a strength sufficient to wage lusty battle with the first, appeared and made itself observed. And this enthusiasm focused sharply in the person of one man: Douglas Fairbanks.

"It's a revelation to work with him. For a director, even one who thinks he has a thoro knowledge of the industry, it's like going to college after completing school!"

And the reason for this interesting statement is undoubtedly admiration for the thoroness with which everything is undertaken—the "second thought" alluded to above being an excellent example.

"Mr. Fairbanks' first reaction to the mention of color was: 'Would you rouge the lips of the Venus de Milo?' But then he had a second, and that was to find out *why* color should seem to be an unnecessary 'painting of the lily.'"

Six Months' Preparation

And this simple second thought meant *work*, and plenty of it. In fact, it was six months before the labor entailed by this little "why" was considered sufficiently advanced for them to feel justified in starting work upon the first scene. Six months!—how many of the usual "feature" pictures could they have made in this time spent in preparation for just one? But, also, which would we rather see? This six months' period was spent in searching new and entirely unexplored fields. At first, all the fields explored seemed barren deserts; not one yielded a single kernel of even the poorest grain. But, at last, one was found that seemed to hold magnificent promise of a fruitful harvest—and this was a study of the Old Masters.



Fairbanks holds off the villainous pirate crew in "The Black Pirate" to protect the heroine, Billie Dove

Mr. Parker's enthusiasm grew beyond all bounds as he started to illustrate the reason.

"If I show you a Rembrandt, then take it away and ask you the color scheme, what would you say? 'Black and white,' most likely."

"Yes—or 'light and shade.'"

"Exactly! But it isn't! It's simply that the whole composition is in harmony. There may be reds, blues, and greens in it—but they are so harmonized it is the picture, and not a spot here and there, that impresses itself on your mind.

The Color Scheme

"Of course, we had to deal with movement as well, so we found it necessary to

(*Continued on page 87*)

CELLA Puts the Foreign

By JOHN HELD, Jr.



WHAT'S GONE ON BEFORE:

Cella Lloyd, who used to star behind a counter in Blatz's Emporium back home, is now a Hollywood luminary, thanks to a bathing-girl contest and her own snappy one-piece suit. Cella has achieved leading rôle in the great Horace De Grind's boudoir super-specials and she has a Hollywood bungalow of her own. Indeed, Mama and Papa Lloyd are now sharing the bungalow. Now read on!

Scene I

Max Epic, the producer, introduces Cella to his newest foreign star, Mlle. Hebe Jebie, the Mary Pickford of Czecho-Slovakia. Is Cella pleased! She is NOT



Scene II

Mlle. Hebe Jebie begins to demonstrate some of the wiles that make her the talk of the boulevard tables of Czakliazarkiz. She vamps Cella's cameraman!

VAMP in her PLACE!

Scene III

The limit is reached, however, when the foreign devil rolls her Czecho-Slovakian orbs at Cella's press-agent. Is zat so? says Cella to herself



Scene IV

Cella rushes to her dressing-room and dons the one-piece suit that made her famous. The vamped ones all come flocking back. Forgotten is Mlle. Hebe Jebie. What will Hebe do? See THE CLASSIC next month



MORE IMPRESSIONS

WE arrived at noon and Mary Pickford welcomed us cordially. They were setting the table in a little white cottage on the Fairbanks-Pickford studio lot, and Mary took us across the lawn to her beautiful bungalow. She showed us thru with some pride, and well she might, because it was a completely and elegantly furnished little home with every convenience, including bedrooms, kitchen, baths, etc. After that, Doug came up and shook hands with Corliss Palmer and me, then introduced Joseph Schenck and another man, all dressed in athletic clothes. Doug looked very fit, but Mr. Schenck looked quite undertrained and a trifle overfed. Doug announced that they must have their daily dozens before luncheon, which consists of a mile and a half canter around the course which bordered the lawn. Doug led them a merry chase, but Joe Schenck was right there with the goods. At our backs were some of the walls used in "Robin Hood," the huge ship used in "The Thief of Bagdad," and other massive "props" that figured in recent productions, including "The Black Pirate," which had just been finished.

"Now that the United Artists are to use this studio," Mary said, "I think we should change the name of the studio, because it would not be fair to the other producers."

"No," I said, "you and Mr. Fairbanks are the pioneers, and the others should honor you by recognizing that fact and letting the name Fairbanks-Pickford Studio remain as a landmark for all time."

* * *

IT is quite obvious to any visitor that Mary is very fond and proud of her husband. As Doug and the others were cantering around the running course, she pointed out to us the youthfulness of his figure and the splendidness of his muscles. "You know," she said, "I never noticed muscles until I married Doug."

* * *

WHEN the runners had completed their mile and a half, and taken their shower and donned citizen's clothes, we sat down to luncheon. The table was wide enough to permit the host and hostess to sit at one end of it, side by side. I sat at Mary's right, on the side, and Miss Palmer at Doug's left, opposite; next to me sat Mr. Schenck, who is perhaps the wealthiest and most prominent picture magnate in the world, but one would never suspect it from his manner, because he is just as democratic, good-natured, and unassuming as a man could be. "Ah, liver and bacon!" shouted Doug joyfully, and the way he sailed into it indicated that it was a favorite dish in the Fairbanks-Pickford family. And we all enjoyed it, also the many delicacies that Mary had provided.

* * *

THEN for three hours we talked. If you think that Doug is merely an acrobat, you are very much in error. He is a highly educated, thoughtful man and his command of language is remarkable. They say that he is the best "showman" in the business, but this word should never be applied to a gentleman and a scholar of the attainments of Douglas Fairbanks. And Little Mary is in the same class. She is a far-seeing, wise, thoughtful little woman with high ideals, and her principal worry just now is about the way they are destroying beautiful Hollywood by cutting down so many trees in order to widen the streets, and because people are allowed to build houses that are not in keeping with the character of the community. But—more about this later. Also, more about the several other topics of conversation, which proved to be very enlightening.

* * *

MARY is very proud of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and is anxious for him to make good. "How fortunate," she said, "that he can sit here and listen to all you learned men. These boys will be the men of the future who will shape and guide the destinies of the future movies."

* * *

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is the champion perfume collector and consumer of Hollywood. He has fifty-seven varieties and then some, and he is a connoisseur. I told him that I was glad to know at least one he-man who had the nerve to defy the conventions, and he said that he did not intend to deprive himself of the luxury of cultivating one of his senses simply because somebody once said "They're not doing it." There is a wonderful fragrance in the atmosphere in residential Hollywood, particularly in the evening, due to the orange-trees and every variety of flowers that bloom winter and summer, but Doug likes to have his fragrance all the time—at home and at work. Shall we call it æsthetic taste, or one of the eccentricities of genius? And Doug certainly is a genius, and from many different angles.



Mr. Brewster visits Norma Talmadge, Ronald Colman and Director Clarence Brown

of HOLLYWOOD

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

ONE peculiarity about Doug is that he seldom wears jewelry. Perhaps he cant afford it. He carries his cigarets loose in his pockets, there is no stick-pin in his scarf and no rings on his fingers except a tiny wedding-ring. Instead of an elaborate, gold, diamond-studded scarf-clasp such as most men of wealth wear, he uses an ordinary, common pin.

* * *

I WAS curious to know if Mary was like most wives and permitted her husband to manage her business. I soon found that she was not. She manages her own productions and Doug manages his. And they even have quarrels about them, but in a perfectly good-natured way. I even imagine that Mary is a wee bit jealous of Doug's successful methods of exploiting a picture, altho she refuses to copy them. However, she thinks she has a masterpiece in "Sparrows," her latest picture, just finished, which deserves a "première" on Broadway commensurate with its importance, and I think she intends to hold it back until late summer and put it on in a big way for a limited run before it is released generally.

* * *

"I FEAR," said Mary, "that my public is not the same as Doug's. He appeals to the people of all classes, particularly the boys, while I appeal to the poorer classes such as those we see in 'Little Annie Rooney.'" We all assured her that this was not true, that her appeal is universal. And it is.

* * *

I WISH that I had had a stenographer present taking notes at this remarkable luncheon. Mary, Doug and Joe Schenck are about the wisest trio I ever encountered, and a report of their remarks would make an interesting and valuable book. I shall try to give the gist of it to our readers in later issues.

* * *

AT the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio they showed me a few reels of Greta Garbo's unfinished picture. This striking young Swedish actress will doubtless appeal to many, but somehow I could not see the great coming star in her that her company expects.

* * *

I WANT all the young ladies and young men everywhere to know that, just because they can get a photographer to pose and light them so that a good photograph will result, this does not mean that they will screen well. The photographer may spend hours in getting just the right angle, lighting and expression to show the subject at his or her best, but this is quite different from appearing before a movie camera which sees all the bad angles and expressions as well as the good. It is a hard game, my dear boys and girls, as you would soon believe if you could be here with me and see the thousands who cant break in, in spite of the wonderful photographs that they have had made in a photo gallery.

* * *

THERE are several large studios well outside the limits of Hollywood, such as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and De Mille's at Culver City and Universal at Universal City. Real estate is getting too valuable in Hollywood for a company to own several acres right in the heart of the city. First National is moving out near Universal City between Burbank and Lankershim, and several other movie magnates including Harold Lloyd and Cecil De Mille are buying acreage out that way, indicating that this locality may perhaps be the studio center of the future. Famous Players-Lasky have already arranged to vacate Hollywood's business center, but they are moving only about half a mile away. Fox is contemplating moving from Western Avenue, which is another crowded business street where real estate is high. But Hollywood will always be the residential center for movie people of all kinds.

* * *

THEY have all sorts of research experts in Hollywood who are prepared to tell what color Cæsar's eyes were, what size sandals Cleopatra wore and the height of Joan of Arc's horse, etc., and they will show you photographs of houses, streets and people in the Fiji Islands or in any part of the world. But with all this, the directors sometimes make mistakes, and sometimes it is not their fault, because once in a while the star will refuse to wear a certain kind of head-dress or body-gear just because it is not becoming.

* * *

LAND in and around Los Angeles seems to be almost as high-priced as it is on Broadway, New York, and yet the Universal lot comprises no less than six hundred acres of it—and a mile across it.

* * *

RIGHT near the Universal lot at Burbank will soon be the new First National. They have already started building, and it will cost about a million and a half.



Brewster drops in to call on Buster Keaton and interrupts a boxing bout

The MOTION PICTURE in JAPAN



Komako Sunada, of Nikkatsu, a popular Japanese screen actress, as she appears in Occidental garb



Miss Sunada in a scene of a Japanese drama



Aiko Takashima, another Japanese favorite, in a scene of "Queen of the World"

THO subjected to every species of police restriction and censorship during the last half a dozen years, the motion picture industry has, nevertheless, made such tremendous headway in the land of chrysanthemums and cherry blossoms that today the movie is by far and away the most popular national amusement in the country.

Three-fourths of the number of the population of the empire go to the picture theaters every thirty days, altho most productions are scissored mercilessly by the censors, rendering the stories in some instances almost incomprehensible.

When one considers that the average Japanese fan is unable to read English, he begins to understand the subtleness of the Oriental mind, which is trained to perceive in mere suggestions the hidden meaning of things and the added complication he encounters.

The fans of staid Pennsylvania are well off compared with those in Japan. Kissing scenes have long been taboo. Hold-ups and ardent love scenes very often do not get by the censors, who consider such acts injurious to public peace and morality. Views of revolutions, especially those of the overthrow of a crowned ruler, are frowned upon by the police.

Yet, with all the limitations and obstacles in its path, the popularity of the movies grows rather than declines. Scarcely a month passes in any of the larger cities in which a new playhouse is not opened. There are six hundred theaters today showing motion pictures exclusively in the tiny island empire. Fifteen years ago there was none. The theaters are, however, with a few exceptions, tiny affairs.

Every motion picture house is divided into three sections—one for men and boys, another for women and girls, and a third for married couples. Police officers are assigned to each theater to see that the regulations are observed. Regardless of how crowded the men's section may be and how vacant the women's is, no male is permitted to sit in the enclosure reserved for ladies. This was done some years ago to safeguard public morals, when it was

The Screen Drama Has Won Cherry Blossom Land

By Kimpei Sheba

Theater Editor of
The Japan *Times*

discovered that love scenes on the screen caused the more emotional among the audience to behave improperly.

A Japanese generally sees at least twice the number of photoplays that an American does, for the reason that whenever he goes to a show he views a "double bill." Two or three feature pictures, besides a newsreel and a comedy, are run by practically all houses. Recently, in an effort to safeguard the eyesight of the people, the police have issued a regulation to playhouses forbidding them to exhibit more than thirty reels of film at a performance.

A thirty-reel performance, however, is a comparatively short program for a Japanese theatergoer who is a habitual viewer of stage plays, for that person has been in the custom of entering a playhouse at four o'clock in the afternoon and remaining until eleven at night. In fact, until comparatively recently, it required three days to stage certain lengthy spoken plays, the performers acting several hours a day, and the audience bringing along dinners with them. Even at present every stage theater has a café, where meals are served during the intermissions, while in practically every playhouse hawkers carry candies and soft drinks up and down the aisles.

In America the loud subtitle reader is a menace. In Japan he is a blessing. Subtitle readers are hired by the dozen by each theater to translate the titles as they appear, and to shout their translations to the audience. There are more than eight thousand regularly paid subtitle readers in the country, and a skilful interpreter increases the value of a picture to a great extent. Imagination is employed by some of the men, who succeed frequently in altering a weak story.

Photoplays were first produced in Japan about twelve years ago. Shortly thereafter, an ingenious stage director chanced on the idea of taking close-ups and long shots of stage scenes in studios and out on location. His actors and actresses would begin a performance on the stage, but as the story progressed and necessitated a broader field of action, or the registering of emotion by the players, that particular scene would be flashed on the screen.



Sumiko Kurushima, star of the Kamata Studios, receives the largest film salary in Japan, a thousand yen (about $430) a month



Yukiko Tsukuba, of Shochiku, playing a Japanese housewife of the lower class, indicated by the black kimono collar



Miss Tsukuba, again, this time as she appears in a Japanese Mack Sennett comedy



Kayoko Saijo, another popular Japanese actress, in American and native dress

This, however, while still occasionally seen, is gradually disappearing, for the reason that many of the stage celebrities do not photograph well, and those that do register satisfactorily become movie actors and actresses.

While on the stage, the majority of feminine rôles are played by men, women have from the very beginning established themselves firmly in motion pictures. At the Kabuki-za, the largest theater in Tokyo, no actresses are employed. On the other hand, while there are only a handful of male film stars, all studios are crowded with actresses.

Love, such as is known in the West, was something little known in the Far East until the advent of the photoplay. Marriages were invariably arranged by parents and friends. This system was agreeable until American movies were introduced. Then, the Japanese, being great imitators, decided to give Cupid a tryout. He turned out to be a comparative success.

Unlike in the Occident, however, the happy ending of Western love in Japan seems to be death, and as an indication of the rapid spread of this variety of "love," one has but to note the tremendous increase in the number of "double suicides," in which a couple binds itself, the man and woman facing each other, with a rope or sash, and jumps into the ocean, the pit of a waterfall or into a lake. Thus, a certain percentage of photoplays end with a double suicide scene, for it is difficult to produce a picture that is not based on love, while it is difficult to portray a "happy ending" on the screen in Japan owing to the censorship ban on kissing and embracing.

Recently the censors lifted the ban on kissing, so far as American and European actors and actresses were concerned, to see the effect this move towards Westernization would have on public morals. Should the result be satisfactory, it is likely greater freedom will be permitted Japanese actors.

Today special scenarios are being written for Oriental players, and it is a question of time when Japan will produce a "Passion," bring forth a Pola Negri, or perhaps another Sessue Hayakawa, who, by the way, with Madame Miura of operatic fame, is extremely unpopular in his native country because of the parts he and Madame Miura have played in stage and motion picture productions.

Motion picture theaters in Japan are divided into three parts: one for women, one for men and a third for married couples.

The average program numbers thirty reels.

Since few can read English, subtitle readers are employed by the theaters. There are eight thousand regularly paid subtitle readers in Japan.

Film kisses are now permitted in Japan for the first time.

MOANA: A Poem of the Cinema

By Matthew Josephson

On certain notable occasions the cinema, but recently elevated to a place among the Seven Lively Arts, has positively suggested the strongest claims for a place in the major arts, where "liveliness" is utterly beside the point.

Such a case is Robert Flaherty's poetic film of the South Seas, "Moana." In the unique hour of beauty, understanding of life, peace-with-oneself, that it gave, this film rivaled some of the highest flights of any human arts.

Unique Production

After all, the supreme quality of any art is to create so powerfully the illusion of your living another's life, or within another man's vision of the world, that you swiftly forget the disagreeable breakfast only this morning, the day's quarrel, the bills at the end of the month — in your own complete absorption or merging with what is going on before you.

"Moana" will probably remain the unique picture of this season. There was no plot! No Hollywood stars! Only beautiful savages living their simple lives in a far-off tropical island that might very well have been the Garden of Eden. . . . I do not propose to review it here. I should like only to extract, if I can, some of its magnificent hints of what can be done on the screen. Men have progressed only thru great gambles or experiments with the unknown. The cinema perhaps may read its future greatness in such things as "Moana."



Pach Bros.

Robert J. Flaherty



Fa-an-ga-se, the heroine of "Moana of the South Seas"



"Moana" begins in the upper branches of two kava-trees, weird, feathery, luxuriant

Well, what is it that Flaherty tried to do —he who had given us something so different from the usual Hollywood product in "Nanook." Different and yet universal in its appeal.

"The art of life," Flaherty said to me, "interests people everywhere, more than anything else—how people live, fight, suffer, worship God, anywhere in the world, Alaska, New York, or the South Seas."

I think Flaherty has touched the heart of it all right here. This is evidently what "Moana" had that made it so thrilling to watch, altho lacking in more obvious tricks of the screen or the stage.

Study in Physical Beauty

In every film you feel the style of the director dominating players, sets, sequence, photography; you feel whether he is sentimental or cynical, intelligent or frivolous or sensitive. Flaherty, then, seems more than anybody else to respond to the physical beauty of trees, human figures, water, sky. He dwells on these things lovingly; they have meaning for him, and he goes from one to another in such wise that they take meaning for us. He is a poet, and in Samoa he found and brought back almost more beauty than a single film could hold.

But above all he is a *thinker*—how few directors are that!—and in "Moana" he has touched on certain ideas which at this moment concern us all very deeply.

If the public flocked to "Moana," I ascribe it to the Florida boom and the rage for the Charleston. These things seem to

(*Continued on page* 84)

JOBY From the Tennessee HILLS

By

ALICE L. TILDESLEY



Gene Kornman

Jobyna Ralston grew up on a little farm in the Tennessee hills. Five years ago she went to Hollywood

WHEN Jobyna Ralston has all the money she wants and needn't worry about parts in pictures, she knows what she is going to do.

"There's a woman who drives around Hollywood in a perfect wreck of a car, wearing a man's battered hat and a flannel shirt. The car has a peach of an engine, and the woman always looks comfortable and seems absolutely happy. Whenever I see her, I say to myself: 'There *I* go—some day!' Wouldn't it be fun?

"She's terribly attractive and so free! Makes me remember when I was a little girl on our Tennessee farm going coon-hunting in the dark of the moon. I never wore anything but overalls then. My brother was no more of a boy than I was. He's a year younger but we were about the same size.

Back in Tennessee

"I WENT back last summer. Everything here is clean and new and beautiful, and in five years I'd forgotten how old and dirty and ugly it is back there—only what God made was lovely. California spoils you!

"When I came here, I was very much of a kid and I didn't want to be. I saw important stars at Cocoanut Grove, sitting back—not dancing—but wearing terribly smart, sophisticated clothes, and I yearned to be like them.

"After I'd been working awhile and had some money, I went to town one day and



In Harold's new picture, "For Heaven's Sake," Miss Ralston plays a little settlement worker

Miss Ralston has been Harold Lloyd's leading Woman for four Years



Gene Kornman

Jobyna Ralston's second part after coming to Hollywood was leading woman for poor Max Linder in his burlesque of "The Three Musketeers"

bought a gown. Not a dress, but a gown minus a back and with practically no front. I looked like the Queen of Sheba or Theda Bara before she went into comedies. But before I could get out of the house I had to pass inspection by my mother, and by the time I got away from her, I had bibs and shawls and guimpes tacked in the gown and nothing could have persuaded me to go out in it!

"Dont I look the perfect ingénue today?"

Beneath her black poke bonnet with its shell-pink lining, her face looked out demurely, chestnut curls framing its pink and white. blue eyes starry, lips a Cupid's bow. A rose caught the fichu of shell pink above the black satin skirt. She might have stepped from an 1830 painting.

Clothes Make the Girl

"CLOTHES give me a different feeling. In these, I'm almost useless. Somebody has to pick up the things I drop. That's why I brought him."

The pronoun referred to Roy Brooks, one-time comedian on the Roach lot, now making himself invaluable with Harold Lloyd.

"I like sports things. If I had on a sports dress that I felt right in, I could meet the Prince of Wales and never quiver. . . . There goes something else, Roy."

"Your purse—— Oh, wait—here's your handkerchief! The trouble with you is you have too many props," complained Mr. Brooks, as we entered the dining-room. "Count 'em and I'll gather 'em up when we leave. I warn you I wont go bouncing back after anything. Four. Sure that's all?"

"*I* make five," observed Jobyna. Her mind returned to wearing apparel.

"The second part I had after I arrived in Hollywood, was leading lady to Max Linder in a burlesque of "The Three Musketeers.' I wore the wide skirts Marguerite de la Motte wore with Douglas Fairbanks, but I was so very flat in the tight bodice that I looked like a broom-handle sticking up out of a straw stack. I was just a kid.

"Take Her—and Pad Her!"

"MAX LINDER took one look at me, tore his hair and cried: 'Am I to make love to a child? Take her away and pad her!' They did—rolls of it—I swear I was like a sausage tied in the middle, or a washwoman out on a holiday!

"After that, I went to the Hal Roach lot and did one reelers for a year. One a week. Every Saturday we'd finish the current picture at two or four or six o'clock, and dash down to the wardrobe rental house to get fitted out for next week.

"Great training—this week a South Sea islander, next week a Quakeress, the week after a Turkish princess and then a circus girl with a trained seal."

"Remember the Arab picture and how nobody knew how to put on the costumes?" broke in Roy Brooks. "They were mostly pieces of cloth and we hung them around our waists or over our heads or wherever seemed likeliest."

"Remember how the lion got away in the African picture? What was I that day? Something with a lot of heavy clothes, I know, for I could hardly run!" laughed

(*Continued on page 74*)

New STYLES

Drawings by ELDON KELLEY



The tender flower with the curls finds herself disappearing over the horizon

Then came the vogue of ritzy stars with the air of "You can look but you mustn't touch"

MOVIE weather indications are for less ice Especially in heroines.

Fashions in girls change just about as often as fashions in shoes and skirts.

And they are on the edge of another change.

And two girls have made the change.

Dolores Costello and Renée Adorée.

The tender flower with the little corkscrew curls dangling like Christmas tree decorations over her shoulders finds herself disappearing over the horizon.

The Girl Cycles

AND the extreme haughty and distant young icicle has an uncomfortable premonition that moving day is coming for her also.

I have seen all the girl cycles come and go; and this was the order of their coming and going:

Mary Pickford started the first spasm. She created a cult—an order of movie sisterhood, so to speak. This was so well recognized that the producers were entirely frank about it. For years, no producer ever said that he had found a new star. He said that he "found another Mary Pickford."

Good heavens, they used to drop in from everywhere. They came not only from Chicago, Montreal and way stations; but there also were Swedish, Norwegian, Argentine, Greek and Chinese Mary Pickfords.

That none of them ever completely succeeded in being a Mary Pickford is another matter. But they were Mary Pickfords in so far as they had curls and round faces and innocent eyes—relatively innocent, anyhow.

There was a reason for them. When Mary Pickford first blossomed forth, all movie lighting was extremely crude. It was so raw and unrestrained that only the youngest face, with the rounded contours of babyhood could stand the fierce glare. The slightest suspicion of a line or a wrinkle looked like the moat of a castle. As a consequence, a movie actress at twenty years looked like an old hag tottering on the edge of eternity.

The Mary Pickfords faded away in herds for two reasons. One was better lights.

It was discovered that the real Mary Pickford had the soul of a great actress under the dangling curls; and most of the imitation Marys were just sappy. They were nothing but corkscrew curls to their backbones—and beyond. They affected baby stares and canines.

But nevertheless, Mary started a cult that lasted a long time. This was, in fact, the first movie species.

Harry Carr says that the fashions in film heroines have changed as often as the vogue in shoes and gowns. Mr. Carr divides the girl cycles as follows:

1. **The Mary Pickford.**
2. **The Lillian Gish.**
3. **The Pola Negri.**
4. **The Gloria Swanson.**
5. **The peppy, unrestrained type of 1926.**

Came Lillian Gish

THE next raging sensation of the screen was the Lillian Gish kind.

She didn't really start a cult like Mary. But she started a technique.

Even to this day, I very rarely see a big emotional picture that I do not trace back some of the stuff to this or that play of Lillian Gish.

That futile beating of the hands on the locked door.

in SCREEN GIRLS

By Harry Carr

The recent popular hits of the screen have *not* been scored by flappers, says Mr. Carr.
Witness Irene Rich in "Lady Windermere's Fan."
And Louise Dresser in "The Goose Woman."
And Pauline Frederick in "Slumbering Fires."
Audiences today want acting.

That spasmodic clutching of the throat.

That maimed twitching of the lips. Perhaps it was unconscious on Miss Murray's part; but the pitiful movement of the corners of her mouth as she lay broken hearted on the bed in "The Merry Widow" was taken directly from Lillian Gish's death scene in "Broken Blossoms." It was so like it that I half expected to see Dick Barthelmess come in, dressed in Chinese clothes.

Some girls have tried to copy Lillian's funny way of running around in circles; but nobody has ever been able to get away with that except Lillian herself; and even she doesn't always. She says she got the idea from the fact that animals, when overjoyed, all run around in furious circles to show their joy.

Lillian did not start a cult because there weren't any more Lillians.

Now that I think of it, however, I observe that three of the most popular women ever seen on the screen have had no imitators. They stand alone.

They are Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson and Lillian Gish.

Oddly enough, it happens that these three are devotedly admired by other actresses. The most passionate "fans" I have ever known are movie girls themselves. They follow Mary Pickford around the street and step on each other's feet standing in the lobbies at her previews—just like other girls.



And now the screen has the impulsive, vibrant heroine. Renée Adorée led the way and Dolores Costello, Betty Bronson and Vilma Banky have given first aid

KELLEY

Three Stars With No Imitators

They are little Pola Negri gangs; little Swansons gangs and Gish gangs.

They burn incense before one or the other of these; but they do not try to imitate them.

You might as well try to imitate Yosemite Valley or a storm at sea as Pola. She is as much a thing apart as the smell of mountain sage, or the flash of sea phosphorus. She is just Pola; that's all.

It is impossible for anyone to be like Gloria; because Gloria is a strange combination of the exotic with the downright practical. Just when you decide that Gloria is a cafeteria cashier stepping out, you suddenly change your mind and decide she is the Queen of Sheba come back to life. No one knows well enough where one begins and the other ends ever to make as much as an attempt to imitate the lady.

Just so, nobody knows what the real Lillian Gish behind the technique is like, well enough to imitate her.

So none of these ever created a cult.

The next cults that came along were the Norma Shearers and the Corinne Griffiths. They brought a new note. The aristocratic air. They frankly upstaged us; they ritzed us. They had a little the air of "You can look; but mustn't touch."

And how we loved it!

The Ritzy Cult

They were a relief from the Pollyanna girls who tried to look like Mary. These Pollyanna young ladies were perpetually making round eyes at the world—oh so wistfully. And they thought that

(*Continued on page 90*)



Melbourne Spurr

PAULINE STARKE

Next to be seen in an Elinor Glyn study in regal passions, "Love's Blindness"

The NATION of the Happy ENDING

So Ernest Vajda describes America

By Francis L. Perrett

Hollywood is the only city in America where kissing is properly done.

It is also the city of "too many too beautiful girls": they pall on one.

American life makes up in vigor and enthusiasm what it lacks in sophistication and intrigue.

American women dress better and have more social ambition than the women of any other nation, but they dont know how to WEAR their clothes.

The most interesting woman in Hollywood is a homely one. (Unnamed)

The stage perpetuates the author; the screen, the actor. If movies had existed in Shakespeare's time, the Bard of Avon wouldn't be known today, but the actors and actresses who played Romeo and Juliet, Portia and Hamlet, would have been immortalized instead.

WHOA! Just a minute! Shall Ernest Vajda be shot at sunrise for heresy, or shall he be fêted in the drawing-rooms of fashionable society for his "novel view-point"?



Ernest Vajda

Hollywood hasn't decided yet, but it is still getting a tremendous kick out of the opinions of Mr. Vajda. (Pronounced Voya—no one knows why.)

Mr. Vajda is the Hungarian dramatist who set Europe on fire not so long ago with a number of extremely brilliant plays. "Fata Morgana" was foremost among them. It has played for long runs in most American cities recently.

Furthermore, it appears that the classic line—"I used to be a newspaper man once myself"—isn't confined to the United States. Mr. Vajda used to be a newspaper man once himself—he tells you—in Budapest, the capital of Hungary. Being a newspaper man—or journalist as he calls it—in Hungary is merely another way of saying that one has starved in one's day.



Ernest Vajda, Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez between scenes of Mr. Vajda's "The Cat's Pajamas"

On to Hollywood

SEVERAL months ago Ernest Vajda came to New York where he had three plays successfully running on Broadway. His idea was to write another, one particularly suited to American life. He took up the study of English and progressed rapidly. Meanwhile, Brother Victor, his business manager, was always at his elbow. Brother Victor doesn't write plays. But he does know English.

Paramount had purchased the picture rights to one of his plays, "Grounds For Divorce." Soon after his arrival in New York, Jesse L. Lasky had a talk with him at lunch. Jesse has a poker face, you know, so Mr. Vajda thought nothing of the conversation. It was just a nice social chat.

About three days later Mr. Lasky requested that Mr.

(*Cont'd on page* 64)

FLASH

By F. J. S.

"HAVE the films changed in the last year?" said Irving Thalberg, the little czar of the Metro-Goldwyn organization, repeating my question. "I'll say they have. The photoplay has been totally transformed during the last twelve months.

"A year ago our best stars, directors and players were moving along in a mass. Today a few stars, directors and players are galloping ahead. The rest of the army is straggling behind. Feature pictures today are really feature pictures, with better acting and better direction than was visible anywhere on the screen a year ago. And, when I say acting, I mean acting all the way thru a picture, to the smallest rôle.

"Audiences are no longer content with the average program picture of yesterday," continued Mr. Thalberg, in paying his tribute to the present tendency, in many film theaters, to subordinate the film to cheap vaudeville. "That seems to me a confession of weakness in picture making," he said. "It can not last. It is just a passing incident, an attempt to substitute something a theater manager can get easily for something he cant get. Pictures are here to stay. Nothing can stop their progress."

Thalberg's belief in the progress of pictures seems to be proved, on Broadway at least, by the presence at this writing of a number of highly successful features: "The Big Parade," "Stella Dallas," "The Black Pirate," "Ben-Hur" and "The Merry Widow."

The weakness of Rex Ingram's "Mare Nostrum" is another proof of Thalberg's argument. The Ibañez tragedy seems four or five years behind current productions in directorial technique. Yet Ingram has been away from America hardly two years. In those two years, however, the cinema has burst its bonds, as Mr. Thalberg contends.

Last month we named the sex best sellers of the screen. At that moment of mental stress we had not observed Greta Garbo, who makes her American début in "The Torrent," by the Spanish Elinor Glyn, Señor Ibañez.

We hasten to add Miss Garbo to our list. Since Pola Negri flashed her smile over Louis XV's boudoir screen, the films have had no one so vivid as Miss Garbo promises to be.

Again the American films seem to have safely disposed of the German menace. Once before German productions frightened our native screen strongholds. We can recall when Hollywood threatened to arm itself against "Passion," "Dr. Caligari" and kindred decadent films.

However, screendom solved the problem by engaging Pola Negri and Herr Lubitsch.

Now, with another German advance on the horizon, our film fathers have signed Emil Jannings, Lya de Putti, F. W. Murnau and other threatening figures of celluloidia.

Herr Jannings will be playing Bebe Daniels' father before long, Miss de Putti will be getting engaged to Rudolph Valentino, and Murnau will be directing Tom Mix. Screendom is like the ancient Chinese empire. It swallows up its enemies and never loses its bland and guileless smile.



Douglas MacLean
An Impression by Major

Last month we modestly mentioned the fact that, in the August, 1925, *Classic*, we had selected twenty pictures out of the year's 950 productions as the probable hits for the next twelve months. Out of the twenty selections, we hit ten positive hits, "La Bohême," having romped home a box-office success since last month. Thus our guessing average advanced to .500. We missed just one hit of the year, "Stella Dallas."

For next year, we're going to select twenty-five, of which fourteen are here given:

James Cruze's "Old Ironsides."

BACKS

About Pictures and People

Clarence Brown's "The Trail of '98."
Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March."
"Old Heidelberg," if Ramon Novarro plays the lead and if John Robertson directs it.
Harold Lloyd's "For Heaven's Sake."
John Barrymore's "Don Juan."
Lillian Gish's "The Scarlet Letter."
Greta Garbo's next, "The Temptress."
Chaplin's circus comedy.
D. W. Griffith's "The Sorrows of Satan."
Emil Jannings' "Variety," made in Berlin.
Henry King's "Winning of Barbara Worth," with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.
John Gilbert's "Bardelys the Magnificent."
Fritz Lang's German special, "Metropolis."
We'll add the rest next month—when the next special of King Vidor, whatever it is, will be included.

We base our selections, as you may note, largely upon directors' past performances. Making a list of possible hits, consequently, gives an interesting insight into the shortage of good directors. It is possible almost to name them on the fingers of your hands.

Of native directors, we would name King Vidor, D. W. Griffith, Henry King, John Robertson, James Cruze, Clarence Brown, Malcolm St. Claire and possibly Gregory La Cava.

Of the foreign contingent: Erich von Stroheim, Ernst Lubitsch, F. W. Murnau, Fritz Lang and possibly Ewald Dupont.

Gone are the Dwans and Neilans. The list seems to shrink each year.

Now that the first pupils of the Paramount School have been graduated, it is possible to take stock of actual results. We have even viewed a complete motion picture play made by the students under the direction of an experienced puttee wearer, Sam Wood.

One thing is proved clearly: it isn't possible to turn out players this way. The first class of the school reveals one boy of promise, Buddy Rogers. But almost any set of twenty aspirants selected with any sort of care would disclose one possibility.

The truth is, as we have said, you cant make actors this way. The right sort of experience can only be gained in actual studio work. True, the students are taught etiquette, proper deportment, swimming, fencing, dancing, how to fall gracefully, and other of the finer arts.

We cant help being reminded of the remark made by Richard Dix when he glanced over the school's graduation program. "Why, I wouldn't have lasted a week at the school," he sighed. "I can swim but I cant fall down with any sort of grace. I cant fence, I'm a rotten dancer and what I dont know about etiquette would fill a book. I certainly was lucky to land in pictures before they started schools!"

Since this page is largely devoted to predictions, let's venture another.

John Robertson has just joined the Metro-Goldwyn directorial staff. Robertson has made at least two pictures hovering on the edge of greatness: "Sentimental Tommy" and "The Enchanted Cottage." Thalberg, who helped lift the promising King Vidor to practical leadership of our films, will be able to bring out the best in Robertson.

Robertson is one of our best screen stylists. He has charm, singular appreciation of beauty and a whimsical imagination. He has been handicapped by having to make star pictures. Now he is going to do something really big—or we'll miss our guess.



John Gilbert
An Impression by Major

Here is a bit of fresh comment by George Bernard Shaw upon the movies:

"The danger of the cinema is not the danger of immorality but the danger of morality. People like myself who frequent the movies testify to their desolating, romantic morality. There is no criticism of morals by

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Left:
Lillian Gish being fitted with a set of stocks for a moment of "The Scarlet Letter." Director Victor Seastrom is giving Miss Gish and Lars Hanson final instructions for their scene in Nathaniel Hawthorne's famous story

Below:
Bill Hart, Jr., snapped for THE CLASSIC at Thomasina Mix's party, pictured on the opposite page. The glint in the eyes of Bill, Sr., is reflected in the son's eyes. Perhaps Bill, Jr., may grow up to be a screen two-gun man, too

Pacific & Atlantic





Just a playful moment between scenes of Metro-Goldwyn's "Monte Carlo," directed by Christy Cabanne. Evelyn Atkinson, otherwise "Miss Seattle," is supporting Diana Morris

Our OWN NEWS CAMERA



Charlie Chaplin's new comedy, "The Circus," is going to bring a new discovery to the screen. She is Merna Kennedy, and she is now playing the pretty equestrienne of the comedy



Thomasina Mix, Tom's little daughter, gave a birthday party the other day in Beverly Hills and all juvenile Hollywood was invited. Thomasina may be observed acting as hostess on the pony, while Bill Hart, Jr., is holding the near-bronco's head

Pacific & Atlantic

The CLASSIC'S Own News Camera



International Newsreel

Lya de Putti, the subject of an interesting interview in this issue of THE CLASSIC, arrives in New York from Berlin. The pretty Hungarian is to play in Famous Players pictures and her début will be in D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan"

Gertrude Olmstead and Director Robert Leonard have announced their engagement. Mr. Leonard, you know, is the former husband of Mae Murray



International Newsreel



Farina, the dusky star of the "Our Gang" comedies, is growing up. Here he is, sport sweater, dapper cane, yellow shoes and all



Mandeville

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Soon to be seen as the heroine of "Mlle. Modiste," once sung so successfully by Fritzi Scheff

THE CELLULOID CRITIC

THE cinema ides of March have come and gone, leaving the laurel wreath more than slightly askew on the brow of the silverscreen Duse, Lillian Gish.

The histrionic talents of Miss Gish have come to be a sort of film tradition. We have been told of her genius by everyone from George Jean Nathan (not recently, however) to Joseph Hergesheimer. She was the lily maid who walked the lonely heights.

At various times I have been impressed with the Gish abilities. However, they have never dazzled me since Miss Gish departed from the Mamaroneck plantation of Marse Griffith. I looked upon both "The White Sister" and "Romola" as mediocre tests of genius.



Ball

Frederick James Smith

It remained for "La Bohême," built from the Henri Murger story from which the Puccini opera was constructed, to disillusion me completely. Not, mind you, that "La Bohême" wont be a box-office smash. But it discloses the limitations of La Gish in ghastly fashion.

Lillian Gish's Limitations

MURGER, you know, was the first to write of the Latin Quarter's glamours. Du Maurier and others followed, but Murger was the pioneer in exploiting Bohemia, with its amours, its starving artists, its beautiful models and its gay abandon.

In "La Bohême" *Mimi* loves the poet, *Rodolphe,* she sacrifices everything for her love and she dies—a *Camille* of the Paris garrets.

My complaint about Miss Gish is that she does not fill the rôle of *Mimi.* She is pathetic, she is wistful, she is a Broken Blossoms waif, but she is never the little sister of the four Bohemians—*Rodolphe, Coline, Marcel* and *Schaunard*—who gave her all for love. She has good moments—Miss Gish is too good a technician to fail utterly—but she is never *Mimi.* The performance sharply defines her limitations. She can play suffering, broken heroines—but genius seems to me something else again.

The actual honors of "La Bohême" are captured by John Gilbert. Here is an actor with three astonishing characterizations in a row: the prince of "The Merry Widow," the doughboy of "The Big Parade," and now the poet of "La Bohême." Any one of these would make an unknown into a star. I am not sure but that his *Rodolphe* is the best of the trio. It has more breadth, swing and surety. It is a corking performance. Renée Adorée is a delightful *Musetta* and George Hassell, ex-musical comedy comedian, makes the rôle of *Schaunard* stand out. But the major credit of "La Bohême" must go to King Vidor, the director.

Vidor has now pretty definitely proved himself the best of our native directors. He injects a spirit and movement into "La Bohême." The tragic romance has both color and verve. Music lovers are likely to quarrel with the celluloid "La Bohême" because it fumbles favorite situations of the opera. This can be laid to the scenarist, Fred de Gresac, who doubtless was endeavoring to fit the romance to the milk-and-water way Miss Gish intended to interpret *Mimi.* This is not the fault of Vidor, who took his materials and achieved admirable results.

"La Bohême" will doubtless be a popular picture. But I can not forget the Broadway première giggles that greeted Miss Gish when, as *Mimi,* she fled thru the woods of the Bois de Boulogne on that gay spring day with her passionate *Rodolphe* in pursuit. *Mimi* was just a New England schoolma'am fleeting with her histrionic traditions. Miss Gish will have to do a lot of cinematic suffering before I can forget that.

Greta Garbo Arrives

WHILE it is painful to detail the eclipse of Miss Gish, it is pleasant to report the appearance of a new luminary on our screen horizon. The newcomer is a somber-eyed Norsewoman, one Greta Garbo, who seems to me to have more possibilities than anyone since the Pola Negri of "Passion." This Garbo has a fine abandon, a splendid fire, a surprising sense of characterization. She isn't afraid to act. That she was able to stand out of an inferior story, poorly directed, is all the more to her credit.

Miss Garbo makes her début in Vicente Blasco Ibañez's "Torrent," directed by Monta Bell. The Ibañez story is a cumbersome tale, of a Spanish girl tossed aside by a young Castilian dandy. She goes away, becomes a great singer and comes back to the little town, drawn by the old love. But, because of his mother, *Don Rafael Brull* repulses her again and she goes back to her footlights and her high notes. So *La Brunno* goes on her glittering way and *Don Rafael* putters about his fireside in carpet slippers, sighing for his lost romance. Ibañez points the un-Haysian



Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"

Frederick James Smith Reviews the New Photoplays

moral that one should seize one's moment of happiness when and where one can.

The Ibañez story is full of claptrap, including the dam that bursts without having anything in particular to do with the story. Monta Bell has tossed it into film form without taking any apparent interest. It is just a mediocre production.

Still, as I have said, it has Miss Garbo as *La Brunna*. Here is a genuine spark. Miss Garbo ought to burn up the screen with any sort of logical rôle. Ricardo Cortez is pretty colorless as the drab *Don Rafael*.



Greta Garbo and Ricardo Cortez in Ibañez's "Torrent"

"The Torrent" wasn't the only Ibañez novel to arrive during March. "Mare Nostrum," which Rex Ingram has been building casually between sun-baths on the beach at Nice, reached Broadway at last.

Another Ibañez Story

"Mare Nostrum" unfortunately came along about six years too late. Translated, "Mare Nostrum" means "Our Sea," the sea in question being the Mediterranean. Its story deals with a young Spanish sea-captain who forgets his wife and his son when he falls in love with a beautiful German spy. He becomes a tool of the German U-boats and, when he comes to his senses, he finds that he has unwittingly helped kill his own son. The spy comes to her death before the rifles of a French firing squad and *Don Esteban Ferragut* himself dies when his vessel is torpedoed by a German submarine.

The tragedy is studded with the old war hokum. Once again German spies rush about with satchels of germs. The story itself is pretty inferior. Ibañez arrived in the midst of the war hysteria, an excited third-rate novelist who wanted to achieve publicity and to force his neutral homeland into the world war. With the return of sanity, it is possible to view Ibañez clearly.

This is, of course, beside the point. Our case against "Mare Nostrum" concerns its unhealthy note. There is an extended love scene before a glass tank in an Italian aquarium. Here the passion of the heroine is awakened by her observance of the way live crabs are fed to an octopus. The heroine thruout the story borders on the edge of being a case for Dr. Kraft-Ebbing. The director, Mr. Ingram, takes a left-handed swing at religion by playing upon an ignorant and drunken servant and his faith in sacred emblems.

I credit most of the unsavory nature of the "Mare Nostrum" to Ingram. I doubt if any picture has ever nauseated me as did this production. I dont think the screen is the place for even a long-distance study in perversions. True, there are several interludes in "Mare Nostrum" that are very well done. One comes when the spy, *Freya Talberg*, faces the firing squad. The other develops in the bowels of the German U-boat. But these are off balanced by one of the worst continuities that has ever reached the screen — and by Ingram's general insistence upon harping upon an unhealthy note.



Lillian Gish and John Gilbert in "La Bohème"



Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry in "Mare Nostrum"

Miss Terry plays *Freya Talberg* rather well. She far overtops Antonio Moreno, who plays *Don Esteban Ferragut*. In fact, I cannot understand how Moreno

(*Cont'd on page 70*)

The NORTHERN STAR

By Alice L. Tildesley



"It amazes me," says Greta Garbo, "that these American girls can manage so many things at one time — pictures, society, love. Me—little Sweden girl—can do one thing on-ly. Some day I shall leave pictures and give all to this love!"

Russell Ball



YOU have not seen Greta Garbo unless you have seen her in a storm.

True daughter of the sea-kings—tall, white-browed, and most divinely fair—her face lifted to the sweep of the rain, with a sort of exultation, water dripping from her yellow curls, lashes impearled, a strange light in her blue, blue eyes.

But you may not walk with her then. She walks in a storm "a-lone."

She Loves the Sea

SHE lives by the ocean, and spends all her time away from the studio beside it.

"I love the sea, yes. It understands me, I think. It is like the Old World, it is not happy, it is always yearning for something that it cannot have. . . . Here you are all so gay—you laugh—you talk, always very high—you run about—you live in lights and music, this jazz music—you are never still.

"Me—poor little Sweden girl—I come from a leetle con-tree where all things do not make for happiness. You—you would go mad if you live there. No jazz—no party—always quiet, yes? What would you do?

"American girls, they are wonderful! They can do everything. They ride, they dance, they play the games, they drive the car, they make their pictures, they run to parties, and—they *fall in love*. So-o, is not that am-azing?

"Me—poor little Sweden girl—can do on-ly one thing at a time. Now, for my new picture I must learn to dance the tango and to ride the horse."

She looked down at her trim riding suit, ruefully. She had just come in from riding the horse, and her strong, slim hands turned her black tricorne hat, slowly.

"That horse! He is so beeg. They bring him to me, and I look at him and he look at me. 'You are so beeg, I will never get on you,' I tell him. They put me on him and he stands still. 'How do you make him go?' I ask. American girls, you see, they do not have to ask. They know. Always they know.

"A Strange Con-tree"

"IT is a ver' strange con-tree to me. But nize. You are all so happy. Everybody smiles and makes a joyful noise. I hear mothers say to their children: 'Are you happy, dear?' That is what is to you important, yes. Happiness. In the Old World, we do not think of happiness at all."

A moody young thing, Greta Garbo, with the true temperament of the artist and no idea that the present fad in Hollywood is to be "just folks."

The Screen's Newest Meteor Is a Moody Daughter of Sweden



Ruth Harriet Louise

Greta Garbo has corn-colored hair and somber blue eyes. She is naïve, oblivious yet of her success. And she is not yet twenty

"Tell me," she said, suddenly, reaching for the package of letters that had just been thrust into her dressing-room. "what is this fan mail? I do not understand, no? These people, why do they write to me? Why do they want my picture? They do not know me. In Sweden, we do not have letters from people we do not know. Tell me, tell me what I must do?"

She is so helpless—so charmingly helpless—when she widens those almond-shaped eyes at you! ("She has the longest lashes in the world!" sighs an enamoured youth.)

Seafaring Family

She does not come of a theatrical family. Indeed, so far as Greta knows, not one of the Garbos before her ever trod the boards on any stage. They were seafaring men, who must, like Greta, have loved "the feel of the wind in their hair."

Greta went to dramatic school in her native city of Stockholm. Why? She cannot tell you, altho she has learned much English since that fatal day when she appeared on the set of "The Torrent" with her first American word—and so proud of it—*"Hell!"*

The dramatic school, like all such schools in Sweden, put on an Ibsen play. Greta was cast in a small rôle. While she waited in the wings for her cue, she could see a shadow on the wall back of the boxes. It looked like the shadow of a giant.

"That's Mauritz Stiller!" one of the other players hissed in her ear.

But Greta thought more of what she would do on the stage than of those who might be watching her. She gave all she had to give. The tall man standing in the door of the box was forgotten. . . . Until the next day when Greta Garbo was summoned to his office.

In Swedish Films

Presently the school was electrified at the announcement that Mauritz Stiller—the great Mauritz Stiller—had made little Greta Garbo the ingénue lead in "Gösta Borling's Saga."

So young she is—not twenty—half-woman, half-child. Naïve. Oblivious of the sensation of her passing. Greta alone fails to note that most of the men on the lot have found something to do on Stage One when Greta is called there, and that they stay there long after that something is done.

(*Continued on page 71*)

Old PICTURES In New FRAMES



Manuel, Paris

Sessue Hayakawa has just returned to the New York speaking stage after four years abroad. He may return to the screen

IT has been said that, when a tree falls in the absolute solitude of a forest, it makes no sound. And a supposition such as this undoubtedly planted the devastating thought in the human brain that nothing we do is important unless it is seen or heard by someone else.

When we are very small and rock over backwards in a rocking-chair, we cast a canny eye about to see whether or not mother is about before we begin the first blood-curdling yell. If she is not in sight, and not in hearing distance, we get up and try it all over again. As we grow older, we may begin to paint what we honestly believe to be a masterpiece. And when a careless circle of friends shouts "raspberries," we pretend we were only fooling all along and take up stenography.

Eternal Longing

IF the friends do happen to find the painting good, our desire for praise becomes insatiable. We want the critics, the world, to give us their attention, too. The streets of New York, St. Louis and points west may be filled with pretty girls, and we may know it, but the big thrill doesn't come to us until some dusty English lecturer who has never looked into anything except thru a telescope, tells us that American women are the prettiest women in the world.

Fortune-tellers are swamped by intelligent men and women waiting to hear, "You're very sensitive, aren't you, dearie? And you brood too much."

The docks are crowded with reporters waiting to ask visiting celebrities who have never set eyes on us before what they think of us. Every now and then a prodigal son returns to the old home town after a few years' stay in Paris or London. And then how we rush to ask, because we feel pretty sure that he, knowing the native pulse, will find it in his heart to approve of us.

Just recently Sessue Hayakawa landed in the United States after three or four years abroad. He has been touring England in a play by the late William Archer, the author of "The Green Goddess," with considerable success. He has been making moving pictures in France with a French company. "La Bataille" is the most successful one. I have proof of his popularity there, for one night when I visited that ridiculously expensive and aloof resort, Charlot's Rendezvous, to watch Beatrice Lille, Gertrude Lawrence, and Jack Buchanan disport before the merry villagers, I noticed that the attentions of the entire company were turned toward the enigmatic Mr. Hayakawa. He even had songs sung in his direction. That's fame.



Hayakawa decried the modern tendency to standardize everything. Clothes, houses, even whole towns are exactly alike these days

Screen Dramas are Bigger and More Expensive, says Sessue Hayakawa, but They are Not Different

By Sara Redway



Mishkin

Sessue Hayakawa believes that to centralize the making of pictures in one place, as Hollywood, is dangerous. To form a community is death, he says

Mr. Hayakawa is playing in "The Love City" at present and later, I hope, he intends to start west to make more pictures. And he, being an old hand at the picture business, must surely, I thought, be amazed at the progress made by them in the last few years.

"Well, what do you think of all our fine new movies?" I asked, "'The Big Parade,' 'Stella Dallas,' 'The Merry Widow,' to only name a few."

"Very nice, very, very nice," answered the imperturbable Mr. Hayakawa, "but not so very different from anything that has been done before. After all, the ideas are not new nor startling."

"But the productions are different," I protested.

"Yes, they are bigger and more expensive than they used to be. But to make my meaning clear, please do not think that I take an aloof and haughty tone of these undoubtedly fine pictures. I merely say they are not different. After all, there are not a great many plots in the world. There is always a heroine, a hero, a villain. There is always the struggle between good and evil. The hero may not be a person, it may be a situation; the villain may be a war, or some form of treachery, but the idea of the conflict must be present.

Shakespeare and the Danes

"Years ago, when Shakespeare was writing his immortal plays, he wrote them not so much for everyone as for a selected few. The queen and the court wanted something they alone could understand and appreciate, something that the common mind would find tiresome or baffling.

"So his plays were not written to make money by getting it from the multitude; they were not written to please all of England, they were written to please a chosen few.

"The thing then was to have something that no one else had. A house that was different; a gown made solely for you; a bit of music or a poem written for you and to you.

"But now that is all gone. Everyone now must be like everyone else. To wear a long dress when a short dress is in vogue is a sacrilege, all tastes must be alike. A man will say, 'I wish I had a house like So and So's'; he doesn't think of saying, 'I wish I had my house to my own taste and of my own design.' With the result that many of our cities look as tho they were scattered with row after row of match boxes, all alike, all tiresome. You find your way to your house by its number, not because it is different in design.

"Before the war in France, there was much more individuality. Now with the new houses being built, the reconstruction going on, the match boxes are creeping in everywhere.

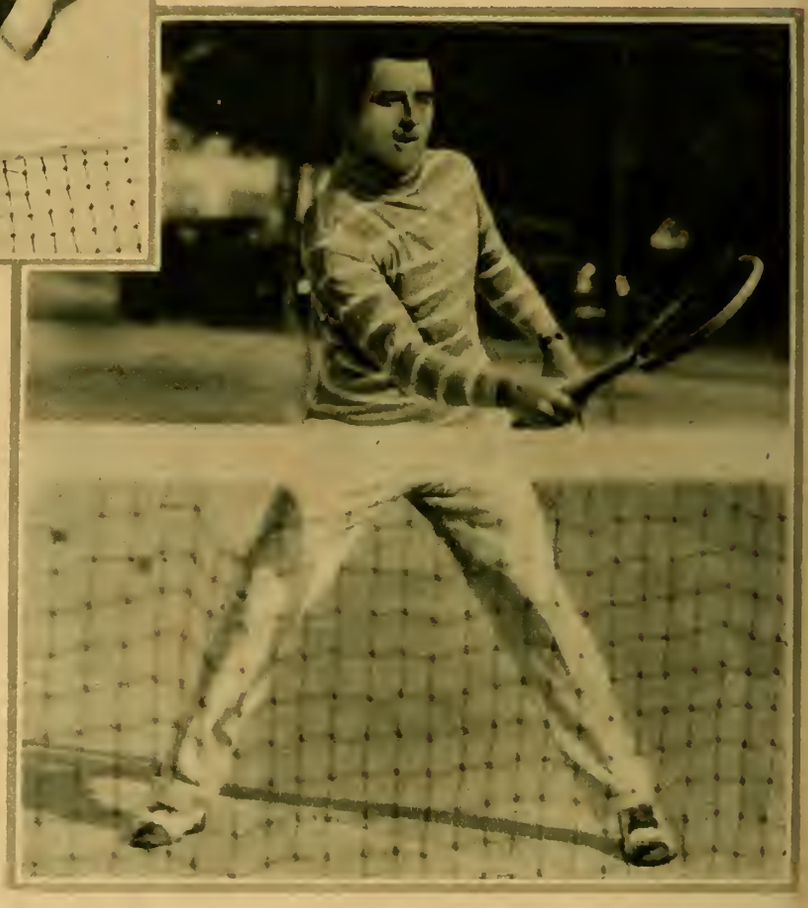
The Match Box Rush

"The reason for this is simple. French taste has not changed, but the French are suddenly forced to face the world commercially. They have not time to play with ideas any longer, they must get out and hustle. And to compete with the rest of the world they must hurry, hurry,

(*Continued on page 78*)

CAME SPRING!







These are the days when a young man's fancy turns lightly to the golf-links and the tennis-court. Screen folks are just like everyone else. Besides, they have to be systematic about their exercise in order to keep in trim. Ramon Novarro (upper left) likes tennis best—and he plays a scintillating game. Eddie Burns (center) is a fast tennis-player, too. Rudolph Valentino (left) likes boxing—and finds it the most satisfactory exercise to protect him from that dread enemy of the cinema star, avoirdupois

Tennis and Golf Are the Favorite Recreations of the Stars



Pacific & Atlantic

Charlie Ray enjoys tennis. Sometime THE CLASSIC is going to stage a stellar tennis tournament, and Charlie will be invited to compete



Fidler

The gent on the flying rings? No other than John Roche (above), who plays wicked lounge lizards so well. All of which shows you never can tell



Despite the riding habit, Bebe Daniels (right) is a real—dyed-in-the-wool—golf nut. Just back from a ride, Bebe is trying a putt on the lawn of her home



The Hollywood method of putting—with the hands on the hips—demonstrated by Vera Reynolds (right)



Don Gillum

Director Jack Conway shooting the football scenes of "Brown of Harvard" with William Haines as the Cambridge gridiron hero



International Newsreel

Constance Talmadge marries Captain Alastair Mackintosh, an Englishman, and announces she will leave films

Letters to King Dodo

HOLLYWOOD.
Dear Majesty:

Obedient to your request to be kept informed upon the march of progress in Hollywood, I am writing to apprize Your Majesty that our immediate craze is war pictures.

Your Majesty well knows the ovine nature of movie producers, who all follow each other like sheep when some bell-wether happens to show the way. It was inevitable that the success of "The Big Parade" should set loose an avalanche of war pictures, altho if anybody had shown the script of a war story to a producer six months ago the unfortunate author would have been thrown out of the office.

But the amazing particular of this situation is the way in which the various arms of the United States military organization have been put to work for the movies. Lasky had barely completed "Behind the Front," with Raymond Hatton and Noah Beery co-featured; Warner Brothers had no more than christened their war baby, "The Sap," featuring Kenneth Harlan, than William Fox went them one better by purchasing the original stage play, "What Price Glory?"—the play that was responsible for launching the craze for war-time stuff.

But Metro-Goldwyn had been quietly preparing for the filming of a leatherneck epic to be called "Tell It To the Marines." And M.-G. had a contract with Major General John A. Lejeune, the commandant, giving the exclusive right for one year to film marines for photoplay purposes!

"What Price Glory?" is about marines at the front. Fox expected to take scenes of the real leathernecks in camp, on the drill field, at combat practice—thus cutting the cost of extra talent. So Saul E. Roger, his lawyer, proposes now to sue the United States Marine Corps. He will allege monopoly, conspiracy in restraint of trade, and so on.

Our military establishment has never boasted any great dignity, but the Marines have a tradition to maintain. The tie-up with the studio must have been made for publicity purposes, tho why General Lejeune desired publicity for his leathernecks when there are more applicants than can be recruited under congressional appropriation is puzzling to decide.

A dreadful thought comes to me. Suppose it should be necessary to call out our military again, to make the world safe for democracy, and we should find that all our forces had been farmed out to the movies and were unavailable!

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

I am happy to say that now I can supply Your Majesty with the data on Elinor Glyn requested in your gracious communication of recent date.

Your Majesty sought to know why Madame Glyn's characters so rarely die with their boots on, as is the usual fashion in movies, but endure long, lingering death agonies in bed. The reason is explained, I think, by the circumstance that Madame Glyn receives one dollar a word for her scripts. At a dollar a word Madame's characters can well afford to utter an *ah*, an *oh* and a couple of *ughs* before passing into the great beyond. Even a series of inarticulate gurgles just at the end will rate a dollar a gurgle.

When I visited Madame Glyn on the set, it was her Tea Hour. Everybody had stopped work to sip. The electricians, I noted, satisfied themselves with an extra chew of scrap.

Your Majesty may recall my mentioning that Madame Glyn is accustomed to select potential star material by means of a subtle quality which she is able to perceive and which she calls for short—*It*. In "Love's Blindness," the film on which she was engaged, Madame had





International Newsreel

Renée Adorée holding two trophies contested for by the 11th United States Cavalry at the Presidio, Monterey, California

Director Donald Crisp arrives on the De Mille lot and is kidded by Directors William K. Howard, Rupert Julian and Paul Sloane. Crisp has just been signed by Mr. De Mille

By Don Ryan and Frederick James Smith

need of a child for certain scenes. Before her in review passed the infant genius of Hollywood.

Suddenly Madame exclaimed: "That's the one! She has *It!*" A consultation with the mother, and then the little girl, who had been instructed to "be very nice to Madame and be sure and thank her," approached the presence.

"How would you like to play in my picture?" interrogated la Glyn, with a gracious smile.

Only for a moment did the child hesitate. Then—"I dont think I care so much about *it*—thank you!" she replied shrilly.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

Your study of the cinematic art has already made Your Majesty familiar with peculiar slogans which rapidly succeed one another in the mouths of the movie publicity managers. Your Majesty will remember how in times past, various parts of a picture have been acclaimed "the thing." First it was "The star's the thing!" Then story, director, and all the other elements were so lauded, each in turn.

But now a new slogan sweeps the boulevards. With the purchase of the Ella Cinders series from Bill Counselman and Charles Plumb as a vehicle for Colleen Moore, the press-agents have raised the shout: "The comic strip's the thing!"

Very likely they are right, for it has been demonstrated that more Americans read the comic strips of the newspapers than any other literature. In fact, they are the chief intellectual stimulation of our population, from the Tiny Tot at his mother's knee to the Big Business Man at his flat-topped desk of fumed oak.

One astute press-agent, who figured slightly in the Ella Cinders deal—a young man with vision, as we say in our country—hopped a train for New York and proceeded to sew up the sales rights on all available comic strips. The Ella Cinders strip will be utilized by First National. Andy Gump, the popular national hero, has already been immortalized by Universal. In a short time we may expect to see Mutt and Jeff, Jiggs, Barney Google and other hundred-per-cent. Americans imperishably embalmed in celluloid.

And Your Majesty need not fear that any evil effect will come out of this daring excursion into the realm of fantasy. For the young press-agent—the one with vision—has eliminated any such possibility. Let this idealist speak for himself.

"I have," he says, "eliminated those comic strips in which the sordid and disagreeable predominate and retained only those that possess all the touching, lovable and human things so dear to the hearts of the great American public."

Will Hays will bestow his papal blessing on that young man.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

Suing Harold Lloyd has become the favorite pastime of American authors—to such an extent that the popular comedian has been compelled in self-defense to issue a decree. Hereafter no stories, published or unpublished, received from outsiders, will be given a reading at the Harold Lloyd establishment.

As I am in the act of preparing this report to submit to Your Majesty, the news comes that Lloyd has filed an answer to the suit in which Owen Davis asks for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars damages, representing that the comedian palmed off the playwright's "Nervous Wreck" as a movie comedy entitled "Why Worry?" The suit of Mr. Davis is based chiefly on the circumstance that in both stories the hero is constantly taking pills—a favorite laugh-getting device, as Your Majesty no



Marie Prevost was welcomed at the Cecil De Mille studio, upon her arrival after her recent illness, by Mr. De Mille himself. Miss Prevost is to be starred in Metropolitan Pictures



Pacific & Atlantic

Feodor Chaliapin, Russian basso of the Metropolitan Opera House, visits Pola Negri at the Lasky studios

doubt recalls, in the days of the Elizabethan dramatists.

H. C. Witwer, writer of sporting tales, has also brought suit for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, laying claim to Lloyd's comedy, "The Freshman," on the ground that it is an infringement of a football story he published in 1908 entitled, "The Emancipation of Rodney." Mr. Witwer bases his claim chiefly on the fact that in both stories the fool substitute goes in and wins the game.

Now if Burt L. Standish were still alive, he would have sufficient grounds for action. For Your Majesty will recall in the Frank Merriwell stories, which were read with such pleasure in your boyhood, that the substitute always went in at the last minute of play and saved the game. And very likely the only reason Cecil De Mille is not a bankrupt today is that Moses had gone to his reward long before the Great Director filmed "The Ten Commandments."

Lloyd is now engaged in making "For Heaven's Sake," in which he is probably safe from legal action, because Anatole France died last year and so far as is known the author of "The Revolt of the Angels" left no heirs.

Hollywood.
'ear Majesty:

It is improbable to a degree that the fame of Horace Wade, Hollywood's youngest scenarist, should have penetrated as far as Your Majesty's distant Island of Oz. But in America we are prone to make much of what Darwin and his successors designate as sports — any creature divergent from the norm. Infant prodigies are our especial delight.

Master Horace, who is just turned seventeen, recently achieved a quantity of publicity by writing for the newspapers. In these days a seventeen-year-old who can put an English sentence together is indeed a novelty—of a piece with the horse that can count—altho William Cullen Bryant composed "Thanatopsis" at eighteen, and (which is much worse) Conrad Nagel recited it last summer in the Hollywood Bowl.

Pardon this digression, Your Majesty. What I mean to state is that Metro-Goldwyn, sensing the publicity value accruing to his name, snapped up Master Horace as a scenarist and put him under long-term contract—to the envy, it may well be imagined, of Joseph Hergesheimer and others.

Master Horace signed the contract just before luncheon. At 1 P. M. he received the assignment for his first story. He was to do a script for Peter the Great, the M.-G.-M. dog-star, and bring it back to the studio in the morning.

I must crave Your Majesty's pardon again, for, in spite of most assiduous efforts, I have as yet been unable to ascertain whether or not the finished story received the star's O. K.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

I have the honor today of imparting to Your Majesty a piece of advance information that has not yet been promulgated by the Paramount press-agents, but which I happen to know is well authenticated.

Mary Brian will play *Mitzi*, the persecuted heroine of "The Wedding March," the story which Erich (correct) von Stroheim will soon begin making. The story was written by von Stroheim and he will play in it. *Mitzi* is his wife, the unappreciated spouse of a philandering scion of the Austrian nobility.

Needless to say, if she plays with von Stroheim, this young woman, now trembling on the brink of stardom or oblivion, will be securely tethered and Paramount will cash in on their investment in Mary. Mae Busch, Dale Fuller, Mary Philbin and Zasu Pitts all are von Stroheim discoveries. The truth of the matter is that von Stroheim can make any woman act.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

The latest *mot* in the Montmartre is the one designating Phyllis Haver as the eighty-thousand-dollar baby. It is a good laugh on the boulevard and a startling jolt for those benighted beings who believe that movie damsels are beautiful but dumb.



Pacific & Atlantic

Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez arrive in New York on their honeymoon. They were married in California



Pauline Starke is playing the leading rôle in Elinor Glyn's "Love's Blindness." Here they are having tea between scenes. Quite English, y' know!

Miss Haver outslicked a retired Omaha business man in a real-estate deal so badly that the speculator from the hinterland is crawfishing on his deal. He has brought suit against the bathing beauty for the aforementioned sum. Miss Haver, having long since laid aside the one-piece suit, is struggling towards stardom in dramatic rôles and investing her earnings in shrewd realty transactions. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is proud of her.

There is another indication that movie beauties are developing intellectually. One of them recently appeared on the speaking stage in a very advanced drama. Leatrice Joy it was who made her stage début in a production of Karl Schoenherr's play, "The Children's Tragedy," which, for bedtime reasons, was retitled "The Candle." It was shown with some success at the Potboilers' Theater. Miss Joy is under contract to Cecil De Mille and the press-agent took due notice of her excursion into the realms of art for art's sake.

I hope that Your Majesty will visit us soon and see for yourself the wonders of Hollywood.

Hollywood.
Your Majesty:

Corinne Griffith is in line for a big contract when her existing one with E. M. Ascher, releasing thru First National, expires in October, and it is known that she has been approached already with several big offers.

An executive of the Paramount organization offered her a cash bonus of fifty thousand dollars if she would permit him to buy up the existing contract, provided it could be negotiated with Ascher, and the signing of her services for a period of years. Miss Griffith rejected this because she does not want to sign for more than one or two years. Had it gone thru, she would have had her own unit releasing probably thru Paramount.

Warner Brothers made her an offer some time ago of ten thousand a week on a contract to start upon the expiration of the present one. As Miss Griffith's husband, Walter Morosco, has been made a director by Warners recently, it is thought that company has a good chance of interesting, altho it is said the star favors an independent unit and that Joseph Schenck is interested in her as an acquisition for United Artists.

Miss Griffith's pulling power has steadily developed in about as bad pictures as any star has had. With "Classified," a real box-office attraction, she has shown what she can do with good material. She has completed work in "Mlle. Modiste" for First National and is starting soon on a Russian story, "Into Her Kingdom." She has two besides this to make before the termination of her contract.

New York.
Dear King:

Doug and Mary arrived in town in time for the opening of "The Black Pirate." The usual mob surged about the Selwyn theater to watch the stars enter, while policemen shoved, pushed and punched the crowd back. Patrons with first night tickets literally had to fight their way into the theater. The New York police department seems unable to handle a screen opening.

When Cecil De Mille had to jam his way thru the struggling coppers and film fans, he said: "We do this much better in Los Angeles." "Well," snarled one of Manhattan's finest, "why don't you go back there then!"

Hollywood, *ornia.*
Your Majesty.

I know your regal interest in Constance Talmadge. Consequently, I know you will be interested in details of her sudden marriage to Alastair Mackintosh, late captain in the British army.

I hear reports that Connie had a quarrel with Willie Collie, Jr. Willie and Connie, you know, were considered to be hovering on the edge of matrimony for a long time. Then came the quarrel. Connie had met the Honorable Alastair but a week before. She married him abruptly.

And now she says that she's going to give up motion pictures after her next two pictures and that she's going to dear old Lunnon to live. We shall see, we shall see.

(*Continued on page 70*)

Meet LA CAVA

With Two Richard Dix Comedies This Young Director Has Established Himself

By DUNHAM THORP



Gregory La Cava

"IN early youth a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of ART"—thus might we well start an extra verse to be added to that famous song. Thus also, begins the story of Gregory La Cava, the director "found" by that smiling brute, Richard Dix. Once the young artist leaves the "ivory tower" and enters the turbulent waters of the sea of life, the lightness of his fancy may perhaps be seen—and then comes that groping for firmer and more concrete foundations upon which to build the structure of a life. So, again, it was with Gregory La Cava—the man who, when first he embarked upon this sea, took the name of George Gregory, that he might not hurt that other Gregory who dwelt within the tower—but more of this anon.

The place was the basement restaurant of the Famous Players' Astoria studio; and the time, lunch hour. Richard Dix gave his director a warning outline of the questions I would probably ask (birthplace and date, ideals, scarlet past, ambition, struggle to win, age, weight, pets, etc); and then, with one fell sweeping blow, smote me mightily upon the back—undoubtedly on the theory that this counter-irritant would take my mind from any possible sting his words might have carried.

Now that the background is indicated, let us focus our attention upon that central figure who is our subject.

Starting in Rochester, La Cava soon moved to Chicago, and there entered the schools and pursued his quest with great intentness. And, being an artist, naturally with great poverty.

"Three of us lived in a room we rented for eight dollars a month; with housekeeping privileges — when the landlady was absent."

At this time his one means of earning a livelihood—for, of course, his art could not support him—was job as usher in the Garrick, a theater owned by th Shuberts. His salary was the truly munificent sum o ten dollars a week. His job was, under all circum stances, to bar every person not possessed of a ticket o the proper date, size, and color. One day a man entere who insisted that the trivial matter of a missing slip o cardboard should not bar him—nevertheless, he *wa.* barred. And this man was Jake Shubert! He waxe wroth; and then gained peace in contemplation of thi magnificent example of the steadfast devotion of a lowl menial to his duty. The usher La Cava's salary wa raised to twelve dollars a week! He was now the wealthi est member of his circle!

Still he painted on ("I believe I destroyed more

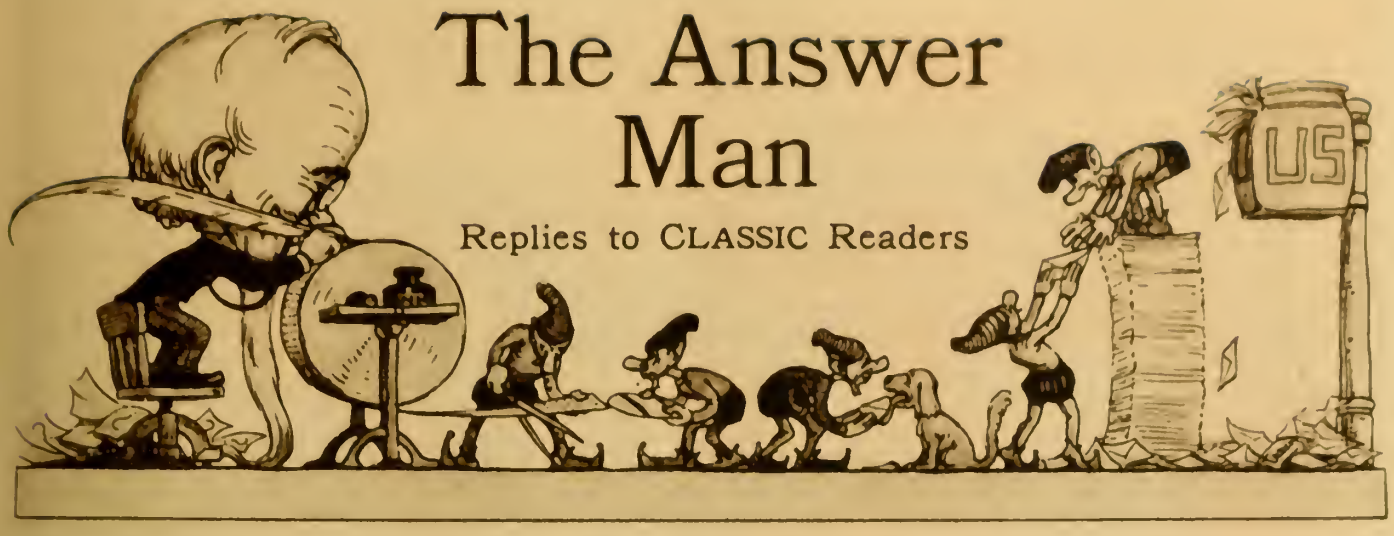
(*Continued on page* 66)



La Cava, Richard Dix and Esther Ralston between scenes of "Womanhandled"

The Answer Man

Replies to CLASSIC Readers



Hear ye, hear ye! All you folks who have questions to ask, come this way and you shall be heard—and answered. I have learnt a lot during the last eighty-two years, and it's all yours for the asking. Been answering ??? for the last fourteen years, and still going strong. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear here, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address, and mail to me. The Answer Man, care of Classic, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAMIE S.—Greetings to thee, friend; come hither and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Come! Let us reason together. Ronald Colman is married, but separated, and Norma Shearer was born in 1903.

RENEE B.—Well, you know what Shakespeare said, "'Tis beauty doth oft make woman proud; 'tis virtue that doth make them most admired; 'tis modesty that makes them seem divine." Jackie Coogan's first was "The Kid."

LOIS M. M.—Yes, I have heard that, but music is the language of the soul; jazz is its profanity. Bert Lytell was *David* in "The Eternal City." Yes, George O'Brien is playing in "Rustlin' for Cupid" with Anita Stewart.

PIL.—You can write the UFA films at 1540 Broadway, New York City. I haven't their Berlin address.

JEANNE M. S.—Righto, but moving day comes on May 1st, but every day in the year is movie day. Vilma Banky in "The Son of the Sheik." Yes, it is true that Harold Shaw, director and husband of Edna Flugrath, was killed in an automobile accident last January. He was a brother-in-law to Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. The husbands of all three sisters have died, but Viola remarried recently and is now Mrs. Maurice B. Flynn.

SHORTY.—So you think I am getting thinner. I'm on a diet, you know. Plenty of buttermilk, but no butter or milk. Bert Lytell is playing on the stage in California. Doris Kenyon in "Mismates."

ACCORDION W.—Well, I asked that player how old he was once, and this is what he said: "As old as my tongue and a little older than my teeth." Most of the players you mentioned are with Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California.

UNA S.—Well, you know Harry Carey's father was a judge and Harry came near being one. Henry B. Walthall got him to go with him and see Griffith at the old Biograph and that was the beginning of his screen career some fifteen years ago. Yes, you should see "Stella Dallas." Take plenty of handkerchiefs with you.

EVA R.—But every why has a wherefore. No, Richard Talmadge is not related to the Talmadge sisters. Georgia Hale and William Collier, Jr., in "The Rain Maker."

ELVA.—Colorado Springs first became famous by having Lon Chaney born there. Ten years later the stage claimed him, not as an actor, but as a stage-hand, then later a chorus boy, then a comedian, and then came "The Miracle Man" and Lon started on his way up the screen ladder and never stopped climbing.

JUST S. B. T.—Yours was mighty interesting. Someday I will run up and see you. Well, Ronald Colman, who recently completed "Kiki" with Norma Talmadge, is to play the leading rôle in "Beau Geste." Herbert Brenon is directing and Alice Joyce has the feminine lead, with Neil Hamilton, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery in the cast.

JULIUS A. P.—Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago. I dont know what her father ever did for a living. Richard Barthelmess is playing in "Ransom's Folly."

LADY VIOLET.—That's some violet correspondence card you have. Claire Windsor and not Mae Murray in "Dance Madness." Billie Dove, Francis X. Bushman and Grace Darmond are playing in "The Star Maker."

JULIET J.—Please, please dont send me any more chain letters. I have all I can do to answer my regular correspondence. HELP!

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.—What's that you say about me—"You're darn, dog-gone, ding-busted clev-ah." Thanks, my child. No, I am not related to George Ade, First Aid or Lemonade. You just pronounce it Clive, with long "I," as in hive.

V. S.—All right, win your $10. Lillian Gish is not and never has been married. Jackie Coogan's twelfth birthday will come off on October 26, next. He started his career at the age of twenty months, but it was an accident. His father was on the vaudeville stage dancing and singing when the youngster walked out unexpectedly. The audience laughed and so daddy made him do his bit right there and then. Charlie Chaplin made him a screen star by getting him for "The Kid."

JEAN M.—I envy your going to California. Best wishes.

CLARISSA.—So you think Percy Marmont is a great actor and has a beautiful personality. Madge Bellamy was born in Hillsboro, Texas, June 30, 1903, so now you know her birthday and can send her a Rolls-Royce. She went on the stage in New York at the age of five.

RUTH L.—I dont see why it takes any courage to write to me. You want Richard Dix to choose the right one when he gets married. How can he do that? Gloria Swanson played in the following for 1925: "Madame Sans-Gêne," "The Coast of Folly" and "Stage Struck."

SENORA DE A.—Your letter certainly was full of comment for James Kirkwood. Norma Shearer's next will be "The Devil's Circus." "Kathleen Mavourneen" was written by Louise Crawford, an American writer of the nineteenth century. The music was written by F. N. Crouch.

QUENTIN F., Hong Kong.—How are you? So you think Mary Astor is the prettiest woman in all the world? To begin with, she was born in Quincy, Illinois, on May 3, 1906, and is playing in "High Steppers" with Lloyd Hughes. I haven't the address of Lucas Kanarian.

DOLORES 19.—Thanks for the gum. You know you can no longer put a man in jail because he owes money. For that matter, you can hardly put him in jail if he has money. Your letter was very interesting. Write me again.

VICTORINE V.—Railroads killed only 149 persons in the United States during 1924, while automobiles killed more than 10,000. So take your foot off the gas. I think you are a very good type. But try and get in.

ROSE A.—Well, I think you are a very nice girl from your letter. When girls are young they play with jacks, and when they get older they play with Jacks. You have the right idea. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman in "Beauty and the Beast." Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez in "The Cat's Pajamas."

DOT.—Does that end it? Thanks for all you say. John Barrymore is playing in "The Tavern Knight." Yes, they do say that Eddie Cantor, the stage comedian, is going to play in "Kid Boots" in the movies. Run in again some time.

THE CAT.—Well, are you that curious? No, Lillian Gish is not married, and she never played opposite Ramon Novarro. That's that.

ALMA, England.—So you think THE CLASSIC does not use enough pictures of Pauline Frederick and Alma Rubens? Mr. Smith, N. B. Well, I guess you are the only one I've heard of who didn't like John Gilbert in "The Merry Widow."

(*Continued on page* 66)

The Nation of the Happy Ending

(*Continued from page* 43)

Vajda come to his office for another talk. It was a nice little talk. Mr. Vajda explained that he had come to New York to write a play of American life, and was leaving again for Europe.

But Mr. Lasky felt that travel broadens one, and that surely Mr. Vajda shouldn't go back home without seeing Hollywood. Anyhow, the upshot of the pleasant little conference was that Mr. Vajda and Brother Victor found themselves getting acquainted with the Pennsylvania railroad —en route to Hollywood. Mr. Vajda was enabled to make the trip because he had a contract in his pocket which called for four original screen stories at a price reputed to be $20,000 per story—on delivery.

Vajda an Exception

Now famous authors have come and gone in Hollywood. They come with a blare of trumpets. They address the women's clubs. They have offices at one studio or another. But they go, oh, so quietly. One hardly knows they have done. Witness Michael Arlen, who came to write an original story for the screen, stayed long enough to give various luncheons and get acquainted with his office, and next was heard of back in dear old London, giving interviews—albeit very flattering ones—on the subject of Hollywood. No, Mr. Arlen didn't get around to writing a story for the screen. But he did like his little trip to Hollywood.

But the story of Michael Arlen is not a new one. It has been done before, very often. In fact, it has been done since the days when Sir Gilbert Parker and a score of other noted authors were imported to Hollywood to write for the screen. They lived at the best hotels—on expense accounts. Sir Gilbert, he of the magnificent whiskers, stayed a whole year trying to get an inspiration, and then he, too, disappeared. He lent an air of distinction to the promenade at the Lasky studio—but he wrote nothing.

So when Ernest Vajda hopped off the train in Los Angeles, with the usual blare of trumpets, Hollywood merely said, "Ho, hum. Another famous author." Hollywood waited for Ernest Vajda to fade out quietly and be heard of next in Budapest, giving interviews on the subject of Hollywood.

A Story for Pola

Mr. Vajda went thru all the motions. He was asked to speak before women's clubs, and did. He was asked what he thought of Hollywood and the California climate, and he said yes—as he was supposed to. He stopped at the Ambassador hotel, and it was announced that he would write an original screen story for Pola Negri. It is nearly always announced that famous authors will write stories for Pola Negri. But they seldom do.

But then quite startling things began to happen. The rumor got around somehow that Ernest Vajda was working. He also moved out of the Ambassador hotel because he said it was too expensive. This, too was strange, because the studio was paying the bills. Authors seldom move out of the Ambassador as long as the studio pays the bills. He moved into a big spacious house, but not a fashionable one.

Mr. Vajda also liked the air and the scenery. Motoring was such a pleasure on California's fine roads. So he had Brother Victor, the business manager, buy him a second-hand, medium-priced coach.

This was what really brought Hollywood to life. Authors and actors on their arrival in Hollywood, usually buy a Rolls-Royce or at least a Lincoln—on the instalment plan. Mr. Vajda bought a second-hand, medium-priced coach, and paid cash for it.

Meanwhile Pola Negri, who had been to Albuquerque, or some similar place, on "business," returned. Mr. Vajda talked with her, and was seen no more for three days. Then he appeared at the studio with a seventy-six-page story, in "treatment" form, written especially for her. The studio officials liked it immensely. It was turned into a scenario, "The Crown of Lies," and Pola was starred in it. Brother Victor rang up the cash-register.

Then—"The Cat's Pajamas"

Then he met Betty Bronson. She was a nice girl—so typically American. Mr. Vajda decided to write a story especially for her. He appeared a week later with it. It was called "The Cat's Pajamas," and was a delightful story of American life. The studio immediately accepted it, and co-starred Betty and Ricardo Cortez in it. And Brother Victor, the business manager, rang up another $20,000.

Mr. Vajda had originally planned to go back to Hungary when he completed the four stories. But it is now reported he has a new contract in his pocket for four more stories, and will remain in Hollywood for some time to come.

He has just completed his third screen original, "The Great Illusion," probably the greatest story of the three. He wrote it in two weeks. Hollywood hasn't caught its breath yet from astonishment.

Incidentally, an amusing story is told about the experience of the amazing Mr. Vajda with a publishing firm which desired to turn "The Crown of Lies" into a novel. They asked him what he would take for the book rights, or if he would let them have them for nothing.

"But I am not a business man, I am an author," said Mr. Vajda. "Why is it you should ask me to say how much?"

"It will be wonderful publicity for you," they said.

"Oh, will it?" explained Mr. Vajda. "But, alas, I am not a business man."

"Think of the publicity," they said. "What will you take?"

"I am not a business man," deplored Mr. Vajda, "but on account of all the good publicity, if you want the story I will let you have it for $20,000."

The story rights, needless to say, still remain intact.

Mr. Vajda's reactions to American life are startling Hollywood.

His Reactions to America

"Kissing in America is very badly done," he declared shortly after his arrival. "It seems your American men do not understand how to kiss. They give their wives a perfunctory kiss when they leave in the morning. I have seen men, quite as an afterthought on boarding a moving train lean back and take a random shot at a kiss in parting from their wives—never minding where it landed. It was an afterthought to business. Kisses are usually given in haste, in such public places as subways and railroad stations, or on the front-door step.

"Hollywood is the only city where kissing is properly done. A kiss properly done should be a long and lingering caress of affection and deep significance, not a casual salutation. Kissing is done properly in Hollywood because the movies know the technique. It is a beneficial thing, and I hope the vogue will spread thruout the nation.

"Hollywood is a city of too many too beautiful women. It is not alone in the movies, but in every walk of life—I do not know why. Venus de Milo waits on you in a café. Cleopatra checks your hat at the hotel. Beauty is everywhere. Beautiful girls no longer mean anything. They pall on one.

"The most interesting woman I have met in Hollywood is a homely one. She has a fascinating personality and a splendid mind. She was such a novelty that I was entranced. I shall not mention her name. That would be unfair.

Nation of the Happy Ending

"America is the nation of the happy ending. This is frequently criticized. But I believe it is a good thing, because it expresses a national view-point, a spirit of youth and strength and enthusiasm. American life is vigorous, ambitious, idealistic. In Europe a man is what he is. If a man is born in a middle-class family, he expects to remain middle-class. If he is a beggar, he expects to remain a beggar, and everyone expects him to remain one. In America he would be ambitious to become a capitalist in a few years, and no one would be surprised if he did so. America makes up in its youth and strength and idealism what it lacks in the charm of intrigue and contemplation.

"American women of all classes have the most beautiful clothes in the world. Even the stenographers dress well, and wives of all classes are always well gowned. But, alas, American women have not learned that half the art of beautiful clothes is in the wearing. They buy more beautiful things, but they do not wear them so well as European women wear simpler clothes. This is mostly due to lack of bearing, lack of taste, or the belief that spending money will buy anything, and that good clothes automatically look good.

"Screen authorship means but little in the realm of immortality. This is because the screen author thinks in pictures, not in written words. On the stage, the play lives, the player dies. Shakespeare will be living a thousand years from now, after every great actor who has played the rôles he has created has sunk into an oblivion that is beyond redemption.

"The great actors of the screen will continue to live thru centuries, but the screen authors will be forgotten. I doubt if Ernest Torrence will ever be forgotten. Charles Chaplin, Pola Negri, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Wallace Beery, all are sure of their niche in the hall of fame. Yet even a quarter of a century hence I doubt if more than a handful of people will know who were the authors of the great screen stories of today, even tho they gave these players their rôles which made them famous.

"Authors who think only in pictures and who do not write in words are courting oblivion. I believe stage authorship should always parallel screen authorship, and I shall always continue it, and strive for greatness in the realm of the theater. We all desire our meed of immortality."

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It Costs You Nothing

Just fill out the coupon below—and send a small strand of your hair (about the thickness of a pencil lead, and at least 5 inches long). *Do not send combings.* Enclose $1 Deposit to cover costs of testing.

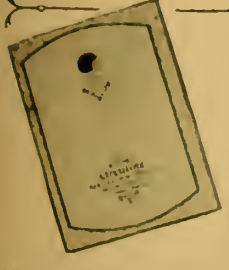
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*Name*_____
(Please write plainly)

*Address*_____

If booklet only is wanted, check here ☐

Meet La Cava

(*Continued from page* 62)

canvases than Rembrandt ever painted"), and still he lived in poverty.

About this time, he moved to New York; thinking, perhaps, that in a larger city a larger market for his paintings might lie hidden. But it was not so—in New York as well as in Chicago, he failed to make a living from his art. But still he persevered. The National Academy, The Art Students' League, and a battering from one odd job to another constituted his life at this time. And when the bills began to get a bit too heavy, he resorted to his mother.

"I thought nothing of it—there was money there, to be had when I wanted it."

But soon the pressure grew *too* heavy—it became absolutely necessary for him to find some way of earning livable income. He looked about, and, after some looking, the field of newspaper cartooning seemed to offer the greatest opportunities.

But that would mean the degradation of his art!—making of her a vehicle for existence, rather than expression! And later, when he would become a famous artist, the critics would know of his dark past, and trace the influence of the comic strip thruout all his most serious work. This second thought was more than could be born—so, to circumvent it, he took his second name as a surname; and blossomed forth as the cartoonist, George Gregory.

As he entered further in this work he had at first thought of as only a lesser species of "pot-boiling," he became aware of the fact that one cannot serve two gods at one and the same time—that, if he was to be a cartoonist of any importance, he must devote his whole time and energy to it—and let the dreams of his painting go the way of all other dreams. The dream faded, until at last the reality absorbed all his *interest,* as well as time and energy.

He was not long in the newspaper game before the field of animated cartoons—then in its wailing infancy—began to draw him. Here it was that he first made acquaintance with the camera—and gained knowledge that is now invaluable.

"Timing, for instance. I can almost always tell just how many frames it will take to make a given gesture."

It was natural that he should use the animated cartoon only as an entering wedge into the wider range of the film industry as a whole, and not as an end in itself. From cartoons to directing comedies for Johnny Hines was but the first step. And from there his rise was, for a time at least, steady—to culminate in a production that was remarkable.

This was a picture called "Restless Wives" that he made for C. C. Burr, a producer in the states rights' field. We have all heard of the impossibility of making a presentable picture for the paltry sum of $125,000—of the inability to get actors who can act, decent sets, costumes—but you know all this fully as well as I. Well, the cast of this picture was: Doris Kenyon, James Rennie, Naomi Childers, Montague Love, Edmund Breese, Burr MacIntosh, Russell Griffith, Edna May Oliver, and others—and it was finished for the exorbitant sum of $35,000!—and was made in seventeen days!—which, of course, is the answer to the seeming riddle.

"In the early stages of his career," says La Cava, "one picture may well ruin a director. Making pictures with so small a budget was—well, to say the least, risky. If, for an extra five dollars I could make the picture look as tho another thousand had been spent on it, the picture had to remain looking a thousand dollars cheaper!

"But the risk was the main thing. For, one breaking into the game must watch his step. If it rains, they fire the director!"

And so it was that, instead of jubilation, he turned back to groping. And to grope with any prospect of finding anything, he must give his whole time and thought to it. So he decided to quit the industry entirely until such a time as the course to be followed should become clear in his mind.

And—there was another consideration.

"You know how it is with one of my type—you get a little money ahead, and you're not happy until it's spent and you're broke again—you'd throw the whole world down for $7.80!

"I had married a short time before. So now I took the $7.80, my wife, and the Buick—and the four of us set forth on a belated honeymoon."

His groping was not aimless; nor was it directed to no point. After a time of searching, he found a course he felt satisfied might lead him up the mountain. This was: to return and become a director for Famous Players (there is no vagueness here—to decide definitely on *one* company, and that one of the largest in the field!)

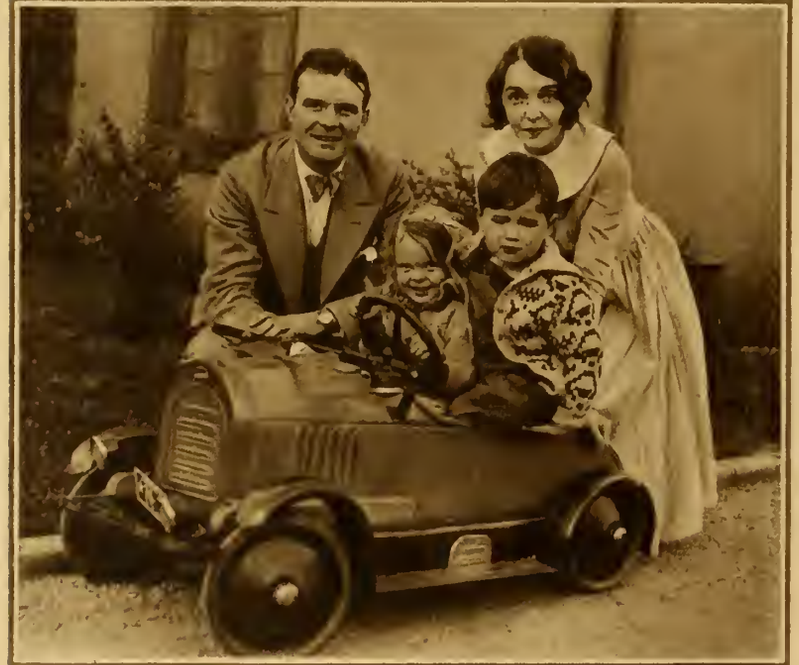
But one cannot walk into Famous and say: "Good Morning, I want a job directing."

So he pulled the few strings he had access to, and secured a job as a sort of general handy writing- and gag-man. As gag-man, he was assigned to the Richard Dix pictures. He met the star and liked him—and was, in turn, liked by him. But the course he had set himself called for the position of director, not *gag-man.*

An opportunity came: "The Shock Punch" was dropping badly behind schedule—La Cava was told to do the last two reels to help speed up the work. Upon examination, these last two reels proved not bad at all—so he was given two in "The Lucky Devil." He had done two-reelers in the early days—now he was a two-reel director in five-reel productions!

Here, Richard Dix took Fate in his own hands and choked the lady into acquiescence. He requested that La Cava be given entire charge of his next picture—this request after the exertion of a steady pressure, was granted.

La Cava made "Womanhandled" and "Let's Get Married."



International Newsreel photos

Tom Gallery, and his wife, Zasu Pitts, are going to adopt Barbara La Marr's son, Ivan. Here are the Gallerys with Ivan and their own daughter, Zasu Anne

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 63)

SELMY.—I envy you when you say you planted some watermelons. Yum, yum! They ought to have plenty of water in them if you planted them in the spring. Lloyd Hughes was born in 1899, and he is with First National.

JANE T.—The quotation, "Frailty, thy name is woman," is from Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Joseph Schildkraut in "The Road to Yesterday." Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France. So they tell me.

FIPPIE TWO.—I'm sorry, but I haven't a cast for "The Tenth Woman." Why pick out the tenth? Elliott Roth was *Harold.* Poor little Farina! Of course, he is a boy, and his name is Allen Clayton Hoskins. Now will you be good?

M. T.—Well, it isn't the way you look at other girls that spoils you with your sweetheart, but the way you dont look at her. Conrad Nagel is playing in "Memory Lane."

F. F.—So you are for Richard Dix, and you say you have four of his pictures on your walls. Richard should feel flattered, but what will Rudolph and the others say?

PRETTY PEGGY.—Oh, my! You know Dolores Costello won one of our popular contests ten or twelve years ago. So you really saw Alan Forrest and Marion Mack taking pictures of "The Whip-hand" right under your window. That must have been thrilling.

(*Continued on page* 83)



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair beautifully curly

in 20 minutes

THE SPANISH BEGGAR'S PRICELESS GIFT

By Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Tom Harvey nicknamed us that—horrid, red-headed Tom Harvey, who used to put burrs in our pigtails and angle worms in our inkwells.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. There were Martha Brown, Helen Stahl, Betty Davis and Leah Cohen—all with wonderful curly hair. But Charity and I could never coax ours out of a straight line.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain, where her father was in diplomatic service, and I didn't see her again for five years—not until last New Year's Eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. When the bobbing vogue first came in I had my hair cut, hoping against hope that would improve its looks. Realising my mistake, I permitted it to grow again and by New Year's Eve it was just long enough to be unmanageable.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and, to my surprise, she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn't recognise her—then. No—it—it couldn't be.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop. I had never been so thoroughly ashamed of my hair before.

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it was really she—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. There was everything to talk about, but I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." She was stopping at the hotel. We excused ourselves and rushed to Charity's room. I listened breathless while she told me this strange story:

Charity tells of the beggar's gift.

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza, where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. There he sat all day long, asking alms from the passersby. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I was leaving Madrid I stopped to bid him good-bye and pressed a gold coin in his palm. That was the best investment I ever made.

"'*Hija mia*,' he said, 'You have been very kind to an old man. *Digame*lo (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires.'

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"'*Digame, senorita*,' he said—'what you wish is even simpler than I thought. Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"'Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him,—go to him and tell your wish. *Adios, senorita, voya con Dios*.'

"You can't imagine, Winnifred, how funny it made me feel. I did not take it seriously, of course. I never expected to look up this mysterious Pedro, but some whim changed my mind and I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, Pedro, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard, met me. Nervously I stammered out my explanation. When I had finished, he bowed and vanished into the rear of his store. Presently he returned with a bottle which he handed to me.

"By this time I was terribly excited—could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was finally in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Breathlessly I watched Charity take a bottle from her wardrobe trunk. Tremblingly my fingers undid my hair and applied the liquid.

Twenty minutes later, as I looked into Charity's mirror, I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

Then the thought came to me I had no right to keep this great secret to myself. There were thousands of women just like me who would give anything to know my precious secret.

So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. They have agreed to act as distributors under a most liberal offer, which places this new found beauty secret within reach of all women, regardless of their financial status.

Now the golden opportunity is yours. You no longer have to spend large sums of money in beauty shops, or endanger your hair by injurious "permanent waves," for this remarkable Spanish Curline Fluid, called "Wave-Sta," will bring you beautifully curly hair in 20 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful a week or more.

Don't delay another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer **now** and always have the beautiful curly hair you want.



A Matchless Marcelle



Lovely Curls in 20 minutes

New Wavy Bob



Wavy Bob

"Wave-Sta" solves the curling and marcelling problem for bobbed heads. Just a few drops when dressing your "bob," 20 minutes' drying and presto! you have a mass of beautiful ringlets, waves and curls. "Wave-Sta" will keep your hair beautifully curly for a week or more and protect it from the damage that constant exposure to artificial heat will bring. Read the details of this liberal trial offer below.

Liberal Trial Offer

(Only One Bottle to a Family)

For a limited time we are offering a full-size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid) at a price that covers only the cost of compounding, advertising, and selling, which we figured down to $1.97. (Please remember that this is a special offer for new users only and we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded.

Under the terms of our special trial offer you do not have to send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him $1.97, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. We urge that you take advantage of it at once. Remember, we take all the risk. If "Wave-Sta" doesn't make your hair beautifully curly, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines Street, Chicago

Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon

— — — — COUPON — — — —

CENTURY CHEMISTS Chicago, Ill.
Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines St. Dept. 175

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid). I will pay postman the special trial price of $1.97, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with this magic curling liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

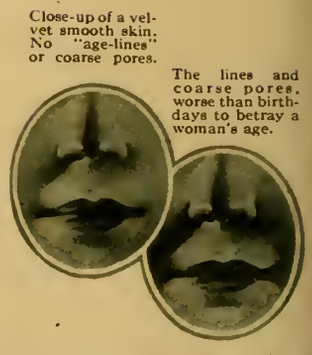
Address.....

Town..... State.....

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose $2 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.

CASHMERE BOUQUET





Close-up of a velvet smooth skin. No "age-lines" or coarse pores.

The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays to betray a woman's age.

Now – This "hard-milled" soap, used every day .... keeps skin young and lovely

There is radiant, happy beauty in a skin that has the fresh satin-smoothness that Nature gave it—and intended it to keep.

But so many skins have been robbed of their fine-textured loveliness. So many show coarsened pores, and blemishes, instead of the clear, smooth beauty that every girl longs for. And, Oh, the heartaches and the disappointments that result from poor complexions! Only the girl who suffers, knows.

Soap, of Course—But the Right Soap

All up-to-date scientific advice on the care of the skin urges the daily use of soap and water. It is the kind of soap you use that makes all the difference between safe cleansing and the danger of coarsened, blemished skin.

Cashmere Bouquet is made especially for the face, hands and tender skin of the neck. It is "hard milled," which means that it is put through special pressing and drying processes that give each cake an almost marble firmness. It is not the least bit squdgy. This special hardness is what makes it safe. Cashmere Bouquet lather penetrates deep into the pores, searches out dust and dirt and rinses away instantly and completely. No undissolved soap remains in the pores to mix with dirt and stifle the tiny openings. That is why skins cared for with Cashmere Bouquet keep their youthful texture and remain beautiful.

Try This Treatment— Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather on the hands. A wash cloth is too harsh for some skins. Massage this soothing lather into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water, in order to remove all traces of soap while the pores are still open. Follow with a dash of clear, cold water. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be naturally dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis cold cream.

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Colgate

Established 1806

Has the Great Lover Become Just a Celebrity?

(*Continued from page 21*)

In the library his Arabian wolfhound persistently thrusts her muzzle into your hands, lying together in your lap, and a black, serious Pincher-Doberman waits with more dignity for the caress.

The room is dominated by two portraits of Valentino, made much larger than life, standing from floor to ceiling. They are by Beltran-Masses, court painter of Spain, who was a guest of the movie actor last summer.

One picture represents Valentino in a Spanish or South American rig, suggesting the character in which he suddenly popped into fame—*Julio* in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The other portrait—and the more interesting—shows the actor as *El Manzor*, the first Moorish conqueror of Cordova. The soldier stands in fine armor, the point of his drawn simitar resting on the ground as he looks into the distance over his camp toward the Spanish city, his quarry. Beside him kneels a dark-eyed girl. The sensual mouth of the chieftain takes cognizance of her presence, but the eyes look out regardless, filled with the larger purpose.



Valentino's house, high in Beverly Hills, is cracking and slipping

Valentino Abroad

VALENTINO is an accomplished swordsman. He loves steel—the fiery point that licks in and out in fencing; the finely wrought intricacies of old armor, alternately dull and bright.

Exquisite figurines in silver cover his tables. Mounted knights jousting. On a cabinet is a gauntlet from the suit of armor presented by the Count of Nieva to Phillip II of Spain. It is gold damaskeen.

Valentino has brought back from Italy his brother, Alberto, who resembles him, lacking the grace and finer lines of figure. Alberto is squattier, more stolid. His wife is with him and their son, Jean, a boy of about twelve. Mario Carillo, the well-known Italian actor, is one of the company in Valentino's home this late afternoon.

The host is not talkative, nor are we. The ominous rains have worked a depression of spirit. No one has been able to get any exercise in the fresh air for days.

Valentino sits idly in knickers and a soft sportsman's blouse. He has on a pair of handsome tan gaiters.

The conversation is of Europe. Valentino lost 100,000 francs the first night at baccarat in the Riviera casino. The second night he won 200,000 francs and quit. The Mascot Café in Berlin held only five customers one gala night and kept two orchestras going—a tango and a jazz. Nobody in Germany is pleasure-seeking. They are just working and—waiting. Paris is as gay as ever, with Ciro's and the other cafés making profits in spite of, rather than because of, the low exchange and the consequent horde of Americans. Valentino left two Fraschini cars abroad when he returned. One will do a hundred and eighty kilos an hour.

And so on.

Valentino's House Is Slipping

VALENTINO'S hill is slipping. Engineers have been up to see it and to rack their brains for a defense.

The stucco mansion so recently acquired is cracking. Something must be done. The situation is symbolic—after the fashion of motion picture symbolism. Valentino's fame is full of cracks. Can it be repaired?

He bought the estate in Beverly Hills with money garnered from the fickle public. The sullen winter rains assaulted it, and like everything in the capital of movieland it proved unsubstantial. A reputation in pictures is likewise subject to caprice and may crack and easily crumble beneath the obloquy of the mob.

(*Continued on page 78*)



The Nordic sneered at Valentino while his women folk thrilled to this jungle python of a lover



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YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 51)

could give such a completely colorless performance. I liked Mlle. Kithnou as *Ferragut's* wife.

The Lyric "Moana"

HAVING disposed of "Mare Nostrum," I can turn to "Moana," Robert J. Flaherty's study in Samoan tribal life, with a sigh of relief. Here is beauty such as you are not likely to encounter on the screen in many a day. It is lyric—and thrilling.

You will recall Flaherty as the man who did "Nanook of the North," that study of man's primitive struggle for existence when the Arctic winds sweep across the desolate stretches of Northern ice. "Moana" presents another—and totally different—study in man's fight for life under the tropical sun.

Here the natives of the South Pacific fish, trap wild animals, transform roots into bread and win a living from nature. I doubt if the motion picture camera will ever catch anything more beautiful than the way the boy, *Péa,* climbs lofty palm-trees in quest of cocoanuts or the way *Moana* and his father master a giant turtle in the deep, clear waters of a coral reef. Thru this picturing of the daily native life runs the thread of a romance, the love of *Moana* for *Fa'angase.* Here is the lyric note, for the two are utterly unmindful of cameras, of conventions, of self-consciousness. I understand some Canadian censors have barred "Moana" because *Fa'angase* does not wear a brassiere. I can only say that these censors would be able to see evil in anything.

The native love dance—the Siva—of *Moana* and *Fa'angase* is an exquisite thing. The film reaches its high point when the stoical *Moana* undergoes three weeks of tattooing, signifying the passing of the threshold of manhood. Coloring is cut into the skin by means of needles of bone. This may seem cruel—but I doubt if it is any more painful than the broken bones our own Moanas encounter upon the grid-iron or the hockey ice. It's all in the point of view.

Anyway, Flaherty's picturing of the Polynesian life under the swaying palm-trees of Savai'i becomes a veritable cinema poem.

An Adult Comedy

"THE Grand Duchess and the Waiter," a Malcolm St. Clair effort featuring the suave Adolphe Menjou and charming Florence Vidor, possesses genuine sparkle. This is built upon a French farce by Alfred Savoir and revolves around a Russian grand duchess, traveling with her entourage but little real money, and a gay and wealthy man-about-town. The gay dog masquerades as a waiter and wins the duchess' heart just as she is pawning her last royal jewel. The comedy is an adult one, done with intelligence and delicacy. I congratulate St. Clair for his direction, and Menjou and Miss Vidor for their shrewd playing.

In contrast to "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," "Irene," Colleen Moore's adaptation of the musical comedy of some years ago, is just comic strip hokum. The story? A wealthy young man falls in love with an Irish hoyden who delivers bundles. Your liking for "Irene" will depend upon whether or not you like Miss Moore's hoydenisms. I dont. I know I am in the minority because Miss Moore's comedies are what they call box-office wallops. So you must use your own judgment here. Personally, I think this comedy, directed by Al Green, is slower than some of this star's recent efforts.

I liked Richard Dix's newest comedy, "Let's Get Married," immensely. This is just the story of a rich and rough playboy who gets sent to jail for thirty days. Dix keeps improving in his comedy and Edna Mae Oliver scores a real hit as one *J. W. Smith,* the world's biggest buyer of Bibles, who likes to play in cabarets when she isn't following the straight and narrow purchasing path. Lois Wilson is a pleasant heroine. A whole lot of the credit for "Let's Get Married" goes to the young director, Gregory La Cava. Better watch this La Cava!

Letters to King Dodo

(*Continued from page* 61)

New York.
Dear Majesty:

Lya de Putti has arrived in New York, slightly upsetting the placid calm of Manhattan.

She was taken ill right after her arrival, finally going to a New York hospital for an operation. In the interim she received reporters while reclining in bed, strikingly negligée and smoking a cigaret.

Anyway, Lya gets the rôle in Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan" for which so many actresses were considered. Greta Nissen had it once, before the quarrel that removed her to Universal.

Hollywood.
Your Dear King:

The screen colony out here is all agog over the Pola Negri-Rudolph Valentino "engagement."

You know, of course, that Pola announced her engagement to Rudy, stating that it was in the nature of a "four months' trial engagement," covering the period of her coming trip to Europe.

This announcement was followed by several days of dead silence from the slipping Maison of the Sheik. Then came Rudy's statement that he had never mentioned marriage to Pola at all. Moreover, he said the engagement was news to him.

And there you are, Your Majesty. Maybe they're engaged. Maybe they're not. Maybe it's just press stuff. And, again, maybe Pola is interested and Rudy isn't—now.

Flash Backs

(*Continued from page* 45)

ridicule or otherwise; no exposure of the unpleasant consequences of romantic sentimentality in real life; nothing that would give a disagreeable shock to the stupid or shake the self-complacency of the smug."

Meanwhile, the censors of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, Virginia, Maryland and Florida still are busy with their scissors.

Making "The Big Parade"

(*Continued from page 26*)

going to use this principle in another big picture this year, I hope, and I shall apply it so far as possible to all my pictures."

The question of the development of "The Big Parade's" story has been raised frequently since the picture scored on Broadway. The story is credited—on the screen—to Laurence Stallings, who was co-author of the spoken war play, "What Price Glory."

It can be said with authority (and I am not quoting Vidor here) that few shreds of Stallings' original story outline remain in "The Big Parade" as it stands in celluloid form.

"I owe to Stallings the courage to go ahead and make 'The Big Parade,'" says Vidor. "I might have doubted or faltered otherwise. He gave me the enthusiasm to do it."

How "The Big Parade" Grew

THERE was, for instance, no march thru Belleau Woods in Stallings' original story. The shell-hole episode was there, but the cigaret-sharing moment was not. Stallings contributed the early doughboy bath scenes, but other important incidents, such as the gum-chewing interlude, were devised as the scenes were developed before the camera. That the hero ends with but one leg was created by the scenarist. Perhaps it was suggested by the fact that Stallings lost a leg in the World War.

In other words, Stallings supplied the idea that a story of the war could be told without the usual saccharine bunk about militarism. He contributed the requisite enthusiasm.

The rest of the success of "The Big Parade" is due to King Vidor and the able and sincere assistance of John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. Vidor had been making good—and, in several cases, extraordinary—pictures for years, but he hadn't caught the eye of the public.

The Northern Star

(*Continued from page 53*)

"Why should they look at me? They do not know me."

She wears her corn-colored hair straight back from her classic brow in a long bob that curls at the ends. She uses no make-up and the California sun has not had time to spoil the wild rose and lily white of her complexion. Nothing can take away the haunting sadness of her eyes.

Perhaps it was her eyes, perhaps her sensitive lips, perhaps her very real charm—or it may have been something deeper that Mauritz Stiller caught and imprisoned on the screen in the "Saga."

Whatever it was, it reached out magic hands and transported the young unknown from the snowy shores of Sweden to the sunny beaches of California. And here is the way of the thing:

Louis B. Mayer makes it his business or his pleasure to view in his private projection-room all important foreign films. Sitting in his easy chair one day, Mr. Mayer saw Greta Garbo looking tragically out at him.

Signed for America

"RUN that again," he directed, when the film was finished. And then: "We'll get that girl."

Fred Niblo was then in Rome working on "Ben-Hur," and Mr. Mayer had planned to go to see him. On that same trip, the M-G-M head proceeded to Stockholm,

(*Continued on page 77*)

To keep fresh the beauty of girlhood – is the duty of every woman

THERE is no place in the modern scheme of things for the woman who is indifferent to her personal appearance and allows herself to grow old. It's the age of youth—but no woman can look younger than her skin.

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Peggy Hopkins Joyce

MEN

(*Continued from page* 23)

The Girl of Today

"But now a girl goes to work at seventeen or eighteen. I am not speaking of girls from well-to-do families, altho sometimes they work, too, but I am speaking of the average girl. She is thrown with all sorts of men. Her judgment grows sharper. She learns the value of money, so her demands grow larger. But it is not her fault that she is working. Her parents can not give her the pretty things she craves. Organdies and dimities made by the village dressmaker do not look well when placed side by side with Patou's latest sport creation.

"The terrible tragedy of girlhood must not defeat her, the tragedy of being different from the rest of her world. So she goes out to seek her fortune, like the princess in the fairy-tales. And like them, she dreams that by some magic, she will land on her feet.

"And she, too, has her idea of an ideal man. At least, she has at first. But her desire to have a good time, to see what she can while she can, the latest play, the newest cabaret, leads her to accept all kinds of invitations from boys earning very little more than she is. They are not exactly what she wants, but they are the only youth with which she has any contact. The pleasant, lazy, good-natured young boy who drives up in the latest sport model, and blows the horn as a signal that she must hurry down an make it snappy. He doesn't get out an come to her door. And she doesn't de mand it. If she did, he would drive t the very next house, and get another gir just as pretty, just as smartly dressed and her evening would be lost. An eve ning is a very long time when you ar eighteen.

Toll of Propinquity

"Pretty soon propinquity takes its toll The young couple get married. The feel that the beautiful excitement of thei youth must keep up. Her husband spend a good bit on his clothes, and she know that she must not get frumpish herself Hasn't she read of the horrid fate tha will be hers if she once lets down. Money is scarce. The good-looking young boy just doesn't seem to grow older. He doesn't develop into the man she hoped he might be. His father gives him a small allowance and it seems enough to him, but not to her. She has been out in the world and knows better. There is no use being mistress of a home that consists of two rooms and a kitchenette All very well to pour tea from the old family silver, polish the priceless walnut. wash the egg-shell china with your very own hands, and graciously administer to the lovely romping children. But if the family teapot is a cocktail shaker, the

(*Continued on page* 83)



Binder, Berlin

Lya de Putti as the acrobat heroine of "Vaudeville"

The Toast of Berlin

(*Continued from page* 19)

o in the first year after her husband's leath, some two years ago, when she ac-ually plunged into work and hardly ever ad (or wanted) a single day out of the tudio for more than a year.

Her latest productions have been for FA. The first of these, "Vaudeville," irected by E. A. Dupont and co-starring er with Emil Jannings, will be seen on roadway before long. And the same will robably hold good for her latest picture, ust finished. This is "Manon Lescaut," irected by Dr. Robinson. This, indeed, as been a part most ideally suited to his artist.

As regards her private life, I should nention at first the fact that she is very good Catholic and never fails to o to church regularly. It would, how-ver, be wrong to suppose that pious as he is she would be averse to any *joie de ivre*. On the contrary, she likes to have good time and to spend her evenings in nerry company, dancing and enjoying her-elf. As a matter of fact, she is known o be the life and soul of every party, nd altho she has learned German quite vell by now, there is no end of teasing er for her rather pretty Hungarian accent.

Up to the moment of leaving Berlin, she vas busily learning English, everybody elping her to accomplish this task as uickly as possible. As a matter of fact, he was taking this work just as seriously s her screen work—and that seems a lot! And she had mastered quite a nice smat-ering of the language.

As regards her private hobbies, the best ne could say of her would be that she s a "sportsman" in every sense of the ord. Practically speaking, she is quite keen (and rather reckless) motorist, and he also likes to go up into the air, and ven knows how to pilot an aeroplane, ltho, between us, I would not advise any-ody to entrust himself to her aerial abili-ies before having closed a considerable nsurance deal.

She told me that she is looking forward o her American trip. She will be accom-anied by her mother, whom she is very evoted to, and, as regards blessed old Cali-ornia, she is expecting a fine chance to lo a lot of good work.



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THERE is no need of scouring or scrubbing to keep the toilet bowl clean and sanitary. Sani-Flush will relieve you of all the labor.

Sani-Flush, simply sprinkled into the bowl as directed, does away with all incrustations, stains, sediment and foul odors. It leaves the bowl glistening white.

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THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

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Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

Joby from the Tennessee Hills

(Continued from page 39)

Jobyna, "Poor old Sam was blind and when he heard us all yelling and running, he ran, too, but he ran toward the lion. When we were all paralyzed with fear he'd be hurt, one of the spear-bearers jabbed it at the lion and it went the other way. We thought him a hero, that boy."

"But he wasn't really," said Roy, "he was too scared to move and when the lion got near him he started to drop the spear and the lion thought he was brave."



Jobyna and her mother

Doing a Hula-Hula Girl

"Do you remember the day I was a hula-hula girl and you were in my tribe and we were working by the ocean?" cried Jobyna, "We'd made up our arms and legs with brown powder before we left the studio. The day was so hot we said: 'Let's go swimming!' and when we came out we were white instead of brown and had to play the rest of our scenes that way?"

"Whenever the script called for anything exotic in the way of shoes," explained the temporary guardian of Jobyna's "props," "I wore bedroom slippers."

"And I wore a pair of sandals thru everything!" bubbled Jobyna. "They were so comfortable! They went tripping over desert sands, into slum cellars, up palace stairs and into the ballet. Even the girl of the wide-open spaces and the pert French maid wore them. It didn't matter.

"After a year of that—my, how I thrill now when I think of it! They called me up one morning and told me to come to the lot. I thought I was to do another one-reeler, but when I arrived, they said: 'Get into Mildred's clothes, quick. You're to be Harold Lloyd's leading lady!'

Selected By Lloyd

"I'd met Harold on the lot, of course. I remember how delighted I was the first time when he shook hands and smiled. I didn't know then that it was his regular company smile and wasn't specially for me! I didn't wash my hand for a week!

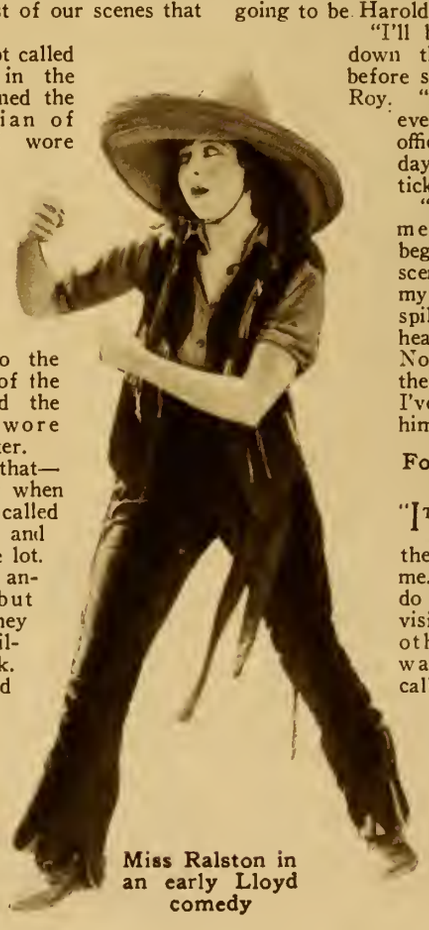
"It seemed that Mildred had expected to be able to work in Harold's pictures and in a feature outside but she had too much to do and couldn't make it, so Harold said: 'Get the little Ralston girl!'

"Most girls who are to be leading ladies to stars have to go after the job, take screen tests, and worry for weeks for fear somebody else will get the job, so that when they are signed, they are too exhausted to care.

"Mildred's clothes were a good fit except that the sleeves were too short, and there I was being pinned into them, two people lengthening my cuffs, more people fixing my hair, putting on my shoes and the whole lot shouting: 'Hey, Joby's going to be Harold's leading lady!'"

"I'll bet Jobyna ran up and down the stairs ninety times before she was ready," chuckled Roy. "Buzz-buzz came from every dressing-room and office. It was halleluia day for us all, we were so tickled about Joby!"

"I was so scared!" remembered Jobyna. "We began with the blue pills scene in 'Why Worry' and my hand shook so that I spilled most of them. I heard my teeth chatter. No doubt Harold heard them, too . . . And now I've been working with him for four years!



Miss Ralston in an early Lloyd comedy

Four Years as Leading Woman

"It's great. I'm the only girl on the lot and they've practically ruined me. I dont know what I'd do on another lot. I was visiting Bebe Daniels the other day and if she wanted anything, she called a maid and it was brought, just like that! . . . If I want anything, I can go get it!

"We work so long on a picture—six or seven months—that every dress I have has to be duplicated, or triplicated, and I get

(Continued on page 86)

When the first glorious day of golf is over—and the final putt sinks in the 18th cup—when the tense moments end in soft mellow twilight
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Have a Camel!





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Silverscreen: The Model Movie Community

(*Continued from page 25*)

lighter side of life in Silverscreen. Aided by the natural topography, the community literally abounds with tennis-courts, golf courses, trout pools, toboggan slides, bowling-alleys, polo fields, bull-rings, velodromes, cricket pitches, gridirons, diamonds, pearls, emeralds and aquamarines. Clambakes are the rule rather than the exception.

A feature of the sporting side of Silverscreen is its "May Walk." Led by the house mothers and flanked by a troop of lancers in full-dress uniform, the girls from the various dormitories, dressed in white lawn, march in a column of two's to the great statue of Will H. Hays, which is found exactly in the middle of Cecil B. De Mille Boulevard, the principal thorofare. Wreathing the statue with smilax, they march singing back to their quarters, where for the rest of the day "open house" is held, culminating at eight o'clock in the evening with a wild weenie roast. Each girl may invite a "boy friend," for whose behavior the management is not accounted responsible. Saturday afternoons mixed bathing is held in the huge Byzantine Swimming Pool in the fashionable Faubourg de la Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraie. Armed guards patrol the pool.

Other amusements are occasional lectures in the Town Hall, going to the movies, "yessing" the producers and compulsory chapel attendance. Sunday is given over to meditation and catching up with correspondence. The town bell tolls every half-hour for prayers.

The Amusement Committee is always on the watch for suggestions for additional healthy, clean amusements, preferably with an educational value. Suggestions should be made out in triplicate, and will go thru the usual channels — the Gowanus Canal and the Culebra Cut—to be acted upon in order of their receipt.

As was stated previously, Silverscreen is run on the patriarchal system, or "Papa is always right." Thus, the inhabitants are virtually all brothers and sisters, and, being such, the breath of scandal is completely hushed by the Listerine of public approval. Outside of the house mothers, the Police Bureau, the Supervisors, the various Administrating Committees, the Board of Censorship, the Supreme Council, the militia, the inquisition, the articles of the constitution, the by-laws and the sixteen hundred and eighty-two commandments (expanded and improved from the original Ten), there is practically no government. An effort is made to give every inhabitant the opportunity to enjoy existence to the full. If the criticism is passed that Silverscreen goes out of its way to be secluded and cloistered, that full machine-gun crews are posted night and day at three-foot intervals on its Great Wall, answer is made that quite likely the bars in front of the cages of a zoo are placed there for the protection of the animals.

As a matter of fact, visitors are welcome, nay urged, to visit Silverscreen. Visiting days are Tuesdays and Fridays and informative guides are always ready to conduct groups over the premises, explaining fully, where explanation is necessary. Not that much is necessary, for Silverscreen—the Cradle of Celluloid Culture—speaks for itself in a fine, clear tongue, discoursing books in its running brooks and sweet sermons in every one of the semiprecious stones that compose the ornate façade of its First National Bank.

"You owe it to yourself to visit our marvel-city," says Morris F. X. Horsbach, Chairman of the Reception Committee, from whose brochure this abstract has been made. "Dont be a short-sighted fool and miss the wonderful chance."

"Or," concludes Mr. Horsbach, "in the words of the Neapolitans' favorite quotation—'See Silverscreen and drop dead!'"

The Northern Star

(*Continued from page 71*)

where he not only signed Greta Garho, but Mauritz Stiller and Lars Hanson, the leading man. Contracts delayed their coming, but a year later all three could answer roll-call on the Culver City lot.

Mauritz Stiller is scheduled to direct Greta in "The Temptress," for which she is thankful.

"I shall be at home with him. My first picture I make with an interpreter and it is not easy, no. I am not sure I have always what the director is saying.

"In American everything is so beeg. Our whole studio in Sweden was not so beeg as one of these stages. Its top was open so that when it rained or snowed—oh, we have snow in Sweden!" (How her blue eyes glow!) "When it rained or snowed, we could not work. It som-times took six months to make a picture. But everybody does not hurry so there. We can, as I say, do but one thing at a time.

"Here I can do but one thing, yes. I make pictures. I give my life to that. I wish my pictures to be good. I wish to learn how to do all these things American girls do so ver' easily.

"I swim, yes. I tell you I lof the sea. But I swim a-lone."

That aloofness of hers is intriguing.

Messrs. Seastrom, Stiller and Hanson, who live in the Swedish colony down by the sea, also, speak of seeing Greta taking her lonely walks where the sunset stains the Pacific and its glory of gold and rose silhouettes her straight young figure as she moves with rhythmic Viking grace over the silver sands. . . .

Greta—and Love

"SO-O, you wish I would talk about love?

"I do not know about it. I have said how it amazes me that these American girls can manage so many things at one time—pictures, society and love.

"Me—little Sweden girl—can do one thing on-ly. Som-day I shall leave pictures, perhaps, and give all to this love. . . . Or I shall learn to do two things together, as you do. . . . But I do not know.

"I tell you. . . . *How* I would like to have a leetle cabin high up in the mountains som-where! How I would *love* to have that leetle cabin, all to myself, where I could be a-lone! It should have beeg trees about it and no other houses—no. . . . But I could see the sea, yes . . . I could see the sea!"

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Has the Great Lover Become Just a Celebrity

(*Continued from page 69*)

The Valentino engineers have been racking their brains for a defense of fame. In "The Eagle" they tried comedy, which was not altogether successful. Now they will go back to the greatest hit of Valentino's career, on the principle that what pleased the public once will be enjoyed a second time.

Valentino will start soon on "The Son of the Sheik," a sequel, by the woman who concocted that aphrodisiac for high-school girls. He is hopeful about making a complete come-back with it.

The same machinery of excitation will be employed: that delicious, masochistic appeal of the fair girl in the strong hands of the ruthless desert tyrant. But in the second opus the young sheik does not abduct the beauty because he desires her. He hates her at first, but comes to love her. This is a far less original idea than the first of E. M. Hull, elderly authoress of the passion-in-a-desert books.

Vilma Banky will do the girl. She is blonde and the heroine is described as a dark French beauty. They are making a test of Vilma wearing a black wig for the part.

Frances Marion, who has a reputation second to none as a scenarist, will do the script. George Fitzmaurice, with a number of recent successes under his belt, will direct. Valentino said frankly that the first sheik picture was abominably done. He hopes for a more artistic product in the next.

But will the movie public appreciate a more artistic product from Valentino? Or can the same machinery of excitation again arouse the stolid damsels of the hinterland igloos?

That remains to be seen. I am afraid Valentino is on the wrong track. His success as a sheik is so wrapped up with the outworn fancies of a few years ago. The very word *sheik* is falling into disuse—a transient slang term gone to its early grave. Sheik, because of its former universal usage, has acquired the half-humorous, half-contemptuous insignificance of all such words.

Valentino's fame rests upon his physical charm. He was the first man in the movies to whom the term *sex appeal* was applied. Postmeridian maidens, baffled wives of husbands who have never learned the ABC's of love, and adolescent girls, feeling the first powerful surge of Mother Eve's blood in their veins—these were the materials ready to his hand.

These thwarted women had been treated in the movies to strong, noble heroes—chaste Nordics who could fight like hell, but made love like butcher-boys.

Suddenly there dropped a burning meteor from the skies. The thrilled and astonished womanhood of America saw for the first time a real Latin lover—not the respectful pachyderm they were accustomed to, but an oily, jungle python of a lover, who mastered you with silken cruelties, who went after you with the appetite of a hungry but well-bred dog.

Worsting the Nordic

No wonder American manhood sneered at "Vaselino." The poor Nordic was sadly worsted. Ungraceful, overfed, with his uncouth hands and feet—the fellow who had always accepted the credo of manliness as synonym for awkwardness was out of the running. What good was it that he could sell more automobiles in a day than the rest of the sales force put together? What mattered it that his lapel glittered with the recognized symbol of the Nobility of North America? Beside this sleek-haired son of satan he was an oaf.

So the Nordic sneered. And his girl giggled—and the next time went to see Valentino alone, or with Mabel, her girl friend.

And in the subtle way that is inexplainable, the admiration for Valentino as an actor was transferred to a personal interest among the women. His divorce from Jean Acker came to fan this interest into a flame. Again the worsted Nordic sneered about "Vaselino" to his girl.

Valentino married once more and the newspapers made capital of "artistic temperament." Valentino's second divorce has had the effect of destroying the last shred of interest in him as an actor. Whatever he appears in next he will be viewed, not as the son of the sheik, but as the ex-hu band of Natacha Rambova—and wonder if he'll marry Pola Negri?

Pola has a curious faculty of becoming involved with famous fellow craftsmen. First Chaplin, who outwitted her. Valentino, it is true, is being more or less obviously pursued. I dont think he is greatly interested.

Helpless Before Popularity

If Valentino could gradually have risen to fame, in the cautious, substantial way of Jack Gilbert, for example, his future would be more secure. But he was helpless in the jet of popularity that shot him up to the zenith. He has taken his fame where he found it—as every movie actor has to do.

Unpopular in his native Italy—because he recently became an American citizen—he faces, in the land of his adoption, the uncertainty of a star making a come-back in the midst of keen competition. For the vogue set by Valentino has produced a whole flock of dark-eyed lovers, equipped with sex appeal and suave address and the advantage of new faces.

The son of the sheik must win his way under the severest handicap in the world—that of having a famous father. It is a pity. Today the Great Lover is chiefly a celebrity.

* * * * *

And yet, Rudolph Valentino, *née* Guglielmi, is really a very good actor.

Old Pictures in New Frames

(*Continued from page 55*)

and build faster, and faster, factories, houses, stores. They must join the parade.

"They haven't made many pictures nor have they made very good ones. Conditions haven't been satisfactory, and they weren't very interested in doing it. But now they see that there is great money to be made in pictures, and that the United States and Germany are making better ones than they are. So now they are beginning to try.

"But I do not believe that any country can compete successfully with this one. We have the money, the climate, the studios, and the best stars. You can not

(*Continued on page 86*)

Famous Blunders

(*Continued from page 17*)

a success of it. In fact, since leaving "D. W.'s" guidance, Barthelmess has done greater work than ever before. Mary Pickford, of course, is another who successfully broke away from her sponsor.

Among the comedians, the most noted blunder was made by Ford Sterling. Back in the old Mack Sennett-Keystone days, Sterling was the king-pin of all screen comedians. His films drew packed houses wherever shown. It seemed as if there would be no stopping him from becoming the idol of the day.

Mistakes of the Comedians

THRU some cause or other, Sterling suddenly terminated his contract with Mack Sennett and started in to make his own comedies. Away from the Sennett studios, however, Sterling seemed to lose much of his former power and personality. It wasn't long before he was down among the "also-rans."

In the meantime, Sennett, casting about for someone to take Sterling's place, began to feature a young man by the name of Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin's rise was as rapid as Sterling's fall, and soon the little comedian with the funny feet was all the rage. Sterling was never able to regain the same popularity. If he had remained with Sennett, Sterling would today have been one of the foremost comedians on the screen.

There are some who are of the opinion that Harry Langdon has made a mistake in leaving Sennett. Langdon, however, is a creative artist and there is little doubt but that he will made good, now that he is producing for himself.

Nazimova's Descent

ONE of the most sudden stellar descents in the film heavens was made by Nazimova. Thru dint of excellent pictures and remarkable performances, Nazimova had risen a few years ago to the point where she was considered one of the six biggest attractions on the silver-sheet. Suddenly, and for no cause apparent to the general public, Nazimova began to skid rapidly down grade. Her films were inferior and her playing lacked the old fire. The answer was, Nazimova had blundered into the idea that she was not only a great actress but a great producer, director and business woman combined. Attempting to give too much attention to production matters, which should have been left to others, she neglected the talent and screen personality that would have placed her at the top. Screen disaster was the result.

Once a star starts to slip backwards in the public's esteem, it is almost impossible for him to recover and go forward again. Several have tried, few have succeeded.

Valentino is now faced with this very task. Rudy made two great blunders, each in itself enough to sink completely the average star. His first mistake was in allowing the term of "Sheik" to become too firmly attached to him. The Sheik error was but a momentary fad and the American public quickly set themselves against it. Valentino is still suffering, however, from his connection with this term.

Valentino's Slips

RUDY'S other error was in quitting the screen at the moment when all things were working favorably for him. During his absence, Novarro and Gilbert all forged to the front and won many hearts



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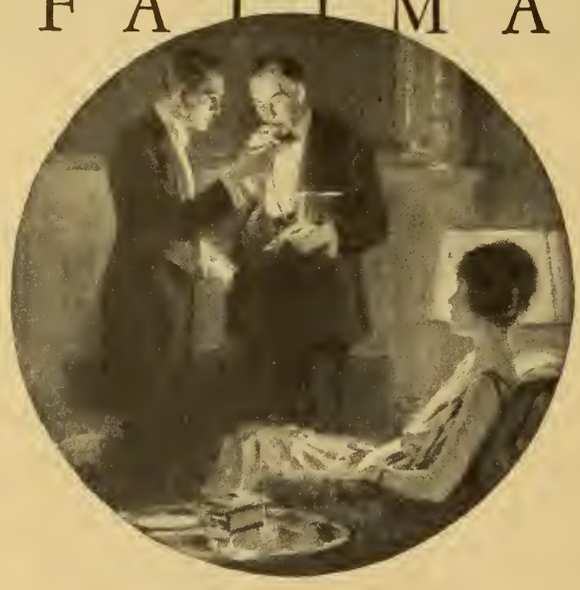
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that were formerly Valentino's. According to late announcements, Valentino is going to make another Sheik picture. This film may be momentarily successful, but it will have an after-effect that will do the star irreparable damage.

William S. Hart also made the mistake of quitting the screen at an inopportune time. The Western film was just coming in vogue, and during Hart's absence from the silversheet, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson and others stepped into the limelight he formerly monopolized and the famous "two-gun-man" will find that he has now a battle on his hands to win back his lost popularity. So far as actual merit and ability go, however, Hart is the greatest portrayor of Western rôles the screen has ever had.

It is well-known truism in the silent drama that it is not the getting to the top that is so difficult—it is the staying there. To the star, director or producer who has reached a prominent position in the film industry, there are all kinds of pitfalls that must be avoided, if he would continue safely along the road to fame. The big stars and directors are those who, in addition to possessing unusual talent, are also gifted with the ability actually to feel the public pulse and make their films accordingly.

To keep a short step ahead of the public taste is the ideal arrangement for best results, and will bring even greater rewards than keeping directly abreast of the public demands. To step too far ahead of the public, however, is one of the worst blunders that can be made and always brings direful results. It is in some instances worse than falling behind the times.

To cite three examples: Theda Bara went into oblivion because she persisted in playing vampire parts on the screen long after the public had tired of them. She fell too far behind the public's taste in entertainment.

Anent Colleen Moore

In "Flaming Youth" Colleen Moore for the first time portrayed a daring ultra-modern flapper. Previously, Colleen had been playing simple and demure rôles with only average success. When "Flaming Youth" was made, the time was ripe for flapper rôles, the public knew all about them, but they had never been presented graphically on the screen. Colleen Moore and "Flaming Youth" were an immense success, because the star had only slightly anticipated the trend of public thought. Flapper films immediately became the vogue and Colleen became one of the leading stars on the screen.

Gloria Swanson, on the other hand, has now stepped too far ahead of her public. She is playing too many different types of parts. Gloria is by all means the greatest actress that the silent drama has ever had. With the instincts of a real artist, Gloria does not wish to confine herself to any particular type of rôle. She desires to attempt something different each time, to give a new characterization in every production. This should be the aim of every great actor and actress.

To follow this line of action on the screen, however, is playing with fire. The film-going public is slow thinking and once a player has established herself, or himself, in a certain kind of rôle to the satisfaction of the public, the latter prefers the star to remain in that type of rôle consistently. Gloria's sudden switches from emotional drama to fine character work, and from character work to slapstick has been too rapid for theatergoers.

Gloria Ahead of Her Public

GLORIA may lose a lot of her old admirers—many of whom are well lost—thru her commendable efforts to break away from old screen traditions, but in the long run she will win admirers to the silent drama who have hitherto looked with contempt upon our fair institution and the popular players whom the general public is prone to look upon as "artistes."

Eric von Stroheim and, to some extent, Ernst Lubitsch, may also be classed among those who have suffered more or less thru being too far in advance of the public. These men have blundered in thinking that American theatergoers—that is, those who make up the bulk of film fans thruout the country—are really desirous of something fine and worthwhile in the way of screen entertainment.

Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," which was a great picture in spite of disparaging remarks to the contrary, failed with the American public simply because it was ahead of its time. Von Stroheim's "Greed," one of the finest films of all times, flivvered simply because it was really a "bigger and better" picture.

Lubitsch's films are doing well in some of the big cities, but are very little appreciated in the small town. It will take Terre Haute and Kalamazoo about five years to catch up with the superiority of Lubitsch's direction.

Von Stroheim's "The Merry Widow" will meet with general success because, while it is a superbly directed and finely embroidered affair, it is at bottom an ordinary, second-rate story, filled with just the kind of hokum that the public loves.

The He-Vamp Boomerang

LEW CODY was the featured player in a historical blunder a few years ago. Lew had been playing "heavy" rôles with marked success and was forging rapidly to the top. It was in the latter days of the era when vampires were still in vogue. Somebody conceived the brilliant idea of dubbing Cody "The He-vamp." It sounded like a good publicity idea and brought the actor much free space in the papers and magazines.

After a few months the "he-vamp" appellation began to rebound against Cody. The male theatergoers refused to patronize his films, and the women, with typical female psychology, lost interest in an actor who appeared to be boasting of his charms. Cody, himself, of course, had nothing to do with the idea. He felt its ill effects, however, and for two or three years was almost taboo on the screen.

In a similar manner Eugene O'Brien's future was dimmed for a while, due to a publicity blunder which at the time of its conception seemed to be a great idea. As leading man opposite Norma Talmadge, Gene had gradually forged his way to the front until he was finally the most adored screen lover in the films. This was about five or six years ago. The Selznick company decided to make a star of him and in searching about for a slogan to attach to their new satellite they hit upon the appellation "The Perfect Lover."

While the female population of the country was ready to admit that Gene just about fitted their ideals as to what a perfect lover should be, and as a matter of fact they were already terming him that of their own volition, they strenuously objected to any man's openly heralding his superiority as a lover. The term "perfect lover" almost ruined O'Brien's brilliant career. Only by dropping the appellation altogether and delivering a series of fine romantic performances has Gene been

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able to overcome it. As in the case of Cody, O'Brien had nothing to do with the selection of the slogan.

Norma Talmadge's big blunder has been in adhering too closely to goody-goody rôles. They have stifled her personality and killed the fire that formerly flamed so brightly in her earlier work, at which time she played all types and rôles. If her portrayal of "Kiki" is well done, this will revive her old popularity.

The Case of Doug Fairbanks

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was heading himself into an ominous blunder a year or so ago. In his ambition to produce immense spectacles, such as "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad," Doug was smothering the magnetic screen personality that had made him the biggest star of the day. Two more spectacles like the above mentioned and Doug would have been looked upon by the public as a producer rather than a screen idol. Apparently, the star sensed this, for he is now returning to his old style of work with such films as "Don Q" and "The Black Pirate."

Mary Pickford made the commendable blunder of trying to give the public something different. For years many theatergoers and critics had been accusing Mary of sameness. They asserted she could play nothing but kid parts. So Mary gave the public a few grown-up characters. In spite of the excellence of her playing, the Pickford admirers immediately turned thumbs down. Mary is back at kid parts and will probably stay there.

Pola Negri's blunder was made in coming to the United States. At least, it was made after she came to the U. S. A. In her German-made films Pola won a reputation for herself in this country because of remarkable acting ability. Her work was so natural and devoid of the usual posing and reserve which marked our own screen actresses that Pola quickly had her American theatergoers in the palm of her hand. Upon arriving in this country, Pola underwent a metamorphosis and instead of continuing to rely upon her acting ability, which left her few competitors, she decided to take advantage of American photography and become a screen beauty. In this branch of the game Pola could not hope to compete with more than a score of our own fair damsels. All of Pola's recent films show that she is thinking of camera angles instead of working spontaneously.

And Now Cecil De Mille!

MANY are of the opinion that the greatest blunder in recent years was Cecil B. De Mille's cutting loose from Paramount. At the present moment it appears that this contention is correct and that "C. B." has made a grave mistake in taking so much responsibility upon his own shoulders. It will take a little more time, however, to decide this definitely.

Blunders will continue in the silent drama as long as the industry exists. There is no way of stopping them. As a rule, there is no way of definitely knowing a blunder until it has been proved so, and then it is too late to do anything about the matter.

At the present moment there are several stars who stand in danger of making blunders that will vitally affect their careers. Principal among these are Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, Betty Bronson, Mary Philbin and Adolphe Menjou.

Stars at the top, or those just arriving at the top, are the ones who require the most expert handling. One misstep may send them toppling down the ladder into the Down-and-Out Club.

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(Continued on page 84)

Men

(*Continued from page 72*)

furniture not quite paid for, the china Japanese, and the baby asleep on the fire-escape, life becomes a little different.

"So rather than lose all her ideals of what the future should bring, she goes back to work to get them. She has talked about it to her young husband and he doesn't seem to care. Why should he? Most all his friends' wives work.

"That is the beginning of the end. When a woman finds out she doesn't need a man, she just doesn't need him. The youthful glamour is gone. She has found what romance is made of.

"And yet I believe in marriage. It is absolutely necessary, of course. It is the world's greatest convention. We do it to please our mothers, our friends, ourselves, but it seems to me that right now something is wrong with it.

"And I believe that the main difficulty is with the man of today and not the girl. He is not awake. He is not mature. And still my advice is, get married, and stick it out if that is what you want. If you are in love, stay home. Insist upon a home, take no substitutes, make it your fortress, and do not seek a career. There are a few talented women who should not be stifled, a few brilliant and lovely women who are more valuable as themselves than as wives. But the average woman who leaves home for a job in an office, as a clerk, stenographer, or saleswoman, is a million times more of a person as a wife. Some people can do both well, but the great majority can not. Stick to your homes, for the older you get, the more they will mean to you, and at fifty, the new dress will seem a very little thing beside the security of a successful marriage."

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 66*)

HAROLD L. D.—So you think I am a pretty big mystery? Yes, they do say Jewel Carmen will return to the screen after six years' absence in "The Bat." Ford Sterling is playing the lead for "The Show-Off" from the stage-play.

MARY T.—Yes, Eugene O'Brien will play opposite Gloria Swanson in "Fine Manners." It is reported that Robert Leonard is to marry Gertrude Olmstead. Yes, and Louise Glaum, erstwhile vamp, was married last January to Zachary M. Harris, a theatrical promoter.

LILLIE 17.—I should say H. B. Warner has a full name. It is Henry Byron Warner. William Boyd and Elinor Fair were married last winter, and now they're playing in "The Volga Boatman" together.

MAYBELLE H.—Listen here, I cant very well undertake to give you the names and addresses of some forty players here. It would take much too much room. Give somebody else a chance. Dont lay it on too thick, Maybelle.

FRENCHY.—So you think that Alma Rubens is a Classic beauty. She played in "The Winding Stair" with Jack Mulhall.

SHEBA.—Douglas MacLean signed a contract whereby he will make several pictures for Famous Players-Lasky. "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," which is his most outstanding success and his first important picture, was made under the Lasky banner.



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MOANA: A Poem of the Cinema

(*Continued from page 37*)

have no connection on the surface, but actually the rage for the Charleston suggests, for one thing, that Americans everywhere realize down in their hearts that they are savage, just as savage as the Samoans; and for another, that making money and "getting ahead" are not enough, and that they want to live a fuller and more beautiful life, in Florida, for instance, where they can take things easy, bake in the sunlight, or lap in the blue Southern water.

"Moana," for people who have been thinking about these things—nearly all of us, at some time or other—was a *spectacle* of life beautifully lived. When I walk into a theater to see a film by the cleverest of our directors, I say to myself, I am going to look at a play, a wonderful game that somebody has devised to stimulate or amuse me, all artfully put together. But Flaherty, tho he devised a form for his "Moana" in order to give it unity, tho he caught an *overtone* of story or drama, must have said, "I am going to take them so close to this thing that they will forget that they were looking at actors in a film and think only that they were *looking at life*, that they were peering out of some hiding-place into a world that is just as natural and strange as the world always is. . . ."

The Samoans are a handsome race, brave, high-spirited, instinctively artistic in their most natural expressions. Art is not something they go to museums or concerts for; it is a feeling for beauty, as they block out designs on their sparse clothing, as they adorn themselves with a flower in the ear, a wreath in the hair; as they dance; as they carve their boats or their totem-poles.

Epic of Samoan Life

We look at a day in the life of *Moana*, his girl, *Fa-an-ga-se*, and his little brother, *P'ea*. The film begins poetically enough with a shot of the upper branches of two *kava*-trees; weird, feathery, luxuriant, they set the mood for the whole symphony which begins. It is hard to believe that photography alone can be so moving that it holds our interest without the aid of any cheap melodrama—no shipwrecked American yacht anywhere on the horizon. The huge, sinister, tropical plants and leaves fill the picture, wave in the warm southern wind. Out of these moving forms, the Samoan boy emerges, quite naturally a part of them, like some animal or bird. We watch *Moana* and his companions hunt. fish, play, swim. The simplest gestures seem very important, and reasonable. These people are instinctively graceful and natural as we can never be, in the movements of their muscles and limbs, in their expressions to one another. It is very much as if they were not acting at all. Flaherty has caught a marvelous overtone.

"Have you ever noticed," he said, "how animals and children in the film never seem to be *acting*. They just live or play."

The utterly strange overtone of reality, which some news reels catch, "Moana" has to an amazing degree.

But the loveliness of the woods, and of the sunlit beach, the marvelous feeling of water, the beauty of *Moana* swimming in it, the dignity of his dancing—these are not enough.

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OPPORTUNITY MARKET

(*Continued from page 82*)

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to a tremendous, nerve-shattering climax, comes in a way that is absolutely unique in the films, and touched only in great music.

All this delightful "business," these episodes that we have been watching with so much tranquil pleasure, we see now are only preparations for the great event of *Moana's* life, the ordeal of tattooing, which to the Samoan is the test of supreme pain, the religious experience, thru which *Moana* must win to manhood, "the spirit and virility that makes for the fiber . . . the integrity of the race."

A Fine Art of Pain

Tattooing, "the Polynesians have developed into a fine art of grueling pain and decorative loveliness." The meaning of it is most astonishing when we realize that with nature so favorable and life so easy out there, *Moana* willingly submits to this ancient tribal rite in order to assert his manhood. The realism of this sequence is something unsurpassed in the record of the movies.

It is the high moment of the film. *Moana* at first bears the ordeal stoically, grimly. Then his features twist involuntarily; the tears, the perspiration, start *against his will!*

Why does Flaherty try to transmit so much pain after the light-hearted beauty of the early sequences? Why does he dwell on this so long, so morbidly?

"Because the religious emotion is always associated in my mind with pain, supreme suffering," he answered to my question.

And now *Moana*, first thru work and play, then thru the torture of this—to us, inhuman and barbarous rite—has won the pride and strength of manhood, the privilege of wooing *Fa-an-ga-se*. The picture ends with *Moana*, well, after weeks of recovery, dancing with *Fa-an-ga-se*, the strangely sensuous dance of the Siva, which is the expression of their courtship and love.

An extraordinary thing about this simple drama has been the perfectly caught and perfectly sustained atmosphere; not a single element that belonged outside of the conception of life in the South Seas has so much as peeped in. There is nothing to jar your sense of good taste, to waken you from your dream.

Another point that must be made is that the plan or form of this film, by which it develops to its climax, is utterly simple and is woven from the materials which actually compose life here. You could never argue with or question the course of events. It has the inevitable simplicity of life itself, as Mr. Frederick James Smith pointed out in a recent issue of the Classic in connection with such notable films as "The Last Laugh," "Stella Dallas," "The Big Parade."

Take "The Covered Wagon": there is a hopeless love interest in it that has nothing to do with the progress of the pioneers themselves across the prairies, which forms the real *spectacle* of the film. And the villain is only a professional villain; he is not forced into villainy by anything in the situation itself. From this point of view, "Moana" is *pure* of all the silly trapping and devices that are supposed to make people palpitate willy-nilly and its effectiveness despite this gives much room for thought.

The Art of Life

But Flaherty has done more than to give us only a beautiful spectacle. With his broad vision he has suddenly made us think seriously, in between the

(*Continued on page* 91)



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Joby from the Tennessee Hills

(*Continued from page* 74)

so tired of them. There are other drawbacks to so much time, too. In 'Girl Shy,' I had to cry steadily for ten days."

"They always played the same thing for those scenes," observed Roy. "When we heard them strike up 'I Love You Truly,' we'd say: 'Joby's crying again!'"

"After that, Harold wanted me to look as if I'd cried myself out and couldn't weep another tear, but was going on, broken-hearted. Try and do it—especially for two weeks!

"But I loved the part. I'm not so keen about this one. I am a painfully good girl who feeds the poor coffee and doughnuts and goes about with a sickening smile."

Odd thing about Jobyna. In the space of half an hour she can remind you of Lillian Gish, of Mary Pickford, of Mabel Normand and of Betty Bronson, and all the time be her own inimitable self—wistful, merry, tender or sad. They say that producers have eager eyes on the end of her contract, not so far away. . . .

"You had four props, hadn't you, Joby? Let's see—one, two—yes, here they are. Forward march!"

Old Pictures in New Frames

(*Continued from page* 78)

realize how crude a foreign studio seems compared to an American one. The lights, the camera, the antiquated methods, are amazing. Yet one must realize what a drawback the war has been to pictures over there and overlook most of these inconveniences.

Film Community Danger

"AMERICA might learn something in the congenial atmosphere of the foreign studios. It is more like the stage, not so automatic, a little more personal. And another thing I firmly believe is, that no one city should make all the pictures. To form a community is death. All ideas, new impulses, die; everything becomes stereotyped. It is too bad we cannot have a studio in every state.

"In spite of this, I like California. New York is more stimulating, of course, but California is a very lovely place in which to work."

And now, leaving Mr. Hayakawa talking like a realtor, I will brush up a little bit on his past history in case you have forgotten.

He was born in Japan, and as soon as he grew old enough to think at all, he decided that the thing he wanted to do most was to come to America, and study for the stage in order to bring Shakespeare to Japan. He went to the University of Chicago, and won his letters playing quarterback on the football team. I also believe that he is a wonderful swimmer. For a while he played on the legitimate stage, and eventually drifted into pictures. He made an instantaneous success and was more often than not a perfectly villainous villain.

Mr. Hayakawa would like very much to go back to pictures. I personally think he is a fine actor, but I think he would be an even finer director, even if he has nothing better to piece together than a half dozen old match boxes.

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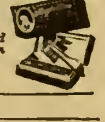


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How Fairbanks Took the Color Out of Color

(*Continued from page 29*)

work out a definite color scheme (green and brown) and abide by it—rigidly excluding every note that might distract attention from the whole. Rembrandt might put a bright color in shadow, for then it is toned down; we might do much the same in the background—but we must be forever on our guard that it did not come so near the fore as to distract your eye from the whole. For instance, we always had painters ready, so that if a light-costumed man was forced by the necessities of the action to come closer to the camera, he could immediately be dusted down with powder of a darker shade—wig, costume, and all.

"In other words: we had to compose in color as well as form."

And to this interesting theory they strictly adhered thruout every scene. If, in the hurry of outfitting a mob of extras, a scarlet bandanna was allowed to reach the set, it was immediately returned and *locked up* in a closet, never to see the light of day again! In fact, only *one* spot of brilliant color was allowed to enter the whole picture—a green parrot. And this only because it was absolutely necessary. For a pirate picture without a parrot would hardly do right by our historical traditions—or pass the censorship of Robert Louis Stevenson.

And again, perhaps, there is the red flash when the powder-magazine explodes; but this is so short—it only runs about eighteen inches—that the effect is sure to be mental rather than visual.

Purple and Blue Impossible

"We found it impossible to do anything at all with purple, and that blue cannot be satisfactorily handled, as it takes a greenish tinge. This latter presented quite a difficulty—for, as perhaps you know, skies are blue. But," here Mr. Parker pointed to an etching of a New York street, "that is not a New York street as you and I see it—it is a street idealized thru the personality of an artist. We found this true of all art, that it *idealizes* nature. So we did the same—our skies are almost white, with just the slightest suggestion of a warm tinge of brown.

"Toward the end there is a scene where it was necessary that the sky be blue—when you see it, I think you will agree with me that it is far less pleasing than the others."

Perhaps the ultimate in this "idealization" is the oiling of the bodies of all concerned so as to give their skin the soft and velvet sheen of the ideal "skin you love to touch"—but never find.

The sparkle in his eyes grew gayer as he continued to tell about their findings.

"Green and brown is our scheme thruout; greens of all the softer shades, and brown running the whole gamut from the lightest tint of old ivory to the deepest tone of mahogany. Other combinations are, of course, possible, but we found this the one best suited to our needs."

Color as a Background

The reason for the seemingly unnecessary attention given to even the most trivial of details is quite peculiar—it was so you would get a picture in which color is *not* the dominating interest! They fought color so as to get a picture of a pirate story—with color as a *background*. The attempt aimed at—and everyone who has seen the picture swears it has been achieved—is to make you forget entirely

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that the picture is in color! In other words: they have tackled color from an angle directly opposite to that of all who went before them. *Drama,* not color, is the important thing!

To find if they had succeeded in their aim, Mr. Parker not only asked for criticism from those who saw it—he even eavesdropped while they were seeing the picture, so as to get their comments amongst themselves!

"At first, I would hear comments of 'Beautiful!' and 'Ah!'—but from the middle of the first reel on there would be silence.

"When, after they had seen it, I asked them how they liked the color, they would say: 'Color? Oh, yes, it was in color, wasn't it?'"

To gain this end, it had been necessary that there should not be a single detail that went wrong—no spot where you could have the slightest feeling that color had fallen down.

For this, it was imperative that the story be of the utmost simplicity, and of a sustained interest, with not one lull from the beginning to the end. Because of this, Mr. Fairbanks wrote every scene with color in mind—not to make the most of color, but to work story and color together in such a manner that each would make the utmost of the other.

"And, because of this, we received the greatest of all possible compliments—complaint that the picture was too short! As a matter of fact, it runs to 8,500 feet."

Long Color Tests

THEN it was necessary that the sets, make-up, and costumes be tested for this new medium. This work occupied every spare moment of Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Parker—as well as the artists they had called in for consultation, Dwight Franklin and Oscar Borg—for the full preparatory period of six months. They would evolve a costume that would seem marvelous in the studio—only to find that on exteriors it would not go at all!

And with make-up it was, if possible, even more difficult. Doug has a very heavy beard, and, try as they would, they could not overcome its tendency to go green when flashed upon the screen in color. It took them a whole month before they hit upon a way to conquer this single detail—the application of a more reddish powder to that part of his face than elsewhere. Nor could Billie Dove use the usual "peaches and cream" of the leading lady; again Rembrandt was called in, and her skin was toned a mellow ivory. It was found that Sam de Grasse had no need of any make-up whatever—tho in black and white he has!

And, while we are on this subject of faces, there is another interesting detail to be mentioned. I am sure it has struck the attention of everyone who has ever seen a colored picture that every once in a while the faces take on a greenish tinge—as when a crap-shooting office force first sees the entrance of the boss. This was found to happen whenever a carbon in the lights went blue. The cause being found, the remedy was simple—watchfulness.

Twice as Much Light Needed

IN lighting, it was found that color requires just twice as much light as black and white. This meant that lights had to be used even in the shooting of exteriors. But, when someone suggested that they use colored lights to help in heightening the effects, this was vetoed, for, tho sets and skies could be idealized, no artificiality of color was allowed. The only thing that might be called a departure from this rule, the mahogany, rather than red, spurt of



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flame in the powder trains, is really not, for it was obtained thru the actual mixture of the powder, and not by any trick use of filters and colored gelatine.

The density of the color in any given scene could be varied within quite a large margin by the film on which they chose to print it—depending on whether they chose a green, red, or neutral emulsion.

In the handling of the crowds, many new and interesting elements were encountered. For a scene in the early part of the work, a large and varied crowd of buccaneers was called for. One hundred and fifty men were used—and then this scene was flashed upon the screen. It proved a mess!—the perfect summing-up was in a comment by Joe Schenck:

"It looks like an Italian wedding."

And this was true, a hundred and fifty men in color produce an effect equal to at least five hundred in black and white. The scene was retaken, and fifty men proved ample. This is possibly because of the greater stereoptic values possessed by color than by black and white.

Color as Emphasis

ANOTHER item was the great emphasizing value to which color can be put. In compositions where one man should stand out from all the others, the old masters put him in light and the others in shadow—so that the lighter tones would stand out against the darker. In a picture where movement has to be considered, this handling of high light and shade cannot be followed; but a similar effect was gained by the dyeing of the shirts: light for the important characters, and darker for those who were to constitute the background.

For the same reason, it was found necessary to dull the surfaces of the silver and brass mountings of the pistols and cannon, and all the ironwork upon the ship, so that they would not distract the eye, nor even be noticed, until brought into use. Even the gold and jewels of the looted ships could not make these firm ascetics lose their heads!

Another most interesting item of this work is an experiment the results of which should be of benefit to the picture industry as a whole. Under supervision of professors of the University of Southern California, a test of the comparative eye-strain of standard print, black-and-white film, and colored film was made. For this test, subjects of various ages and occupations were carefully selected: professors, students, and stenographers, carpenters, cooks, and gentlemen of leisure—people from almost every conceivable walk of life. On one night a few reels of colored film were run before them—tests were made, and then they were freed for three or four days. At the end of this time, a similar length of black-and-white film was shown them; tests were made, and they were freed again. And then they were made to read from books of standard type for the same period of time the films had been run before them; again tests were made—and then the three sets were brought together for comparison. The results were these: the strain was the most severe from reading; next from films of black and white, and least of all from films in natural color!

The goal aimed at in this production is to project an adventure story of the buccaneers against a background like an old painting brought from the cellar of some ancient castle and then revarnished. Tho they have taken every bit of praise with the largest mine of salt procurable, Mr. Parker feels that this has been accomplished. But ultimate judgment has not yet been passed—your verdict as a member of the final jury is awaited with almost "bated breath."

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Youth! Youth! Youth!

That's the cry of 1926. And no other motion picture magazine catches the spirit of today as does THE CLASSIC. It is smart, intelligent and sophisticated. It prints no blurbs, it publishes no press agent bunk. There are six distinct reasons for buying THE CLASSIC:

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3. It is authoritative.
4. It is the film magazine de luxe.
5. It is brilliantly edited.
6. It has the greatest screen writers.



The June CLASSIC!

Another lively, sparkling issue, beautifully illustrated.

Remember the remarkable article published last year by THE CLASSIC, revealing the real salaries of all the stars and players for the first time. It was the sensation of the motion picture world. **Frederick James Smith** and **Tamar Lane** are combining forces on another article, presenting all the salaries as they are today. Some startling changes have taken place. You cant afford to miss this article.

Agnes Smith has contributed a humorous article on "If They Conducted Other Businesses Like Motion Pictures." You will find a lot of real laughs in this amusing contribution.

The second of **Henry Albert Phillips'** remarkable series of interviews with the leading British and Continental authors on the subject of motion pictures. In the June CLASSIC you will find striking comments by **E. Phillips Oppenheim, Frank Swinnerton, A. A. Milne and E. Temple Thurston.**

And a dozen other features you will find all your friends talking about!

New Styles in Screen Girls

(*Continued from page* 41)

babies were left under the bushes in the garden by the dear little rabbits; and they believed in Santa Claus; and they believed that girls should never be kissed until the minister said the last word.

And they got darn tiresome—if anybody should ask you.

These haughty young ladies were even a relief from the girls who tried to do what Lillian Gish did—even tho they didn't.

These young ladies lived, apparently, to be chased by villains. They were at their very best when a Walter Long sort of person was chasing them round, upsetting the tables, chairs and other parlor appurtenances. Personally, I never could get up much sympathy for the fugitive young lady; but my heart bled for the villain. It must be a great nuisance to spend your life galloping around the tipped-over furniture in pursuit of young ladies whom you never catch.

And so the Norma Shearers and the Corinne Griffiths were a great relief. No villain ever chased them around the parlor furniture: well, hardly ever. They would just have annihilated a villain with a look.

They were always somewhat distant and looked like thorobreds. They came to the "love clinch" at the end with an air of condescension.

You knew when they were married what kind of wives they were going to be. They were going to be the kind that interrupted hubby's best story with the crushing remark: "No, my dear, you have it all wrong. It was Wednesday, not Thursday."

Of course, I refer to the screen version of these two young ladies. Off the screen they are quite different. Witty, pally, friendly girls—both of them. With gay hearts and sound, level heads.

Then—Renée Adorée

THE new girls came in with Renée Adorée in "The Big Parade."

In my opinion, it was the love story that made it one of the great pictures of all time. It wasn't the war stuff. It was one of the few great love stories of motion picture history. Mostly, it was Renée Adorée.

She brought something new and vital and real to the business of screen love-making. Something warm and vibrant. You knew that the chap who married her would have a lot of quarrels over the family gas bills. But a lot of sympathy, too.

Dolores Costello has the same impulsive, tender qualities in a somewhat more delicate mold.

I think these two girls are the best bets that have come to the screen for many years. Two others—Betty Bronson and Vilma Banky—give promise; but in a different way.

But they are warm and human, too.

Still, I doubt if the lovely Vilma will ever seem quite our own. Betty Bronson will always appeal to the head more than the heart. She is likely to make herself a great actress, however.

I go back to Renée, however. A physiognomist—a student of telling character from faces—told me once that she had the actress face—more than any other girl in Hollywood—sympathy, impulse—the ability to "let herself go"; almost no inhibitions; great intuition. She doesn't have to think what to do. She just does it as naturally as a cat strikes at a ball of yarn.

There is every probability that Renée

Adorée will be the forerunner of still another type.

As sure as shooting, you'll see that older and more mature women will become popular on the screen. Lillian Gish at forty (many years hence) will be more popular than now.

The Day of the Real Actress

In other words, the day of the real actress is coming in. The vision of youth and beauty is slipping out.

There are two or three reasons for this. After all, no real story is possible to a very young girl—especially the little ice maidens we have adored in the past. You know that they have had no experiences and that they have lived thru no stories. All that has ever happened to them was when a dentist pulled one of their wisdom teeth. Their idea of heavy tragedy is to forget to give some one a Christmas present or to get a run in a silk stocking at a dance.

If you will look over the hits of the year—aside from "The Big Parade"—you will see that most of them have been made by women no longer in the flapper class.

Irene Rich in "Lady Windermere's Fan," Louise Dresser in "The Goose Woman," Pauline Frederick in "Smouldering Fires."

As screen lighting continues to improve, little, round, youthful faces will no longer be in demand. In fact, they will be rather sniffed at.

The day of the great actress—the trained expert—with natural emotion and tenderness and the skill to show it to the folks.

The slim white lilies will give way to the full-blown rose.

MOANA: A Poem of the Cinema

(*Continued from page* 85)

Florida boom and our hunting for bread and butter in Wall Street, about the art of life. Here, he says to us, are people who are *successful in the art of life.* Are we that, with our motor-cars, factories, sky-scrapers, radio-receivers?

He has been an artist who interprets life. He says:

"I wanted to get closer to the things that mean so much in our lives, the sea, the forest, an uplifted arm, the texture of a face. . . . I wish we could experiment more with this wonderful instrument that we have in the cinema." And leaning forward to peer down from the high perch in the Babylonian tower of mid-Manhattan, where we sat talking, he exclaimed with a sudden intensity, "if I could only give the actual life of that policeman down there, in the maze of traffic, *as it is,* with all its fantastic overtones, just as barbarous as the life of *Moana* or *Nanook!*"

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in the JUNE CLASSIC

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The May number will offer an article on the Annals of the Suicide Club—composed as it is of those fearless performers in the serials who risk life and limb to entertain you with thrills.

Movie Monthly, indeed, sends out its message of Youth. It glorifies Romance and Adventure. It is dedicated to discovering the Young Stars and helping to find them their place in the Sun.

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Just find the Chaplin Twins—that's all. No List of Words to write. No money to send in. Nothing to sell. It is all FREE. Cut out or mark the Twins. Send us your answer as soon as possible. First prize $1,000—100 prizes in all, and in addition, **Valuable Gift Bonds will also be given.** Answers must be mailed by June 30th, 1926. Duplicate Prizes in case of Ties. In awarding Prizes, the Judges will take into consideration neatness, style and hand writing.

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Watch for the Picture of RAMON NOVARRO

On the June issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It is one of the most striking covers we ever have had. Harry Carr—one of your favorite writers—has written a story about Novarro. It's a criticism—and an appreciation. And it's a feature that you will not want to miss.

Four Years in Small Parts

Perhaps you didn't know that Norma Shearer waited four years before she received any sort of chance in the movies. Miss Shearer worked as an extra girl in "Way Down East." She was an extra in pictures starring Corinne Griffith, Alice Joyce, Marion Davies and Lillian Gish. And yet Miss Shearer has been called a "sudden success!" In the June issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Dunham Thorp tells you Norma Shearer's own story of her early struggles.

Who Were the Real Pioneers?

Who were the men and women that made film history? Who were the stars and directors to raise the screen above the level of nickelodeon entertainment? Frederick James Smith tells you about the pace-makers of the movies in an entertaining article for the June issue.

Send in Your Horoscope

To Marion Meyer Drew and find out if the stars predict for you a career in the movies. This new department, which began in the May issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, promises to be one of the most popular features we ever have run.

Some Like Diamonds

And others prefer pearls. The stars choose their jewels to fit their personalities. Some of the stars own large collections of expensive ornaments. Others have a few cherished lucky pieces. There's a story about the stars and their sparklers in the June issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We also Have—

A charming interview with Marion Davies, written by Alice Tildesley. And some more Impressions of Hollywood, by Eugene V. Brewster, that will interest you. And, of course, the regular features that all go to make MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the most fascinating film magazine of them all.

So Watch for the *Novarro* Cover on the News-stands

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MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

JUNE
1/6

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A·A·Milne
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Discuss the Movies·


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"The Blind Goddess"



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A Clarence Badger Production
"The Rainmaker"

With Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale. From the story "Heavenbent" by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

W. C. Fields *in*
"It's the Old Army Game"



An Edward Sutherland Production. Meaning "Never give a sucker an even break." From J. P. McEvoy's "The Comic Supplement." Adapted by Luther Reed.



Pola Negri
in
"The Crown of Lies"

A Dimitri Buchowetzki Production. From the story by Ernest Vajda. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

Zane Grey's
"Desert Gold"



A George B. Seitz Production. With Neil Hamilton, Shirley Mason, William Powell and Robert Frazer.

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MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

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FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Editor and Managing Editor
Alice L. Tildesley, Western Editorial Representative Colin Cruikshank, Art Director
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CLASSIC'S Late News PAGE

CECIL DE MILLE selects "The Deluge" as his next big superspecial. The selection was made as the result of a contest conducted by Mr. De Mille, the first award for the idea going to Catherine Comstock, 1625 East Street, Long Beach, California. Mr. De Mille hopes to duplicate the success of "The Ten Commandments" in this new production, which will have a lengthy prolog showing what the director's press-agent describes as "the mightiest cataclysm in all the world's known history."

Richard Dix breaks his hand in a prize-fight scene of "Take a Chance," directed by Gregory La Cava. Production held up for a week.

Famous Players-Lasky announce seventy-five productions for release between August 1, 1926, and July 31, 1927. The greatest of these appears to be "Old Ironsides." The proclamation officially promotes Florence Vidor and Esther Ralston to stardom.

Gregory La Cava signed under two-year contract by Famous Players-Lasky.

Universal announces "Love Me and the World Is Mine" to be directed by E. A. Dupont, former Ufa director. This is based upon a novel, "The Affairs of Hannerl." Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry will have the leading rôles.

Lillian Gish will do "Annie Laurie" next, with John Robertson directing. Miss Gish is also considering a story of early California in the old Spanish days.

Gene Tunney, contender for the heavyweight pugilistic championship, has been won over to the films. Pathé has signed Tunney for the leading rôle in a serial film going into immediate production.

William Fox signs Belle Bennett to play the leading rôle in his production of David Belasco's "The Lily." Victor Schertzinger will direct.

Famous Players-Lasky buys Anita Loos' amusing novelette, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." This has just passed its hundred thousand in book form.

Clive Brook playing opposite Florence Vidor in her first Paramount starring vehicle, written by Ernest Vajda.

"Kiki" breaks house record at Capitol Theater in New York, playing to $74,241 in one week.

Edmund Lowe selected for rôle of Sergeant Quirt *in William Fox production of "What Price Glory." Victor McLaglen is* Captain Flagg *and Dolores Del Rio is* Charmaine. *J. Farrel MacDonald will play a comedy company cook.*

Svend Gade and Universal sever relations. Gade is to direct Corinne Griffith in her next picture. Miss Griffith's future plans still indefinite. First National wants to re-sign her at a big advance and a number of other companies, including United Artists, are after her.

Jack Hoxie's contract with Universal expired on March 20. Hoxie's future plans unknown.

House Peters being considered for lead in "The Trail of '98," Metro-Goldwyn's big special to be made by Clarence Brown.

Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson playing leads in June Mathis' new picture, "Sinners in Paradise," based upon Clarence Buddington Kelland's "Nazareth." Charles Murray also in cast.

Metro-Goldwyn buys New York stage success, "Twelve Miles Out," for $40,000. This is a thriller of bootlegging and hyjackers.

Cecil De Mille to do an all-negro feature, suggested perhaps by the success of David Belasco's stage hit, "Lulu Belle."

Dimitri Buchowetski to direct Emil Jannings' first American picture, "The Thief of Dreams," based upon Richard Connell's "A Friend of Napoleon." Jannings scheduled to arrive in September.

Ben Lyon to be featured in Robert Kane's production of "The Great Deception." Aileen Pringle also featured.

Mary Alden playing Mrs. Wiggs *in Metro-Goldwyn's "Lovey Mary." Bessie Love has title rôle.*

Helen Ferguson signed to play lead in Universal serial, "The Fire Fighter." Jack Dougherty has leading male rôle.

Reported that Norma Talmadge plans to do "Camille" with Sidney Franklin directing. "Camille" was done some years ago by Nazimova.

Harry Pollard recovering from critical illness in New York. Taken sick while filming version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

John Barrymore shelves plans to do Sabatini's "The Tavern Knight" and substitutes "Manon Lescaut." Dolores Costello will have the lead.

Buster Keaton doing Civil War comedy, "The General."

Full Results of YOUR OPINION CONTEST

will be announced in THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC for July. This announcement will include a complete list of the winners, 105 in number, receiving prizes ranging in size up to a thousand dollars.

Of absorbing interest to motion picture fans will be the result of the popularity contest conducted in conjunction with YOUR OPINION CONTEST. You will want to know what actresses received the highest vote, what actors led in the voting and what motion picture plays were deemed the most popular in the contest.

Watch for the complete announcement in the July CLASSIC!



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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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THEY SAY—

Editor, CLASSIC:

I was very much interested in the article in your March MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC entitled, "What Counts at the Box-Office?" Several stars were mentioned in the article and several "box-office puzzles." It may be of interest to you to hear from an outsider and from a moving-picture theatergoer, who has no particular favorite among the stars of featured players, why I think that certain of the men who are mentioned as "box-office puzzles" always draw large receipts from the public.

When the average person goes to the movies he likes to see life depicted in a natural human existence. The trouble with a good many of the stars is that they overdo the special part they are trying to depict and thus make the world and the story so idealistic that it is not real. Some of us theatergoers wonder why outside of their good looks or beauty some ever rise to the heights of stardom. Douglas Fairbanks is, of course, a great exception and, of course, there are others. Rudolph Valentino is supposed to be a perfect lover. He probably would be in the Elysian Fields, where we all hope to go some day, but in this every-day world how many men are there who go to the extremes that Valentino does in making love? Consequently he, to me, is not natural. Even the Frenchman, who is the *dernier cri* in the art of love-making, does it with greater *finesse* and at the same time with a finer sense of feeling than our perfect lover. I believe the reason for Gloria Swanson's popularity is that, like Fairbanks, she takes the part as the world sees it and not sometimes as she would like to do it herself.

And now we come to the Box-Office Puzzles. The writer of the article speaks of Thomas Meighan and wonders at his popularity. In the first place, he is a red-blooded man. Every woman and every man admires that type. In the second place, his plays are true to life and they dont overestimate the joys or sorrows of every-day existence. People can see themselves thru his acting. When he fights, he fights like a man and when he makes love he can be at the same time tender and strong. Those two things, strength and gentleness combined, are the two most human and therefore most popular characteristics found in a person. Consequently, I believe that is the reason of Thomas Meighan's popularity in gate receipts.

The same thing is true of Milton Sills. While in some ways he is a little colder than Thomas Meighan, he puts across to the public the idea of a red-blooded fighting man and also that of a wonderful lover, but not wishy-washy, as is sometimes the case with Valentino and the old favorite, Eugene O'Brien.

There is one other who is not mentioned in this article and I have no idea whether he ranks among stars or not. That one is Bert Lytell. To me these three men, above most of the others I can think of, can give the public what they want. They are all strong masculine types that both men and women like, and at the same time are able to show in their pictures the gentleness and kindness which will always be a strong drawing card with women.

Therefore I cannot see why any of these three should be a puzzle to the box-office.

Very truly yours,

MARY SMITH.

Box 515,
Carmel, California.

Editor, CLASSIC:

The article in "Flashbacks," by F. J. S., in the February number of your magazine on "The Menace of the Super-screen Theater," gives me the opportunity I have wanted for months, to voice my ideas and opinions on the subject.

It is with increasing dismay that I have watched the growth of vaudeville and variety show houses, and the corresponding decline of the houses devoted to motion pictures only.

As an ardent, intelligent and more or less elderly "fan" who believes in the motion picture and in its far-reaching and artistic possibilities, I am convinced that a continued policy which includes any other form of entertainment on same bill, is not conducive to the well-being, or indeed, to the life itself of the moving picture.

In a recent issue of *The Boston Herald* I read that "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella" have been adjudged *not* a "success." These pictures are only two of many others which have been placed in the same category, and which are, in themselves, perfect, as artistic achievements, giving joy and inspiration to the intelligent beholder as incomparable triumphs of artistic and lyric beauty.

Can it be that we must draw the conclusion that such pictures are unappreciated and not wanted by the majority?

To illustrate why, in my opinion, we cannot continue to have the "bigger" and "better" movies while present conditions prevail, or even have any assurances that the industry can continue to exist, I will give the following statistics as to standing of Boston theaters.

There are three theaters only which give first-run shows and that are, so-called, all-movie houses. All three give the same pictures weekly—usually—but not the same bill entirely, one of the three being a de luxe Paramount house, giving more or less variety, usually music, the two others being under same management and giving only pictures.

Besides these houses there are four which give all-movies, *not* first-run shows. And, at least nine vaudeville houses showing only *one* picture (and not always a first-run one) which is sandwiched in between the cheaper form of entertainment, consisting of vulgar skits—and short acts, acrobats, dancing, third-rate music—the usual variety show. The people continually passing in and out interrupt and obstruct the view, and disturb the enjoyment of the picture. Added to which, in these houses, because they were not originally designed for moving pictures, the screen is usually in the wrong place—either too high or too low—seats are not placed conveniently for seeing of moving pictures properly, which, added to other disadvantages too numerous to mention (poor ventilating among them) also disagreeable behavior of uncultivated people and other such joys make the seeing of a picture to any advantage an impossibility, a hideous travesty in many cases, and prevents an intelligent or enjoyable appreciation of plot or picture. If one, as in my own case, dislikes the "variety" form of entertainment, it is a real punishment to have to sit thru the few minutes impossible to avoid and necessary in order to see the whole of a picture. No wonder the "people" are indifferent to the latter, under such conditions, and that the majority who haven't sufficient intelligence to appreciate the best in anything pass the movie by and make it a secondary consideration.

I assure you that the inconvenience and discomfort of trying to take in a screen play under the above conditions is more than a handicap. It is a calamity! I speak from positive knowledge gained by long observation and experience.

So, it would seem that in Boston, at least, the "box-office" majority (if that phrase means what I think it does) are of the lower class of intelligence.

What is the remedy? It certainly does seem that something drastic ought to be done—but what? To attempt the impossible task of educating the "people" so that they will know and enjoy a sincere performance of the better class when they see it? Or, must we allow the *worst* only in the movies to survive because it is the only kind desired by the majority? It is a tremendous problem.

A case in point to illustrate the passing of a movie theater. Up to a week ago Loew's "State" was one of our best, but they then inaugurated a new form of entertainment, giving only one picture, in the usual way, interspersed with the usual variety and vaudeville performances. I wrote the management that they would lose one regular patron, in me, but that I knew what a small minority I, unfortunately, represented, and since it must be a "box-office" matter with them,

(*Continued on page* 91)

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is going to devote a page each month to the best letters from its readers.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second and five dollars for the third. If two or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Letters must be constructive and interesting. They must deal with pictures or screen personalities. And—please note—they should be typewritten.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair beautifully curly

in 20 minutes

THE SPANISH BEGGAR'S PRICELESS GIFT

By Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Tom Harvey, who used to put burrs in our pigtails and angle worms in our inkwells.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. There were Martha Brown, Helen Stahl, Betty Davis and Leah Cohen—all with wonderful curly hair. But Charity and I could never coax ours out of a straight line.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain, where her father was in diplomatic service, and I didn't see her again for five years—not until last New Year's Eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. When the bobbing vogue first came in I had my hair cut, hoping against hope that would improve its looks. Realizing my mistake, I permitted it to grow again and by New Year's Eve it was just long enough to be unmanageable.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and, to my surprise, she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn't recognize her—then. No—it—it couldn't be.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop. I had never been so thoroughly ashamed of my hair before.

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it was really she—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. There was everything to talk about, but I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story." She was stopping at the hotel. We excused ourselves and rushed to Charity's room. I listened breathless while she told me this strange story:

Charity tells of the beggar's gift.

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza, where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. There he sat all day long, asking alms from the passersby. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I was leaving Madrid I stopped to bid him good-bye and pressed a gold coin in his palm. That was the best investment I ever made.

"'*Hija mia*,' he said, 'You have been very kind to an old man. *Digamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires.'

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.'

"'*Otgame, senorita*,' he said—'what you wish is even simpler than I thought. Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"'Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him,—go to him and tell your wish. *Adios, senorita, vaya con Dios*.'

"You can't imagine, Winnifred, how funny it made me feel. I did not take it seriously, of course. I never expected to look up this mysterious Pedro, but some whim changed my mind and I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, Pedro, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard, met me. Nervously I stammered out my explanation. When I had finished, he bowed and vanished into the rear of his store. Presently he returned with a bottle which he handed to me.

"By this time I was terribly excited—could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was finally in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Breathlessly I watched Charity take a bottle from her wardrobe trunk. Tremblingly my fingers undid my hair and applied the liquid.

Twenty minutes later, as I looked into Charity's mirror, I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror, fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

Then the thought came to me I had no right to keep this great secret to myself. There were thousands of women just like me who would give anything to know my precious secret.

So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. They have agreed to act as distributors under a most liberal offer, which places this new found beauty secret within reach of all women, regardless of their financial status.

Now the golden opportunity is yours. You no longer have to spend large sums of money in beauty shops, or endanger your hair by injurious "permanent waves," for this remarkable Spanish Curling Fluid, called "Wave-Sta," will bring you beautifully curly hair in 20 minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful a week or more.

Don't delay another minute. Take advantage of this liberal trial offer now and always have the beautiful curly hair you want.



A Matchless Marcelle



Lovely Curls in 20 minutes

New Wavy Bob



Wavy Bob

"Wave-Sta" solves the curling and marcelling problem for bobbed heads. Just a few drops when dressing your "bob," 20 minutes' drying and presto! you have a mass of beautiful ringlets, waves and curls. "Wave-Sta" will keep your hair beautifully curly for a week or more and protect it from the damage that constant exposure to artificial heat will bring. Read the details of this liberal trial offer below.

Liberal Trial Offer

(Only One Bottle to a Family)

For a limited time we are offering a full-size bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid) at a price that covers only the cost of compounding, advertising, and selling, which we figured down to $1.97. (Please remember that this is a special offer for new users only and we cannot fill more than one order for each family at this price.) If you are not perfectly delighted with results after using "Wave-Sta" for 5 days, simply return the unused portion and your money will be refunded.

Under the terms of our special trial offer you do not have to send any money in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings this remarkable beauty aid, just pay him $1.97, plus a few cents postage, and your hair worries are ended forever.

This offer may not be repeated. We urge that you take advantage of it at once. Remember, we take all the risk. If "Wave-Sta" doesn't make your hair beautifully curly, give it new life, new lustre, new silky sheen, all you have to do is notify us and your money will be returned in full. Have you ever heard of a fairer offer?

CENTURY CHEMISTS

Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines Street, Chicago

Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon

— — — — COUPON — — — —

CENTURY CHEMISTS Chicago, Ill.
Jackson Blvd., at Desplaines St. Dept. 175

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full sized bottle of "Wave-Sta" (Spanish Curling Fluid). I will pay postman the special trial price of $1.97, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a 5-day trial, I am not perfectly delighted with this magic curling liquid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

NOTE: If you are apt to be out when the postman calls, you may enclose $2 and "Wave-Sta" will be sent to you postpaid.



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ESTHER RALSTON

MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

JUNE, 1926



Melbourne Spurr

SYD CHAPLIN



Nickolas Muray

LOUISE BROOKS



JOHN BARRYMORE



Harold Dean Carsey

MARIE PREVOST



Harold Lloyd



Campbell

Mary Pickford



Charles Chaplin



Alexander

Lillian Gish



Strauss Peyton

Doug Fairbanks

The TRUTH About

By Frederick James Smith and Tamar Lane

When The Motion Picture Classic revealed the inside facts about screen salaries a year ago, there was general astonishment. The figures were exact, disclosing the astonishing fact that the motion picture pay-roll ran to $750,000,000 every seven days, exclusive of extra players. This huge figure appears to have shot up a little further during the past prosperous twelve months.

Not that slumps haven't occurred among stellar salaries. But, in the main, the trend has been upward. There have been some slight changes among the ten big money-makers of the screen. Harold Lloyd is still the biggest earner of filmdom. Last year his earnings were estimated to run to $30,000 a week, or $1,500,000 on the year. They have advanced since that to about $40,000 a week or, in other words, two millions a year. Here we might disclose a bit of inside information. Lloyd's "The Freshman" had passed the two-million mark last March, an unprecedented record for a comedy.

Harold Lloyd's Earnings

It must be pointed out that Lloyd finances his own picture organization, makes his own pictures, and actively heads the company. Thus everything his comedies make over and above expenses is his own. Then, too, the revenue from his old comedies continues, providing added royalties.

Charlie Chaplin had a good year. To all the royalties from all his old successes must be added the amount earned this year by "The Gold Rush," probably well over a million and a quarter.

Third place in earning power, as last year, goes to Doug Fairbanks, who is the super-showman of the screen. Fairbanks has had a big year. His "Don Q" was a big success at the box-offices of the country and, judging from its New York hit, "The Black Pirate" seems likely to be Doug's biggest success. Fairbanks' earnings ought to run around $20,000 a week easily.

With her shift to United Artists, Gloria Swanson slips still further upward in the ten big money-makers of celluloidia. Miss Swanson was getting about $8,000 a week from Famous Players at the finish. It is said that she was offered $20,000 a week to remain. Instead, however, she accepted the offer from United Artists. This, we are told, provides a guarantee of $10,000 a week and a percentage of the profits. Miss Swanson must have estimated this total to be greater than the Famous offer, for she accepted it. Like other United Artists, Miss Swanson will head her own unit.

The Big Ten and Their Yearly Earning

Harold Lloyd	$2,000,000
Charlie Chaplin	1,500,000
Doug Fairbanks	1,200,000
Gloria Swanson	1,000,000
Mary Pickford	1,000,000
Norma Talmadge	1,000,000
Tom Mix	780,000
Thomas Meighan	675,000
Lillian Gish	500,000
John Barrymore	400,000

Mary Pickford's Million

Mary Pickford's earnings on the year ought to run better than a million. Her "'Little Annie Rooney" has been doing exceedingly well at the box-office of America at large and her next picture, "Sparrows," may be another winner. Indeed, the Fairbanks-Pickford menage has been doing itself proud.

A year ago the general theory was that Thomas Meighan had passed his crest as a money earner. He was getting about $8,000 a week then. Perhaps, Meighan had some doubts himself about a contract renewal, for he signed to co-star with Norma Talmadge in a single picture. Then the wiseacres had to eat their words. Meighan was offered a million dollars by Famous for six pictures more. He signed—and the plan to co-star with Miss Talmadge was shelved. Meighan will make about four of these six pictures during the twelve months. Which gives him better than $12,000 a week.



John Barrymore | Gloria Swanson | Tom Mix (Witzel) | Norma Talmadge (Muray) | Thomas Meighan

FILM SALARIES

Inside Facts About the Stars' Earnings

Lillian Gish is in the big-money class again. Her Metro-Goldwyn contract is estimated to run variously at $8,000 to $10,000 a week. This will be a crisis year for Miss Gish. Her "La Bohême" was a personal disappointment. She must do better during 1926 to continue among the big ten.

Norma and Colleen

At least two of the big stars, Norma Talmadge and Colleen Moore, owe their tremendous money-making capacities to their husbands. Norma Talmadge is managed by her husband, Joseph Schenck, who is a power in the picture world and who also directs the activities of Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton and Rudolph Valentino. He has just added John Barrymore to his screen string.

Mr. Schenck has been shifting gradually his stars to United Artists. Norma Talmadge's earnings can be placed at over a million. Here we may as well present the earnings of the rest of the Schenck string. Constance Talmadge has earned as high as $3,000 a week, when she is working steadily. Buster Keaton probably averages over $4,000 a week. Valentino has been paid $100,000 per picture by Schenck. "Son of the Sheik" is the last production under this arrangement and doubtless the reception of this film will decide Rudy's future contracts. In boxing parlance, Valentino won a decision with "The Eagle," but the result was no knock-out. Rudy's result with "Son of the Sheik" will have to be more decisive to earn a continuance of a $100,000-per-picture arrangement.

Mr. Schenck is placing Barrymore upon the same $100,000-a-picture basis. His "The Sea Beast" has been a box-office clean-up for the Warner Brothers, who had Barrymore under contract, and doubtless won the attention of the astute Mr. Schenck.

The Biggest Flat Salary

Tom Mix still continues to receive the largest straight salary. (Most of the salaries we are enumerating are the combined results of salary guarantees and percentages of profits.) Mix gets $15,000 each week, week in and week out, from William Fox.

Under her Metro-Goldwyn arrangement, Marion Davies receives $10,000 a week.

There are a number of high-power money-making players close behind the leaders. We have mentioned Colleen Moore. Lifted to prominence by the success of one picture, "Flaming Youth," Miss Moore has been jockeyed to the big money by her husband, John McCormick, one of the executives of First National. Miss Moore was in the $800 class when she did "Flaming Youth." Now she is getting around $8,000.

Pola Negri is receiving around $4,000 a week, having recently renewed a contract.

It is an interesting commentary upon the haphazard business methods of pictures that the four most popular men on the screen today, Richard Dix, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro and Ronald Colman, receive less than a half-dozen or so leading men and character players.

(*Continued on page 70*)

Surprising Film-Salary Facts

The four most popular men on the screen today—Richard Dix, John Gilbert, Ramon Novarro and Ronald Colman—receive less than a half dozen or so leading men and character players. These four, however, have placed rôles and opportunities ahead of remuneration.

At $3,000 a week, Conway Tearle, Eugene O'Brien and Lewis Stone are the highest paid screen leading men.

Wallace Beery is the highest-paid character actor. He gets $3,000 a week.

Among the smallest star salaries are Betty Bronson's $500, Dolores Costello's $300, and Vilma Banky's $500.

The Movie Tribes Desert Hollywood for Beverly Hills TENTS in

By
DON RYAN



Don John Gilbert's mountain-top hacienda, viewed from his drape-protected Dougledyas court and swimming pool

The costly homes of Moviedom
How solemnly they stand!
Amidst their tall, transplanted trees
On subdivided land.

THIS blasphemous parody may cause Mrs. Hemans, pale poetess of the Victorian cachexia, to heave feebly beneath the sward. But then Mrs. Hemans was never in Hollywood.

I say *in Hollywood* advisably. Hollywood is not a place. It is a symbol. Try to find it. As for living there—that is no longer being done either.

The outside world inconsiderately considers Hollywood a place, and a quite definite place—to the bitter disappointment of each arriving visitor. Hollywood thinks Paris a very wicked city; but what Paris thinks of Hollywood—*ooh, la, la!*

Persistent rumors have given the world this conception of Hollywood: a place where one may expect to see a motion picture director and some other scoundrel engaged in fisticuffs on the corner of the Boulevard, until a couple of gentlemen come out of an adjoining hop-joint and stop them.

But if you ask the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, it will tell you indignantly that Hollywood is the business center of multifarious industry. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce wears knickers and its collective head is bared to the kiss of the California sun. But these outward symbols do not mean that it ever gets frivolous. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is deadly serious.

A State of Mind

THE truth is that Hollywood is a state of mind. Of course, there is an undersized Gopher Prairie which on the maps is labeled with the name. This place—as such—has become the Deserted Village of Moviedom. It no longer houses the élite of the so-called movie colony. The studios remain, but even they are going—to make room for office-buildings. The only substantial remnants of the Twelve Tribes of Moviedom still tenting on the old ground are camp followers such as poor devils of writers.

I myself live in what had been a chapel consecrated to one of the legion of strange religions that spring up and die down like mushrooms in this sunny land. Before the exodus, in demand as a Studio Apartment, it brought a rental of $150 a month. I get it for $50.

The movie stars who formerly lived all over this hill

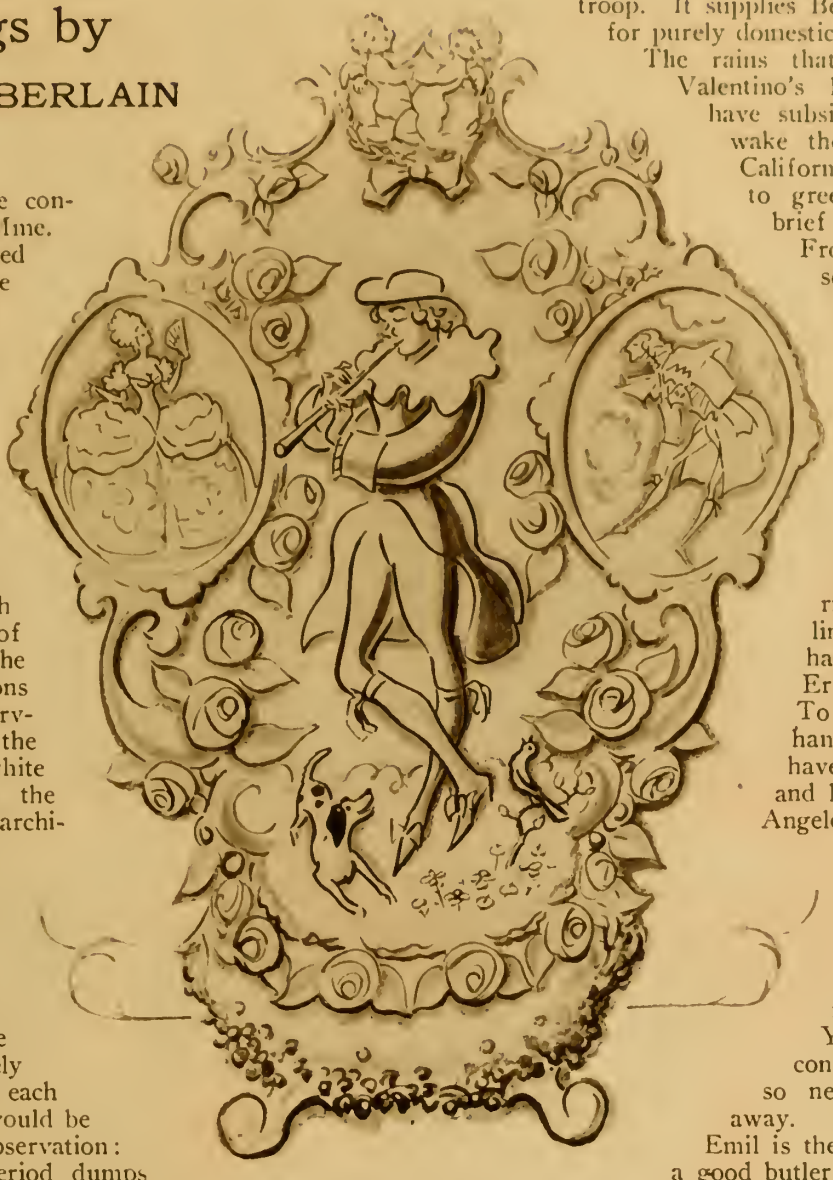
CANAAN

A Visit to the Ornate Homes of Several Silverscreen Stars

Drawings by K. R. CHAMBERLAIN

Krotona, sacred to the concepts of the lamented Mme. Blavatsky, have moved away to Beverly. There we see their expensive new houses perched each on its separate crag, a monument to the emolument of popular public entertainment.

If you should come out here to see the sights, you would be obliged to hire a large automobile — with good brakes: be sure of that—and drive thru the lonely slopes and canyons of Beverly Hills, observing here and there the widely spaced dots of white or pink which index the tastes of those various architects employed by various stars to concoct The Home Beautiful.



An impression of Charles Ray at home

All Period Residences

If you took the trouble to drive up closely enough to examine each house separately, you would be pained to make this observation: all these places are period dumps Italian villas, English country homes, Spanish haciendas. You look in vain for an American house. You realize there isn't any such thing; that a rich American, casting about for a genteel way to spend his dough, must of necessity go in for some damned period or other. This is not the fault of the movie actors. We haven't any more a national architecture than we have a national literature—even less.

If you must choose a period, choose wisely. What style of architecture is most consonant with California? You win! The Spanish. Those who have followed in the footsteps of the Dons have chosen best of all. And here we are, at the entrance of John Gilbert's new Spanish Colonial residence.

Jack Gilbert's Home

Jack lives at the top of Tower Road. The tower that named it broods on the apex of this range; crenelated and roofed above the ramparts, stained with time in the manner the studio sets are treated—dark streaks applied with a crafty brush. The tower shelters no robber baron's troop. It supplies Beverly Hills with water for purely domestic purposes.

The rains that threatened to wash Valentino's hill from under him have subsided. Swiftly in their wake the great desert that is California has gone from brown to green—rioting in its one brief period of verdancy. From Gilbert's hill you can see fifty miles along the teeming plains and raise the Island of Catalina away at sea.

The country unrolls at your feet like a green plush rug, pushed up into many hillocks where the baby has left his blocks under it; with the spikes of oil derricks over near the coastline door, where baby has been playing with Erector.

To the left, handful after handful of tiny toy houses have been tossed around and left in confusion: Los Angeles. And twenty-five miles across the room the significant hand of Mr. Heintz has chalked in gigantic white against the sloping green the numerals—57.

You can watch the sea—confides Emil—sometimes so near, sometimes so far away.

Emil is the *sommelier*, a Belgian, a good butler, not above being a bit of a poet.

He conducts us thru the walled patio planted with palms dug up and transported from San Juan Capistrano—palms a hundred and fifty years old. The frieze on the wall is a trifling thing, but it lets us have at once the feel of the place—the giveadam atmosphere which is of its proprietor. The frieze presents a shrouded Mexican slouched on a horse before a ruined mission, behind him an indifferent cactus and an impracticable ox-cart. *Manaña,* says the frieze. Jack Gilbert is himself a poet.

Proud of His House

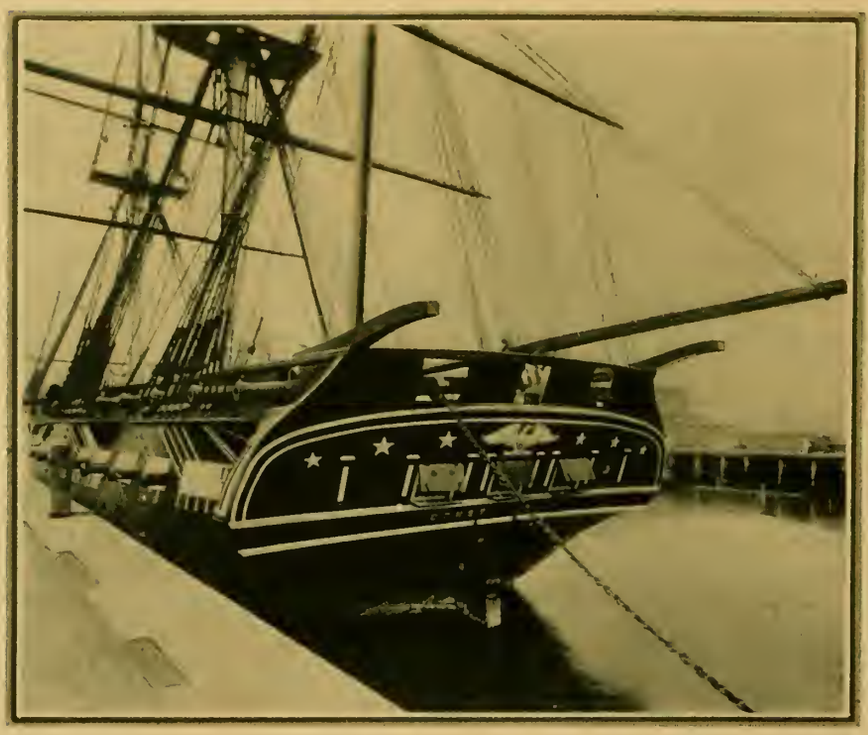
Emil has drawn up leather chairs before the window which displays a twenty-foot canvas of the world below, beginning to be covered now with the pale gauze of evening. Yellow stars twinkle into life, a handful at a time—the lights of towns along the sea.

Jack is talking to us lazily, with the boyish candor which always charms me. He is proud of his house. He has just two things—this house and the studio to interest him.

(*Continued on page* 63)

"Old Ironsides" Sails

How a Screen Spectacle Is Being Built About the Famous Old *Constitution* Off Catalina



The battered old *Constitution* as she lies in Boston harbor. A replica has been built at Catalina from the navy's original plans

Everything conspired to create the right occasion for the production of "Old Ironsides." Just whether the film will be good publicity for the navy and help to restore the nation's pride in this governmental branch, or whether the government's activities in inviting school children's pennies for the restoration of the fine old boat will prove dashed good publicity for the film, doesn't much matter. The god of Destiny is probably smiling in content.

The idea of making "Old Ironsides" the feature of a picture had been simmering in the brain of Harry Carr for years. Then one day his old school friend, Secretary



George Bancroft, plus real whiskers, plays the chief gunner of the U. S. S. *Constitution*. Bancroft saw actual service in the navy for six years

WELL, anyway masculinity is having a first-class renaissance in motion pictures, wherever else it is under a cloud.

We have rather had our fill of the flapper girlie-girlie, pretty-dear films, haven't we?

The motion picture industry may be still in its infancy—but hurrah, perhaps it's a boy, after all!

This story, written around good "Old Ironsides," the famous old frigate, the U. S. S. *Constitution,* is thoroly and completely masculine. It is much more than just another super-special put out by the Lasky studio. It is much more than a fine patriotic film reviving American national sentiment in its navy, reminding us of its proud beginnings way back in 1804 A. D. and of the highly creditable exploits of the third vessel built by a newly independent nation that was to rise in mighty world power a century later.

It's all that, but it is also a magnificent masculine gesture, designed, I suspect, to jolly well help in the new vogue to put femininity back in its place.

Epic in Masculinity

WAR, the sea, hard pioneering in remote lands—these are still masculine strongholds. So behold, they have given us war in "The Big Parade," in "What Price Glory?" Not much *éclat* for the flappers in those. And they have given us pioneering in "The Covered Wagon," "The Iron Horse," "The Pony Express." They have given us the "Sea Hawk," "The Sea Beast," and "Down to the Sea in Ships." And now they are going to give us "Old Ironsides"—the sea, bilge-water, rope, seamanship, masculinity in daring and endurance, masculinity in courageous patriotism, masculinity in heroic endeavor, mean masculinity, great masculinity, fond but strong masculinity, clean and dirty masculinity—but masculinity all thru in an undiluted masculine setting.

the Seven Seas Again

By ALMA WHITAKER



A painting, by Duncan Gleason, of the U. S. S. *Constitution*, under full sail. Below, James Cruze, who is directing the film production of "Old Ironsides"



Curtis Wilbur of the Navy Department, talked of his dream of restoring the noble old boat. Harry Carr was thereby moved to read up on its history—and glowed to envision it as a film.

Harry Carr's Idea

PERHAPS Jesse Lasky was inspired to prompt receptiveness of the idea because of the navy's "Old Ironsides" fund. But, anyway, Walter Wood, he who wrote the script for "The Covered Wagon," "The Pony Express," and other achievements of Director James Cruze, was called in. Equipped with Harry Carr's research labors, he made a fine faithful historical record. At this stage it was undiluted veritable history, with Admiral Decatur of the U. S. S. *Constitution* as the arch hero. But the wiseheads who knew their box-office tastes felt that straight history would not quite do.

So here we find Laurence Stallings, co-author of "What Price Glory?" called in to add the box-office touch. It was Laurence who suggested the injection of the good ship *Esther*, and of The Boy and The Girl. It meant side-tracking Admiral Decatur a trifle—but even admirals must make way for love's young dream. But dont you suppose for a moment that love's young dream subtracts one iota from its masculinity—it only completes it. It is so advantageous to have a sweet quivering maiden around to show masculinity off at its best.

So there is just one maiden in it—the fair sweet Esther Ralston, and her name is *Esther* in the play (and Esther is a name associated with dutiful enchantment!). *Esther* is permitted to have a mother in a few brief glimpses, but beyond that the only other female who has anything to do with it is Dorothy Osler, who will "cut" the picture for James Cruze—and she has a boyish bob and wears sailor trousers on the lot!

A novelty that is injected is that all the players bear their own names in the play. Thus the villainous and disreputable old bo'sn of the good ship *Esther* is programed as W. Beery. The chief gunner of the U. S. S. *Constitution* is G. Bancroft. The first mate is Fred L. Kohler, and George Godfrey, the heavyweight colored prize-fighter of the real-life sport sections, is the cook on the *Esther*. Eddie Featherstone will play Commodore Somers of the U. S. S. *Constitution* and Johnny Walker will masquerade as Admiral Decatur.

The Boy is to be played by an almost unknown young man — Charles Ferrell — until very recently a mere "extra" of over two years' sighing standing. He is only twenty-four now. He was an extra in "The Ten Commandments" and ever since, until he slid over to Fox and better pay and a five-year contract a brief couple of months ago. So altho Lasky once had him, they have had to hire him from Fox for this rôle.

And the film opens with The Boy, gazing at a navy recruiting placard of those far-off days—an actual one, borrowed from government archives in Washington:

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SEAMEN

All GENTLEMEN ADVENTURERS and able-bodied seamen wishing to share in the honors of war and the spoils of victory in the present heroic venture of the magnificent new ship "Constitution" against the Barbary pirates at Tripoli . . ." etc.

(*Continued on page* 85)

Reviewing Pictures on Broadway

By Mordaunt Hall

PICTURES are presented on Broadway every week during the four seasons of the year and therefore with the regularity of a postman who brings the morning mail the newspaper critic goes forth two or three days a week to look at the films and write his impressions of them. Sometimes the work is amusing, sometimes it is even inspiring, and then there are also times when it is incredibly dull. Conventional themes of the wide-open spaces and melodramatic mixtures of the Great Northwest are not apt to act as a mental stimulus.

In the last three years I have written criticisms on more than six hundred productions, and like a number of other persons I have thus beheld hosts of men slain, countless heroes emerge triumphant from very nasty predicaments, scores of maidens captured, rescued and kissed with terrific violence, innumerable tornadoes, cyclones, floods, fires and other types of so-called thrills. I cant say how many times I have seen the heroine's father reach into the right-hand drawer of his desk and pull out a revolver because he had met with financial reverses. This situation has lost its tragic touch, and become almost comic. I have mentally measured great rooms and figured out their rental in Park Avenue. I have seen bathrooms large enough for a company of soldiers. Then there have been scented fountains, after-dinner bathing parties and tales of hysterical flappers, whose chief activities are drinking cocktails, speeding in Rolls-Royces and dancing the Charleston. I have seen the birth, and I trust the death, of comedy situations. For instance, there is the crack-brained young man who tries to create laughter by not knowing whether to use a knife, fork or a spoon on his grapefruit, and there is his prototype who thinks it funny to shake hands with the butler.

Mordaunt Hall is the motion picture critic of *The New York Times*.

Since *The Times* holds a pre-eminent position among metropolitan newspapers, as well as among the great newspapers of the world, Mr. Hall can be said to speak with unusual authority.

Mr. Hall knows pictures thoroly and his opinions each week are awaited by New Yorkers with keen interest.

The Reviewer's View-Point

BUT with all its shortcomings, this work is not uninteresting. I have reached the stage when I realize that a producer, after all, may not have intentionally made a dry production to annoy me. And then there are the broad comedies, which have made me sigh, but which nevertheless have appealed to the majority in the audience. Molasses poured on a man's head always brings down the house, and so does the idea of the character falling over some obstacle into a pool of mud. Pictures are made to appeal to as many people as possible, and if you dont like them, somebody will.

When it comes to writing criticisms on some dreary mile of film, one becomes bored with even one's own combinations of words. There is "mildly entertaining," employed to let a production down lightly. You really mean that the readers can take it or leave it. "Quite diverting," refers to something a little better, but the "quite" qualifies the entertainment value of the effort. "Told with his tongue in his cheek" once had its appeal, but now it has taken on the semblance of a bromide. "The fabric of this story" is threadbare, and so are "claptrap," "tawdry," "sloppy bit of sentimentality," "contraption," "slow-moving," "adequate acting," "trashy," "sparkling," "interesting" and even "attractive." "Histrionic," "opus," "whilom," *chef-d'œuvre"* and such like make you think you are posing as you write. "Quite the most interesting" sounds as if you have stolen it from a paragraph in "Town Topics" and "sustained suspense" seems as if it were water-logged.

An ambiguous story is one of my chief bugbears, especially when the production has some excellent photographic effects. As you cant make head or tail of the plot, you can dismiss the beauty of the scenes in a word or two. The acting may be negligible and likewise the titles. You feel as if you would like to write:

"This is an awful picture with some good scenes," and fading out on that.

The Mediocre Pictures

SEVERAL months ago there was put on one of the Broadway cinemas a picture which had so many characters and was so bewildering that it would have made three different stories and perhaps four. Then the hero in the first chapter showed himself to be a gullible numskull, and the heroine was no better than the young man, with whom she falls gradually in love, while her caddish husband, whom she had not seen for years, turns up at the psychological moment. The story went on and on, dragging most of the time, then picking up a bit, and finally it was with intense relief that one perceived the ending. As one man who seldom went to see pictures remarked, it was the sort of picture which could have gone on forever. There was no reason why it should have ceased even when it did.

Soon after I began writing motion picture criticisms, James Montgomery Flagg took offense at my review of William S. Hart's "Wild Bill Hickok." Mr. Flagg said that it seemed to him that I was a pale-faced spaghetti hound, and he insisted that Mr. Hart's picture was worthy in many respects. I thought that the best thing to do with this letter was to print it, which I did, and the head on it was very simple. It read: "He Does Not Agree With Us."

On another occasion I wrote a sort of reminiscent review of the last picturization of "The Light That Failed." It was a fair picture, but it had not caught much of the author's spirit. Somebody wrote, upbraiding me for having made him come all the way in town to see what he thought was an execrable bit of work. Another reader objected to my review of the "Pony Express." He wondered why I had not referred to the easy way in which the hero polished off the villain's underlings. But I must say that frequently I receive some rather nice

(*Continued on page* 74)

By Everett Shinn



The celebrated artist has caught the spirit of that strange interlude between scenes—when cameramen and extras doze off to sleep and principals begin to worry about their make-up. At least half of a studio's working time is spent in this fashion

BETWEEN SCENES

Four Famous Writers



E. Temple Thurston | A. A. Milne | Frank Swinnerton — Barney

By Henry Albert Phillips

E. Temple Thurston

E. TEMPLE THURSTON I shall always remember as the author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," a book that for sheer whimsicality captured my fancy completely. Mr. Thurston's first wife—now deceased—was Katherine Cecil Thurston, the brilliant author of that fascinating novel, "The Masquerader."

Mr. Thurston told me that he had considered seriously plunging in and learning the photoplay technique in the studios, but that conditions were not receptive.

"The American films are so infinitely superior to the British that I dont wonder at the state of things here and the poverty in English film circles. English producers never really studied the thing. In the main they are made up of cheap photographers. Not one that I can think of who has the faintest conception of what a story is, let alone of how to tell it when he has it. All they want to put on are pretty pictures. In story-telling, a certain approach of mind is necessary, lacking which one is unable to tell a story well. The English film people dont begin to have that talent. I might compare the British film producer with that taxi driver down yonder."

A. A. Milne

A. A. MILNE is the author of one of the most delightful books of the century—"When We Were Very Young." When I saw him in his charming home in Chelsea, London's Latin Quarter, he told me that his publishers had just reported British sales of this book more than one hundred thousand and American sales even in advance of that number. So it is quite possible that many of those who read these lines may have enjoyed Mr. Milne's little book as well. Or, you may have had the privilege of seeing on the boards—as well as on the screen—that play of rare charm, "Mr. Pim Passes By."

"I think the average film drama is most ghastly," replied Mr. Milne. Then like all the others, he partially reversed himself so as to say that he liked the film as a medium, but not the sort of things called the "film drama." "You see what I mean is, I like Chaplin—and Harold Lloyd. They are no end of amusement. And that—uh—what is it called? 'The Adventures of Felix!' And seeing plants grow before your eyes — and stunts of that sort — I'm all for them!"

Isn't that just like you would think the fellow

(Both continued on page 68)

CONDEMN the FILMS

FRANK SWINNERTON:

"I think the movies are a menace to civilization. They malign life."

A. A. MILNE:

"I think the average film drama is ghastly. But I like Chaplin and Harold Lloyd."

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM:

"I find the films disappointing, I mean in actual progress. They seem to have fallen back, got into a rut."



E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Second of a Series of Talks About Motion Pictures With Famous English and Continental Writers

Frank Swinnerton

FRANK SWINNERTON is generally recognized as one of the most promising novelists of the younger generation. H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett openly acknowledge his genius and hint that their mantle of greatness will probably fall on his shoulders. All of which bothers Frank Swinnerton not a jot. He goes right along his own sweet way doing what he pleases and gets there just the same.

The first time I met him, in London this was, I asked him offhand what he thought of the "films," as they call them in England, he said, "I think they're a bore. I never go unless I have to. I think they're awful!"

I learned later that he had been annoyed into this ruthless statement by the several "inside" contacts he had had with the cinema. "Wells and Bennett go to see the films all the time tho," he added almost penitently, to show that he wanted his statement to be taken impersonally. "However, I adore Chaplin," he went on conciliatorily. "I think he is the one genius they have produced as an actor. Just to see him doing the tiniest bit is a pleasure. It does not matter how subtle your mind may be, you will

E. Phillips Oppenheim

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM has always been my idea of the supreme story-teller. I had always hoped to meet Oppenheim some day in or near the realm in which he creates his literary and dramatic beings. If you will recall, most of his stories are concerned with "foreigners" of high degree or of low villainous motives, which sooner or later brings us into the midst of some breath-taking international intrigue. And the scene of most of these exploits is the Riviera and Monte Carlo, of course.

Here, at Monte Carlo, where I am writing these words, I have seen ALL of Mr. Oppenheim's characters—either taking tea on the terrace in front of the Café de Paris, at the Royal Opera, in the gaming rooms of the Casino or at one of Baroness Orczy's famous receptions at her Villa Bijou. Russian princesses financially embarrassed, swarthy Italian counts, Hungarian nobles with long beards and monocles in one eye, Austrian barons looking for jobs and, of course, suave Englishmen—they are all here! And here is where Oppenheim comes to get his wonderful local color and to pick up these characters at random—and does it so successfully

(Both continued on page 68)



Filming "BEAU GESTE"

By Alice L. Tildesley

TWENTY-EIGHT miles out of Yuma, Arizona, across the shifting sands of America's Sahara, a plank road leads to a valley where a dream is coming true.

The dream is Herbert Brenon's, but over seventeen hundred men are laboring with a hearty good will to bring it to realization.

A year ago, when Mr. Brenon was mourning the loss of his second and dearest brother—the first having passed on to Elysian fields some years before—someone put into his hands the tale of the devotion of three "gay romantics."

And "Beau Geste" of the screen—this dream of a director's heart—is to be in the nature of a memorial of those elder Brenons, an offering of fraternal love, dedicated to all brothers everywhere.

"Allons, Brenon, voicï la Legion.
Tiens, Voila les Français; Voila les Anglais; les Americains,
Qui combattent les Touaregs Nord Africain.
We come from the East;
we come from the West;
We'll work like Hell
and never rest.
I say, Old Chap,
we'll do our best
To help you make
'Beau Geste'!"

The Foreign Legion

WITH this paraphrased version of the famous "Song of the Foreign Legion," composed in his honor, the legionnaires of the picture greeted the chief when he entered the African fort which has been built on the sand dune crest. . . . And the spirit of the song is the spirit of the making of the picture. It's "Beau Geste."

The war of the Riffs is responsible for the largest location in history: since the company could not go to Algiers, Algiers must come to the company. And who will deny that it has come? Sand dunes—great golden powder-fine heaps of dust stretching interminably to one horizon—piling up in shifting outline toward a distant range of purple mountains, to another: sand dunes a-bloom with desert primrose, silhouetting ungainly camels against a blue, blue sky!

The finding, building and running of this camp for nearly two thousand men is a story in itself. Imagine digging a well in a desert, establishing two electric light plants, a complete telephone service, five miles of water pipes, six miles of wire, twenty carloads of lumber—to mention just a few figures in the staggering total.

Keeping in the spirit of the story, the location camp is a military one. A bugler wakes us at dawn and punctuates the day with calls from assembly to retreat. A captain commands the army, four mounted orderlies stand by day and night, and three flags fly in "Beau Geste Square."

"I have to pinch myself sometimes and say: 'The war's over!'" said Ralph Forbes, who plays *John* in the (*Continued on page* 62)



Carsey

Top: The mimic Sahara fort in the Arizona desert. Oval: Neil Hamilton, Ronald Colman and Ralph Forbes as the three brothers of "Beau Geste"



M. I. Boris

GILDA GRAY

Broadway awaits with keen interest the stellar screen début of the little Polish girl who captured its heart

Things That Will Never Happen

By K. R. CHAMBERLAIN





Marion Davies suddenly finds there isn't a single heroine of history she hasn't played

John Barrymore decides to make personal appearances with the showing of his latest film, "Don Juan"



Eric von Stroheim plays the callow lover and Louise Fazenda the vamp in a film written and directed by Elinor Glyn



Two of Cecil De Mille's Yes-Men say "No!"

Doug and Mary decide to appear as Pa and Ma in one of those Old Homestead stories, with Valentino and Menjou as the wholesome, Charlie Ray boys and Lon Chaney, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson as the glad, glad, rompy kiddies





Her ROYAL HIGHNESS

By Alice L. Tildesley

Above, a cheery study of Corinne Griffith when she was a star at Vitagraph. Next Miss Griffith is to play Tatiana, daughter of the ill-fated Czar Nicholas

THE next story selected for Corinne Griffith is one concerning the imagined adventures of Tatiana, daughter of the Czar.

For which give thanks! Miss Griffith is the one real princess in the land of Movie-Make-Believe.

To Play Czar's Daughter

THE illusion of moonlight and music that she brings to the screen is as real when you meet her face to face. She is as stately and exquisite as one of her own white iris fringing the woodland pool beneath her pepper-trees.

When Walter Morosco took her to Hawaii as a bride, the islanders recognized this quality, instinctively, and paid it tribute. There was a pier stretching out over the waters that caress Hawaiian shores—a pier overlooked by the honeymoon bower—and here, under a tropic moon, the natives came with guitars and ukuleles, offering incense o' sweet and melancholy airs. They danced, too, the ancien' island dances.

All of which entertainment is given only to those who inspire it and cannot be bought with gold. . . .

Came the Carpenters

IT may be all very well to seem a princess in a setting as redolent of romance as Hawaii, especially on a blissful honeymoon—but try to look the part in your own home with servants on the point of leaving, the upper floor full of carpenters and painters, the





Mandeville

Corinne Griffith has never considered giving up the screen because of marriage. "A woman with an ambition should be careful to select a man who has a tolerant attitude towards her career," she says

grounds fairly teeming with gardeners requiring advice!

Yet there was Corinne Griffith, clad in April green touched with buttercup yellow, maintaining perfect poise in situations that would at least have furrowed the brow of any other cinema star.

A private projection room is being built in the Beverly Hills home. The mistress of the house stood in the half-finished place, among pots of paint and cans of varnish, surrounded by inquiring workmen—making swift decisions, settling unexpected problems, with a despatch and efficiency to be envied by a queen at court.

Somehow aloof from the pettiness of housekeeping, she seems still beautifully capable of home-making. For her home is the darling of her heart.

"We're going to have a well, a rustic well," she explained, bringing out a drawing of it, "The rocks are coming this afternoon. I wish I could stay here and watch them build the wall. Going back to work in a picture after a vacation is like going back to school. I have that sinking sensation—that vision of long weeks of hard labor!

"Of course, I wouldn't give up pictures, any more than I'd have given up an education, but—there you are!

The Fun of Planning

"It's such fun to plan things. This is the first vacation Mr. Morosco and I have had together for a long time, and we've spent most of it on the house and grounds. We have an unwritten rule that pictures are not to be discussed at home—we have enough of them all day long. So we have a fascinating time with furniture and furnishings and landscaping.

"We have put in the most delightful hours reading about periods of furniture and delving into the histories of kings from whose reigns they date. You can almost tell the disposition and habits of monarchs from the look of furniture made under their rule. Remember the intrigue of France's courts at the time most of the French dressing-tables and desks had secret drawers!"

The Grass Is Delivered

At this point, Japanese grass was delivered, and we adjourned to the gardens to superintend its planting.

The sun brought out the gold in her brown hair as she stood under the lime-tree, giving her serene directions. That lime-tree, the row of eucalypti, and the gnarled peppers that edge the drive are all part of the old estate founded by the fortunate soul who was presented with the land by the government. But the rustic lookout house high up in a tree—the trickling fountain cunningly arranged among the rocks and giant stump to make a bird bath for her feathered courtiers—the tea-house by its shaded pool, and the flowers that paint the gentle slopes, are all Princess Corinne's.

White and yellow jasmine, purple wistaria, narcissus and heliotrope are among the fragrant blooms.

"We wanted to plant things that smell sweet," she

(*Continued on page* 88)

They Told Buster to Stick to IT

By HARRY BRAND

"STICK to it, kid, and you'll be a great comedian some day."

Celebrities of the theatrical world gave that advice to a pint-size vaudeville performer a quarter of a century ago.

The prophecy has been fulfilled, but on a scale exceeding the expectations of the most wildly imaginative trouper. Fate has given the youth the world for a stage and an audience of millions.

It was ten years ago that young Keaton cast his fortunes with the "movies," after traveling hundreds of thousands of miles and trouping all over the United States and in foreign lands since babyhood. The past decade has witnessed the former vaudeville actor's rise to the heights as a screen comedian, but to the old-timers who always visit his studios when they

(*Continued on page* 80)



Melbourne Spurr



Buster Keaton as he is today—and when he was the kid of the Three Keatons

Bushnell



William Potter

GRETA NISSEN

Altho the fascinating Scandinavian has been banished from the royal courts of Paramount to the Siberia of Universal, we still have hopes. Won't somebody rush a pardon to the gal?

How the KEYSTONE KOPS

Mack Sennett's famous comedy Policeman developed from a chance Purchase in a New York second hand Store

By Bert Ennis



A scene from one of Mack Sennett's first Keystone comedies. Sennett himself is the desk sergeant, while the trembling prisoner is Ford Sterling

IT'S a far cry from a second-hand clothing store, in the grime which makes Sixth Avenue, New York, to the old Keystone company studio on Allesandro Street, Hollywood, but it serves to prove that a fellow named Kipling, who once made the wise crack, "East is East and West is West," was wrong.

All of which gives me a running start on the "inside story" of how the Keystone cops came to be—those amazing gentry of the law (in movies only) who aroused, at one and the same time, the mirth of a nation and the ire of numerous police heads thruout the country. There was a time when folks resented the affront to the dignity and majesty of the law offered by the spectacle of cops who never caught anything (except a pie), cops who believed they were cops because they wore a cop's uniform, cops who always ran the wrong way. cops who fell out of windows (yes, you're right, always into a tub of water or a bed of mortar), cops whose uniforms made the conductor of the Toonerville trolley look like a fashion-plate, cops whose clubs were made of rubber and who always were run over by their own patrol wagons.

The Inside Story

AND still, if it were not for the aforesaid Sixth Avenue palace of second-hand wardrobes, our own guardians of the law might never have risen in a body against their burlesquers of the screen, the chucklers of the world would have missed millions of chuckles and Mack Sennett's only claim to fame might be that he gave to the screen Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Ford Sterling, Charley Murray, Fatty Arbuckle, Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost and a few other fairly well-known actors and actresses.

Which reminds me of the fact that this



HAPPENED

Drawing by Kliz



same Sennett was responsible for the origin of the Keystone cops thru the medium of a wire which came to the New York offices of the Keystone Film Company in the year 1912 while I, in the rôle of press-agent, was begging editors to print the then unknown names of the aforesaid Chaplins, Arbuckles, Normands, *et al.* In those hardy days of the leaping tintypes many duties devolved upon the press-agent (they call them directors of publicity now) and therefore it was entirely in keeping that Mack Sennett's wire, which requested the urgent shipment of a quantity of "comedy character clothes for ladies and gentlemen," should be turned over to the chronicler.

The Second-hand Store

LITTLE thinking that the result of my attention to duty was to bring about a new era in laughs, I hied myself, wire in hand, to the establishment of Harry Guttenberg, who ran one of the most remarkable clothing emporiums it has ever been my good fortune to see. Guttenberg made a specialty, and a most profitable one, of buying and selling the wardrobes of various theatrical productions which suffered "box-office anemia," a disease, which, by the way, will cause rotund, healthy magnates of the screen and theater to turn pale and shudder at its mere mention. The Guttenberg establishment dealt in costumes of every description, both straight and comic, and incidentally, many of the evening gowns and dress suits worn by your favorite celluloid hero and heroine in the early days of picture making, came from the shelves of this Sixth Avenue purveyor of wardrobes. Shades of Gloria Swanson and Jack Gilbert, think of it!

Keeping in mind Mack Sennett's insistent desire, expressed telegraphically, for comedy character clothes, I successfully bartered with Harry for the acquisition of bell-boys' suits, porters' uniforms, rube clothes, dancing girls' costumes, sailor suits, soubrettes' dresses and frock coats, not to mention an odd assortment of coats, pants, vests and shoes.

The Police Uniforms

FEELING that I had done well by Mr. Sennett and his comic inclinations as regards proper wardrobe for the Keystone players, I was about to depart when Guttenberg pointed out insinuatingly that he had a choice line of police uniforms, including coats, pants, helmets, clubs and sockets. His Sixth Avenue eye for business then and there gave birth to the foundation on which the Keystone cops were builded in far-away Hollywood, into a tower of strength for Sennett and all those original comedy film producers who aped the successful innovation of burlesque police.

Giving little or no heed to size, fit or condition, I obliged my outfitting friend by purchasing these police uniforms and shortly thereafter sped the entire assortment of comedy clothes, in several trunks, to the studios of the Keystone company.

Came the Keystone Cop

THE astute eye of the man responsible for the screen's first bathing beauties fell upon the conglomerate assortment of uniforms, helmets and clubs, and delighted to find that the oversized garments worn by the law's representatives lent an especially ludicrous appearance to undersized extras in the rôles of policemen, it took him little or no time to direct a comedy in which the now famous Keystone cops played an important part. Movie goers everywhere greeted the crazily dressed, awkward police squad with howls of glee. Justly proud of his comedy bull's-eye, Sennett delved farther into the trunks and unearthed the balance of the police raiment. Keystone cops ran riot in every Sennett production. They were fooled by the wily Chaplin, tripped by the innocent Arbuckle, vamped by the scintillating Mabel—and they became an institution.

It may interest readers of this magazine to glimpse a copy of the clothing contained in the shipment which helped to make film history, and it so happens that the writer of this story saved a list of the contents of the various trunks which went to the Keystone Company in 1912.

The Original Bill

HERE it is:

Policemen's outfits.—Thirty uniforms consisting of short coats, long coats, double-breasted, single-breasted,

(*Continued on page* 74)



Clara Bow has been called variously "a little roughneck," "the screen's madcap" and "the flappiest flapper of them all"

She WANTS to SUCCEED

By Alice L. Tildesley

THE girl is Clara Bow.

The idea is success.

And I defy anybody or anything to keep her from her goal.

She has been called variously, a "little roughneck," "the screen's madcap," and "the flappiest flapper of them all."

But she is a human dynamo, overcharged with ambition and energy—a frank and amusing child possessing the grit and determination of an army.

Back in Brooklyn

WHEN she was a Brooklyn high school freshman, even then movie-mad, Wallace Reid made a personal appearance at a local theater.



Clara Bow has one goal —Fame

Nothing else counts



"I'm never going to give up the screen. I have to have an outlet for all this energy. I can pour it into pictures—and I love pictures!"

"I got there at noon and sat in the front row until he came on at half past seven," remembered Clara. "I wanted to see him close up—and I did. I thought he was marvelous. I decided that I'd like to act, too, and I knew I'd do it, some day.

"I dont know why I had the nerve to think I could. I was fat and short and funny-looking—sort of an ugly little thing."

The dark-eyed young beauty on the chaise-longue in the studio bungalow hugged her tweed-knickered knees and tossed back the red-gold glory of her hair. The ugly duckling has repeated the history of the swan.

"The minute the fan magazines were on the stands I bought 'em. I read CLASSIC and *Motion Picture* and *Shadowland* and all of 'em—and one day I saw a Brewster contest mentioned. It said, 'Send in your picture' — and I went to a cheap photographer that very day.

"The pictures were rather bad, I thought, but I sent 'em anyway. I waited. I dont think I even hoped very much. I could see what I looked like in the mirror.

"One day I went down-stairs for the mail and saw the postman standing with a long envelope in his hand. Before I took it I called up-stairs: 'Daddy, I've got in pictures!'—It was marked 'Brewster Publications' and it read that I was to come to the office for a test.

The Contest Test

"I WAS fifteen and I hadn't any fancy clothes. I wore a gingham dress and went with my father on the street-car. When I got there, other girls were getting out of automobiles. They all seemed to be wearing silk or velvet or chiffon. I wanted to go home, but my father wouldn't let me.

"The judges were there—Mr. Brewster and some others. I suppose they were surprised to see me but they didn't say anything. They had someone make us up for the screen tests.

"I watched the others. They looked at me as if I was Orphant Annie—sort of down the side of their noses—but I saw what they did and when the director said: 'Dont do this or that,' to them, I thought 'I'll remember that's a bad thing to do.' The trouble was, I thought, that they were all trying to do it like somebody they had seen on the screen, not the way they'd do it—the way they'd feel themselves. When it came my turn, I did it the way I'd do it myself.

"Nobody said anything. We all went home. Pretty soon there were more tests—eight in all—and finally nearly everybody was eliminated.

Clara Wins!

"ALL this time I had to go to school, but I was late and never knew my lessons. I was always kept in and I simply couldn't study. All I could think of was pictures! I figured out what to do for tests and what tests they might give me—I was a nervous wreck from hoping and worrying.

(*Continued on page* 90)

MORE IMPRESSIONS

AT the Pickford-Fairbanks studio they have an Arabian desert so perfect that the sun seemed to beat down upon my bare head, the sand got in my shoes, and many miles away (apparently) I could see shadowy trees and mountains of sand. Arabs and all kinds of queer characters were wandering around, and it was for all the world just like the edge of the great desert I saw last spring.

It was a scene in "Son of the Sheik," and Fitzmaurice was directing. Vilma Banky and Rudolph Valentino soon appeared, and after a few rehearsals Rudy made violent love to the fair and voluptuous Vilma and carried her not unwillingly off while the camera clicked. But one of the rocks overturned and they both fell down in a heap. They tried it again, but this time they got tangled up in some of Rudy's flowing robes and Vilma's gauzy draperies and again they sprawled in the sand. They both took it good-naturedly and even Fitzmaurice enjoyed it. Four more times they tried it and at last they did it perfectly.

"I doubt if you have ever had or ever will have a handsomer couple than that to direct," I said to Fitz.

"Quite true," he replied, "and they are both splendid to work with. Rudy is a fine fellow and a true artist. He's always ready to work and he likes the rough stuff as well as these tender scenes. He's as strong as an ox, too, and he loves to get in the fights and treat 'em rough. Vilma is also one hundred per cent. and it is a pleasure to work with such artists."

* * *

AT the Fox studio the other night they gave a little reception and dinner to some of the stars and a few invited guests, and there I met lots of my old friends, including Paul Panzer, and made a few new ones, including Edmund Lowe. It was hard to believe that this was the tall, handsome, straight, dark Edmund that I have admired so much on the screen. He gave me the impression of being a blonde, or red-headed, and blue-eyed —quite different than I expected, and not so good-looking. Yet, he was very democratic, unassuming and likable. Olive Borden was also there, a vivid brunette and beautiful, but what attracted me most was a pair of midget stars — Georgie Harris (male) and Barbara Ludder. They are both well under five feet and they were like grown-up children not yet grown up. Georgie was terribly "cute" and conversed sparklingly and all the women were flocking around him. Barbara was equally so and very charming and pretty, and all the *men* were flocking around *her*. They are playing together in two-reel comedies and are getting quite popular I'm told.



Eugene V. Brewster visits Laura La Plante while Director Mel Brown acts as reporter

* * *

NOT a great way from Los Angeles is Arrow Head Lake on the top of a huge mountain where many players go for the week-end. The lake is over a mile higher than the road at the base of the mountain, and it is some climb in a car, the narrow road winding up like a snake going up a telegraph pole. And it makes your ear-drums sing. Before you are half-way up you begin to gasp for breath, but you soon forget this when you look out upon the gorgeous scenery and the towering mountain peaks and the placid Pacific in the distance. And it is thrilling because you realize that one little slip of the steering-gear or a moment of inattention by the driver and you all will go plunging down the abyss over the rocks and cliff below for perhaps half a mile, where you will wake up and find yourself in Heaven—or the other place.

* * *

I SPOKE before the Wampas at a dinner given by them recently, and before the Wasps, a couple of weeks previous. The former are the pressmen of these parts, the latter the presswomen, and a fine lot of fellows and girls they all are.

* * *

BOBBY VERNON took me out for a day's outing last Sunday in his beautiful motor yacht. We sailed all around the harbor, and out in the Pacific nearly to Catalina Island and he pointed out all the yachts of film celebrities and others, many of which were very pretentious, indeed. Bobby himself was at the wheel, in yachting costume, and he made a jolly and capable captain. His yacht is about fifty feet over all and contains every modern convenience including sleeping accommodations for about a dozen. In the party were his charming little wife, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Dowling, of Christie Comedies, Corliss Palmer, the skipper, and myself, but Bobby was the life of the party. He is a regular fellow in every way, a good host and quite a wit. His boat was so spick and span everywhere that it gave the impression of having never been used —even the engine-room where the brass work shone like gold with not a speck of dirt or grease anywhere.

* * *

VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE favored me with an invitation to dinner

of HOLLYWOOD

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Saturday night at the Biltmore Hotel—and I found her just as charming as she was in 1919 when as a mere child I directed her in her first screen tests which won her a prize in the Fame and Fortune Contest. All she needs is a good part and she will yet stage a big comeback. Anita Stewart, Edmund Lowe and Alice Calhoun were there and were very good to look upon.

* * *

RECENTLY where some four hundred guests were assembled to do honor to Carl Laemmle, J. Stuart Blackton made a splendid speech, followed by Edwin Carewe, Bert Lytell and others. They also showed some movies mimicking "Uncle Carl" and doings at Universal City. Among the jokes was a topical song satirizing the fact that there are several dozen Laemmles employed at Universal, the chorus being:

"Send all the extras off the lot,
Only Laemmles will be in this shot."

There was also a movie of several thousand men walking in procession, introduced by a title:
"Some of the recent business managers of Universal."

* * *

THEY are still wrangling at Universal, and poor little Mary Philbin has been doing nothing for many months except draw her salary. 'Tis a crime, says I, for this wonderful little lady would soon be at the top if they would only give her a chance. Erich von Stroheim tried to borrow her recently for a very important part but the Universalites are not particularly fond of Von and they would not let Mary go. True 'tis 'tis pity, and pity is tis true.

* * *

JUST after seeing a private view of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," Colleen Moore took me to a corner where stood several men and said, "I want to introduce you to Harry Langdon." I looked them all over before holding out my hand and then said, "Which one?" They all laughed and one of them held out his hand. "You dont mean it!" said I. But he did mean it. It was really he. He wore a regular Fedora hat with the brim pulled down over his forehead, and glasses. I would never have believed that it was Harry or any other actor. We talked about the picture and he showed that he was about as wise as they make them, and thoroly businesslike. Furthermore, there was nothing funny about him. But wait till you see that picture! If you dont get a thousand laughs out of it, you haven't got a funny-bone.



Eugene V. Brewster drops in to call upon Mary Philbin

I DINED with Larry Semon and his wife, Dorothy Dwan, at their fine home which is, of course, up on top of a hill. Why is it that so many players always try to get as high as possible in the world? Perhaps because they want to get near Heaven. Larry is very happy, in spite of the fact that he reached the high spots in picturedom a few years ago and has not been able to keep himself there. But he told me that he was only thirty-five and full of fight and that the world would soon hear from him again in a big way. He is now doing another feature-length picture and is full of hopes. So am I. He deserves to win out.

* * *

RUDOLPH VALENTINO invited Pola Negri, Corliss Palmer and me to dinner recently, but at the last minute Pola phoned that she had been vaccinated the previous day and that she was sick in bed with a fever. I found a large photo of Pola in Rudy's bedroom, however, and it was the only one! Rudy has a fine Italian villa on a mountain top in Beverly Hills, and while it is all white within and without, the hangings are mostly of a brilliant red everywhere, and the woodwork in his bedroom is bright dark green. His brother and sister-in-law were the only other guests and we enjoyed a pleasant evening together.

* * *

BOBBY VERNON will have his little joke. In all seriousness the other day at luncheon he said he had picked up quite a little money by teaching Spanish. He said he got a dollar a lesson and guaranteed to teach the language in one lesson. I bit, paid him a dollar, and took a lesson. Pointing to a knife, fork, spoon, etc., he said: *el knifo, el forko, el spoono,* etc., and now I am a full-fledged Spaniard.

* * *

VALENTINO is considering whether he will play a double rôle in "Son of the Sheik," and he has been making some tests as the old father. He is strongly in favor of playing both parts, but Director Fitzmaurice fears that double rôles are inclined to detract from the story and destroy reality. However, if the tests prove excellent, he will probably yield the point. Hence, I think you will see Rudy playing both parts. And you will see a newer Valentino than you saw in "The Eagle." He is full of confidence now, and chuck-full of enthusiasm and ambition, which is plainly showing in his work.

* * *

A "SHOWER" was given to Kathleen Clifford the other night at the beautiful and elaborate home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix. Mrs. Clarence Brown is a society leader here and she got it up.

(*Cont'd on page 73*)

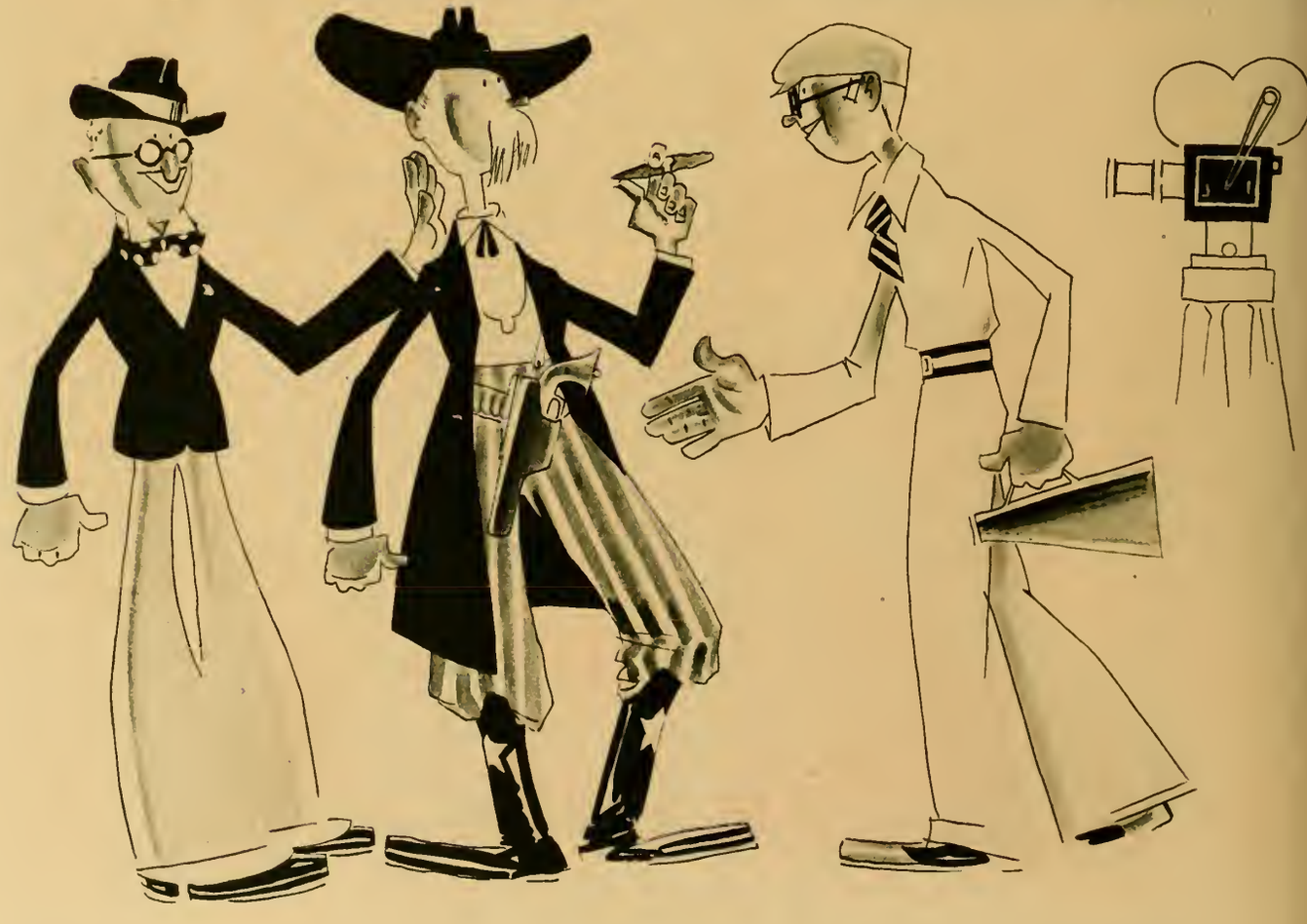
CELLA LLOYD SOLVES

by JOHN HELD, Jr.

Scene I
Pa Lloyd spends all his time with the property-men and all the rough boys on the lot. Where else, demands Pa, can you find honest guys?



Scene II
Pa decides to try his hand at this here Art and makes a mild hit playing a '49er in a Western epic. But there aren't enough Western epics to keep Pa busy



THE PROBLEM OF PA

WHAT'S GONE ON BEFORE

Now that Cella Lloyd, winner of a bathing-girl contest, is safely established as a Hollywood luminary, the problem of Pa Lloyd becomes a serious one. Like all movie pas, Mr. Lloyd cant acclimate himself to the glories of the film world. He's just his natural self—and where, in Hollywood, is there a place for such a gent? Now read on!



Scene III

So Ma and Cella bundle Pa off home. Pa is a little depressed, but he remembers how good the fishing is along Spruce Creek

Scene IV

Now every evening Cella and Ma are seen at the Alameda Gardens, dancing and having a good time with one of the recently imported Swedish leading men and Dr. Wienberg, the popular psychoanalyst. Continued next month!



Another Bathing GIRL Makes Good!



Right out of the Polytechnic High School in Los Angeles, Vera Reynolds started her screen career in Mack Sennett and Al Christie comedies. Vera had read all the stories of the screen stars and she knew just the right place to start. Her first mild hit was scored as Gloria Swanson's daughter in "Prodigal Daughters." Then Cecil B. De Mille found her. She was in "Feet of Clay." And recently in "The Road to Yesterday"

Photos by Harold Dean Carsey



Starring LADY LUCK

By Norma Johnstone



Melbourne Spurr

JANE WINTON is a favorite of the god of Chance—possesses a potent rabbit's foot—or is vibrating on the right plane.

Take your choice.

To most of us Luck is a fugitive elf, never around when needed, but to Jane Winton he is constant as a shadow on a sunny day.



Luck has played a big part in Jane Winton's career. A few years ago she ran away from school. Now she has a prominent rôle in John Barrymore's "Don Juan"

She had never studied dancing, yet she was in the Fokine ballet. She had no stage experience, yet Ziegfeld put her in his "Follies"; no screen training, yet Lasky made her sign a contract; no rôles of any importance, yet John Barrymore gave her a coveted part in "Don Juan."

And so it goes.

Her loveliness may account for Luck's faithfulness. Her hair is bright brown, her eyes long-lashed and gray, her features perfect, and her hands have been a sculptor's inspiration. But besides beauty, she has brains, and besides brains, she has ambition. . . .

Makes the Ballet

WHEN Jane was a little lonely girl in New York, a runaway from Philadelphia, trying to make two dollars do the work of six, she heard that Fokine was selecting girls for his ballet.

She had not had a lesson in her life, but she had always danced. Attired in a one-piece bathing suit, Jane sat in the orchestra of the theater, watching the other applicants being tried out on the bare stage.

"Oh, why did I come?" she kept saying to herself, as girl after girl, attired in delicately beautiful ballet costume, and carrying her own special music, appeared behind the "foots."

Jane had just decided to vanish unobtrusively when her name was called.

"Where's your music?" asked the pianist.

"It's—I thought you'd know how to play it," she sparred, struggling to think of some music—any music! "I didn't bring it. It—it's 'Kiss Me Again.'"

(*Continued on page 77*)

FLASH

By F. J. S.

NOW that Hollywood has satisfactorily disposed of the German film menace, a new screen ogre has arisen. The new bugbear has its *habitat* in Russia and isn't going to be dislodged so easily.

The ogre, to be exact, is the Russian Goskinprom producing practically all the Russian motion pictures. This organization has the backing of the Soviet Government, which, for a long time, has been studying the screen from both propaganda and amusement angles. Only recently it is said that an invitation was extended to Charlie Chaplin to come to Russia for a single picture. Just before Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford sailed for their European vacation, which, by the way, will take them into Russia, it is said an invitation came from the Russian Goskinprom.

We doubt that the Russians will win over Mary, Doug or Charlie right now. But there is no question but that the Russians are reaching out for stars and directors. Fritz Lang, the director of "Siegfried," has just accepted an offer from the Russian Goskinprom and has gone into the land of the Soviets to produce.

We can imagine the problem the offer presented to Lang, torn between the adventure of Russia and the lure of money in America. Lang, incidentally, has just completed "Metropolis," which, if reports from Berlin are to be believed, is likely to prove a sensation. It is a mingling of satire and fantasy, a picture of a strange utopia of the future.

Lang's first Russian picture is adapted from a native story and will be called "Panther Skin."

Meanwhile, the film industry has due warning of its latest menace. We doubt if it will swallow the Russian Goskinprom as easily as it downed the Ufa organization. The Soviet Government stands in the way.

Speaking of Ufa reminds us that the local film magnates are at present tinkering with "Variety," the last Emil Jannings picture to be made before Ufa became a subsidiary of the American film industry. "Variety" was a story of the circus, the romance of an acrobat and a pretty aerialist. In the German story the acrobat was married and had several children. This original film was shown with success in London, without, we think, seriously damaging the morals of the British Empire.

However, the story is being reconstructed for our delicate tastes. The acrobat no longer will be guilty of moral turpitude. In fact, he will be the father of the pretty aerialist, who, by the way, is no other than Lya de Putti. This probably isn't going to help the story any, but it will keep the screen safe for Americans.

It is interesting to note that one of the last Ufa films was "Manon Lescaut," starring Miss de Putti. Is this screen version to be shelved now that John Barrymore is to do the story? Or are we to have two "Manons," one with the ornate de Putti and the other rebuilt to fit the needs of a highly paid male star.

Right now the metropolitan critics are greatly exercised over the fact that D .W. Griffith is to film Theodore Dreiser's two-volume "American Tragedy." Many of the commentators appear to have thought of a number of other directors they would like to have direct the Dreiser tale.

This story, by the way, concerns the son of an evangelist who, upon ruining and killing a girl, dies in the electric chair. It is a tragedy of small-town morals, being based upon an actual murder case up York State.

As we have said, some of the critics have taken it upon themselves to worry about Griffith's probable treatment. They intimate that he may even insert a ride to the rescue and point out that



Hollywood now has a baseball team in the Pacific Coast League. Clara Bow is its mascot. The gent behind the bars is Lester Cook

BACKS

About Pictures and People

he has already saved a gangster from the chair in the modern episode of "Intolerance."

Personally, we cant see anything wrong with the choice of Griffith. In fact, there's a lot in common between the two. Surely both are distinctly American. Both have the same weaknesses and strengths. They weave loosely, insert a lot of extraneous matter, love to dawdle over details, and every now and then evolve a crashing, tearing interlude.

We would like to see a Griffith discovery of the past, Charles Emmett Mack, in the rôle of *Clyde Griffiths*. George Hackathorne would be our second choice.

Anyway, here is an interesting slant upon changing public opinion. In 1900 or thereabouts Dreiser's first novel, "Sister Carrie," was throttled by its frightened publishers. Fifteen years later his "The Genius" was the storm center of a concerted attack by the Comstockians of the day. American literary tastes developed in the interim. Now Dreiser is to be filmed.

Incidentally, the Devil's advocate of twenty-six years ago receives $90,000 for his "American Tragedy" and a pretty definite guarantee from Herr Lasky that it is to be produced as is.

Only a few months ago the screen authorities were naming the incoming season as the great comedy year. The twelve months were to be devoted to laughter and giggles, it was to be the year in which our comedians came into their own. The good old drama was to be crowned with a custard pie.

Let's pause to consider how these predictions have made out. No, not so good. Take "The Big Parade," without much comic relief. And the hero loses a leg. "Ben-Hur"? An orgy of Chautauqua religious emotion. No comedy, unless you got a chuckle out of Francis X. Bushman in armor. "The Sea Beast"? Another leg lost here and the whole effort studded with Barrymore's ga-ga emotionalism on the loose. Not a chuckle, unless you got one out of the whale. "La Bohême"? A gal doing a Camille *while Jack Gilbert slides in and out of scenes after the fashion of Ty Cobb making third base. A mild giggle in this. "Stella Dallas"? A veritable handkerchief extravaganza.*

No, we'd hardly call it comedy year.

Last month we started naming our twenty-five hits of the oncoming screen year. We presented fourteen of them and postponed predictions as to the remaining eleven to this issue. The added eleven:

Ernst Lubitsch's "Revillon."

W. C. Fields' three comedies.

Pola Negri's film directed by von Stroheim.

Griffith's "American Tragedy."

James Cruze's version of Copek's "R. U. R."

Harold Lloyd's next comedy, said to be a mountaineer story. But Lloyd's next comedy, whether or not it is a mountaineer story.

The other three places we reserve for whatever big pictures are attempted by King Vidor and John Robertson.

While we're on the subject of screen authorities, we want to take up the subject of "The Tower of Lies." Every time the critics want to take a crack at the lowly taste of our film audiences, they comment upon the lukewarm reception achieved by this picture produced by Victor Seastrom.

Even my confrere, Tamar Lane, is upset about this. "That the movie industry itself has allowed the fineness, the beauty, the brilliancy of 'The Tower of Lies' to pass by unnoticed is not unusual," he sobs—but he cant arouse an answering sob in our flint-like bosom.

We considered "The Tower of Lies" to be pseudo-arty. It was the story of an old peasant who became the local

(Continued on page 89)



Pacific & Atlantic

Doug and Mary, accompanied by Mary's adopted daughter, Gwynne, sailed away for a European vacation early in April

Our OWN NEWS CAMERA



Bessie Love is proud of her dancing ability. Between scenes of "Lovey Mary" she takes lessons from Flynn O'Malley, a professor of the Charleston



Pacific & Atlantic



Left: June Marlowe demonstrates the newest thing in Deauville bathing attire. The suit is of silk and wool, the hat of vari-colored woven straw and the parasol also of straw

Lower left: Leatrice Joy and Helen Ferguson at the Hawaiian party given by Miss Joy in honor of Don Blanding, artist and writer, upon his return from Hawaii

International Newsreel

Coach Dean Cromwell, of the University of Southern California, shows Greta Garbo the fine points of running. "The start's the thing," says Cromwell



Compare the Deauville costume with the California bathing-suit style demonstrated by Barbara Worth. Local style makes good, say we



Don Gillum

A bird's-eye view of Charlie Chaplin's studio, with the "big top" now being used in the circus comedy. Charlie used to live in the house at the left, just back of the tennis court



How the Charleston would have looked to the staid Puritans. Edna Lyons and Paulette Neville, extras in "The Scarlet Letter," demonstrate their Charleston dexterity





The newest thing in bathrobes on the California beaches is a Navajo blanket. Here is Patsy Ruth Miller illustrating its effectiveness

Do you want to take off ten pounds or so, without injury to your health? Estelle Clarke says this exercise will do it. Lie flat on the ground and, keeping the arms straight, touch the toes to the ground back of your head. How many times? Oh, forty or fifty, says Estelle



International Newsreel

Charlie's FIND



International Newsreel



Charlie Chaplin's new leading woman, Merva Kennedy, is described as possessing flowing red hair and green eyes. Against these intriguing possessions check the fact that she was born in Chicago



Pacific & Atlantic

Altho she was born in Chicago, Miss Kennedy was raised in Los Angeles. She has known Lita Grey (Mrs. Chaplin) since childhood. They went to the same dancing school. Later Miss Kennedy appeared in vaudeville with her brother. They were dancing at the Hotel Ambassador when Lita and her grandmother happened to see them again. This meeting led to Chaplin's signing of Merva as the little bareback rider of his new comedy. Meanwhile, Doug Fairbanks has been reported as interested in Miss Kennedy

THE CELLULOID CRITIC



Ball

Frederick James Smith

HAROLD LLOYD has hit the comedy gong again with his newest laugh effort, "For Heaven's Sake." This comedy isn't another "Freshman," it should be explained. "The Freshman" is still the high point in Lloyd's humbrous career.

"For Heaven's Sake," however, is highly diverting. If anyone but Lloyd were its star, it would be looked upon as a sensation. This time the spectacled Boy, otherwise Lloyd, is a young millionaire without an aim in life until he meets the Girl. The Girl is the daughter of an East Side evangelist. There are a half-dozen amusing episodes, starting with the way the Boy gets the tough gangsters of the neighborhood into the newly opened mission. The Boy, of course, becomes eventually the pal of the East Side gentry. There is a hilarious finish when the Boy attempts to keep together his wedding reception committee of five gangsters, in hired dress suits and expensively acquired buns.

Lloyd is admirable in this comedy and he is given excellent assistance by Jobyna Ralston. You will find "For Heaven's Sake" well up among Lloyd's second-best comedies.

Lardner's Baseball Hero

I LIKED Thomas Meighan's "The New Klondike" immensely. This is far and away ahead of anything this star has contributed to the screen in a long time.

"The New Klondike" is an amusing story of the devastating effect the Florida real-estate madness has upon a baseball team. It is written with a fine sense of humor by Ring Lardner, who knows more about ball players than anyone I know. The story itself—of a baseball star who is canned by a crooked manager and who wins his place on the team along with the managership—isn't much. The Lardner slant upon these grown-up children of the diamond and upon the Florida Klondike (that was) makes it diverting. The direction of Lewis Milestone, too, is excellent.

Thomas Meighan plays *Tom Kelly,* the baseball star who is so basely treated by the scoundrelly manager. Meighan is just himself in a rôle that shrieks for characterization. This star was once an excellent actor. Remember his work in "The Miracle Man"? Now he seems afraid to characterize.

The real honors of the comedy go to Paul Kelly, as a boob bush leaguer breaking into big company. There is a delightfully done bit, of a real-estate shark at work upon the boobery, by an unnamed comedian. The manager is well played by J. W. Johnston, an actor capable of far better rôles than this.



Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman in "Kiki"

Norma Talmadge's Kiki

PROBABLY Norma Talmadge's screen version of the André Picard's comedy, "Kiki," will be highly popular. We had difficulty getting into the huge Capitol Theater in New York to view it. Furthermore, the observers about me gave every evidence of liking the celluloid "Kiki" immensely.

Unfortunately, when Lenore Ulric played *Kiki,* some seasons ago, we fell captive to her performance. *Kiki,* you know, is a little gutter *gamine* who works her way into the chorus of a Paris music hall, sets her queer little cap for the handsome manager, and actually outwits the prima donna who has him in her train. In fact, *Kiki* ends by winning the manager completely.

Miss Ulric made *Kiki,* for all her sordid *gamine* trickiness, saucy, sparkling and wholly captivating. Miss Talmadge follows the Ulric interpretation in every detail, even to the costume and the queer little walk. There the comparison ends. She sugars *Kiki* and sentimentalizes her. The Ulric verve isn't there.

Still, as we have said, picture audiences will probably

Frederick James Smith Reviews the New Photoplays



Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston in "For Heaven's Sake"

like Miss Talmadge's *Kiki*. All of which can not keep us from thinking of other players who could have done so much better with *Kiki*. Constance Talmadge, for instance.

In one thing the silverscreen "Kiki" far surpasses the stage version. The footlight "Kiki" certainly did not have Ronald Colman. And Marc MacDermott does very well with the rôle of *Baron Rapp*. The direction of Clarence Brown is adequate, revealing a fine variety of camera shots. It is workmanlike but not distinguished.

1926 "Taming of the Shrew"

Fannie Hurst received $50,000 for writing "'Mannequin." We dont know how much she got for "The Untamed Lady," but she owes some of it to Will Shakespeare, since the story is a modern adaptation of "The Taming of the Shrew." Yes, this comedy has been modernized before.

The only item of interest in "The Untamed Lady" is Gloria Swanson. The star plays the self-willed *St. Claire Van Tassel*, spoiled young lady of wealth. *Larry Gastlen* starts out to break her spirit and, having accomplished this, marries her.

The comedy limps along under the direction of Frank Tuttle. Nor does Lawrence Gray, the over-praised leading man, add anything to the general effect. Miss Swanson has a few interesting moments —and that's all.



Dorothy Mackaill and Conway Tearle in "The Dancer of Paris"

Norma Shearer and Charles Emmett Mack in "The Devil's Circus"

"The Dancer of Paris," based upon a story by the much-talked-about Michael Arlen, is just a carefully devised boob shocker. Altho Arlen has passed from the center of the spotlight in the literary and stage world, the remnants of his fame will still carry a screen story or two to success in the hinterland.

Arlen's Boob Shocker

"The Dancer of Paris" is the ornate yarn of a rich spendthrift flapper, who, upon being spurned by a sick Englishman, starts out to wreak her vengeance. She becomes a professional dancer and follows him about the world, taunting him with her unattainable loveliness which, if we may believe Arlen, is "like the gold dust that lies on the floors of the dungeons of gaiety." Furthermore, her laughter is "like lightning against a tortured sky."

(*Continued on page* 83)

MASTERS OF THE

By Matthew Josephson

"AFTER all, the motion picture is only at the beginning of its greater career. It has its own medium of motion within pictorial beauty, to which it adds whatever it can use from literature, painting, dancing, drama, and, above all, music. But we are still groping, and we are simply going to take ideas, wherever they come from and whenever we think we can apply them. . . ."

Thus, King Vidor, one of our most talented and far-sighted directors. At which the writer conceived the somewhat ambitious design of setting forth thru a longish ramble over the ground of the past and present "masterpieces" of the cinema, trusting that by means of a fair and reasonable analysis of them, a sifting to the bottom of their actual accomplishments, some light might be thrown on what the movies have gone thru and where they are going.

What Are Masterpieces?

LET us consider the great films of the past as explorations in an unknown land. We are looking at them only from the point of view of the more or less sensitive animal who sits in the darkened theater peering at the dancing black and white of the screen. After all, the powers that be in the movies *are* concerned with what happens in the brain of him who consumes their millions of feet of reel.

And what is a "masterpiece" of the cinema? Is it not one of those pictures that is hard to forget, perhaps impossible to forget? As to the qualities that force us to remember them, we shall recognize them better by examining the pictures we have not been able to forget.

"The Birth of a Nation" is still running somewhere in the United States; it must be nearly a decade since it was made. In some respects, the movies during this time (and Griffith himself) have never exceeded it.

This picture marks a period, when the movies ceased to be a form of cheap entertainment, nickelodeon, a "joke," a "lot of photography." Griffith, the pioneer, gave the world a new shudder; that is, a thrill such as they could not have got out of books, plays, operas. He had a big enough mind to deal with a universal theme, war and peace, in a big and serious way, altho in the movies. First, he utilized the ability of the cinema to spread over a large slice of history and over a vast panorama of events, armies, men, dramas. To realize graphically the sweep and power of a story that spread over many years and many states was a new "effect" that the book which gave germ to the film never approached. It was a revelation, and showed that you could do serious pictures on a heroic scale, and that you could hold a public a whole evening thru ten or a dozen reels. The handling of groups, mobs, in order to secure the utmost emphasis on the action they symbolized; the *composing* of these pictures, some of them so precise that they are of historical value; the intelligent direction of the actors, so that they were deeply convincing and never looked like *foolish* movie people—all this marked a great forward step.

Griffith's Film Dramatics

ALTHO Griffith thru this picture and afterward became a master of *tempo,* a wizard at building up everything to the single concentration point of action, "The Birth of a Nation" seemed to fall distinctly into two episodes: the Civil War, and the post-war reconstruction period. The war period was very loosely put together, and weakened the structure of the whole film, to my mind, by providing an anti-climax. But in the second episode Griffith did some amazing things in the way of film dramatics. He had three or four stories going on at the same time, all working to their common climax, in their various ways. The besieging of the little party of whites in the cabin; the attempted violation of the girl; the rising disorder and debauchery among the blacks; all are brought to a happy and just (it is supposed) solution by the tremendous raid of the Klansmen. And as for the Klansmen, he had created them dramatically by providing in a logical sequence one scene after another of mounting horror, calculated to make revolt and violence inevitable for the downtrodden whites.



Gilliams Service

Scene from a new German film drama based upon the life of Frederick the Great

Early Chaplin Comedies

AMONG the things we must drag back out of the past are the early Chaplin films.

Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," "The Rink," "The Immigrant," presented the dance of life. He was the greatest dancer of all; and in his pictures, everything danced, his walking stick, his splay feet, his mouth, his mustache, his hands.

MOTION PICTURE

A Critical Discussion of the Screen's Advance

his trousers. It was not the minuet, or the old-fashioned waltz, or even the fox-trot. It was the rhythm and balance of an infinite variety of movements and gestures, from the wildest shocks and rebounds to the most delicate twirlings or nuances of his facial muscles. It was such a mirroring of life as we would rather look at in the films than read in a book, or hear in music, or look at in a painting. In his own style he was a poet of motion; and his own energy, his dynamo of a figure was hurled against a world that was inert and insensitive, the world of Mack Swains, of policemen, of order and peace. Sometimes he set everything to dancing about him, as in "The Immigrant" where we are convulsed by the backward and forward sliding of the food on the steerage table. But always he possessed this secret of skidding, skating, careening thru life at a pace, or rhythm that created a *new laughter*, a new happiness, that we should all have been much poorer not to have had.

Nobody, of course, could ever duplicate the *personality* which Chaplin created as well—the Mona Lisa like smile, a certain wistfulness combined with insolence toward all the things that are proper and sacred.

Harold Lloyd adopted cunningly all the farcial machinery Chaplin used, which had really been hatched in Mack Sennett's studios. Here we have again an uproarious poetry of motion, which is inimitably of the cinema. It is exquisitely created in the elaborate farces of Lloyd; and, characteristically enough, his face is a perfect mask while his body never stops moving. Lloyd developing from Chaplin mastered also some of the secrets of *tempo*. That is, starting at a given speed, he would work up to a frenzy of motion in different directions, when until we were convulsed he would devastate us by a still more outrageous combination.

One of those German scientists who write books on the cinema said: "The reason why the American comedies are so infinitely superior to European comedies, is that they realize the humor of motion, *kinetic* farce."

READERS of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will recall that the typical products of 1915-1920 were the old Triangle society drama, the cowboy films of William S. Hart, and an occasionally high-minded piece of work, such as John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Miracle Man," or "The Spoilers."



Scene from a new German trick film, "In the Land of Fortune," soon to be seen in America

Many of the old thrillers realized the beauty of motion unconsciously. The cowboy pictures more than the others. The attraction of a William S. Hart as a desperado fleeing from justice, or as an avenging force, was that of the primitive animal power in men, which the cinema could already give so graphically. It was wholly *visual*. As to the literary content of these old thrillers, those of us who still can, sometimes blush over it. But if they could be revived, and the titles rewritten by such wits as Marc Connelly and George Kaufman, I imagine that they might reveal a native and ingenuous charm all their own.

"The Spoilers," based on Rex Beach's novel, and again exceeding the literary work, had one of those herculean struggles that we are glad enough to witness from a safe seat. But the fight was perfectly logical, in the film at any rate. Moreover, the villain in this case had a perfectly sound chance of getting away with the hero's gold mine, in view of his power and the lawlessness that prevailed in Alaska.

The same sense of a struggle on a heroic scale is found in "The Miracle Man," altho in this case the hero, played by Thomas Meighan at his very best, seems to be in opposition to a supernatural force, spiritual faith.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," belonging to approximately this same period which ended five years ago, was a piece of serious film-drama, seriously conceived, intelligently directed by John Robertson and cast, so that everyone played with great skill and sincerity. However, we seem now to have gone very far from even the acting of John Barrymore, which completely lacked that "movie-way" that the stars have now.

None of the three films just mentioned overcomes the handicap which exists in our minds now as a result of the tremendous strides made in camera technique. None of them is equal to modern pictures in the firm, clear beauty of their *cinema compositions*.

It is impossible to have seen everything; life is too short for that. Altho it is now possible to revive nearly everything, thanks to the enlightened Film Guild. We can recall enough from the already dim past of the movies to feel that the early work realized a tiny part of the broad medium which the cinema offers. They kept things moving before our eyes, in

(*Con. on page 72*)





Nealson Smith

The SHEIK Returns

With the big Fairbanks-Pickford lot trans formed into a sandy stretch of the Sahara, Rudolph Valentino has been at work upon his "Son of the Sheik" for some time.

"Son of the Sheik" is E. M. Hull's attempt to duplicate her best-selling shocker of several years ago. The film version, bad as it was, helped to lift Rudy to his meteoric popularity.

Will "Son of the Sheik" turn the trick of denting the box-office for Valentino? We shall see. Anyway, Rudy will have the glamourous assistance of Vilma Banky, who has been termed the Hungarian rhapsody. And the superb directorial aid of George Fitzmaurice.



The OFF-STAGE LAUGH

The Part Played by Mrs. Raymond Hatton in Her Husband's Career

By GLENN CHAFFIN

THE thing began when the Hattons were youngsters together "on the road." They had been married only a short time, but had already missed a few meals together. They played a different show and a different town every week. Sometimes the changes were more often than that. Pay envelopes were at a premium.

One night when Raymond was doing a comedy bit in a play his humor failed to create more than a mild ripple of enthusiasm from the Middle-Western audience. He had gone without dinner and he felt more like playing for tears than laughs.

Suddenly from the wings off stage he heard the half-hushed laugh of a girl. A laugh subdued, but intoxicating.

Its effect on the comedian was electric. He told me the other night that it was as cheering as tho somebody had tossed him a ham sandwich, or a five-dollar bill.

"That's a left-handed tribute to Frances," he added, "but you see in those days we got most of our inspiration from a lunch counter. It's all right for the philosophers to parade the theory that genius is born of want, but it's hard to act funny when the thing you want is a square meal.





Evans

Raymond and Frances Hatton have been married for years, since they played together in road shows. Now she does her bit out of sight of the camera

Then Frances Laughed

"I GLANCED off stage and there stood Frances, laughing to beat the band. I dont know yet just what my reaction was, but in a few minutes I had everybody in the house roaring. Say, neighbor, I swaggered off that stage with the world at my feet. And, no joking, I could have taken bows out there for an hour."

Aside from the fact that I spent a great many of my week-ends last summer as the guest of the Hattons and Milt Howe, who have adjoining beach cabins near Santa Barbara, I have never actually been a neighbor of Ray's. But it is a term that he uses frequently to his friends and he has a way of saying it that makes you feel as tho you'd fought Indians with him. Or homesteaded by his side in the great open spaces. The kind of fellow you feel that you can ask for a free meal without losing his friendship.

The idea for this exposé of the Hatton professional alliance originated in an incident which occurred on a stage at the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Hollywood a short time ago. Ray was playing a scene with Mary Brian in "Behind the Front," a war comedy in which Hatton and Wallace Beery clown their way thru barbed wire entanglements, shell holes and what-not.

"Behind the Front"

FRANCES and I were standing off stage watching Ray fill his coat sleeves full of silverware. The thing was funny, but at first I confined my enjoyment to a grin, figuring that my cue was to be neither seen nor heard while there was action in the air.

Not so Mrs. Hatton. She laughed outright and heartily. The camera was grinding away and I made the *faux pas* of my young life by trying to "shush" her.

She looked at me in amazement.

"Dont shush me, silly. I'm doing this for Raymond's benefit. This is my contribution to his art. I'm the 'off-stage' laugh that you hear so much about in the 'speakies' realm."

Just as soon as the scene was finished, Ray came over to where we were standing.

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All's FAIR in Love

By Mary B. Chapman



Melbourne Spurr

At fifteen Elinor Fair made her début as the little cripple girl in "The Miracle Man." Remember that touching performance?

THERE is much controversy in Hollywood—and elsewhere—concerning careers *versus* matrimony, and many and varied are the opinions advanced on the subject.

But there is one girl in town who found the passport to success in both lines handed to her because a director spent one spare hour in a certain picture house.

The girl is Elinor Fair, the director is Cecil B. De Mille, and the picture was one starring Buck Jones and with scenes laid in a Western lumber camp.

Found by De Mille

ONCE during the picture, Elinor in a sudden flare of mimic temper slapped Buck Jones in the face; at another time, she opened a door, smiling, and before she had closed it her expression had changed from joy to bitter tragedy. Mr. De Mille observed and made mental note at nine o'clock one evening.

At ten next morning, the brown-eyed Elinor was informed over the telephone that Mr. Goodstadt, casting director for De Mille productions, wished to see her.



Elinor Fair as the princess in Cecil De Mille's new production, "The Volga Boatman"

How Elinor Fair Met and Married Bill Boyd



William Davis Pears



At the left, Elinor Fair in a scene of "The Volga Boatman" with William Boyd. Two months and four days after she met Bill, the two were married

"I thought he wanted to see me about a lead with Rod La Rocque," said Elinor, dimples dancing in the rose of her cheeks, "but instead he took me up to Mr. De Mille's office, and I learned I was being considered for the part of the princess in 'The Volga Boatman.'

"No, I wasn't nervous. I've never been afraid to meet anyone. I believe I could go and talk to the president and feel no more impressed than if I were conversing with the doorman of the studio.

"Sign Her Up!"

"Mr. De Mille told me the story of the picture, asked me a few questions about work, and then we discussed foreign countries and men, women and dogs. At the end of half an hour, he called Mr. Goodstadt and said: 'Take your girl down-stairs and sign her up,' and that's all there was to it."

It was her work in this picture that caused Mr. De Mille to give her a contract calling for featured rôles. But the most important development of her signature on the dotted line, according to Elinor herself, was the acquiring of a bridegroom.

Shortly after the name "Elinor Fair" had been appended to the paper on Mr. Goodstadt's desk, the owner of it was given a screen test for hair-dressing and costume.

As she stepped up on the set, she noticed a tall, fair youth standing near the camera, doing nothing in particular.

"Miss Fair, let me present Mr. William Boyd," mumbled the director of the test, and in the same breath began to explain the action of the scene.

The two young people looked at one another briefly, bowed, and walked away—one to her place before the Kleigs, the other—but where Bill Boyd went, Elinor doesn't know, for she was so little interested that she failed to notice whether or not he was still on the set when the test was over.

Meets Bill Boyd

So much for love at first sight.

They met again when Mr. De Mille read the story to the cast, and a week later found them together on location near Sacramento.

"We played around with each other, as leading players of a picture always do," admitted Elinor, "but until the last day of our stay there was no more to it. Then—it happened."

What "it" was is to be interpreted by those who have been in love.

"We were to leave that day, and Mr. De Mille hoped to make one last shot of me by the river, so I had my make-up and costume on, while Bill was in civilian clothes ready to go home. We were waiting for the sun to come out, you see, so we sat on the barge by the river with the clouds hanging low and a chill wind blowing.

(*Continued on page 78*)



International Newsreel

Clara Bow again is reported engaged. This time to Gilbert Roland, a film player of some prominence. The wedding date is still unnamed



Pacific & Atlantic

Mr. and Mrs. Buck Jones drop in to call upon Will Hays before sailing for Europe. Both Will and Buck spent their boyhood in Indiana

Letters to King Dodo

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

ONE of the strangest phenomena of Hollywood is the Writers' Club of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America. I hope to have the pleasure of conducting Your Majesty to dine there *incognito* when you visit this country. The busy writers do not frequent the club by day, but in the cool of the evening they come down to feed on the tender asparagus tips and the young squabs provided under the careful management of Major Hughes, Our President.

Here Your Majesty will observe a discreet nook, reserved for the celluloid samurai, palpitant with well-bred interest. A Maker of Stars is revealing to a chosen few the secret of her success. Voluminous in a batiked frock that encloses her as in the nimbus of an ample sunset cloud, she rolls her eyes expressively.

"I take no credit to myself. I realize that my hand is guided by the souls of generations long since departed!"

The table stiffens, gaping.

"Well do I remember those wonderful nights on the Nile!"

She sighs voluptuously.

"I was his mother in that incarnation. But I wronged him."

The table buzzes with respectful comment.

"And listen! I take no credit for my wonderful screen stories. They are all written for me. I go to bed at night and promptly at 4 A. M. the subconscious mind—heritage of generations of the best brains of all lands—begins to work for me. When I wake up, the story has been completed."

The table twitters its appreciation.

"But this gift of recalling the past so vividly has its drawbacks."

She looks coyly sidewise.

"Just the other day on the set a tall, dark, East Indian gentleman stepped up to me. He looked me right in the eye and in a deep, magnetic voice he said, as he held my hand: 'Do you remember that night in Babylon four thousand years ago?'

"I was so embarrassed!"

New York.
Dear King:

DOUBTLESS, you are interested in knowing about Alastair Mackintosh, who married your favorite, Constance Talmadge. The Hon. Alastair departed from California shortly after the wedding, sojourning in Palm Beach and other Florida points for a time. Thus Connie spent part of her honeymoon alone.

My spies report to me that the Hon. Alastair is a personal friend of the Prince of Wales and a former captain in the Seaforth Highlanders. He is a member of the prominent Inverness family and was at one time equerry to Princess Beatrice. Later he acted as A. D. C. to the governor of Bombay.

Still, that doesn't explain to your highness, I know, how a bridegroom could ramble off to Palm Beach, leaving the fair Connie behind.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

JEAN HERSHOLT told me the other day that he hopes to be able to work with Erich Von Stroheim and also to play "The Return of Peter Grimm" for Fox. If he performs this feat, Fox will have to hurry *Peter's* return to enable Jean to begin with Von the next month.

The sudden but determined rise of Jean Hersholt will interest Your Majesty, because it was not an accident as most movie careers happen to be, but was actually





International Newsreel

Laura La Plante and Hedda Hopper come to New York for a brief visit. The CLASSIC cameraman met them at Grand Central Station

The dangerous difficulties of being a cameraman. John Boyle, from Director Lambert Hillyer's car, films a race at thirty-five miles an hour

By DON RYAN and FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

engineered by the climber, who used business methods on the business men who make the pictures. His salary is now something scandalous.

Hersholt had been a small-fry director for years. He played the villain with Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." The shrewd eyes of Von Stroheim noticed him and gave him the part of *Martin Schuler* in "Greed." Hersholt scored and was promptly deluged with demands that he play the identical character in other pictures—this is the system when an actor makes a hit in a certain part.

But Jean was not to be caught in this vicious system. He managed to slip in some characterizations that were not *Martin Schuler's* but were equally good ones. And his last impersonation, that of *The Old Soak*, places him definitely as the first character actor of the screen. I am excepting Lon Chaney, whose genius lies in the direction of eccentric characterizations.

"It's a joke," laughed Hersholt, telling me about his sensational arrival.

"If I had suggested playing a Warfield rôle a few years ago, the producers would have laughed at me. Yesterday I found myself up against this situation. Von wants me to be co-starred in 'The Wedding March.' Fox wants me to play 'The Return of Peter Grimm.' Lasky wants me for 'The Rough Rider,' a story about Roosevelt—all at the same time."

If necessary, Jean will choose to go with Von Stroheim, the director who really made him, and sacrifice the other parts. His part in "The Wedding March" is a butcher, the rival of the aristocratic militarist to be played by Von himself.

"'In The Old Soak,'" said Jean, with the remnants of a Danish accent, "I had to laugh. They were afraid to keep the ending of Don Marquis' play because the play was a flop in the middle of America where the sentiment is dry. So they added a scene to the picture in which the old man repents and sits there crying—smashing all his whisky bottles! It may satisfy the censors, but the old soak would never have done that in real life."

New York.

Your Highness:

YOUR telegram for further facts about Lya de Putti was acted upon at once. Lya, as you know has recovered from her operation and is working in the Griffith effort, "The Sorrows of Satan." My spy No. 47, located in Berlin, tells me that Lya's real name isn't de Putti, after all. It's Amalia Janke. She was at work at the Ufa studios when she signed up with Famous Players. She finished the film on a Saturday, whereupon she boarded a train without informing anyone.

Various claims as to debts were advanced immediately. These claims amounted to eighty thousand gold marks. One of the creditors complained to the police and Lya was held up at Cologne. She was allowed to continue, however, after depositing five thousand gold marks.

Other alleged creditors appeared, but Lya was across the border. Her motor car and other valuables left behind in Berlin were seized. For a time it seemed that Lya might not sail to these shores. Finally, some sort of arrangement was made and Lya departed.

The fair Lya is reported to be getting $1,000 a week at Famous.

Hollywood.

Dear Majesty:

IN my last epistle I had the honor to comment to Your Majesty upon the bizarre practice in moviedom of altering the intention of a play in order to escape censorship. Better not make it, at all, you would think—but the producers believe they must have the play for its name.



Buster Keaton gets encouragement during the filming of the comedy, "Battling Butler," from Mickey Walker, welterweight champion



Alice Lloyd, the English comedian, calls upon Charlie Chaplin. Years ago they played on the same bills in the English music-halls

The Puritan thread which runs thru American life is evidently just as tough as it was in the days of the Salem witchcraft. There always has been, of course, plenty of opposition. But Your Majesty could never guess the quarter from which the latest anti-Puritan propaganda is coming. Lillian Gish is making "The Scarlet Letter" into a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, acting on her own initiative. Her own ancestors were New England roundheads and she always wished to reproduce Hawthorne's masterpiece as a movie.

Securely hidden behind a tall "nigger," I watched the frail Lillian making a scene for the picture—the scene in which *Hester Prynne* meets her husband after she has been decorated with the letter of shame. I never saw so much pains being taken with any scene—and I have watched Von Stroheim at work again and again. Lillian was rehearsing her own scene apparently without any direction from Victor Seastrom, who was just sitting on the side-lines.

But the most pains were being taken with the lights. The lights were the invention of Lillian's own camera wizard, the former Herr Professor Hendrik Sartov, of Rotterdam. This physicist, weaned from his university, but not from his long pipe and flowing tie, was putting one band of light over Lillian's eyes while with another arrangement he was getting rid of her cheek-bones. He is undoubtedly a monumental asset.

Lillian and her friends are going to make "The Scarlet Letter" without softening the hard Puritan character, I was told. It will be a lesson for the long-hairs of today, the same lesson that Griffith attempted to convey in "Intolerance" and failed magnificently in the doing.

This picture begins to look like another big success for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; and with such a bright young man as Joseph Hergesheimer for her press-agent, I see a bright future for Lillian.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

JOHN GILBERT is being fitted at the Western Costume Company for the trunk-hose, the doublets, the velvets and laces and armor he will wear as the hero of a piece the title of which, when he pronounced it for me, sounded like a savory sauce: "Bordelaise, the Magnificent," or something of the sort—by Rafael Sabatini, the modern romancer of the Middle Ages.

I am inclined to agree with the opinion, expressed after viewing "The Big Parade" at Your Majesty's theater in Oz, that Jack Gilbert eclipses in sheer histrionics, any leading man who heretofore has graced the celluloid drama. In answer to Your Majesty's question anent the secret of his outstanding superiority, it seems to me that Jack possesses all the qualities of the others with the addition of a more subtle personality. He is of a finer grain. His acting never jars. Watching Gilbert gives the same satisfaction as riding in a perfect foreign-built motor-car.

It is almost impossible to believe that the drab and wrinkled extra whom I encountered the other day waiting for some scrap to be thrown from the casting window at the Fox Studio could be Jack Gilbert's father. Yet such is his claim, and Jack himself does not attempt to deny it. The son sends a monthly check, but he does not wish any closer contact with the man who says he is his father.

"He didn't show himself till I was on top," said Jack. "When I needed a father, he wasn't there. To save my neck I cannot feel any affection for this man who is a stranger to me."

Physically, there is no resemblance between the mouse-colored old stock actor, whose name is John Pringle, and the dark, vivid, romantic-looking Gilbert, who resembles his mother. She was Ida Adair, once a favorite on Broadway—a flower that quickly withered and died in the hectic glare of the calciums. As a boy, Jack knew little of either parent. He was indeed a *David Copperfield* of the stage.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

HERE is one of the odds and ends of movie life which may afford Your Majesty some amusement. Three years ago a girl named Gladys McConnell graduated from Hollywood High School and tried to break into pictures. For weeks she haunted Fred Datig's antechamber at Universal City—without any result.



Syd Chaplin demonstrates the only safe way to be a cowboy. However, this pony isn't so good in a stampede



Greta Garbo helps Lew Cody make up as *Othello* for an episode of "Toto," being filmed at Metro-Goldwyn. Would you recognize Lew? We wouldn't

It happened then that her sister Hazel, a leading woman in West Coast stock theaters, took a six-hundred-foot test of herself to show to Datig. In the last scene Gladys, the sister, appeared as a maid, handing a wrap to the aspiring screen actress. After the test Datig said to Hazel:

"I dont think we can use *you* but—who was that girl who appeared in the last scene?"

"My sister," replied Hazel.

"Send her out," said the Universal official, and the girl who had given up hope of ever getting a job, was placed under contract.

Gladys has been playing leads for Hal Roach. She recently signed a five-year contract with Fox. What happened to Hazel? Oh, she got married.

Hollywood.

Dear Majesty:

THERE was a time when Hollywood looked with some contempt upon the comedy producer. Comedies were still fill-ins. However, a new comedy era threatens to make the bathing-girl motif an antique, according to plans that are blooming at Hal Roach's plant. Roach possesses in Katherine Grant, Martha Sleeper, Glenn Tyron and others some very possible feature material. Whereas they were merely comedians yesterday, they have now become factors worthy of more than passing consideration. For under the new régime, Hal Roach has inaugurated a series of all-star comedies in which such personages as Virginia Pearson, Eva Novak and Lionel Barrymore have already appeared. The astute producer recently signed Ethel Clayton and will, no doubt, close his negotiations with Irene Bordoni to come West and make a two-reel comedy.

It may soon be possible for the big studios to farm out their contract players to Roach, and there are few companies that will not seize this opportunity to let the comedy producer pay for their players' idle hours. The actors realize that it is a means of getting a greater number of film appearances, and while comedies are comedies, business is business.

Before long we may see Norma Shearer, Jack Gilbert, Madge Bellamy, Leatrice Joy, Belle Bennett, Francis X. Bushman, even John Barrymore, engaging in the idle-hour game.

Why not? Many of Mack Sennett's comedies are better than the heavy dramas they burlesque.

New York.

Dear Rex:

I KNOW your highness will be amused at the way an executive of a big New York newspaper whipped a certain motion picture company into line.

A former member of this paper's editorial staff had been a scenarist in Hollywood. The company advanced the writer to the post of director. In the course of events something happened. The writer-director, on location, was relieved of his post and ordered back to the studio. Someone in power hadn't taken a fancy to him, it seems.

Back at the studio, the writer-director resigned. By chance he told his story to the executive of his old newspaper, who happened to be visiting in Los Angeles. The executive dropped around to see the president of the film company, also in town. He intimated that the whole thing was unethical, and that the writer ought to be paid the full amount of his contract. The film president stalled—but the executive was obdurate. Finally, the writer-director was paid in full.

Unfortunately, your highness, few screen workers have powerful friends. If they did, there would be fewer dirty tricks pulled in what we pleasantly term the fifth great industry.

Hollywood.

Dear Majesty:

MY friend Carey Wilson has never ceased to talk about the halcyon days when the "Ben-Hur" company was spending Marcus Loew's money so gaily in that dear Italy.

It has been nearly a year now since Carey was resurrected from an ancient Roman tomb. Carey, who is a professional scenario writer—but that should not be laid too heavily against him—still delights to tell about the Bragaglia Café.

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Filming "Beau Geste"

(*Continued from page 26*)

picture, as we watched the lowering of the colors at sundown—two Americans folding the Stars and Stripes, two Englishmen folding the Union Jack, and two Frenchmen the flag of France.

A Cast of Veterans

Most of the cast are veterans of the World War and take to soldiering naturally.

Victor McLaglen, *Hank* of the picture, was captain of police in the city of Bagdad, and has dealt with the children of the desert first hand.

"Killing a white man brings an Arab nearer his heaven," he explained, his eyes on the long line of mounted Arabs, whose flowing robes and giant shields no longer terrified their trained steeds.

Training the horses to bear such garbed and yelling riders was part of the task of Jack Moore, in charge of all stock used in the picture. His was also the feat of "breaking" the 150 mules ridden by the Senegalese troops, bringing them within two weeks from the status of wild mules on the range to army steeds working in formation.



Alice Tildesley on location with the "Beau Geste" company. Left to right: Paul McAllister, William Powell, Noah Beery, Victor McLaglen, Miss Tildesley, Norman Trevor, Director Brenon, Ronald Colman and Neil Hamilton

It was the war that put Victor McLaglen in close sympathy with Herbert Brenon on the making of "Beau Geste." Victor is one of eight brothers all over six feet tall, and England's declaration of war brought all of them home from various parts of the world to enlist.

Fred was Victor's elder and favorite brother.

"He used to be always talking about 'my young brother Vic,'" remembered Victor, "and people would expect to meet a youngster about thirteen. Then I'd come in—bigger than the side of a house! Well, anyway, when I left home the first time, I was seventeen and Fred took me to the boat. . . .

"I met him, when we gathered to enlist, on a corner in Piccadilly. 'Leaving tomorrow for Mesopotamia!' he greeted me, and presently: 'I say, do you remember how I took you to the boat when you first went away? I'd like you to do the same for me tomorrow, Vic. That will be our last good-bye.'

"I was horrified. 'Oh, you'll come back, old man!' I assured him. He shook his head. . . . He was right. He never did come back."

There are brothers of the blood—and there are brothers of the heart. Of the latter are Ronald Colman and William Powell, who share a tent on "Beau Geste Square." (The twenty-five streets in camp are named for the various pictures made by Director Brenon.)

Not since the filming of "Romola," when the two spent an idyllic year together in Italy, have they appeared in the same cast.

There is a certain tender memory belonging to these two concerning a table at a sidewalk café—a table always reserved for them. It was here they sat on their last day in Italy, under the budding green of an April now two years past. Ronald was called back to New York, William was headed for the North.

"When shall we two meet again?" was the burden of their thoughts.

"Beau Geste" is the answer.

Wherever Noah Beery goes, the records of Tito Schipa, that brother of his heart, go also. When the terrible *Lejaune* of the picture rests in the shade of his tent, the golden voice of the tenor is heard. And so wherever Tito Schipa travels, the first thing he does on arrival in a town is to scan the theatrical bill of fare and choose one of Noah's pictures. . . .

Norman Trevor, *Beaujolais* of the story, was born in India; when he was grown he visited Morocco and saw the Foreign Legion in its desert forts.

"The only difference between our location here and the country there," he observed, "is the color of the sand. Ours is a rich gold—theirs is paler. But in the dawn or at sunset you note the same effects. At sunrise the dunes take on a rosy tint with a faint blue in the shadows; at the close of day they are a strange Nile green, deepening to purple."

Difference in Deserts

Another difference in deserts was pointed out by Paul McAllister (*St. André*)—the trail of a bobcat over the hills!

"You can dig down in our desert and strike water—so men and animals lost on it can live," explained Mr. Trevor, "but in Africa, except in an oasis, you would dig in vain."

One of the laws of the Foreign Legion is that when something is stolen, the man from whom it is stolen is punished instead of the thief.

"I have watched a *légionnaire* wash his hands," said Mr. Trevor. "Not daring to lay down his soap, he holds it in his mouth. An article of clothing he is not wearing is securely fastened to a board. If by chance someone gets his belt or button, he promptly steals from another."

But we need not depend on second-hand tales on this location, for Leo Sleeman is a seven years' veteran of the real Foreign Legion and carries with him his *"Livre de la Légion Etrangère."*

The little book contains the "thou shalt nots" of the legion and the grim word *"Mort"* follows twenty-six of the commandments.

Three medals of the legion decorate the breast of this genuine *légionnaire,* but one of his hands is minus a finger.

"Arab," he explained, to the listening group lounging in the oasis beyond the fort. "I am smoking the cigaret in the night outside the walls. I have come off from sentry-go. I take the cigaret from my lips and hold it out—so—while I blow forth the smoke. Ping! An Arab sharpshooter from the great dark aims at the light and gets my finger."

And once, when Sleeman was guard on duty in the barrack room, a fellow soldier got *"le cafard,"* drank too deeply, and in a drunken rage killed a comrade.

The commandant of the fort called the clerk, had him read above the unconscious form of the murderer, who had slumped down over a table in a stupor, the legion rule pertaining to his offense—one of those

(*Continued on page 73*)

Tents in Canaan

(*Continued from page* 19)

A workshop—a home—by Gad! He seeks a reference for something. We rise and follow him into his bedroom where Jack has a few immediate books. His library has not yet arrived.

The door turns at the clutch of a great black key three feet long, duplicated from the product of a sixteenth-century workshop. The books are in a small rack at the foot of the bed, a massive four-poster, heavily hung in rose brocade. The books Jack has just been reading—"Arrowsmith," "The World's Illusion," "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," "Husbands and Lovers," Sadakichi Hartmann's mad "Confucius."

Yes, presented by the author. The old satyr had presented me likewise, then called and carried away two books written and presented by Ben DeCasseres. There is a method in his madness, for he played on Jack the same trick.

Typical of Gilbert

JACK belongs — in this house of neo-Spanish feeling. His brown, liquid eyes, his hair with the oily gloss of a raven's back, definitely place him here. One lock of long hair is falling carelessly down his forehead, curling like a dark, lively vine —a graveyard vine, somber with youth matured before its time. For Gilbert, a poet at heart, an actor by the gift of a great power of feeling, has a mottled groundwork of backstage life instead of a boyhood.

He benefited in that he grew up an unconscious philosopher. It is give and take with Jack, in that elegant casualness which, the world over, betokens a gentleman aware.

Casually talking, we stroll thru Jack's rooms, joking about his saints and virgins which adorn ceiling and niche. Jack's bathroom is what an ancient Roman would have done with modern plumbing.

Nobody except Jack Gilbert, who doesn't give a damn what the lady fan writers write, could get away with his breakfast-room—canary yellow, with a window full of yellow canaries. Out in his garden, up a pathway, is the waterfall and Jack's beloved fish. At hand, an athletic diversion —a new Hollywood perversion—a court for the game called Dougledyas, invented by the inimitable Fairbanks. A big swimming-pool with its miniature beach of shingle and dressing-rooms labeled *Señoritas, Caballeros*.

Casually talking about women, a plaything of which we have grown sufficiently contemptuous, but, unwilling to abandon it, continue to experiment with new color series. Agreeing that light browns are most desirable but arguing about *which* browns, Jack extolling the Plantation entertainers of the Great White Way while I am all for Creole Carolynne's gals of the local Cotton Club.

Out at the gate, poised on the ledge, from which, if he felt temperamental, the star could hurl empty bottles down on the mansion of his director, King Vidor, peacefully slumbering beneath him. And so along the steep Tower Road descending toward the scattered settlements.

Evening. The white Spanish house cool without and dark within, touched by fulgurous streaks in rich tapestries and occasional glints of steel. Repose. Meditation. And a hint of melancholy.



Pola and the Borgia atmosphere of her home

The Ray Home

IF early evening is the time to visit Gilbert's house, then early morning is the only possible hour to invade the English cottage inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray.

It stands down on the level, still in Beverly, but actually on Sunset Boulevard. The rubber-neck busses ploughing by merely slow up while the distant voice of the megaphone shouter is wafted over the hedge to those within.

Ray's garden is the dream of a nostalgic Anglo-Saxon made to come true as nearly as possible in the unfitting, semitropic flora of Southern California. Hedges and fountains and velvet turf. A swimming-pool like a four-leaf clover, designed by Charley himself.

Mrs. Hemans would have loved his place. Of Charley's place we can repeat reverently the original of the parody with which I led this story:

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall, ancestral trees
O'er all the smiling land.

An English maid in stiff white peers thru the wicket. Charley comes down—in carpet slippers and flowered bath-robe, with his thin tenor voice which seems to fit the drawing-room admirably. It is the same voice as that possessed by his marvelous glass clock, a bower of thin-spun fragile posies in which a pair of shepherd lovers nest.

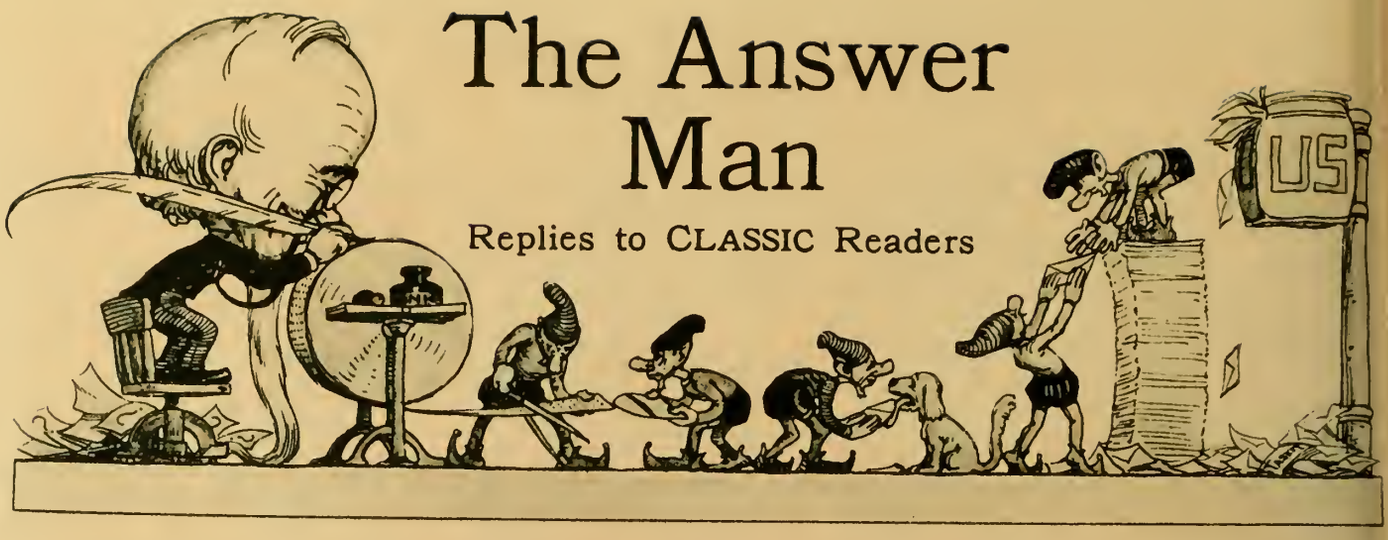
The clock speaks the early hour of nine in its thin, melodious voice. Light, light, pale, fair, English rooms. Cupids and dolphins, filigree. A priceless fan of Watteau's in a glass case. Even the piano painted after the style of Louis Quinze with one of the absurd scenes in which lords and ladies play at being shepherds and shepherdesses.

There are a few books scattered neatly about. Most of them relate to the theater. Charley takes his work seriously. There are no books about movies. There is a copy of *The House Beautiful* and *Theatre Magazine*, which, I recall bitterly, still owes me for that story on Hollywood that Papa Hornblow printed in 1924. The

(*Continued on page* 82)

The Answer Man

Replies to CLASSIC Readers



THE ANSWER MAN is at your service. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear in **THE CLASSIC**, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address. Address: The Answer Man, Motion Picture Classic, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JUST, Canton.—Dolores Costello's first starring picture for Warner will be an adaptation of Winston Churchill's "The Crisis." I say little, but I think more. A flow of words is no proof of wisdom.

K. A. MED.—You say, if I am a bachelor, I must be a singular man. Quite right. I have never married. You see, I didn't want to marry when I was young, and when I got old, no one wanted to marry me. Madge Evans has gone to Europe to travel and study. Her last picture was "Classmates."

MARY L. P.—Thanks for the drawings. So you really dont think I am an old man of some eighty years. You'll have to take my word, Mary. Buster Keaton in "The Engine Driver."

PAT, Detroit.—So you are going to California. Are you going to Ford it? Yes, I would like to have one of your kittens, but where could I keep it, here in my hall-room? Then I would have to get milk instead of buttermilk. Why, Mae Murray is playing in "Altars of Desire," directed by Christy Cabanne.

MARY S.—I have stopped at the Plaza, Havana. Couldn't afford the Sevilla-Biltmore. Yes, Lon Chaney is married. Baby Peggy is playing in "April Fool."

GRANT K.—Never mind the business outlook. Be on the lookout for business. I cant give you Clara Bow's home address, but you can reach her at Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Gertrude Short and Creighton Hale in "A Poor Girl's Romance." See you later.

BILL, U. S. N.—Heave ho, my lads, heave ho. Wait until you see "The Black Pirate." It certainly is thrilling, and Doug is marvelous in it. Mary Astor at First National, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Maria Eugenia Reachi is the daughter of Agnes Ayres, born March 25, 1926.

NEIL.—I should say you are ambitious. Keep it up. Ambition is an appetite never satisfied, a spur that never spares us. You know that courtship is a bow-knot that matrimony pulls into a hard knot. Renée Adorée does not give her age. Your letter was a gem, and it had some sparkle.

SARAH K.—See here, what's this. Why is a dog biting his tail a good manager? Because he makes both ends meet. No, William Haines is not married. And some men are known by the company they cant get into.

E. K., N. Y. C.—No, I never get tired. This is the time of the year I like to take a hike out into the woods. But try and find the woods around here. Yes, it is true that D. W. Griffith is to do Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" for Famous Players-Lasky, with Glenn Hunter in the lead. Famous will guarantee Dreiser that the book will be filmed exactly as it was written. Write Richard Dix direct.

SLIPPERY SUE.—Put on your brakes. You're skidding. William Boyd is married to Elinor Fair. You know they met while playing together in "The Volga Boatman" and were married about six weeks after. Harry Pollard directed "The Cohens & Kellys."

DE W.—No. Edwin Carewe and Arthur Edmund Carewe are not one and the same person. The former is a director. Roy D'Arcy doesn't give his age. Lou Tellegen was born in Greece. Harold Lloyd's next picture will be laid in the Kentucky hills. We'll probably see some stills.

BETTY S.—Your joke was like the little boy who asked his father if the Zebra was a black animal with white stripes or a white animal with black stripes. What is that which is put on the table and cut, but never eaten? A pack of cards. That's splenderiferous. So you want a picture of Irene Rich and Aileen Pringle in THE CLASSIC soon. You also want to know what salutation to be used when writing to Rin-Tin-Tin. Well, you can address him "Dear Sir" and he wont know the difference.

GLORIA.—Noah Beery is an old-timer, having made his first screen appearance some fifteen years ago, and he got five dollars a day for it. He now gets more than that an hour. Yes, George O'Brien had the lead in "The Iron Horse." Esther Ralston in "Old Ironsides."

HAMILTON W. W.—Here is a list of pictures Ramon Novarro has played in:

Thy Name is Woman
The Arab
The Midshipman
Ben-Hur
The Lover's Oath
Trifling Women
Prisoner of Zenda
Scaramouche
Where the Pavement Ends

He is playing in a new picture with Sally O'Neil which is untitled.

CECIL S.—I hardly think we will start either *Shadowland* or *Beauty* again. Have you seen a copy of *Movie Monthly*?

MAURICE E. N.—This is for you—during the past year more than 21,000,000 letters and 803,000 parcels went to the Dead Letter Office of the post-office because of carelessness in addressing. It has been estimated by the postal officials that every year more than 100,000 letters are sent thru the mails in perfectly blank envelopes. During the same period about $55,000 in cash, and about $12,000 in postage stamps, are removed from misdirected envelopes. On account of misdirected letters, during the course of a year, some $3,000,000 in checks, drafts and postal money orders never reach their proper parties. Write to Maurice E. Neel, Route 3, Forrest City, Arkansas, for the Carol Dempster Club.

W. J. H., Hongkong.—You show good taste in selecting your favorites. And you think Esther Ralston is more beautiful than a rose. George O'Hara and Ralph Lewis are playing in "Bigger Than Barnum." Write me again some time.

SUSIE.—I dont quite understand.

D. O. M.—Emil Jannings is to play in Paramount's "The Thief of Dreams," with Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez. This will be his first American screen début. Dolores Del Rio, one of the Wampas Baby stars, is playing in "What Price Glory." This is just the time for buttermilk. I have mine every day.

FOSTER J. B.—"The Fighting Heart" was adapted from the novel "Once to Every Man," by Larry Evans.

ALABAMA BOUND.—Why all this demand for birthdays? Birthday presents, eh? Colleen Moore's will come off August 12th, so you will have plenty of time to buy her a diamond necklace, Rolls-Royce, yacht, castle, or anything like that, but I guess she would be just as pleased with a rose or a card. She will then be the ripe old age of twenty-four. You want a cover of Esther Ralston. No, Jack Gilbert is not married now. See you later.

N. D. P.—Well, the last time I heard of Kitty Gordon she was on the stage playing in vaudeville.

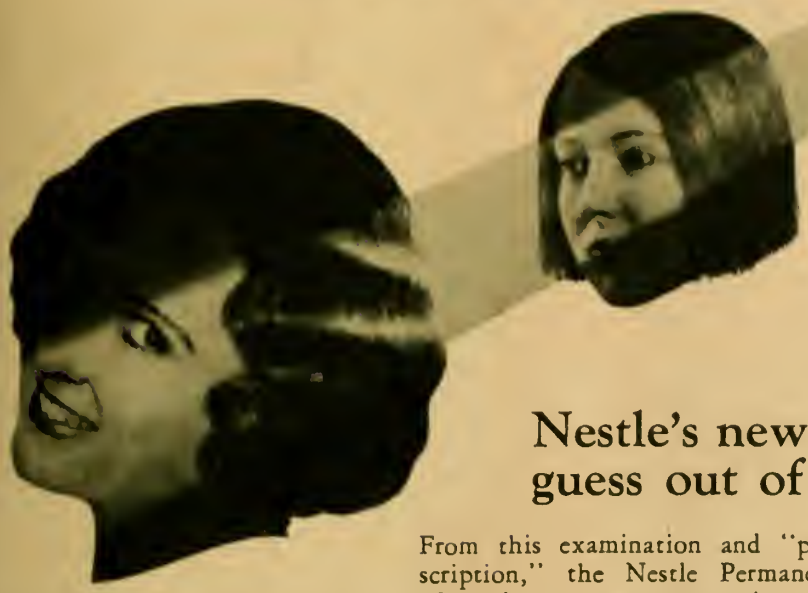
MARY L. M.—So you are reducing. You know more than half the human body is composed of water. Keep up the good work. Just write to D. W. Griffith at the Paramount Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Cecil De Mille at Culver City, California.

(*Continued on page* 71)

The X-Ray of the Hair

This machine tests a small strand of your hair. It gives your Permanent Waver advance facts that insure Safety and Perfect Results.





Nestle's new invention takes the guess out of permanent waving

NO greater step forward in hair science can be imagined than the NESTLE METER SCALE. It determines the character of your hair *in advance* of your permanent wave—and eliminates all guesswork.

Gone is the possibility of individual error, over-curling or under-curling. Gone is the era when all hair was put through the waving-machine as though all hair were alike.

Each head of hair is now waved permanently as if *Nature*, herself, had performed the duty.

As Revealing as the X-Ray

The Nestle Meter Scale discloses an amazing variety of hair qualities. It analyzes the individual characteristics of *your* hair—and your permanent wave is prescribed in advance from the Nestle Laboratory in New York.

From this examination and "prescription," the Nestle Permanent Waver in your own community will then wave your hair by the

Nestle Circuline Process

The *Circuline Process of Permanent Waving* carries out, "to the letter," the readings of the *Nestle Meter Scale*—so that each head of hair is waved according to its individual needs.

To have a perfect permanent wave is a reasonable expectation. With *Circuline* you will not be disappointed no matter what kind of hair you may have—whether it be normal, snow-white, black, blond, bleached or dyed—whether you want a tight, medium or loose wave.

Have Your Hair "Read" Before You Have It Waved

The Reading and Recommendation Cost You Nothing

Just fill out the coupon below and send a small strand of your hair (about as thick as the lead in any ordinary pencil and at least 5 inches long.) *Do not send combings*. Enclose $1 deposit to cover cost of testing.

The Nestle Laboratories will then send you a card showing the result of *your* hair test. This card contains directions to your Permanent Waver, giving the exact Circuline lotion required for any type of wave you may want.

Your $1 deposit will be deducted from the price of your next permanent wave—given anywhere in the United States where the Circuline Process is used. The Nestle Company guarantees the refund of this deposit. Over 6,000 hair dressers and beauty parlors use Nestle permanent waving apparatus.

Why not send us your hair sample at once or write for free descriptive booklet?

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Will your hair "take" a Permanent?
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Whether your hair is strong or weak, snow-white or black, bleached or dyed—no matter whether you've ever had a permanent or not—send for Mr. Nestle's new book on the Circuline Process. It is alive with helpful information on the care of the hair—material that has taken a lifetime to assemble. It will be sent to you absolutely free—*use the coupon opposite!*

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Enclosed find $1 Deposit and sample of my hair for an official laboratory reading on the Nestle Meter Scale. It is understood that my $1 will be deducted from the cost of my *next* permanent wave at any hair waving establishment using the Nestle Circuline Process. You are to send me a record of your findings and your free booklet on permanent waving.

*Name*_____
(Please write plainly)

*Address*_____

_____

If free booklet only is wanted, check here ☐

The Scarlet Letter

Lillian Gish has just completed Nathaniel Hawthorne's romance of Puritan days, "The Scarlet Letter." Who doesn't remember the tragic story of *Hester Prynne*, doomed to wear a scarlet "A" embroidered on her breast as a penalty for her adultery with her husband's friend? Miss Gish's *Hester* should be an interesting addition to her gallery of suffering heroines



Milton Brown





On this page are three striking moments of "The Scarlet Letter." At left, Miss Gish with Lars Hanson, who plays the Puritan clergyman, *Arthur Dimmesdale*, who shares *Hester's* illicit romance

Beauty is a Matter of— Common Sense and Judgment



LETTUCE CREAM

BEAUTY is not a question of miracles and magic. It is the result of common sense, good judgment, and everyday habit, just the same as other successful things.

For instance, in the care of your skin, the perfectly logical first step is cleansing. And the logical cream to use is one specially and particularly designed to cleanse—and nothing else.

Marinello Lettuce Cream does but one thing—keeps your skin clean. Does it expertly and thoroughly as a specialist should. And that clean skin is the place to begin to build beauty. Without this habit of cleanliness, beauty will neither develop nor continue.

The common-sense thing to do, then, is to make a habit of this cleansing. At the end of every day—and always before make-up, use Lettuce Cream. There are 9000 Marinello Beauty Shops using Marinello Lettuce Cream daily in preparing the skin for almost every sort of treatment.

After the cleansing the next logical step is nourishing with Marinello Tissue Cream. A skin food with but one purpose—to keep the skin nourished so that it can be beautiful. Each of the Marinello Creams—one for every skin condition—has one specific thing to do—*and does it.*

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Four Writers Condemn the Films

FRANK SWINNERTON

(*Continued from page 24*)

always find Charlie doing something you had never thought of."

That was all I could get out of him at the time. Later, however, when I spent the day with him at St. Raphael on the Riviera, he explained some of his reactions. The surroundings were less trying, for one thing; we sat out on a balcony over the Mediterranean. Instead of the cold and penetrating London fog surrounding us, we were bathed in a warm Riviera sun over a cigar and cognac after a French dinner that does not grow in London.

"English films are smashed," he said regretfully. "That is due largely to the fact that there is no duty on American films which come into England cheap, to say the least. On the other hand, English films never did quite arrive. The producers never seemed quite to realize what a stupendous job they had attempted. For one thing, they started on insufficient capital. For another thing, while they may have spent a great deal of money—ask the stockholders and they will tell you they did!—they did not give either enough thought or money to *organization*. That is wherein you Americans excel in business—in your organization; we depend on tradition. Only in the case of the films, there was no tradition. And now, England has not the money to spend—we are all poor over there in trying to pay our debts. It shocks us to see how much America spends."

He waited until the band in the near-by stand finished its piece of American jazz. This seemed to bring him back to his original belligerent strain of thought. I confess that I felt a bit irritated at the musical selection myself. Neither of us had come over here for that sort of thing.

"I think the movies are a menace to civilization!" He held up his hand. "What I mean is, the average motion picture that I have had the misfortune to see points in that direction. They malign life." (Bear in mind that Mr. Swinnerton is a realist in fiction.)

"They mislead the simple-minded—I mean that in a commendatory sense—into leading the same tawdry, artificial life they see portrayed on the screen several nights a week.

"It is all made so attractive, so easy and so alluring. I think in that way, the films are molding half the universe today in a way that is bound to lead to universal mischief as time goes on."

When asked if any of his novels had been filmed, he said, "'Nocturne' was sold and will be put on shortly—but I hope they never put it on, unless they intend to portray my story and not do what I understand they have done to the works of so many others."

A. A. MILNE

(*Continued from page 24*)

who wrote "When We Were Very Young" would talk and go on? And Milne is just like that—a great big young fellow with the spirit and imagination of a child; but the mind of a man, decidedly.

"Now, when they came to put on 'Mr. Pim'—that was from the novel, by the way, not the play—they never asked me either to see it or have anything to do with it. It was typical of them, wasn't it? Wouldn't even let me see it privately!"

It was plain that he was piqued.

"And when it did appear, they didn't bother either to spell or punctuate the text in the captions. So the errors in story and composition stood without my having a word to say in the matter. And to nine out of ten who saw that atrocious misrepresentation that bore my name, that was *my work!*"

SAYS HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS:

ON this particular trip in foreign lands, I am more impressed than ever by the appreciable advance that the motion picture has taken in the mind, the imagination and amusement of the world, since I was last abroad. I find that London at last has a real cinema palace, American financed and built; that Paris is cinema mad; that even Portugal howls itself hoarse for Charlie Chaplin; that Vienna could never do without its kinema, and that in Monte Carlo the movie attracts the fashionable crowd from the Hotel de Paris and plays second fiddle only to the gaming tables in the world-famous Casino.

But, the significant point is that nine-tenths of all the pictures are American! Most of those produced by other nations are very bad—with the possible exception of Germany. And, from my point of view, a large percentage of those produced by America are not so good as they might be.

The moment we probe behind the scenes, we find or hear three discordant cries. The first is a perfect wail from the producers: ."Stories! For heaven's sake, give us more stories!" It is the cry of a famished and waterless man in a barren desert. I dont think that they qualify their demand by asking for better stories, altho I am positive they are always asking for bigger names.

The second cry behind the scenes is also in the minor key, and it comes from many really excellent writers who may have a good story to sell, but have not the big name. The name being the thing, and not the "play"—as Shakespeare would insist—they cannot sell their work as often as they really should. So, I contend, that there is really no dearth of good stories, if producers would take stories more seriously *per se*, and the big names less so. But they pass the buck and tell you that the Public demands the Big Names! So there you are.

The third cry comes from the Big Names. They make no complaint about the eager acceptance of their stories and the prices paid for them, but they do object to what the producers do with their brain children.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

(*Continued from page 25*)

But Mr. Oppenheim's home—he has given up England as his residence, he told me—is at Cagnes, a little town lying on the Mediterranean, half-way between Nice, the Atlantic City of the Riviera, and Cannes, the Newport. Cagnes is divided into two parts: the old town which looks like a mass of ancient plastered houses all scrambling up the sides of a single precipitous hill. Artists and natives live together amidst considerable unsanitariness here. The new town—where Mr. Oppenheim lives—is disappointingly like a modern suburban development on the environs of any of our large American cities. The Nice golf course runs right back of his house.

"Ah, the films?" he said blandly, as we sat over coffee after dinner on his open-air veranda that overlooked the gardens in which the February roses were blooming and the trees were hanging heavy with oranges, tangerines and lemons. "Well, I find the films enormously disappointing—I mean in actual *progress*. That is, they seem to have fallen back, got into a rut, instead of getting on."

I knew that he had many of his stories screened and I wanted to hear his experience in that particular.

"Oh, but no firm will allow you to put on your own story. A novelist is always encumbered by someone who must be paid for mutilating his story. It is an unfortunate fact that the film heads seem to be under some mysterious obligation to people in their employ to mutilate one's story. Take my most recent film—called 'Monte Carlo,' I believe. Why, to suit their ulterior purpose they actually had my heroine marry a different man from the husband I had chosen for her and many of my principal characters they did not see fit to use at all. In the construction of my stories, it so happens that *all* the characters are necessary to the plausibility of the tale. However, when the film appeared, the papers remarked something to the effect that 'the picture was good, but story poor'!"

Mr. Oppenheim passed me some fat English cigarets with a cynical smile and a shake of the head. "No, there is something wrong. The creator should at least be asked about such changes. A technical adviser to the author is what is wanted by authors—someone to bridge the gap that now exists in such a ghastly manner."

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

(*Continued from page 25*)

He pointed down to Queen's Gate Road, where a taxi driver sat in his cab surveying passers-by for a possible fare.

"The only view-point in life that he has—and it is perfectly right and normal *for him*—is a fare, a paying passenger. The British producer has his eye only on fares. And the English author's attitude is equally culpable, his is one of lucrative indifference.

"He knows that it wont affect the sales on the production of his work and doesn't as a rule even go to see its production—possibly because he might be ashamed of it."



Even the trying light of afternoon does not dismay the woman who uses her correct tone of Pompeian Bloom for the desired note of color in her cheeks.



The blonde with very fair skin finds a natural tone for her cheeks in the Light Bloom or the new Oriental tint.

Perfectly Natural

Pompeian Bloom gives your cheeks a color exquisitely natural

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

RECENTLY overheard one of my friends say to another: "You, for one, need no rouge, my dear. What lovely natural coloring!" But the truth was this—like thousands of other women, she had found a rouge that gave her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her 'teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. And when they use the right shade of Bloom the wholly natural effect is achieved.

From the shade chart you can easily select the particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

SHADE CHART *for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom*

Medium Skin: The average American woman has the medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone, with a faint suggestion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The *Medium* tone of Pompeian Bloom just suits this type of skin.

If you are slightly tanned, you may find the *Orange* tint more becoming. And sometimes women with medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the *Oriental* tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the *Dark* tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliancy of your complexion, the *Oriental* tint will accomplish it.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the *Oriental* tint.

White Skin: If you have this rare type of skin, use the *Light* tone of Bloom.

Special Note: An unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone from those above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

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THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2303 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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City ..... State .....
Shade of rouge wanted .....

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The Truth About Film Salaries

(*Continued from page* 17)

Dix is receiving about $2,000 on a contract which has almost a year and a half to run. Famous Players is offering a new contract for considerably more, but for a long period of time.

John Gilbert is getting $2,000 from Metro-Goldwyn. Ramon Novarro is receiving the same amount from the same company. Ronald Colman is said to be getting but $1,700 from Samuel Goldwyn.

Against this, check the fact that Conway Tearle and Eugene O'Brien get $3,000 a week. So, too, does Lewis Stone. Wallace Beery gets $3,000, likewise. On the other hand, William Boyd is paid but $300.

The Underpaid Favorites

THERE are several reasons for this odd difference in earning capacity. Dix is working out a long-term contract. Like Gilbert, Colman and Novarro, he is more concerned in getting good rôles than with a top-heavy remuneration. These shrewd young men have studied the elemental lesson of the screen, that a big star salary lasts but briefly. They want to stay, develop and progress in pictures. Hence, their willingness to work at what is really a moderate celluloid salary.

Consider the case of the ill-fated Barbara La Marr. When she was overtaken by her fatal illness, Miss La Marr was earning $2,000 a week. Yet, after her death, it was found that she had saved but $6,000 out of her entire life's earnings. She had nothing to show for her meteoric success.

Corinne Griffith is receiving more than $3,000 a week. Milton Sills gets $2,500. Florence Vidor is said to get $2,000 a week under her new Famous starring contract. Bebe Daniels gets $2,000 as a Famous star. This same amount is earned weekly by Owen Moore, Antonio Moreno, Nita Naldi and Anna Q. Nilsson. Adolphe Menjou draws $2,500. As a First National star, Dorothy Mackaill gets about $1,200. As a free-lance, she got $1,500.

The Character Players

CONSIDER the character men. Jean Hersholt gets $1,500, altho he is frequently loaned by Universal for as high as $2,500. Noah Beery gets $1,500. Ernest Torrence finds $1,750 in his Saturday-night pay envelope. George Siegmann finds that film villainy pays, to the tune of $1,000. Walter Long also gets this for his realistic leers. Lon Chaney gets $3,000.

Francis X. Bushman leads the old-timers in earning capacity. He is asking and receiving $2,000 a week. True, he didn't get this for his work in "Ben-Hur," but he is now considered a strong comeback. Hence, the $2,000. Henry B. Walthall, the "little colonel" of unforgetable memory, receives $1,500. Bryant Washburn gets $750. Charles Ray receives $1,500.

Turn to the comedians. Harry Langdon is getting $50,000 per comedy as a First National star. Raymond Griffith has maneuvered his salary at Famous to $3,000 as a comedian. Sydney Chaplin receives $2,000. It is interesting to note that his "Charley's Aunt" was one of the big comedy hits of last year. It earned $1,500,000. Mack Swain gets $750 as a comedy foil. Charley Murray and Chester Conklin draw down $800 to $1,000 as first aids to screen dramas. Louise Fazenda earns $1,250.

The Freak Salaries

THERE are still some freak salaries in filmdom, relics of old high salaries of the earlier days. Pauline Frederick still gets $3,500 to $4,000 when she works before the camera. Lionel Barrymore asks and receives $2,500. Mae Murray is said to get $3,000 under her new Metro-Goldwyn arrangement. Betty Compson is asking $4,000 a week. Since she has put aside a good bank-account and is the wife of a successful director, she doesn't have to worry about working steadily.

Pause to compare some of these abnormal salaries with the small sums paid some recent foreign newcomers. Vilma Banky is reported to receive $500 from Samuel Goldwyn, altho she is loaned to other producers for as high as $1,500. Cecil De Mille offered $50,000 for her contract. Greta Nissen had climbed from $75 to $500 when Famous dropped her contract. On the day she was released Universal offered to borrow her for $1,500. Now Universal has her, at a reported salary of $750. Greta Garbo is getting so little that Hollywood jokingly remarks that she is being paid in kroner and canned sardines. Miss Garbo really receives $400.

Dolores Costello is under a $300-a-week contract to the Warners.

Norma Shearer is said to be getting $1,500. Sally O'Neil is receiving but $300. Metro-Goldwyn discovered her—and signed her under a long contract. Lillian Rich is getting $350 from Cecil De Mille. She is loaned frequently for $1,000. Clara Bow gets $750 a week from Benjamin Schulberg, now an official of Famous, altho she is frequently loaned for far in excess of this. When the loan figure goes over the thousand mark, Schulberg and Miss Bow split the difference.

The $2,500 Class

LET us return for a moment to the $2,500 class. Reginald Denny is now receiving this from Universal. This, too, is the figure earned per week by Bert Lytell, Anita Stewart, Viola Dana and Mae McAvoy.

Kenneth Harlan draws down $1,750. Lew Cody, Irene Rich, Monte Blue and Helene Chadwick each earn $1,700. The $1,500 class is larger, including Jacqueline Logan, Norman Kerry, Harrison Ford, Bessie Love, Mae Busch, John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, Huntly Gordon, Leatrice Joy, Matt Moore, Rod La Rocque, Conrad Nagel, Marie Prevost and Alice Terry.

Billie Dove and Patsy Ruth Miller get $1,250 each week. Receiving $1,200 we find Clive Brook, Jetta Goudal, Neil Hamilton, Pauline Starke, Lois Wilson, Robert Frazier, Pat O'Malley and Virginia Valli.

Belle Bennett and Louise Dresser were getting $1,000 per week when they scored their hits of last year. Doubtless they are getting more now. Still in the $1,000 class are Wanda Hawley, Barbara Bedford, Allan Forrest, Ricardo Cortez, Dorothy Devore, Laura La Plante, Aileen Pringle and Claire Windsor.

Lois Moran, the recent find, gets about $750. So, too, does Margaret Livingston, Claire Adams, Warner Baxter, Charles Emmett Mack, Herbert Rawlinson and George O'Brien. Mary Philbin is now receiving $800 from Universal. A year ago she was the poorest paid of all the stars, getting $300. Betty Bronson receives about $500 from Famous. She was getting $300 a year ago.

Western Melodrama Remunerative

STARRING in Western melodramas pays better. Against the $15,000 received by Mix, check the $7,000 earned by Fred Thomson and the $4,000 by Buck Jones. Hoot Gibson is trailing a bit at $2,500 a week.

Now for the directors. No one knows exactly what D. W. Griffith receives, but

(*Continued on page* 87)

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 64*)

CATHERINE M.—Yes, that was my error. Claire Windsor and not Mae Murray in "Dance Madness." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.'s son, and they are nineteen and forty-three years old. Mae Murray is five feet three.

MARTHA P.—So you want to see more of Mabel Normand. I dont blame you. Mabel's birthday will be on November 10th, and she started in pictures at the old Biograph under Griffith in 1910. For ten years at least she was noted for her beautiful figure and she certainly could dive and swim. You say you were vaccinated with a phonograph needle. It's no secret. Anyway, I enjoyed yours.

LUCILLE.—Be careful how you put others under heavy obligation to you—it often causes them to detest you. Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, January 9, 1902. Rudolph Valentino has been married twice, once to Jean Acker and then to Winifred Hudnut, but isn't now.

THEDA BIRDIE.—Yes, Pauline Frederick is going to appear in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for Universal. Margarita Fisher is to play *Eliza*. No, I dont think I will ever trim my whiskers. If I did I would lose all my personality, and then I wouldn't be able to answer questions. May Allison has blonde hair and blue eyes.

TERRIBLE KIT.—You certainly are. You know the fool often succeeds where the wise man fails, for the former usually has the courage of his folly, the latter fear of his wisdom. Jack Mulhall and Carl Miller in "We Moderns." Fay Lanphier is with Famous Players-Lasky at Astoria, Long Island. This is the shortest poem I know:

We
De
Spise
Flies

JOHN C., Alexandria, Egypt.—So Pearl White is in Egypt with the French troupe, "La Cigale," and you say you were disappointed in her. Glad to hear you liked "The Gold Rush." Right now Charlie Chaplin is playing in "The Circus." Write me again soon.

NAN C.—So you like the green and brown tints in the CLASSIC. Theodore Roberts will celebrate his sixty-fifth birthday on October 8th. His eyes are blue and they generally twinkle with humor. Rin-Tin-Tin has a son called "Gin-Gin-Gin."

HOPE.—You say you are compelled to go to church every Sunday, that your preacher is very dull, and you want me to suggest what he should preach about. I would say about twenty minutes. Tell him to read Hendrik Van Loon's "Story of the Bible" and learn how the best story ever told can be told in the best possible way. He will never be dull after that. So you like the CLASSIC, but you want more about Ernest Torrence and Ricardo Cortez, but less of Swanson and Valentino. Aye, aye, sir! I'll tell Mr. Smith.

RUTH G.—Well, my business consists in answering a few fool questions, and a few thousand sensible ones. No, Ben Lyon is not married. Madge Evans is only seventeen and she has brown hair. John Barrymore is playing for Warner right now. No indeed, I dont mind answering questions. In fact, it has become such a habit that I couldn't live without it (nor without the $15.00 a week).

SPINOLE HANKS.—Please dont ask me about religion—I dont know whether any of the players attend church, but I hope they all do. Jackie Coogan was born

(*Continued on page 88*)

Your Choice **Free** See Coupon

Win Beauty

and keep it—as I did

For 40 years I have searched the world for the utmost in beauty helps. In that quest I have made 34 trips to France, have consulted famous beauties and great experts everywhere.

Thus I acquired, I believe, the greatest beauty aids in existence. By their help I gained a glorious career as a beauty of the stage and films. By their help I have preserved my youth. At a grandmother's age I still look a girl of 19.

Now I have placed these supreme helps at every woman's call. All drug and toilet counters supply them as Edna Wallace Hopper's Beauty Helps. And I am doing my best to bring to millions what they brought to me.

Edna Wallace Hopper



MISS HOPPER as she appears today.
Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

My Gift to Girls — *who want more beauty*

—and to women who love youth

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are my chief beauty aids. Each combines from six to sixteen of the greatest helps I found. Each is so efficient that the very first use amazes and delights. This is to offer you a test of any at my cost. I want you to know what they mean.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types — cold cream and vanishing. One is for night use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. And my baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eye-dropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eye-dropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my products. Clip it and send it to me.

Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

☐ Facial Youth ☐ White Youth Clay
☐ Hair Youth ☐ Youth Cream

Name .....

Address .....

One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10c for each additional sample.

11-27—M. P. C.

A necessity in every bathroom



SANI-FLUSH has made the closet bowl the easiest part of the bathroom to clean. It has done away forever with the old, disagreeable tasks of scouring, scrubbing and dipping.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow the directions. Flush. Stains, odors, incrustations disappear. The bowl has become clean and gleaming as new. The unreachable sediment has vanished from the trap.

Sani-Flush is a necessity in every bathroom. Harmless to all plumbing. Keep a can handy.

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The Truth about Hair Coloring

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Why Have Gray or Faded Hair

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ALL SHADES FROM BLACK TO BLOND

COLORS gray hair in ONE APPLICATION.

Returns youthful color so you can bob it. Bobbed hair takes years off your age, but not if it's gray. Not affected by salt water, perspiration, oils, tonics, shampoos, previous dyes. Does not stain scalp or rub off. Composed Henna Herbs; Harmless. Easily applied at home. **14 shades. P. P. $1.60. White Henna for lightening hair grown dark, $2.25. Pilocarpine Hair Tonic** (powerful stimulant), **$5.00.** Free Advice—Booklet.

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AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES



Harold Lloyd was a recent New York visitor. Here is Harold (center) with his brother, Gaylord, and Joe Reddy, his publicity man

Masters of the Motion Picture

(*Continued from page* 53)

the slap-sticks or the Western pictures; or, they gave us a huge, eye-filling spectacle; and finally they had begun to realize that they were not merely translating books or plays into a sort of dumb play of what happened in a book or a theater, but that their business was to catch the "movie way" of representing life, so that it was quite clear enough and forceful enough without the words.

Compared to what we choose to call the modern era of films, they were still, however, giving us a "lot of photography." There was a great deal of unnecessary and unimportant detail in even the best pictures. And as for the handling of the camera itself, their technique might be likened to the thin tone of the harpsichord of two hundred years ago, before Bach invented the piano with its immense range and richness.

Flexibility of Today

THE modern film as we know it today, which may be compared to a full orchestra, with its variety of shade or tone, its deepened graphic power, its lightness of touch, its complete *flexibility* to the will or whim of the director, was ushered in by the foreign invasion of about five years ago.

"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," which I saw in 1921, made a profound impression on the film people here. Its weird continuity, which might have been taken from one of Poe's alcohol nightmares, prompted the director, a certain Herr Wien, to seek the most uncanny and fantastic effects. He did this, on the one hand, by using "expressionistic" studio sets that transmitted the exact degree of insanity he wanted to put over; then by keying up his players to chime with the "expressionistic" sets; and, finally, by the multitude of camera angles which he resorted to in order to get a startling effect of *unreality*.

It was a marvelous experiment if we consider merely the manipulation or *control* of the camera. I had often heard directors here complain about the "babylike" mind of the movie camera. It was maddening, the way it included and featured things that had simply escaped the director's eye as he shot his sequence—things that had nothing to do with his scheme. And if you blurred or touched up the film, the whole thing looked rotten. And now came "Caligari," with all its "distortions" and its completely sustained atmosphere of unreality. The inspired acting of Conrad Veidt as *Cesare*, the somnambulist, and Werner Krauss as *Caligari*, was easily superior to any work we had yet seen. And as for the staging, a police station was a mad dream of leaning walls and masked officials sitting on absurdly high stools; a prison cell was a high, vaulted room, whose toppling pillars seemed to be falling eternally upon the prisoner bound in massive chains to a painted disc on the floor. There were bursts of poetic motion in it: *Cesare* carrying off the girl, leaps thru an arched window, her dress opening like a great fan and describing an arc, as they disappear; *Cesare* dancing across the jaggedly pointed roofs of the village, with her swooned body in his arm. . . . Thruout there was the perfection of related movements.

"Caligari" suggested immediately the amazing degree to which you could control the camera to secure any desired effect of fantasy or suggestion. It suggested also a complete control over *the material photographed:* the use not only of artfully selected background, but of synthetic background, this latter stunt being taken over bodily from the modernistic German theater of Gordon Craig and Max Reinhardt.

In its use of artificial studio sets, "Caligari" went too far, in the opinion of many keen observers, from the *genius* of the motion picture. The completely artificial sets have the same effect as trick photography, and become after a while very stuffy and boring.

With the immense improvement of the

(*Continued on page* 79)

Filming "Beau Geste"

(*Continued from page 62*)

beside which was the dreadful "*Mort.*" Then the commandant drew his pistol, handed it to Sleeman, said: "*Légionnaire*, do your duty!" and Sleeman put the pistol to the drunken man's temple and fired. . . .

And more. Much more.

"The Katzenjammers"

THERE is a lighter side of camp life, too.

"The Katzenjammers"—Neil Hamilton and Donald Stewart (*Digby* and *Buddy*)—earned their title thus:

The first night in camp, Ronald Colman and William Powell were called outside their tent by an ingenuous Neil Hamilton, who detained them for some five minutes suggesting starlight walks, a raid on the mess tent (in charge, incidentally, of Hollywood's smartest café—Brandstatter's Montmartre), and a visit to the commissary.

When the two pals, having refused all lures, re-entered their tent, Ronald's bed was missing (via Donald Stewart)—not to be recovered until the dunes about the camp had been secretly searched and the east was beginning to brighten.

They are all boys in camp, planning snipe hunts for the uninitiated, seasoning one another's coffee with olives, toothpicks or cheese, constantly joking. "Childish idea of humor," they scoff, but they all indulge in it, from the enigmatic Ronald Colman to Neil Hamilton of the "spiritual" face.

Until the bugle blows "assembly." . . .

The "Beau Geste" cast hits the trail over the sand-dunes eagerly.

The picture is something more than a picture to them and to Herbert Brenon, an indefatigable figure in white under a great shade hat, who waits their coming in the shadow of the fort.

The song of the legion of Arizona comes ringing back to camp:

"Allons, Brenon, voici la légion!"

The dream is coming true.

Hollywood Impressions

(*Continued from page 39*)

Kathleen recently married a banker and all of their friends brought presents. There were about sixty present. Mrs. Mix makes a charming hostess and Handsome Tom an interesting host. He was dressed in a double-breasted black-velvet suit, and he took delight in showing me and others the numerous relics, trophies and curios in his gun-room, which is about 20 x 30, with an arched ceiling about twenty-five feet high, filled with guns, pistols, saddles, lariats, steer horns, and so on. There was no entertainment except conversation and occasionally a little dancing. The ladies arrived at seven for dinner, and the men at nine-thirty. At twelve I left and was nearly the last to go. Another one of those famous wild Hollywood parties!

EVERYBODY out here seems to have a joke about the international fame and wickedness of Hollywood. And this alleged wickedness *is* a joke. According to these soothsayers, every sheik on the Desert of Sahara, every potentate in Asia Minor, and every cannibal chief in Central Africa knows more about Hollywood than Hollywood herself knows. Thus the little lies founded on false facts go from place to place, getting bigger and fouler as they go, like a snowball rolling down-hill, which picks up all manner of dirt as it rolls.

The June MOVIE MONTHLY

The Magazine with the Punch!



WHAT is a Habit? A Habit is Something which takes Possession of You. Our plea is for you to get the Habit of buying MOVIE MONTHLY every month and reading it from Cover to Cover. You will admit after reading it that it is *the* leading Magazine of the Screen in youthful ideas. Its pages are crammed with *live* interviews, *live* articles on subjects pertaining to the celluloid world, *live* fiction—and *live* pictures.

MOVIE MONTHLY has been setting the most rapid pace of any film publication. Why? Because it gives to you the brightest, livest pages of Romance and Adventure. There is Spirit and Sparkle behind it.

The Old West is brought back to you—and the New West lives with you. And you are becoming acquainted with screen people who have never reached you through any other magazine.

The June issue of MOVIE MONTHLY continues to feature the new series, Bandits of the Border. As the May issue gave you the James Boys, the next issue will devote itself to the Younger Brothers.

The June number will also offer Chills and Chuckles with Comedy Lions, an article featuring the laughs and thrills incidental to handling the king of the jungle before the camera.

The June number will also devote itself to featuring the cameraman's angle on Shooting the Western Stars. There will be highly readable interviews with Myrna Loy, Eileen Sedgwick, Robert Ames and Martha Sleeper. The Cowboy Songs will continue—as will the Special Section and three absorbing novelizations. And to provide the intimate touch, several pages will feature exclusive photographs of bathing girls and the news of the screen world.

So get the Habit. Once you have this Habit, you'll never do without MOVIE MONTHLY. The Snappiest, Punchiest Magazine of the Screen.

Order Your JUNE Issue of

MOVIE MONTHLY Now!



Something DIFFERENT *for Bobbed Hair*

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion — the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI Co., 656 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

HOW TO OBTAIN BEAUTIFULLY SHAPED LIPS!



M. Trilety's new lipshaper together with its thick lip astringent lotion, will now reduce protruding, prominent, thick unshapely lips to normal and thus improve your facial features 100 per cent. My new appliance is comfortable, easy to adjust, and is worn at night. It will also promote correct breathing and elliminate the harmful and annoying habit of snoring.

Write for full information, testimonials, etc., without any obligation on your part.

M. TRILETY
Dept. 114 Binghamton, N. Y.



Before *After*

Delica-Brow
The *ORIGINAL* Liquid Dressing

Your eyes will seem much larger, brighter and your lashes twice as long, dark and heavy after your very first application of *Delica-Brow*, the original waterproof Liquid Dressing for the lashes and brows. You will never know what beautiful eyes you really have until you use *Delica-Brow*. Send for a free trial bottle today. Kindly enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Delica Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A5
3912 Clybourne Ave. Chicago, Ill.

How the Keystone Kops Happened

(*Continued from page* 35)



Mack Sennett as the police sergeant and the late Fred Mace as the copper in an early Sennett comedy

helmets, caps, clubs and sockets and belts.

Gentlemen's warbrobe.—Odd coats, pants, vests, shirts, shoes, bell-boys' suits, tragedian's clothes, porters' uniforms, Mexican costumes, tennis blazers, hunting suits, rube clothes, railroad jumpers, eccentric frock coats.

Ladies' wardrobe.—Dancing girls' costumes, Spanish costumes, soubrette dresses, bathing suits, old maids' costumes, shirtwaists, wrappers, kimonos, waitress' uniforms, nurses' uniforms, wigs, hats and shoes.

Incidentally, Mack Sennett was not above appearing in Keystone comedies himself in those days, and it is undoubtedly in the reader's memory that Mr. Sennett was a laugh producer *par excellence*, working with Ford Sterling and the late Fred Mace, and in these pictures he wore one of the police uniforms which has played so prominent a part in this little story. (As a captain, always, of course, in charge of the Keystone police.)

A battered police club, which the writer has hanging beside his bed (in the interests of self-defense only, of course) and given to him by Harry Guttenberg the day he purchased the Keystone wardrobe, is a mute and constant reminder of those dear old days—the cheery era of the Keystone cops.

Reviewing Pictures on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 22)

letters, which, of course, are uninteresting.

The Big Films

PICTURES like "The Black Pirate," "The Big Parade," "La Bohême," "Stella Dallas," "The Gold Rush" are not only an entertainment to the writer, but also an inspiration in writing of them. There are, it is true, numerous other bright spots in a critic's life that come on at the regular change cinemas. Poor ones come along like poor plays, but there are more of them than the stage efforts. And even if a picture be wearying, so long as it contains a glimpse of originality here and there, the review of it can be approached in a humble and hopeful mood. You dont have to wiggle on your seat and look at your typewriter and wonder, after all, if you could not do better with a pencil or a pen and ink or mayhap an old-fashioned quill.

No matter whether it is a delightful spring day, or a blizzard is blowing, or it is as hot as Yuma in the summer, you always find plenty of persons in the motion picture theaters. Sometimes you wonder why the people dont go out of town and on other occasions you wonder why they dont stay home. When I take my seat (to work) in a picture theater, I have a hope for comparative quiet, and, as a rule, I get it. But now and again one is bothered by prattling patrons or sighing fat men and women who seem to be more stirred by pathos than by the comedy. One afternoon I found the theater pretty crowded and during the screening of the feature one small boy became so excited that he jumped up once in a while and came down on my foot. Above me was another of his ilk who sat with the toes of his shoes quite near my neck. But taking it all in all, I have enjoyed the youngsters in a theater because of their buoyant spirits. There was nothing more inspiring than the children's laughter at "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella," which were presented during the Christmas holidays.

(*Continued on page* 77)

When there's singing and dancing on the lawn—and the gay crowds swing to music under the lanterns and the canopy of trees
—have a Camel!



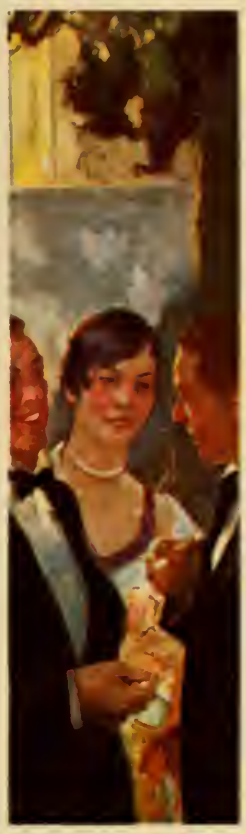
No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest, made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes go all of the experience, all of the skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

WHEN it's evening with merry dancing on the lawn. When the world is young with youth and gay with age —*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette made was ever so joyous on carefree evenings. Camel is fair companion to busy days and glamourous, restful nights. You just can't smoke enough Camels to tire the taste. Camels never leave a cigaretty after-taste. The choicest tobaccos that nature grows, blended to bring you their purest enjoyment, are rolled into Camels. Camels are the found-true friend of millions of experienced smokers.

So as you make merry with friends on this most enjoyable of nights. As you join the gay party when the work is done—taste then the kindliest smoke that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!





Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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BROWN OF HARVARD

Kick off!
With the snap of a well coached team
This greatest of football pictures
Rushes into action!
Thrill follows thrill as quickly
As a quarterback barks his signals
And such a team of talent!
Jack Pickford as the heroic roommate—
Mary Brian (she's beautiful!)
And
William Haines as Tom Brown
Who played a great game of football—and love
To win out in the end!
Take "time out" to see this College Classic!

Directed by Jack Conway, adapted by Donald Ogden Stewart from Rida Johnson Young's celebrated stage play. Screen play by A. P. Younger



Tom (William Haines) is good at any game.
The girl (Mary Brian)

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"

Starring Lady Luck

(Continued from page 43)

Only a few bars of the music had been played and Jane had gone thru not more than half a dozen movements, when Fokine said. "That'll do!" She crept away to dress, crestfallen, but when she was scurrying down the aisle to leave the theater, the ballet-master's secretary ran after her.

"Fokine wants to see you. Wait!"

Jane waited, and discovered that she had been engaged.

"Never," cried Fokine, "have I seen such beautiful arms!"

Hired by Ziegfeld

It was luck who led her to the building wherein Ziegfeld has his offices, on a day when that connoisseur of beauty was selecting girls for his "Follies" shows. Girls of all sizes, nationalities and complexions filled the theater, the lobby, and spilled out into the hallways of the office-building.

Jane stood among an anxious throng on the eleventh floor, punching the elevator bell and hoping nobody would think she was in and of the mob. The elevator didn't come, but Ziegfeld did—merely passing from one office to another. He looked at Jane. Jane jabbed the bell. He disappeared into an office and returned with a companion just as the elevator door rolled back to admit the girl.

The door closed after her, and its closing was followed by an imperious knock.

"They want me!" thought Jane, but she was too shy to say so, and the elevator boy, with the arrogance of his kind, paid the knock no attention.

The main floor reached, Jane lingered in the lobby, a moment, then took her way leisurely to the door. A boy ran after her.

"Hey—Ziegfeld wants you!"

"How do you know?"

"Well, he phoned down to stop the girl with the red roses and you're her!" said the boy, more emphatically than grammatically.

Even so.

Jane signed with the "Follies" and played with them nine months.

Zukor Sees Her

It was a bitter winter and scanty attire on drafty stages went hard with the latest "Follies" beauty. Cold after cold kept her weak and ill.

"I wasn't getting anywhere," she explains, "I didn't feel that I would ever make a great singer, and I knew I had started too late to be a first-rank dancer. I should have begun when I was five! I wanted to act. I have such terrific ambition."

An aunt, Jane's sole living relative, hearing that the girl had decided not to go on with the "Follies," expressed regret at never having seen her niece on the stage, and was promptly invited to New York as a guest for the last night.

Such a night! The girls all sang their songs, smiled and blew kisses at the visitor. She had a marvelous time. All stage and screen folk seemed wonderful to her and she pressed Jane to take her to places where the celebrities might be seen.

"We'll go to the Ritz Grill for lunch Monday," promised Jane.

Little god Luck was guiding them. They had to wait for a table and while they waited, in came Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky to wait for one, too.

Mr. Zukor spoke to Jane. "Still with the 'Follies,' eh?"

"I've just left them," murmured Jane.

All thru luncheon, she felt the eyes of the two men upon her, and as she left the room Mr. Zukor came to her again.

"Mr. Lasky would like to meet you," he said. "Ever thought of going into pictures?" Resulting in a year's contract with Paramount!

Then—"Don Juan"

Hollywood brought back jeopardized health, but at first it seemed to offer no opportunity. Month after month went by. Fitzmaurice borrowed Jane for "His Supreme Moment" and she was condemned to "other woman" roles.

Later, Barrymore's "Don Juan" was in production. Alan Crosland, the director, sent for Jane. "All you'll have to do is to look gorgeous," he was explaining, "magnificent clothes, you know, that will show off your figure——"

"Oh, no!" cried Jane, "I hate that! Anybody can look gorgeous. Isn't there something with acting in it?"

"There's *Beatrice* in the prolog—but you've had so little experience, and that's a heavy part——"

"Let me try!"

Barrymore, consulted, gave her an appraising look. "Surely," he said, "she's *Beatrice!*"

A screen test confirmed his judgment, and her work in the part won her a new and remunerative contract with Warner Brothers!

"I'm to play leads," she confided, eagerly. "I'm so happy! I hate being an imitation Nita Naldi—first because there's only one Nita, and second because I dont fit the part.

"There's no good reason why being tall should make one a vamp, is there? Vamps usually are no more than clothes-horses. I want to do emotional scenes. I'll be getting somewhere if I can do real acting. I'll be building toward a future, dont you know?"

She has ambition, as has been said before!

Reviewing Pictures on Broadway

(Continued from page 74)

About a year ago I went to the Colony Theater to review Norma Talmadge's film version of the play, "The Lady." I had been sitting watching the newsreel when two grey-haired ladies passed by me and took seats near me. Their conversation, as the feature was unwound, was soft and interesting. They were evidently harking back to the period of the picture, some thirty-five years ago. They found Miss Talmadge reminded them of a relative, and they referred gently to other incidents in the picture. In my review I mentioned these two grey-haired ladies several times, and when I came to the end of my article I wrote: "Take it from the two grey-haired ladies, this is an admirable production."

Unusual Experiences

Two days later I received a charming letter, in which the person, who signed it "Two Grey-haired Ladies," told of the

(Continued on page 79)

FREE — 10-Day Tube

Mail the Coupon



To Whiten Dull Teeth

A NEW WAY, based on advanced scientific principles, that lightens cloudy teeth; that restores off-color teeth to charming clearness

If you want whiter teeth, please make this remarkable test. It will prove your teeth are *not* naturally "off color" or dull, but far whiter than you know.

It will give them clear and beautiful whiteness. It will firm your gums to a healthy coral color.

You are hiding your teeth with a film coat . . . that is all

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known. Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

Mere brushing won't do

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FREE Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Mail this for 10-Day Tube to

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Dept. 379, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 2146



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Freckles are a handicap, both to good looks and social popularity. Get rid of them. They are needless. You can remove them secretly, quickly, surely —and no one will ever know how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream, *double action*, not only dissolves away freckles, but whitens, refines and beautifies your skin. After using this snowy-white magical cream, your skin will be soft and white, clear and transparent. Results guaranteed.

At all druggists 50¢ and $1.
Try it tonight.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *Double Action*
REMOVES FRECKLES
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I would like your FREE booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets," telling all about make-up and skin treatment used by stage stars.

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CAN EASILY BE YOURS



Trados Model No. 25 corrects now all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 90,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 16 years of experience in manufacturing Nose Shapers is at your service. **Model 25 Junior for Children.**

Awarded Prize Medal by big Wembley Exposition, London, England. Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

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$1.00 IS ALL YOU PAY

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

RADEX SPECIALTY CO., Dept. K-6, Providence, R.I.

All's Fair in Love

(*Continued from page* 57)

"Then—It Happened"

"We had just been playmates before, laughing and joking together, but suddenly we became serious. He told me all about himself and I told him all about myself. We talked for three hours, mostly about ourselves and our ideas on life—and oh, all the things people do say in such a case."

The sun did not come out at all that day, but a certain small god who wears little or nothing and carries a bow and arrow did. Two arrows reached their marks.

"After that, we went everywhere together," beamed the happy bride, "and two months and four days after the first time we met, we were married. It was this way: We'd talked about it, of course, off and on, but when it came it was as sudden as our falling in love.

"The picture was finished and we were driving thru the little town of Santa Ana one day. We passed a sign reading: 'Justice of the Peace.'

"'How about it?' said Bill. 'Shall we get it over?'

"'Surely,' I replied.

"'Mean it? Right here—right now?'

"'O. K.,' I said, and right there and then we did it!"

Married in Santa Ana

The lovely Elinor admits that before the fatal day when she set her hand and seal to the contract to play the princess, she had belonged to the Hollywood faction which asserts: "No, I would not marry an actor!"

"I thought that two actors married to each other had less than half a chance at happiness," confessed Elinor. "I used to say that the jealousy of a husband who was in the same business would work against us, that he would probably criticise my love scenes with other men, and resent it if, for some reason, I secured better parts or better pictures than fell to his lot.

"But I dont have to worry about Bill. There's not an ounce of jealousy in him, and as I have none and we trust each other—— Oh, well, Bill is such a dear!"

Elinor and Bill have just taken a new house and the things uppermost in her mind are draperies, lamps and matching the bedroom curtains.

"The living-room is thirty-four by twenty," she was confiding, eagerly. "We are so anxious to get it fixed up before Bill has to go away on location. He may be gone a month. Isn't that terrible?"

It was all she could do to bring her mind back from the fascinations of the new house to a consideration of advice to girl fans who would like to get into a studio and appear before the camera.

But when she had left the dear "honeymoon house," Elinor had sound advice to offer.

Simplicity and Dignity

"Simplicity is the one vital thing," she said. "A little while ago it was the girl who jazzed in and tried to get over a piquant personality who got the chance to try out. Anything striking enough to attract attention helped, whether it was make-up, dress or a certain 'line.'

"But not today. Producers are looking for girls who can look and behave like real ladies. Anyone can take on the manners of a tough, but no one not a gentlewoman can show breeding.

"Be as simple as you can in clothes, colors and actions. Select plain little dresses that become you, in colors that set off your particular personality. Carry yourself well and speak in a low, clear voice.

"Simplicity goes in acting, too. It is far more effective than chewing the scenery. For example, in the 'Volga Boatman,' Victor Varconi has to strike Bill with a whip, after showing an ungovernable temper. Bill does no more than narrow his eyes while a ghost of a smile plays around his mouth. But there is more menace in his single glance than in all the raging of Varconi."

That Elinor Fair follows her own good advice was shown by the dress of fine Alice-blue flannel she was wearing—a dress simply trimmed in the daintiest of narrow braid, and matched by the plain felt hat.

And talking of careers, when Elinor was a tiny baby in Richmond, Virginia, her mother dedicated her to fame. The baby learned to dance almost as soon as she began to walk. When she was eight, her mother took her to Leipsic, Germany, to study the violin. From Leipsic they found their way to Paris, France, where the little girl was given masters to teach her voice culture. She can remember walking with her nurse in the Luxembourg springtime doing breathing exercises as they went.

Studied Abroad

Then came Brighton, England, and a course at a girls' school.

But always she danced, and at length at the ripe age of fourteen Elinor appeared on the stage of the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco doing two solo dances in a musical comedy.

Moving pictures seemed to offer greater opportunity than anything else, so presently the mother and daughter journeyed to Hollywood. Fewer girls were storming casting directors' offices then, and presently, on Elinor's fifteenth birthday, she received the plum of the part of the little cripple girl in "The Miracle Man."

"Lon Chaney used to make me up," remembered Elinor, "and I learned so much from him. That picture made him famous. Then I had a part with Adolphe Menjou in Mary Pickford's 'Through the Back Door'—and right after that Menjou became famous. I was a mascot, they said.

"And so it went—I worked nearly always, but rarely had good parts in good pictures. I was beginning to be terribly discouraged when I was cast to play the girl with Buck Jones. . . . And see what happened!"

There we were back again at the new house, discussing the right place to find those clear red bowls that add a touch of color to one's living-room, measuring the width of a window-seat, and arguing about the best shade for the summer slip-over covers—if one should decide to use such things.

"Marriage and careers mix very well," observed Elinor. "We've been married two months and I still think of Bill as my 'boy friend.' Isn't that wonderful?"

YOU cant afford to be without the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC!

Masters of the Motion Picture

(*Continued from page* 72)

camera itself, directors learned to secure brilliant effects of distortion or *interpretation*, from nature alone, merely by the angles at which the camera approached its material.

But by now the cinema had become an instrument which lent itself flexibly to the highest imagination. With the flood of great German pictures, such as Lubitsch's "Deception" and "Passion," with the making of Stroheim's "Greed," the modern era had been ushered in. Instead of being a means for spending an evening gaping at some star's agreeable physiognomy, the cinema became a vehicle for the expression of pictorial beauty, relating movement, and rising and falling *tempo*. In works such as Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," or Cruze's "Covered Wagon," the photography had become so clear and logical that the clean lines of a picture always converged directly upon the thing or figure that should hold our attention. Their touch was more delicate and more intimate than ever before. The shutting of a door, a nudge, the grip of a hand—such things acquire tremendous significance in the new photography and the new directorial technique. The inventions and experiments of Lubitsch alone can bear the fullest examination. "Greed" is an imposing chapter in the history of the new art.

It is interesting to note, however, that James Cruze had followed clearly the American tradition of Griffith, as well as that of Sennett, in "The Covered Wagon" and "Hollywood." And thru Cruze you arrive finally at the superb achievement of King Vidor in "The Big Parade."

[*Mr. Josephson will contribute a second article on this subject in the July* CLASSIC.]

Reviewing Pictures on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 77)

enjoyment of reading about themselves, adding how gratified they were to observe that they had "modulated, cultured voices." The writing-paper showed that they were living in a Fifth Avenue hotel.

A reviewer's life, as you may have gathered, is not all beer and skittles. There are days when the theaters are terribly crowded and when the management has forgotten all about the critics. At the opening of "The Freshman," the best they could do for me was to give me a seat in a box, from which Harold Lloyd looked to me about twenty feet tall and a foot wide. I explained to the manager that my review from that position would be hardly what he wanted to see next morning. He then escorted me to the other side of the house, where there was a similar seat in the opposite box. I was indignant and the manager was anything but happy. Nevertheless, we were surrounded by the merriest crowd one could hope to see. Finally they found a seat for me, and I soon joined in the laughter of the packed theater.

Just to be a little original, a New York theater manager decided to present "The Gold Rush" a little before midnight last August. Hence, the critics, after their day's work, had to get down to business at the witching hour. Mr. Chaplin, looking spry and cheerful, was greeted by

(*Continued on page* 84)

Mme. Blanche Arral, Opera Star Finds, in Java, New Way to Reduce Fat



Javanese Woman

The secret of the Javanese women's slender beauty is out at last. The method by which Madame Arral reduced so surprisingly has been used in Java for years.

It is simple and harmless yet thoroughly scientific. No medicines, starvation diets, violent exercises—no Turkish baths, dangerous purging nor reducing garments.

This method, it is said, removes fat at the rate of about one pound a day, and at the same time strengthens the body and benefits the general health.

"The results were astonishing," says Mme. Arral. "Just this pleasant simple native treatment took away my surplus flesh, restored my voice and my health. Today my mind is clear and buoyant, and I truly feel as though I had stepped from a hazy darkness into bright, glorious sunlight.

"I had previously tried, I believe, every method of flesh reduction known to medical science. I used drugs, starvation diets, purging, rolling, exercising, long walks, rubber garments, etc., but they did me more harm than good."

Grand Opera Star Reduces

34 pounds in 4 weeks without Drugs, Diet or Exercises

When Blanche Arral appeared in this country some time ago she was so stout that only her marvelous voice kept her from being actually amusing in such rôles as Carmen and Juliet.

She returned from abroad with a figure as beautiful as her voice. The transformation is amazing. She has reduced 34 pounds, lost a double chin and looks fifteen years younger.

"I had gained flesh, oh, so rapidly," says Mme. Arral, "I was ashamed to appear on the stage. Fat made my health miserable and affected my voice. I was dull, heavy, stupid, unable to digest food or sleep.

"Finally while touring Australia my health broke down completely, my voice failed and I was obliged to take a long rest. I went for a vacation to the little island of Java where, at the hands of a Javanese priest, I found a complete cure."

In response to a deluge of requests for information regarding this wonderful method, Mme. Arral has written a charming little book about her experience in Java and how she got rid of excess flesh by this method which can be practiced at home by anyone.

For a short time a copy of this book will be sent free to anyone who desires to reduce. Send name and address to Blanche Arral, Suite 478 E, 35 E. Flagler St., Miami, Florida.



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Tint Those Gray Hairs to Their Original Shade

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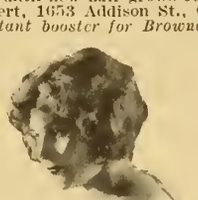
The advantage of Brownatone is that your closest friends—your own family—cannot detect its use. Other preparations may give your hair some strikingly different and unbecoming color, but Brownatone reproduces its exact original, youthful shade, making you look from five to ten years younger. Mrs. E. Neighbors of Sonora, Kentucky, is one of hundreds of thousands of Brownatone users. She writes: *"I have tried other preparations but none has given the satisfaction that Brownatone has."*



Everybody knows the woman who spends much money and time in caring for her complexion and who still looks old, not because she is old or feels old but because her hair is faded, streaked and gray. They do not realize that beauty is youth while gray, dingy hair is the badge of age. *"Brownatone,"* says Hattie B. Tucker of Greensboro, Ala., *"is easily the best preparation I have ever used for gray hair. It cannot help giving perfect satisfaction."*

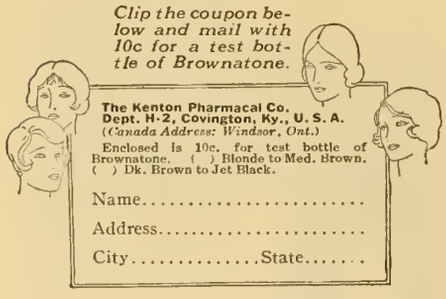


Brownatone does not merely coat or cover each strand of hair. It does not rub off or wash out because it is absorbed; each strand is saturated. And, although used by hundreds of thousands of women for many years past no report has ever come to us of the slightest injury to the most delicate hair. Marcelling, shampooing, waving and scalp treatments have no effect upon it. You merely brush the color through and do not need to apply it again until new hair grows out. No wonder Mrs. Ida Gilbert, 1653 Addison St., Chicago, says, *"I am a constant booster for Brownatone."*



From one or the other of Browntone's two colors any exact shade can be obtained. Ask either for Blonde to Medium Brown, or for Dark Brown to Black. To be had at drug and toilet goods counters everywhere in two sizes, 50c and $1.50. *"Please write to my druggist. I have recommended Brownatone to him as the finest hair tint that anyone can use. I know he can sell a great deal of it."*—Mrs. Walter Reed, Brighton, Mich.

Clip the coupon below and mail with 10c for a test bottle of Brownatone.



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GUARANTEED HARMLESS

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

They Told Buster to Stick to It

(*Continued from page* 32)

play in Los Angeles, Buster is still "a kid."

Buster's Autograph Album

GETTING Keaton to talk about himself or his early career is as difficult as getting him to smile. It cant be done. He shuns the limelight, a trait which becomes more pronounced each year. Perhaps the most prized memento of his early days is a travel-worn diary and autograph album. It contains signatures, verses and tributes of Elsie Janis, McIntyre and Heath, Louise Dresser, John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Will Cressy, Fred Niblo, J. K. Emmett, Jack Norworth, Flo Irwin, Tom Sharkey, Lew Dockstader, Tony Pastor, Charles K. Harris, Robert Hilliard, George Monroe, Cheridah Simpson, Banks Winter and hundreds of others, many of them long since dead and others who have risen to still greater fame on the stage and screen and various walks of life.

The late Lew Dockstader made one of the first entries in Buster's book, naming the place of the future screen star's début in the following rhyme:

"Buster, you're a dandy; Buster, you're a brick;
Buster, you can make all juveniles look sick;
Some day you'll be a great one, the captain of the crew,
But dont forget old Wilmington, the place of your début."

Fred Niblo first met young Keaton on Christmas Day, 1904. By this time nine-year-old Buster, as a member of the Three Keatons, was famous thruout the vaudeville circuits. The director of "Ben-Hur" then was with the variety team of Newell and Niblo.

Niblo recorded in the youthful fun-maker's album:

"Some day, Buster, you will be one of our greatest comedians. I predict a great future for you."

During 1904 Elsie Janis made this entry:

"There's a dear little man we know quite well,
Who around our hearts has cast a spell:
If he made a mistake you never could tell,
For he's a mimic, comedian and acrobat as well."

Another generation will recall "Bill Bailey" as one of the song hits of 1903. The vaudeville team of Girard and Gardner wrote the following in Buster's book on February 27 of that year, while the Three Keatons were playing in Detroit:

"The audience was cold
And we worked twice daily,
Did all we knew, including 'Bill Bailey';
But it was easy for Buster,
And the house laughed gaily
At the smart little man
With the strut of Dan Daly."

Old John L. Predicts

OLD John L. Sullivan wrote in gigantic letters in Buster's album:

"Little Buster, you may be a big Buster some day. May 21, 1903."

Jim Corbett predicted, in the parlance of the ring:

"Buster, you're a knock-out."

Tom Sharkey waxed philosophical and made this entry:

"To my little friend, Buster, from his old friend, Tom Sharkey. And after all, life is but one sweet dream. Let us be blithe and gay, for tomorrow is another day. Yours truly, Thomas J. Good boy!"

Bert Howard didn't know anything about motion pictures when he wrote, back in 1903, at Indianapolis:

"Buster, you will be America's foremost comedian. Read this book forty years from now and see if I am not right."

McIntyre and Heath were responsible for the following:

"Buster, you are the biggest of them all, tho not in size. But for wit you get the prize."

And Digby Bell wrote:

"Be good, Buster, and you'll be eccentric."

At that, Buster ought to be good, in more than one sense. He was born in a church, on November 4, 1895.

The town in which he made his worldly début isn't even on the map today. A cyclone put it in the missing column, and they've never taken the trouble to rebuild it.

Born in a Cyclone

THE Pickway, Kansas, "that was," was forty miles north of the Oklahoma line, west of Coffeyville, and not far from Cherryvale. Father and Mother Keaton, Joe and Myra, and Harry Houdini, now the famous magician and escape artist, were touring the country with a tent show. On the Saturday night before Buster was born, a wind-storm blew down the tent. While Keaton, Houdini and a few townspeople were trying to get the show house up again, a cyclone hit the community. That was the last anyone ever saw of the tent.

The only clergyman in the village, a Catholic priest, heard of the visitors' plight and of the expected visit of the stork. He volunteered to go for a doctor, and suggested that Joe Keaton bring his wife to the little home next door to the tiny church.

Keaton and Houdini started for the priest's house with Mrs. Keaton at one o'clock Sunday morning. In the darkness they mistook the church for the house, and Mrs. Keaton was taken into the sacristy. There the priest and the doctor found the troupers, and there Buster Keaton was brought into the world.

Buster—altho his name was then Joseph Francis—became a trouper that day and remained one until he went into pictures twenty-one years later. One day when he was about six months old, the lusty youngster demonstrated his tumbling proclivities by falling all the way down-stairs. The mishap failed to injure him, and Houdini exclaimed: "What a Buster!" And that's why the bill-boards today do not read "Joseph Francis Keaton."

How Buster ever arrived at man's estate without crippling himself for life, or worse, has always been a mystery to his family. The boy was continually getting into trouble. He had an advantage over most youngsters in this respect, for the family was forever on the move, and each town presented new adventures—new places to get lost, new ways to get hurt, and new boys to fight.

The Three Keatons

A FEW years later, after the elder Keaton and Houdini had dissolved their tent-show partnership, Buster and his father and mother toured the country as the Three Keatons.

One of the inducements which prompted Buster to try his luck in motion pictures late in 1916, at a salary of forty dollars a week, instead of accepting an offer to headline Shubert's Winter Garden show in New York at several hundred dollars a week, was the prospect of settling in one place for more than two weeks.

Fate again intervened, and Buster wasn't yet ready to settle down. A few months

(*Continued on page* 89)

The Off-stage Laugh

(*Continued from page* 55)

"How was that, Mama?" he asked. He appeared really concerned about it, too.

"Pretty good, Raymond, but timed a bit slowly, I'd say. Speed it up a little next time."

Ray turned to me.

"Did you get a laugh, neighbor?"

"Sure," I admitted. "I thought it was darned funny."

This was all between-scenes conversation, entirely out of earshot to the rest of the troupe. Eddie Sutherland, who was directing the picture, was discussing a matter of lighting with his cameraman. He called for a retake.

"Another one for Mr. Zukor," he said. "That was fine, folks, but let's speed the tempo up a little this time." And so and so and so——

Frances nudged me.

"Papa will give me a bouquet for that one," she laughed.

"How long has this thing been going on?" I asked her.

"Oh, years and years," she said.

And she told me the story. How in the old trouping days her off-stage laugh developed into constructive criticism that has carried on with the years, which have brought fame to her husband.

"At first there was no motivation behind my off-stage applause beyond the natural admiration of a girl for her sweetheart," she said. "His antics were always funny to me and I'd laugh whether anyone else laughed or not.

"Gradually as we traveled over the country, hungry half the time and wearing diamonds and eating filet mignon the other half, the realization came to me that Raymond was depending on my moral support from off stage. If I was depressed, as I often was in those hectic days, and failed to respond to his act, his humor seemed leaden and his audience would freeze right up on him.

"Then I got it. He was playing to me, off stage, instead of to the crowd out in front. In other words, he was trying to make me laugh and was cheating the people who were paying to see the show. I resolved to hold out my support until he actually made me laugh, as he had when we had first started trouping together. This attitude toward his work I still hold. Now when I laugh, he doesn't feel flattered at all. But my laughter gives him confidence in himself, for he knows that I'm not laughing just to cheer him, but because I am convulsed with the humor of the thing."

Ray once wanted to quit the stage and go to work on a farm.

"You're a good actor, Ray, but you'd be a terrible farmer," Frances told him. "From now on you do the family acting and I'll do the off-stage shouting. And if you dont learn your lines I'll quit you cold. Then you'll starve. What do you think of that?"

"I knew she was right, so I learned my lines and she stuck with me," said Ray. "I could never have made the grade without her."

She has never taken any active part in the direction of his screen work. Her part is all sub-rosa—off stage. But as a favor to him, Ray asks that she be permitted to see the daily "rushes" of the scenes in which he plays. At home they talk it over. And Ray respects her judgment to the last chuckle.

"Frances is a big-hearted gal," Ray has often told me. "But her sense of humor has had quite a strain. And believe me, neighbor, when she laughs at me I'm a riot."



The Telephone at the Centennial

One hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the infant telephone was first exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition.

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The
July CLASSIC

Watch for the RICHARD DIX Cover!

The July CLASSIC will feature a remarkable, human interest story of Richard Dix, the most absorbing document since **The Motion Picture Magazine** published the life story of Jack Gilbert last Summer.

Henry Albert Phillips will continue his series of interesting interviews with the leading British and Continental authors on the subject of motion pictures. In the July CLASSIC you will find the opinions of **Vicente Blasco Ibañez, William J. Locke** and **W. B. Maxwell.**

Another striking feature of the July CLASSIC will be a startling article on production errors, mistakes of costuming, sets, etc. It is written by an expert and you will find it of keen interest.

And a dozen or so other big features!

Tents in Canaan

(*Continued from page* 63)

lute and wreath design on rug and chair. Pale pastels on the sage-green walls.

Leases His Own Place

It is a queer line of speculation—to think how, like a partridge, this pure Nordic who originated, I believe, somewhere in Iowa, has found his exact coloration in environment. Perhaps his wife has helped—I dont know.

But Charley loves his English cottage home. Smilingly, but with a certain tightness at the lips, he speaks about his straitened finances, and the joke which was played on him.

Charley had attained great popularity as a star. He had built and furnished this cherished home of his. Then he tried to make his own pictures—artistic pictures—independent pictures. The trust squeezed him—crushed him—flattened him out a helpless midge on the ground. Creditors took his home—like a flash. But they were not quite so cruel as creditors are in moving pictures. They allowed Charley to lease the place—his place—from them, while he began, slowly, painfully, to mend his shattered fortune.

He is working now in a picture called "Paris" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But it will be a long time before Charley can buy his cottage back.

Charley is exactly like the china shepherd lad that stands by the door. To have ousted him from his home would have been as cruel a procedure as to dash down the pretty boy from his pedestal.

The shepherd lad has a cocked hat, blue hair, white ruffled collar, a long-tailed coat of mulberry, and tight green knickerbockers with large gold roses all over them. His dainty feet in black pumps are crossed at the ankles and at his feet crouches a long-eared dog.

Morning. The birds singing shrilly in the garden. The hedges smelling like an English lane. The fountains with their chubby cupids that match the chubby cupids on the andirons in the fireplace. Costly, dainty, spicky beauty. Arrogantly cheerful. Maddening really, unless you are a Nordic yourself.

A Borgia Bungalow

The Countess Domski, being of Polish extraction, selected the American Colonial for her Beverly home. Pola Negri's house is white, high-pillared, and marked by two austere sentinel palms.

The interior frankly discards the Colonial. It is Italian Renaissance. Paintings and hangings in tints of dull wine and dark smoke, dark brocades, tables and chairs carved in the severe rectangular style bequeathed by the papal aristocracy; coffin-like chests that rest on claw feet and ornaments of beaten bronze and brass.

Before the stone fireplace, giving tea to Chaliapin, the mistress might be a Borgia in her dark, sensual beauty. Pola is as decisive a type as the Italian interior of her Colonial house.

Above her fireplace Pola has her own portrait by an expensive portrait painter. But May McAvoy, one of the few who still cling to a home in Hollywood, has hung above hers some Rembrandts purchased in Paris while she was making "Ben Hur." So why should the spirit of Pola be proud?

Moreover, I remember seeing, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge) a most interesting example of a batik, which seemed unusually

right in this conglomerate house. An Aztec warrior caught in a blind canyon, poised to cast his spear at an animal resembling a tiger, which was leaping down upon him from the wall; from behind a rock the tiger's mate slinking out to attack his unprotected rear.

A piece of great spirit. It hangs on the stairway—half-way up, where there is a broad landing. Framed by a heavily corded material woven with strands of pure gold. It cost Joe Schenck $10,000 and shows what can be done without recourse to period stuff.

The Schenck Residence

The Schenck residence is indeed the only house I know in Beverly which does no cling desperately to its period. At best it shows a slight Italian influence on the exterior. Within, it is what a business man and his wife would make it.

The grounds are comfortably modern. A winding cement walk leads to a large canary house. Back of it the dog kennels, and beyond a latticed place full of all kinds of terns. They hang from the roof and the sides. Creepers are entwined with the lattice walls, weaving a solid pattern in greenery.

To the right the inevitable swimming-pool. Bright awnings—canvas chairs. And tennis-court enclosed in poultry netting, with electric lights so you can play at night.

A practical, comfortable home that in no wise dissembles the tastes of its owners. The radio is not camouflaged as a plumed knight, nor the telephone as a Dresden doll. Joe Schenck's desk is brazenly a desk.

Isn't it possible that after sufficient years have passed some *nouveau riche* of the day may copy this home as a fine example of twentieth-century American?

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 51)

The scoundrel collapses eventually and the dancer relents. She dons a couple of golden saucers and several beads and does a very modified Oriental dance before the dying man's eyes.

Of course, all this is just garish drivel in the best style of the overpraised Arlen, who, according to the caustic George Jean Nathan, writes like an overeducated coon. Here you will find a bit of Paris revelry in which the statues come to life. The whole thing is cheap and tawdry.

Dorothy Mackaill is rather better than usual as the girl *Consuelo*. Personally, I am beginning to revolt at Conway Tearle, who plays a wooden gentleman who loves *Consuelo* from afar. That forehead with its quizzical uptilt of the eyebrows is palling on me. Tearle hasn't acted in two or three years.

"Devil's Circus" Overpraised

Some of the metropolitan critics were impressed with Benjamin Christianson's first American film, "The Devil's Circus." To me it was just early Griffith plus a dash of Seastrom pseudo-symbolism.

Christianson is responsible for both the story and the direction. The thing is awkwardly, even crudely, told. The locale is North Europe, probably Germany. A little girl, *Mary*, comes to the city and is persuaded to go to a disreputable hotel. The persuader is a gangster whose intentions aren't all the censors of Pennsylvania or Kansas might desire. The girl's innocence, however, makes a man of the weakling.

(*Continued on page* 91)

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Reviewing Pictures on Broadway

(*Continued from page 79*)

everybody who could get near him as he walked down the aisle. It was one of those occasions that cling to one's memory. Fortunately, the writers did not have to go back that night to give their impressions of the picture.

A New York theater was so crowded on the afternoon Valentino's "The Eagle" was first presented that the newspaper writers had to be escorted to their seats via the stage door. Another unforgetable opening was that of "The Thief of Bagdad," because everybody had to battle their way to the theater lobby, and even Douglas Fairbanks had a hard time in carrying Mary Pickford thru the curious and pressing throng. Morris Gest had gone one better than the usual presentation, for in addition to the great arc lights and periodical flashlights, there was the Arabian, dirge-like music in the lobby and wafted to the sidewalk there came the perfume of incense.

The Rush of Reviewing

It is no wonder that the critics are enthusiastic about an afternoon pre-showing of a picture, for after the evening performance, which finishes, as a rule, well after eleven-thirty, the reviewers have to hurry back to their offices and turn out a carefully written impression of the film.

There is romance and glamor about a great newspaper office just before midnight. Boys are hastening here and there to the call of "copy," and carrying the sheets of paper to the telegraph and city desks. The reporters, with telephones at their elbows, are beating on their typewriters, and the copyreaders, seated around two great semi-circular desks, are absorbed in their work. Cables from all parts of the world and telegrams from many different points of the country are coming in, and shortly before the dead-line every effort is made to send the late stories up to the composing room to catch the first edition. As a rule, the critics of music, the drama and motion pictures do not have to worry themselves about the first edition, but they must have their articles in the second edition, which is from three-quarters of an hour to an hour later than the first. Hence, you will see the critics from the three departments coming into the office, usually in dinner jackets, peeling off their coats and sitting down at typewriters in their respective offices. The programs are before them, and they sit for a while in thought conjuring up the first few sentences and then go ahead with the effort. Sometimes a review may be only eight hundred words, and on other occasions it may be nearly twice that length. It is something you can read very quickly, but an effort which requires painstaking thought to transcribe.

The critic invariably waits in the office to read the proofs of his work, and then he goes home with his mind filled with thoughts of what he has seen. His dreams at times are possibly infinitely more involved and more flighty than any film that has been made, as while he sleeps he may have the heroine of one picture mixed up with the hero of another and the villain of another production turned into a nice young man. And the comedy character may, in this sleeping thought, turn out to be a minister of the Gospel who never slips when he treads on a banana peel.

And then next morning this critic who has written the stuff, and read it on his typewritten sheets and also in proof, glances at the news of the world on the first page and then turns to look at his yarn as it is in the paper. Another review has been written and other pictures to see.

Letters to King Dodo

(*Continued from page 61*)

Eighty feet under the paving-stones of Rome, haunted by the togaed ghosts of citizens once buried there, the Bragaglia, he said, is peopled by tall houris—slender, black-eyed, dark-faced, always dressed in white, wearing no stockings, in the most extreme décolletée and the most exotic of make-ups. Item: empurpled eyes.

A rickety, medieval, wrought-iron balcony is woven around the interior. Dark-browed gentlemen carry knives that spring out of the handle. Futuristic paintings deck the time-stained walls.

Lanson Père et Fils, gentleman's vintage of 1911—eighteen cents a bottle! And a journalist gets fifty per cent. off!

Nevertheless, Carey came back to Hollywood.

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Clara Bow, velvet-eyed Paramount Star

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"Old Ironsides" Sails the Seven Seas Again

(*Continued from page 21*)

And to think the authors had never heard of applied psychology in those days! Applied masculine psychology!

Because, you see, in that hectic day those bold, bad Tripoli pirates had become so terrible and powerful that they were challenging the navies of the world and compelling tribute from them. Oh, but it was a matter of international ridicule when the new struggling independent colony across the Atlantic thought to build a navy and defy them.

Came "Old Ironsides"

BUT that new ship was built of extraordinarily hard wood—wood that later proved impervious to gunshot and earned her the title of "Old Ironsides"—wood so wonderful that the old boat exists today, still capable of restoration to life and romance.

And she had been built on the "expense be damned" theory which the United States Navy has followed ever since, inspiring that famous cry, "Nothing for tribute but millions for defense."

However, for the purposes of the picture she was not yet restored to seaworthy endurance, so the Lasky studio has built a faithful replica of "Old Ironsides." They had the navy's old original plans to work from, lent by the government, and her mainmast stands 217 feet high from the water-line, higher than a twenty-story building!

And she reeks of rope—oh, but there is something so intensely masculine about rope. Even today note the scorn of the reef-knot sailor for the landlubber's "granny." And such mighty ropes were needed for this old sailing frigate that none are made of such dimensions today. Special ropes, nigh thirty inches in circumference, have been specially woven for the purpose, 100,000 pounds of it.

But there was still another difficulty. The race of men who sailed these mighty sailing ships, who "know the ropes," have become extremely rare. So they have been culled one by one from Canada, San Francisco, Baltimore, to man the mimic "Old Ironsides." Of course, there must be two crews—the professional sailors and the actors. But lots of the real sailors will take part as well. Fortunately, several of the actors, like Wally Beery, who owns his own yacht, and George Bancroft, who served six years in the United States Navy, are good seamen, too.

The Baltimore sailors are bringing round the dozen or more old sailing boats that have been searched for and discovered in Eastern ports—ships heavy with mighty sails, huge masts, calling for prodigious skill of seamanship that engine-driven vessels dont demand, all of which will take part in this oh, so masculine, glorious seafight in the Mediterranean (off Catalina Island in the Pacific).

Catalina as Salem

JAMES CRUZE himself visited Tripoli to note the landscape, the type of architecture, that its replica on Catalina Island, California, might be faithfully exact. Every tiny detail is compared with geography and history. The old wharf at Salem erected on the Isthmus Bay on Catalina Island is a faithful reproduction of an old print. And here it is interesting to note that Charles Farrell, who plays *The Boy* in the story, actually lives at Cape Cod, and has haunted old Salem many



They do notice your cuff buttons



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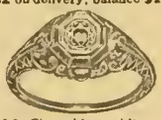
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I have just spent a week-end with the "Old Ironsides" company on that Isthmus end of Catalina Island, which has been transformed for the occasion. Here James Cruze, director, is king. There is an old home, built years ago by an old California family, perched high on a hill. Here King James and the stars of the company are accommodated, with a first-class cook to take care of their precious innards. Swift machines race up and down the perilous winding road at meal-time and bed-time.

Below in an amazing camp created for the purpose, are accommodated all the lesser persons of the cast, the cameramen, electricians, carpenters, plumbers, ships' crews, etc. Their meals are served in a large mess hall—and incidentally their cooking is no less worthy. I ate with both the stars aloft and the crew beneath, and I know.

On Location

KING JAMES wears a bright scarlet coat of the English hunting order during the relaxation period. But for the out-at-sea shots he has provided himself with a pair of violently new seaman's overalls. He is more impressive, either way, than the *Admirable Crichton* of Barrie's play of that name—when reigning over his island.

Wally Beery keeps in his rascally old bo'sn character most of the time, grinning wickedly thru a week's growth of beard, and from beneath a shaggy, ill-kept wig with one of those funny pigtails. His wide and willowy old pants and the disreputable-looking short coat of the day, and the screamingly funny blob of a sailor cap are his regular attire while on this "location" stunt. He spends all his spare time fishing for tuna, which hadn't bitten to date.

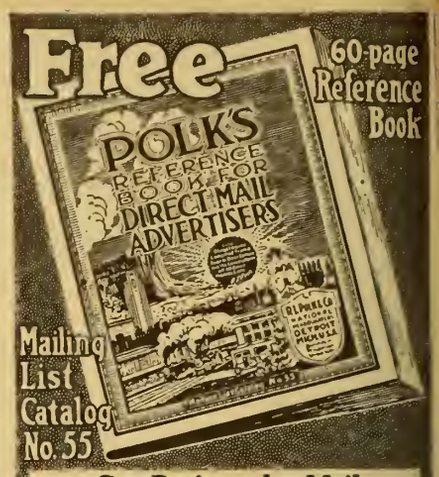
George Bancroft, too, has an amazing growth of his own hair, a weird orang-outang beard, and what we should now consider a child's round straw sailor hat on his head.

Esther Ralston, whose new husband, Mr. Webb, accompanies the party, is droopingly adorable in a long empire gown to her ankles, a queer little poke bonnet, a funny little puffed sleeve coat and a huge muff—but she dons a cute modern sport costume for the evening dinner and the dancing to the company's orchestra afterwards, up in that stylish house aloft on the hill.

For the rest, the island seems peopled with a vast company of amazing ruffians, with a few civilized modern workmen thrown in—for they wear their wild and ancient costumes most of the time, and the men have all grown fierce hair for the picture. One can imagine the emotions of an uninformed visitor to the island upon striking this astonishing-looking band.

But in spite of the hair and the funny pigtail wigs, in spite of the fact that all the picturesque old boats are respectfully and nautically called "she," the whole place reeks of dominating, virile masculinity, looks, listens and smells masculinity. It feels like Eugene O'Neill's earlier days, reeking of hard-boiled, realistic he-man stuff, of John Masefield's raw-meat sea poetry, of Captain Marryat's salty old yarns, of Conrad and McFee.

And this young Ferrell that plays *The*



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Boy—he is at once so manly, so young, yet so almost feminine withal. There is just a something reminiscent of Charlie Ray about him, especially in the first scenes there on the New England farm, reading that Gentlemen Adventurers' appeal

A Costly Venture

Which reminds us of Charlie Ray's "Courtship of Miles Standish" and the tremendous hopes (and wealth) he expended on that faithful reproduction of the *Mayflower*, which proved such a mournful failure! It ought to have been a success, but somehow just missed it. I dont believe "Old Ironsides" is going to miss a thing. It is going to cost like the very dickens, but I think they know what they are doing.

A wonderful contrivance has been concocted for the placing of the cameras out beyond the stern of the boats, for getting the scenes out at sea of every bit of wildly exciting action. It is a built-out scaffolding equipped with swinging weights that keep the camera erect no matter how much the boats rock—and gosh, how those old sailing vessels can rock!

There are almost no subtitles in the film and, because the actors bear their own names in the story, there will be few screen credits necessary. But I suspect the world is going to be allowed to know that Harry Carr conceived it, James Cruze directed it, and the Lasky Studio produced it—and that it is all about that selfsame dear "Old Ironsides" which Secretary Wilbur of the United States Navy is going to have restored if the school children's pennies come in bountifully enough.

Ah, yes, and a whispered confidence. If those pennies do lack being sufficient for the great purpose, you can wager your bottom dollar that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will make up the deficit. But that, of course, is *sub rosa*. It did not prevent my letting my boys take their pennies to school.

The Truth About Film Salaries

(*Continued from page 70*)

it can be estimated at least at $100,000 a picture. Henry King is receiving this figure for each of his productions. George Fitzmaurice gets $75,000 a picture. Ernst Lubitsch receives $60,000, altho the Warner Brothers have asked $100,000 to loan him. Eric von Stroheim was getting $15,000 a picture when he made "The Merry Widow." Now he has climbed to $50,000 a production. What a difference one hit makes!

King Vidor is receiving considerably in excess of $2,500 per week since the hit of "The Big Parade." Clarence Brown is climbing past the $2,500 figure. James Cruze gets $8,000 a week and has received this ever since the success of "The Covered Wagon." Sidney Olcott was getting $3,700 from Famous Players. He is now receiving $2,500 from Inspiration Pictures. Robert Vignola gets $2,500. So, too, does Monta Bell and Malcolm St. Claire. Harry Pollard receives $2,000. William Seiter gets $1,500. Alan Dwan runs to $60,000 a picture, plus a bonus for speed. Dimitri Buchowetzki gets $30,000.

A year ago, when he left Famous Players-Lasky, Cecil De Mille was one of the big ten money-makers. As director-general of his own producing organization, it is doubtful if he made an equal amount. It costs a great sum of money to launch a new organization. This coming year we wouldn't be surprised to see De Mille return to the big money.



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Her Royal Highness

(*Continued from page* 31)

observed, as she led the way over flagstones set in the velvet grass.

They succeeded. It is like Keats' garden:

"Where the daisies are rose-scented
And the rose itself hath got
Perfume which on earth is not——"

Began as a Vamp

We were back on the daffodil yellow of the twin sofas that face each other across the hearth, talking about the beginning of pictures for her. She entered the magic country by way of a beauty contest; her first important picture was Elinor Glyn's "Six Days," her first big success, "Black Oxen."

"I began as a vamp," she remembered, with a glint of amusement in her blue-green eyes. "I used to die tragic deaths in order that the virtuous might triumph. One of those deaths came near being actual.

"We were in Truckee, in a deep snow. My death was to occur on a toboggan on which the villain carried me to a watery grave under the ice. First, they wanted to get close-ups showing my terror when I realized his purpose; so director, actors and cameras were all crowded on the sled, which was attached by a rope to a team that was to pull us to the top of the slide.

"The rope broke when we had almost reached the top and we went careering down backwards. How we stopped I dont know, but we *did* stop, and presently the villain and I were on the toboggan together headed for the river far below. The plan was to stop before we reached the river and let doubles do the crashing thru the ice, but plans are apparently nothing in a toboggan's life. It was the villain and I who went crashing thru the ice, and we were half-drowned when they fished us out again!

"But I was much more frightened one day in Honolulu when I was out surf-bathing and the native boys began to shout, 'A shark! A shark!'

"I can stay up in deep water, but I dont swim well enough to get anywhere. In all the hullabaloo over the shark, I swam steadily and got about ten feet in half an hour. Then the boys realized I was terrified and took me to shore on a surf-boat.

"'He wont touch us—he wants white meat!' they kept saying, but that didn't help me a bit. *I* was white meat!"

Tolerant Husbands

It was just after the making of "Black Oxen" that Miss Griffith changed her name in private life to Mrs. Walter Morosco, but there has never been any question of giving up her career.

"With some husbands, pursuing an absorbing occupation might be disastrous," she admitted, "but a woman with an ambition should be careful to select a man who has a tolerant attitude toward her career. It sometimes seems to me, too, that it is well not to let a man feel that a woman is absolutely dependent upon him."

A truly royal way to look at it!

Royal, too, is Miss Griffith in her choice of favored colors. She loves purples in all their shades, because "they make me feel so regal.

"Colors affect most of us, I think. I remember in one picture I made the director had all the sets in gray. At first I thought it rather restful, but before the picture was finished we were all dragging our feet and feeling depressed and dispirited.

"*Tatiana* is to 'blossom in purple and red.' In spite of hating to leave my house, I'm going to love doing her. I've always had a little secret hope that after all they'd find out she wasn't murdered. I wouldn't be surprised even now. . . ."

That Personal Appearance

The girl who is going to create *Tatiana* made her first personal appearance in Elizabeth, New Jersey, when she was very new to the screen. She had bought a new dress for the affair, her very first smart gown, and she had spent nervous hours before the glass assuring herself that she knew exactly how to wear it.

The great moment came. The manager of the theater went before the curtain and told the audience about the young actress who had come there to meet them, etc., at rather greater length than seemed necessary to the girl who waited in the wings. Then he came off, handed her on, went to the switchboard with the intention of increasing the footlight power, and turned them off instead. The lights in the audience went on and from the shadowed stage Corinne Griffith made her little speech to what seemed like ten thousand faces—the very smart gown and the beautiful girl inside it nothing but a blur and a voice in the dark.

But I think that with only the clue of her voice it should not be hard to imagine Hollywood's real princess.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 71)

October 26, 1914. His right name is Edward Gibson and not Hoot. Baby Peggy was born October 26, 1918. Yes, it would be fine to have her play opposite Jackie Coogan.

A. M. K.—Well, I guess someone evidently was playing a joke on you. The picture is very good-looking, and I wish you luck on the screen.

Dorothy M.—No, I wont desert you—I'm always on the ship. Adelina Patti was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1843, but was of Italian extraction. Her début took place in London in 1861 and she lived at Craig Nos Castle, Wales. She never appeared in pictures. Alice Joyce is playing in "Beau Geste." She is one of the old-timers and is holding on very well indeed.

Leon B.—I have the list of stars you wish gallery pictures of and shall send them along to our editor.

Youngs-Honolulu.—Your letter was great. You say Miss Windsor is quite neat and shockingly smart. Only the unwise claim to be wise. The wise are content otherwise. (*Continued on page* 89)

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They Told Buster to Stick to It

(*Continued from page* 80)

after Keaton had begun to make a name for himself in Hollywood, America entered the World War. Joining the infantry, he went to France and served as a private until the Armistice, after which he was detailed to help entertain the troops, remaining abroad for five months following the end of hostilities.

Finally returning from France, Buster spent some time in a New York hospital. His hearing had been affected, and when Joseph M. Schenck, producer of the pictures in which Buster had appeared, visited the hospital to tell the young comedian that a job awaited him in Hollywood, the conversation had to be carried on in writing.

Physicians soon restored Buster to normal; he went back to the Pacific Coast, played in a couple of two-reel comedies, and then was starred in feature-length pictures.

The rest is recent history. Even his severest critic will admit he "stuck to it and became a great comedian."

Flash Backs

(*Continued from page* 45)

idiot when his daughter went away to the wicked city, and it might have had poignancy if Seastrom hadn't cluttered it up with bunk symbolism and turgid direction. These two faults paralyzed the acting. The result was cardboard pathos.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 88)

DIXIE.—Last I heard of Ivor Novello he was playing in England. Richard Dix is at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island. No, he is not married. Dolores Costello is very popular. I remember her, too, when she was a little girl.

ELSIE C., LONDON.—So you are a stenographer and want to come to New York. I'm afraid I cant help you. Jackie Coogan is coming back in the rôle of a jockey in an exciting and thrilling race-horse drama. He is to have his own "grown-up" leading lady and has had his hair cut like a real boy's.

MARY C. K.—You ask, why are ships called she? Well, because they always keep a man on the lookout. William Boyd is at the Cecil de Mille Studios, Culver City, California. Lloyd Hughes was born October 21, 1899. He is six feet, 155 pounds and has brown hair and gray eyes.

KATIE C.—So you are a baseball fan. So am I. Did you see what the Dodgers did to the Giants in the opening game? William Collier, Jr., is with Famous Players-Lasky, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Pola Negri's picture, "Naughty Cinderella," will be released as "Good But Naughty."

JOHN B., NEW HAVEN.—Sorry, but I haven't any information about Mickey McBan. You might consult *Movie, Jr.*, in *Motion Picture Magazine*.

BLUE JAY.—Ruth Roland is not playing in pictures right now. Thackeray is the well-known English novelist who signed himself Michael Angelo Titmarsh. I should say Nita Naldi is very tall—she is over five foot eight.

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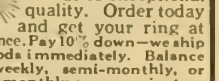
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She Wants to Succeed

(Continued from page 37)

"At last I was sent for. Mr. Brewster was sitting at his desk. He didn't look up. He said: 'Well, I guess you win!' I nearly fainted.

"Business was bad that year and most of the companies weren't working. My prize was to be a contract for one picture and we had a hard time finding the picture. At last, Christy Cabanne said he'd use me as a little sister in a picture he was making. They wrote the part in and I went over.

"I didn't know how to make up. I'd always been made up for the tests. The girls I dressed with wouldn't show me. 'Find out for yourself, the way we did,' they said. I was dark and they were fair and I imitated what I saw them do and was all wrong. The director swore at me. I sat around the set for a week, doing nothing. Then I had three days' work and my part was over.

"When the picture was shown, I took two girls I'd gone to school with to see it. I'd been cut out! It nearly broke my heart. 'I thought you were in it,' they kept saying. . . .

"Nothing to do then but go back to school. I couldn't stand it. I made myself sick worrying about it and I suppose I lost weight—and besides, I grew a little.

Then "Down to the Sea"

"FINALLY Elmer Clifton, about to start on 'Down to the Sea in Ships,' happened to see one of my test stills. He wanted a tomboy type of girl to do a part in the picture. They called me up and told me to come over.

"Well, I didn't know what they wanted. I'd tried so long and I had heard people say I was too young and too short all the time. So I wore a dress I'd borrowed from somebody a lot older, fixed my hair sort of sophisticated and put on a lot of make-up.

"When the man saw me he said: 'You're older than I expected—you're too old for the part.' I could have cried. I said: 'I'm not sixteen,' but he didn't believe it.

"At last he said he'd send me up to New England for two weeks at fifty dollars. If I made good, I could stay. I was there thirteen weeks.

"There's where luck came in. It turned out to be a good picture; it ran twenty-two weeks at the Cameo Theater and I got wonderful notices. If it had been a flop, I might have been in Brooklyn today."

Next, "Black Oxen"

THE flapper in "Black Oxen" gave Clara her first big chance. She was a sensation. Her triumph in that picture made B. P. Schulberg renew the five-year contract he had been on the point of canceling. But the sparkling little ingénue represented an investment. An investment must be profitable. Clara had to make a picture in twelve days—very nearly thirty pictures a year.

"I dont blame them for getting their money's worth, but it made it hard to think out the parts—I hadn't time—and I was going back—until 'Kiss Me Again' came along. Lubitsch was a godsend. I learned so much.

"Then our coming to Lasky meant a lot to me. Good directors are what I need. I want to learn and you cant learn from a poor director. I've just finished my first emotional part in 'The Runaway.' It was better than a college course.

"I always read what the critics say. If they dont like me, I always figure that it might be true and I see that it doesn't happen again. I sit in the theaters where my pictures are showing and listen to what people say. If four women say 'I dont like her hair that way' or 'She's too tough,' and two say it's all right, I take what the four say and remember it for my next scene.

"I study my pictures and other girls' pictures to see how to get sympathy. If people dont like you, you wont get on. In the stage-play, 'Dancing Mothers,' I saw that the girl got no sympathy because she played her drinking and smoking scenes with a sort of 'This is my business—I have a right to do as I like and I'll do it' air. I played her as a girl out for a new adventure—sort of kiddish folly—'I'm just having fun' idea. When I said mean things I tried to put over the idea with a look after I'd said the thing: 'Oh, why did I say that? I didn't really mean it.'"

The "Little Roughneck"

THE "little roughneck" has her first two weeks' vacation in years. Imagine how she spends it?

She has a French teacher and a Spanish instructor—from each of whom she learns the desired language in conversation as she hikes over the hills of her home canyon. She rides, too.

Exercise keeps her slim—for her ambition. She never wears a hat—her hair must be kept in good condition—for her ambition. She reads almost feverishly. She must catch up with lost education—for her ambition!

She hasn't time to bother with love now.

"I dont see how that silly rumor about Donald Keith and me ever started," she cried, bouncing up on the cushions, her curls flying like banners about the rose of her face. "We played together in New York and I suppose somebody thought it would be good publicity. We didn't know a thing about it until Donald was called on long distance by the girl he's engaged to marry. She thought he had been deceiving her. The boy I'd been going with here had a hemorrhage when he heard it.

"I used to think I'd marry outside the profession when the time came, but I've changed my mind. They dont understand. They're jealous of the men you play with and they dont believe it when you are late because you have to work at night. And when it comes to a love scene——

"When I'm working with a man in a love scene, I never think of him as a person. He's just a prop I'm using. I am conscious of the camera, the angle of my face, the lighting and my chance of getting sympathy—his kiss might as well be a sponge in a bathtub sequence.

"If it comes to it some day, I'll take an actor, a producer or a director. They know a screen lover is just so many inches of skin and pounds of bone.

"I'm never going to give up the screen. I have to have an outlet for all this energy. I can pour it into pictures—and I love pictures! You wait!"

The top of the heap seems to be waiting, too, expectantly. I think it wont have to wait very long.

They Say—

(*Continued from page 8*)

I could not, much as I deplored the fact, expect them to do anything different. But I told them what I thought of the mis-called "Super-Screen" theater. I dont know why it is called such—can anyone tell me? In Boston it is not "Super-Screen" in any sense but is merely a slightly different form, perhaps at the "State"—for instance, of the usual variety show. I wish to add that the nine houses I have mentioned are ones I know as having been in them. There are many more in other places in Greater Boston that I would never get to. Of course, I have not mentioned any of the legitimate stage theaters, of which there are a number. At present two of them are showing "The Big Parade" and "Stella Dallas" respectively, at higher than usual movie prices, a custom prevalent for the first showing of bigger productions. This policy is entirely outside my argument, as you will understand.

What can we do to preserve the high standard of motion pictures and help to make the work, money, time expended and talent of directors, producers and actors worth while?

It all lies in that nutshell and it is sincerely to be hoped that some one will find a way out.

I would like to broadcast my sentiments. Perhaps CLASSIC, which is a movie magazine I admire and rely upon, will publish some of my ideas. In my humble opinion, we cant start our propaganda too soon!

Very sincerely,
E. M. S.,
Brookline, Massachusetts.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 83*)

Mary gets work in a circus and becomes an aerialist. There is a villainous lion-tamer who seduces the girl. The man's wife shifts the mechanism of a trapeze and *Mary* falls from the top of the circus arena into the lion's cage. She is saved, but the fall cripples her.

The war comes. The boy, *Carl*, is in the German army. With the return of peace he searches for *Mary*, finally finding her. Then he starts out to wreak vengeance upon her betrayer. The lion-tamer, however, has been blinded in the war and is now a penniless peddler. So Carl gives up his ideas of vengeance. He returns to Mary on Christmas Eve and—lo—she can walk. A miracle has occurred.

This is obviously a story belonging to the past generation of pictures. If an unknown sent it to a producer, he would get it back instanter. But because the story comes to town decked out with what we call the Continental treatment and plus a dash of symbolism, the critics look upon it as something to be praised.

There are moments of effectiveness, particularly when *Carl* finds *Mary* after the searing years of the war. This is because of the admirable acting of Norma Shearer and Charles Emmett Mack. Both these players are excellent thruout "The Devil's Circus." But if there is any worse screen acting than that of Carmel Myers as the lion tamer's jealous wife, I want to be warned in time to avoid it.

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What Does it Cost to go Into the Movies?

IS the motion picture profession a paying one for the beginner? Is it possible for a young man or young woman to become self-supporting by doing "extra" work? How much financial capital should an ambitious beginner have in order to test his or her talents in the movie studios?

Mignon Rittenhouse, an experienced newspaper writer, has investigated the working conditions in the New York studios. She has made a study of the thousands of "extra" players in and around New York who are trying to make a living from the movies.

In the July issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Miss Rittenhouse will tell you all about the conditions that surround "extra" work in New York. It is a fair, impartial survey, written by a girl who knows her subject intimately.

Be sure to read Miss Rittenhouse's article in the July issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

How Do They Become Stars?

What is the trick of personality that lifts one actor above another in the race for fame? Why are some players popular for years while others enjoy only a brief period of fame? What are the new styles in favorites? Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, talks about this starring problem, as it is viewed by the business men of the companies, in the July issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

More About Jewels

You have enjoyed "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," by Holmer Little in this issue of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Mrs. Little will continue to write about this fascinating subject in our July issue. Watch for her article next month. It tells you about the jewels owned by Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Aileen Pringle and May McAvoy.

And Also

More of Eugene V. Brewster's "Impressions of Hollywood," will appear in our July issue. And there is a fascinating story on Screen Tests, written by Selma Robinson. Sara Redway and Laurence Reid have contributed humorous articles.

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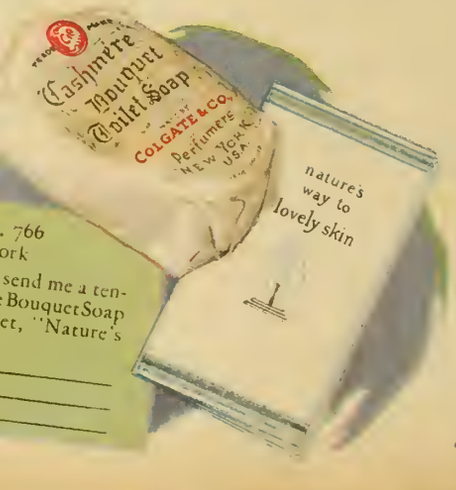
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Fifteen Sensational Features



Gloria Swanson's Own Defense of Herself



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I joined the Los Angeles Opera Company this Spring and we will have five Operas ready in September. It is really pathetic to see the *star pupils* from the *great voice masters* try for a place in the Company. Some very pretty, but weak, palate attacks, throat and lip attacks. I work hard all day and your silent exercises are a wonderful rest.—Bert Longtre.



Harry Lompierre Finds the "Right Way"

I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found "the right way," I cancelled an entire season's bookings to apply myself diligently to your idea.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair "F" (fifth line). Now I can sing high "B" flat, with a rich, resonant, manly tone. — Harry Lompierre.



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I cannot help but say "Thank God" for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.

I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

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Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as high "C"? I am very sure that I didn't.

I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way.

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With Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale. From the story "Heavenbent," by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

Bebe Daniels in
"The PALM BEACH GIRL"
With Lawrence Gray. Directed by Erle Kenton. From the story by Byron Morgan and the play "Please Help Emily."

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

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CLASSIC'S Late News PAGE

COSMOPOLITAN will film a motion picture based upon Beatrice Fairfax's "Advice to the Lovelorn."

Cecil B. De Mille liked H. B. Warner's acting in "Silence" so much that he signed him for three years.

Mary Philbin engaged to play the feminine lead in "The Man Who Laughs," based upon Victor Hugo's story, "L'Homme Qui Rit."

Gaston Glass arrived in New York to play opposite Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall in First National's "Subway Sadie."

Lillian Gish's mother has so improved in health that the star will return from England to begin work on "Annie Laurie," which will be made in Hollywood. John Robertson will direct. It is possible that Owen Moore will be Lillian's leading man.

May McAvoy has been signed to play the feminine lead in "The First Brigade," opposite Charles Ray. The film will be a Metro-Goldwyn special and will be built around the life of a fireman. H. B. Warner is also in the cast.

Norma Shearer's next starring picture is "Upstage," a story of the footlights. Monta Bell will handle the megaphone.

Marion Davies has decided to star in a screen version of "The Miracle." playing the rôle that Lady Diana Manners created on the stage. Due to her present production schedule, Miss Davies will not start work on "The Miracle" for quite a while.

Premier Mussolini received Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in a half-hour audience at the Chigi Palace in Rome—and expressed his admiration for the stars and the movies.

William Haines signed for the romantic lead in "Tell It to the Marines," the George Hill production which will star Lon Chaney in the rôle of a leatherneck sergeant.

"The Show-Off," from the George Kelly play of the same name, has been started at the Paramount Eastern studio under the direction of Mal St. Clair. Ford Sterling will be featured and Gregory Kelly who has played leading rôles in many stage successes has been added to the cast. There is a rumor that if his work registers O. K. in this film he will probably be given the rôle of Clyde Griffiths in Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," assuming that the novel will be produced.

Lloyd Bacon, son of the late Frank Bacon of "Lightnin'" fame, has been signed as a director by Warner Brothers. His first production will be "Broken Hearts of Hollywood," which will feature Louise Dresser, whose Goose Woman has made her one of the most-sought-after character women in recent years.

Eric Pommer, European director, is on his way to Hollywood to take charge of Pola Negri pictures. Pommer is the producer of "The Last Laugh," "Siegfried," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and several other pictures which have never been shown in America.

Louise Brooks selected to play title rôle in the Ziegfeld production, "Glorifying the American Girl." Edward Sutherland, who will direct, is busy assembling a cast which will include William Collier, Jr.

Eddie Cantor, the comedian, will put "Kid Boots" on the screen. Lawrence Gray will have the juvenile rôle in the film while the leading feminine rôles will be enacted by Clara Bow and Esther Ralston.

Having recovered from her illness, Gloria Swanson has returned to work on "Fine Manners."

Glenn Hunter to return to screen in "The Romance of a Million Dollars." Jacqueline Logan will play the heroine. Tom Terriss will direct.

Harrison Ford is now a featured player for Metropolitan productions. His first rôle will be that of "The Nervous Wreck," an adaptation of the successful play of last season.

"For Alimony Only" is the title of a new Leatrice Joy film which William de Mille will direct as his first effort on joining brother Cecil in the independent field. Clive Brook will appear opposite the star.

Evelyn Brent, who has been waiting for a suitable story, has been rewarded with "The Flame of the Argentine."

LAST MINUTE REVIEW

"Aloma of the South Seas"

ASIDE from the personality and talent of Gilda Gray so capitally expressed in her film début, this picture hardly comes up to the mark. As a play it didn't create any emphatic impression—and transferred to the screen it doesn't manage to be very sustaining because of the absence of dramatic movement and suspense.

As a result, its appeal rests entirely with the characterization and the settings. The director, Maurice Tourneur, took the company to Porto Rico, and having a good photographic eye he succeeded in capturing some beautiful exteriors. The breakers rolling in on the shores, the expanse of foliage and the atmosphere of Nature in her most generous mood—all of these lend a pictorial quality which compensates somewhat for the shortcomings of the plot.

The idea is simply a romance of a native South Sea maiden who grows to love a broken-hearted American—the latter exiling himself in order to find solace for his unhappiness. There is a native youth who has figured as *Aloma's* lover up to the arrival of the American. When other white trespassers interfere, the brown-skin boy suffers them to be captured by sharks—who prefer white meat in place of dark. And thus William Powell, who had caused the other American's tragic romance, is exterminated. The girl who had innocently responded to the villain visits the isle and becomes reconciled to the unhappy youth—while *Aloma* turns again to the brown man.

The story is feeble, is always obvious and is minus any dramatic punch. And aside from Miss Gray, Warner Baxter as the native youth, and Harry Morey as a rough Yankee, the cast has not been well selected. Percy Marmont, usually restrained in his acting, is allowed to overemphasize his rôle. The picture is wholly Gilda Gray's and she makes the heroine a whimsical, wistful character. Her South Sea dance electrifies the audience and her romantic moments are touched with sympathy and understanding. Inasmuch as her acting registers a success, she needs a story with a bigger "kick" in it than this conventional yarn.

L. R.


Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
Parade of Hits is on the way
HERE THEY COME
Ladies and Gentlemen!
A Parade of hits
From the foremost of
Motion picture producers—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Featuring
More Stars than there are
In Heaven
Among them
Lillian Gish, Marion Davies,
Ramon Novarro, Mae Murray,
John Gilbert, Norma Shearer,
Buster Keaton, Lon Chaney.
Starting next month
Playing everywhere.
La Boheme
Mare Nostrum
The Trail of '98
Old Heidleberg
Ordeal
The Five Brigade
The Cossacks
The Boy Friend
The Scarlet Letter
Tin Hats
Annie Laurie
The Red Letter
Altars of Desire
The Flaming Forest
Captain Salvation
Free Souls
M.G.M.
Romance
And many more

THEY SAY—

A Practical Woman's Practical Husband Enjoys the Romantic Actors

Editor, CLASSIC:

In Edwin Meyer's letter appearing in the May CLASSIC, he revealed the reaction of "every-day" men to specific men players of our films today and to women players *en masse*. I cannot help but believe that Mr. Meyers is too sweeping in his statements. I shall use my husband as one example. He is the most practical of men without pretense or affectations whatsoever. His friends include business men, lawyers, doctors—yes, and newspaper men! (He has no friends of the Latin type who are spoken of as "sheiks" by Mr. Meyers.) He is completely absorbed in the unromantic and very unidealistic business of buying and selling cement. Pages and pages of his kodak books are filled with pictures of cement roads and bridges. I am positive that he would immediately be included in the category of every-day men. He even resembles Conway Tearle to a remarkable degree in features, coloring and physique, while his mannerisms are much like those of Milton Sills'. These are actual facts and are not manufactured to make them fit in with Mr. Meyers' words as to "doubles."

Strange to relate, Tearle's presence in a picture interests my husband not at all, in fact, he is thoroly bored sitting thru the type of pictures that Tearle, Sills or Meighan is seen in. His greatest pleasure is in costume pictures of olden times and in foreign countries. He was delighted with "Monsieur Beaucaire" with Valentino, and "Scaramouche" with Novarro. In fact, he spoke of the natural grace and ease of these two so-called "sheiks." It really would seem more logical that the "every-day" type of man could forget his humdrum business cares by seeing on the screen types of men who did not remind him of his business associates.

The case of my husband is not as uppermost in my mind tho as is the simple fact that America is and has been a great Melting Pot. There is a large group of American men — yes, "every-day" men — whose ancestors were of the warm-blooded races. Ah, so we need Melting Pot screen heroes, the Valentinos and Novarros, as well as the Meighans and Tearles.

Mr. Meyers confesses that the men want the women players of the screen to be "exotic, different, strange and mysterious." And he pokes fun at the feminine movie goers for enjoying the "sheik" type of hero. Well, you know we women—including "every-day" women—want the men players of the screen to be "exotic, different, strange and mysterious!!"

However, I fully agree with Mr. Meyers regarding Mae Murray's pout.

MRS. A. STILES,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Needed—Less Bunk and More Realities

Editor, CLASSIC:

Being a firm believer in the efficacy of criticism in obtaining results in any field of endeavor (including filmdom), I take this opportunity of telling you that you have adopted the right method in making your criticisms in an outspoken manner; there are times when gentleness availeth not.

My abode is in a town of 2,000 inhabitants, more than one hundred miles from our railway point. The sole source of amusement for one who attends neither dances nor parties, and I am in that class, is the local movie house which gives two shows on six nights every week. I have been a patron of the movies for the past twenty years, yet I do not attend six nights a week here. The reason of this is that each week we have what is locally known as "howler nights" — nights on which the audience consists mainly of children and two-thirds grown hoodlums who howl their heads off at the unspeakable silly heroics and antics of dude-glove, Main-Street cowboys and gunmen who lay out their enemies in lots of dozens and pile 'em up in tiers. I and many others go to the movies for entertainment and relaxation, and not to be annoyed by howling dervishes.

Of course, there are Western pictures which are masterpieces of the films, and there are screen players who are master artists in the portrayal of Western characters of both old and modern days. One need think only of "The Covered Wagon," "North of 36," "The Pony Express," and of Jack Holt, Bill Hart, Noah and Wallace Beery, Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Betty Compson, Billie Dove, to be convinced that the story of the West can be, has been, presented in an intelligent manner on the screen.

Recently a Western, a very good one, was presented here two nights. The manager of the local movie house told me that this picture, "Wild Horse Mesa," took in barely enough to pay expenses. Yet it was a splendid film, with three of the major stars—Jack Holt, Noah Beery, Billie Dove—in the leading rôles. Never have I seen Billie Dove play with greater loveliness and sincerity (and I have often seen her on the screen, sometimes in plays worthy her great talent and sometimes in plays unworthy); Jack Holt was at his best, and Noah Beery played the villain so realistically that an old lady sitting beside me remarked, as the Indian was aiming his rifle at the fleeing Noah: "Oh, dear, he'll miss that devil." I saw the play both nights, and enjoyed it as much the second night as I did the first. Yet the play lacked deserved patronage here; you see, it was above the heads of the hokum-loving beholders of the cheap bunk termed "Westerns."

I am strong in the faith that the movies will attain a higher level of uniform excellence. The consummation of that wish may be slow in arriving, but it will come. And when it does arrive I hope that the villain-devastating, dude-glove, chasm-leaping, smirking abominations masquerading as portrayers of the Western character will be scarcer than feathers on the back of a newly hatched rainbow trout. Improvement in the movies necessitates elimination of bunk, and the abominations mentioned are just that—bunk.

There are other features now prevailing in filmdom which will not be missed when they disappear. One of these is the carrying and caressing of pet dogs, monkeys, cats, and other four-footed, pampered, flea-harboring pests. Audiences are not interested in pooches and simians. If it is proper to carry them about in ordinary plays, then it would have been proper for Estelle Taylor to have carried a pup or a monkey around while playing in the "Ten Commandments," and hand him over to Theodore Roberts now and then to hold, while he was portraying Moses. At that it would have been an event of note to have seen the grim face of Theodore Roberts if this had happened. It is a certainty not many of the commandments would have remained intact.

Often have I thought of some portrayals on the screen I would like to see. Would like to see Noah and Wallace Beery in a play surrounded by children and flowers, peace, not a gun or a cartridge-belt in sight; would like to see Betty Compson, Lois Wilson and Billie Dove in more of the "home-spun" characters they know so blessedly well to depict; would like to see Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Bill Hart, in more of their characteristic stuff; would like to see the inane so-called comedies used as openers displaced by two-reel short stories of the screen; would like to see a real screen play based on the Spanish-American War (that war which is lost in the memory of most people); would like to see more of real life realistically depicted on the

(*Continued on page* 75)

The MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is devoting a page each month to the best letters from its readers. The prize-winning letters for the July number are reproduced on this page.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second and five dollars for the third. If two or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Letters must be constructive and interesting. They must deal with pictures or screen personalities. And—please note—they should be typewritten.

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7—to stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant, rose-pink bloom to the cheeks.
8—to leave the skin velvety smooth, fresh and beautiful.

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The strangest triangle ever drawn by Fate .... Drama that plays tug-of-war with your emotions .... Scenes and situations entirely new in pictures!

BROTHERS.... and one must die by the other's hand!
Which would claim the fatal knife?— A coin-toss to decide!





4 More Entertainment Aces

"The Savage," with Ben Lyon and May McAvoy. The story of a South Sea savage who elopes with a Long Island debutante.

"Miss Nobody," with Anna Q. Nilsson, as a heroine who's beautiful but broke—"tiding the rods" in boy's clothes with a hobo gang.

Conway Tearle in "The Sporting Lover." Action every minute to the accompaniment of thundering hoofs of thoroughbreds. A hero who turns the tables on a master crook.

"Sweet Daddies," with Jack Mulhall and Jobyna Ralston. A comedy winner—good for 100 minutes of real hilarity.

First National Pictures

A First National Picture



Bull

CLAIRE WINDSOR

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
JULY, 1926



NORMA SHEARER

Carsey



Ruth Harriet Louise

OWEN MOORE



Carsey

DONALD KEITH



Muray

ALICE JOYCE



In many ways Richard Dix's life story parallels that of Harold Lloyd. Like Lloyd, his rise in popularity has been steady, slow and sane. He made no sudden success in a big, spectacular picture.

Like Lloyd, his work has been consistently good and consistently satisfying also. His career has been a steady record of improvement. Also, like Lloyd, he has no enemies—only friends. Stars may be unmade by their enemies within the business. Neither Dix nor Lloyd has anyone to fear.

He's Elected!

By Carol White

THE readers of the Brewster Publications have voted him their favorite actor.

For months, more letters about him have reached the editors of the Brewster Publications than about any other player on the screen.

And, for months, not a single adverse criticism from a "fan" has been registered against him.

No wonder, then, that Richard Dix gets a place on Classic's cover.

There are all kinds of screen popularity. There are stars who put on a pinwheel display for a year or so and then burn out. There are stars who "get by" because they happen to be in the business and because the public doesn't care violently enough about them, one way or another, to ask them to leave.

Stars Who Mean Something

And then there are the stars who mean something to the public — Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Norma Talmadge and so few others that you can almost count them on your fingers. It is into this select circle that Richard Dix has stepped. And he landed painlessly and quietly, without agitation or propaganda.



Ball

Richard Dix has scored his biggest success as the Indian hero of "The Vanishing American"

In a great many ways, Dix's story parallels that of Harold Lloyd. Like Lloyd, his rise in popularity has been steady, slow and sane. He made no sudden success in a big, spectacular picture. Like Lloyd, his work has been consistently good and consistently satisfying. Also his career has been a steady record of improvement. Again like Lloyd, he has no enemies—only friends. Stars may be unmade by their enemies within the business. Neither Dix nor Lloyd has anyone to fear.

The story of Richard Dix's rise is an undramatic, unspectacular, but pleasant record of achievement. He was born in St. Paul of well-to-do parents. He graduated from the St. Paul Central High School and then attended the University of Minnesota for one year.

Almost a Surgeon

Dix's father wanted him to be a surgeon, but the boy was mostly interested in sports and dramatics. He was a good football player, a member of the baseball team and a fine amateur boxer. And he also played the leading rôles in the school and college dramatic productions. But the thought of going on the stage didn't enter his mind, until a few unhappy circumstances forced him to decide upon a career for himself.

Just as he was preparing to study medicine, he visited a clinic with his elder brother, who was a surgeon. And he watched three operations. The sight of blood sickened him and he felt that he never could become a doctor.

And then his father suffered financial reverses. Dix realized that, if he wished to continue at college, he would have to work his way thru. He got a job, at a small salary, with a summer stock company playing in St. Paul.

His success was greater than he had expected. It was, indeed, greater than the manager of the company had expected. Altho he only played small parts, he drew large audiences. All his classmates at high school and college watched his career with breathless interest.

Started in Stock

For the newspapers of his town, he was a good story. It was another case of a "local boy making good." True, he knew little about acting and, true, his parts were only minor ones. Nevertheless, he was a home-town boy with plenty of friends and his presence in the company added new interest to the performances of the stock company.

The small, local success looked very big to Richard. He was terribly and almost pathetically serious about his work. Every performance was an event; every new rôle —no matter how small—was a momentous undertaking.

Richard Dix Wins Brewster Popularity Contest



Boris

More letters come to the Brewster Publications about Richard Dix than about any other player. Left, Dix in his first prominent rôle—*John Storm* in "The Christian"

The manager and his fellow players gave him some encouragement. He had his salary raised once during the season and several of the actors urged him to go to New York, if he wished to keep on with his own career.

Dix's arrival on Broadway was the old story of small-time talent in a big town. He had very little money and quite a few notions about breaking into a New York production. All in all, he was one of the greenest beginners ever to land on Broadway.

Reaches Broadway

In the first place, he was backed by no family tradition. None of his relatives ever had been on the stage. He had little experience and no slant on the theatrical situation. He was just a nice home boy from the Middle West and he knew less about the world than the average ten-year-old East Side kid.

It didn't take Richard long to find out that he hadn't a Chinaman's chance of breaking



into a New York production. Considerably downcast, he decided to look for work in a stock company. None of the directors of the stock companies seemed particularly eager to engage a beginner.

Finally, after months of waiting, he was overjoyed to get an engagement in Pittsburgh at thirty-five dollars a week.

In spite of a small salary and repeated assurances that he was the rottenest actor in the world, Dix stuck to it. It was, after all, a happy, care-free life, except on the days that the rent came due.

Then Came Tragedy

But then two tragedies came to him that forced him to settle down to business in grim earnest whether he liked it or not. His father and his brother died and Richard found himself the head of his family, with a mother and a sister to support.

It was his first experience at accepting real responsibility and he went at the task manfully. In those few, bitter years of poverty in New York his character was formed. He learned the lesson of self-sacrifice.

The struggle was hard while it lasted but Richard emerged from it with some valuable assets. He had acquired self-control, a sense of responsibility, and a capacity for hard work.

The turning point of his career came when Oliver Morosco gave him a job in his Los Angeles stock company. After a short time with Morosco, Hollywood discovered a new leading man. Richard began to make pictures and he began to make friends. Stardom sneaked up on him—altho his great work in "The Christian" gave him the final push.

Just Regular!

The insidious blight of success never has touched Richard in any way. He owns no polo ponies, neither has he a fur-lined bathtub. He has no social ambitions to pal around with the Prince of Wales. His salary is not enormous; in fact, he might make four times as much and still be worth it to any company. He lives well, but not extravagantly. A new suit is still something of an event to him. He doesn't care much for show or swank.

Dix isn't married but he has no prejudices against the institution. He's afraid of making any mistakes and he doesn't believe in divorce. He is burdened by an old-fashioned devil, called Conscience, and works hard on his pictures. And, last but not least, he is one of the few actors on the screen who think in the terms of achievement, not money.

What My Experiences

By

Gloria Swanson





Two glimpses of Miss Swanson in pictures which revealed a distinct progress. Top, "The Humming Bird," and, below, "Beyond the Rocks" with Rudolph Valentino

I DONT know whether my father guessed that I would become an actress. Certainly he couldn't have given me better training for my profession if he had. He told me often: "No person can be a greater artist than he is a human being, because all art is based on an understanding of humanity."

He impressed upon me the need for experience if I was to understand people, tho he didn't tell it to me exactly that way. I cant remember how he taught me these things, except that he made me feel them. I learned somehow that it was wrong to whimper when I hurt myself and the hurt had been brought about by my own will. I learned that that will was something that belonged to me and must be cared for so that it shouldn't grow into spinelessness on the one hand, or obstinacy on the other. I learned that when I had little problems, I must figure out for myself which way to act, not ask my parents to decide them for me, tho they would be always ready and glad to talk them over with me.

Her Father's Influence

I HAD no brothers or sisters, and father lavished upon me all the companionship he would have given a son. There were long walks with him, and long talks. Even when I was very young, he would talk with me not as tho I were a child, but a thinking individual; neither he nor my mother encouraged me to talk baby talk nor answered my questions with the air of bantering fantasy that many parents adopt toward their children.

But the most important part of my early training and the one for which I am most grateful was my father's insistence that I take all things that come my way.

"There isn't an experience in the world that cant do you some good. You can learn something from everything you do and even the most foolish experience can teach you not to repeat it," he said. Could there be any better training for an actress or a writer or any person whose profession is the portrayal of human emotions?

He gave me such a respect for experience that I prayed I would have all sorts of adventures—shipwrecks, tornadoes, fires, earthquakes, almost fatal illnesses—so that when I died, I would at least have tasted life. Tho many of those childish wishes have come true, I still pray that I may taste much more of life than I have already known—that new friends, new work, new places will open themselves to me.

Painful Experiences

THERE have been many times when I felt like running away from some of the experiences I have had, but I realized that that wouldn't help matters much. Besides, I was always curious to see what the lesson would be, what nugget of wisdom I could rescue from the débris. Lots of times, I must confess, I learned nothing and lots of other times I discovered truths

Have TAUGHT ME

The Star Talks Frankly of Her Marriages, Her Career and the Criticism of Newspapers

that will be of service for the rest of my days. For this reason, I hate to speak of having made mistakes: I think of them as unfortunate or unhappy experiences, and let it go at that.

One of the first lessons I learned was to be extremely circumspect and not say or do anything that might reflect against me. Actresses are so much in the public eye, especially movie actresses, whose features are known in every town of the country, that what they do is naturally of greater interest than the actions of Miss Jones or Mrs. Smith. Newspapers realize that actresses make good "copy" and they will give more space to our doings than to the average woman's.

Says Gloria Swanson:

"One bitter but valuable lesson I learned some time ago: The wisest course is to keep my private self within the four walls of my home . . . and above all to be very careful not to say anything that can be misconstrued.

"There is a tradition about actresses —that they're wild and exotic, that they should be ridiculed or admonished whenever the occasion presents itself. . . . The yellow journals are quick to snap at little, unimportant fragments and develop them into national scandals.

"I cant call my matrimonial experiences mistakes. Nothing can be a mistake that gives one a finer appreciation of genteel qualities."

Of the newspapers there is a small but important minority that prints "yellow" news, facts slightly off color, or perhaps I ought to say facts slightly too colorful. You see, there is a tradition about actresses —that they're wild and exotic, that they should be ridiculed or admonished whenever the occasion presents itself. I dont suppose there's a human being in the world, actresses included, whose actions could absolutely escape criticism, and the yellow journals are quick to snap at little, unimportant fragments and develop them into national scandals, if an actress or any other public character is involved. I dont want to give the impression that newspapers as a class treat actresses unfairly. Just a few do, but they can make themselves very unpleasant. Most papers have been exceedingly generous and friendly toward me and my work, and it is their kind, sincere criticism that has showed me how my work could be improved. The reviews of my pictures in the newspapers are mirrors where I can get a sane, unbiased conception of my characterizations.

Newspaper Exaggerations

ACTRESSES are said to do all sorts of impossible things and earn salaries large enough to support a dozen presidents at the White House. There have been so many exaggerations about money in the motion picture industry that another million or two wont matter anyway. The same is true of the money we are supposed to spend. That's only one example of exaggeration. I could think of dozens of others.

(*Continued on page* 85)



Progressive studies of Miss Swanson. Top to bottom: The star when she left Cecil De Mille, in "The Humming Bird," in "Mme. Sans-Gêne" and, below, in her newest photoplay, "Fine Manners"

Have THEY Got IT?

By Agnes Smith

IN every good little boy there is just a bit of Florenz Ziegfeld. That is to say, there isn't a man in the world who doesn't think that he couldn't pick an A-No.-1 Beauty Chorus, if he were given a good chance.

And in every little girl—good or otherwise—there is just a bit of the old Elinor Glyn. There isn't a girl this side of the Old Ladies' Home who isn't sure that she can tell at a glance whether or not a man has IT.

Everybody's Talking About IT

SINCE four out of five are discussing IT, there isn't any reason why we shouldn't enter into a discussion of the faults or virtues of those charming gentlemen of the screen, known as America's Dream Princes. We might as well be frank about it at the start; there will be no idle and irrelevant talk of the artistic abilities—if any—of any of these gentlemen. They will be considered simply as movie stars.

In the first place, there is Richard Dix. The readers of the Brewster Publications have chosen Mr. Dix as their most popular form of entertainment. Dix is also called the "typical American man."

"The Typical American"

BUT that is the most arrant sort of flattery—to the typical American man. If Dix were the typical American man, there would be no demand for thirteen and a half collars, fat reducers, horn-rimmed glasses or arch supporters. Every girl in the country knows that Dix is not the typical American man — but she wishes he were.



William Potter
Richard Dix is the sort of man every girl hopes to marry until she's twenty-five, then she gives up



Henry Waxman
Every girl knows there really is no such person as Ramon Novarro, the mythical and remote



Melbourne Spurr
John Gilbert is hot stuff and can look at a girl in a way that is far from spiritual

The secret of the Dix popularity is really very simple. He is the sort of man that every girl hopes to marry until she reaches the age of twenty-five, after which she gets discouraged and takes the first willing fellow that comes along. And he is what every mother hopes her son will be, if he doesn't take to smoking too soon.

Dix has the sunny nature of the late Wallace Reid plus a certain kindliness and a certain strength of character. And he doesn't look too temperamental or too exotic for everyday friendship.

Novarro at Other Extreme

AT the other extreme is Ramon Novarro. While Dix is a believable person and a not too faint hope, every girl knows that there really is no such person as Ramon Novarro. Of all the figures on the screen, he is the most shadowy, the most remote. Nevertheless, even those women who go to see "Ben-Hur" because it is a religious story, cannot fail to notice that Mr. Novarro has very handsome legs.

Novarro came on the screen shortly after the Valentino craze. He was falsely called a "Latin Lover." More truly is he the Greek type—a mythical and, indeed, an improbable person. But, oh, what a perfect example of a Suppressed Desire.

Our Expert Answers the Question

A Bad Case of IT

JOHN GILBERT is supposed to have a very bad case of IT. John is, indeed, hot stuff and can look at a girl in a way that is far from spiritual. His chief charm is that he looks a little unwholesome—for all the world like the fascinating suitor who is not encouraged by the family because he is known to have wild ways. A dangerous boy—a radical—a fellow who never has attended Sunday School—a Bohemian—not a man to be trusted or relied upon. Thank goodness!

John appeals to nice, conventional girls. He looks like a great field for missionary work—a grand Heathen to be reformed. But try and do it!

The Blond Bill Boyd

A NEWCOMER in the field is William Boyd. He's beautiful and dumb—just like Siegfried. *And yet not too dumb to steal a picture, right away from some mean troupers. Cecil De Mille discovered Boyd. He has blue eyes and no mustache to deceive. He isn't sophisticated or subtle and his acting is innocent of guile. Mr. Boyd is easy to look at and he will never trouble his public by any unruly ambitions to play* Hamlet.

I hope Noah gives Mr. Boyd a nice ride in the Ark when Mr. De Mille films "The Deluge." He would be a pleasant and steady fellow to have around in a Flood.

Adolphe Menjou is another Suppressed Desire. But the girls like him in a nice way. He looks like the sort of fellow who knows how to order a good dinner, who gets along with head waiters, who is not embarrassed in the presence of an artichoke. He's the sort of man who doesn't have to be browbeaten into wearing striped trousers and an afternoon coat to a wedding. He's the boy who wouldn't put sugar on lettuce, drink champagne out of a tumbler or serve beer with the soup course.



William Davis Pearsall
With blue eyes and no mustache to deceive, Bill Boyd is beautiful and dumb—like *Siegfried*



M. J. Boris
Adolphe Menjou is another Suppressed Desire who isn't embarrassed in the presence of an artichoke



Russell Ball
Ronald Colman gives you the impression he would be the meanest of the lot, if he weren't a gentleman

Another Suppressed Desire

IN fact, little Adolphe is just the walking book of etiquette. He's the boy who could be trusted not to go native in an Art Museum, not to go insane at a morning musicale, not to applaud after the first act of "Parsifal." He's the man who can wear a high hat without looking as tho he were going to a Lodge funeral. To sum up, Menjou is the fellow who is adored by Wives Who Have Suffered.

Ronald Colman's British Reserve has almost thrown him into the class of dependable leading men. But Ronald gives you the impression that he could be the meanest of the lot, if he weren't a gentleman. But Britannia rules the waves and he should make a fool of himself! The sun never sets on English soil, so why be a matinée idol! Ronald kills 'em by his indifference. But they always come back to see him.

After being a good actor for many years, John Barrymore has suddenly emerged as a fellow who has IT. That is to say, he is being paid a salary that only goes to young men who have IT. Altho this poor wretch saw Mr. Barrymore in "The Jest," she cannot see his fatal fascination. Nevertheless, it must be there. Will some one in the audience please rise and explain?

The CENTAUR

By
DON RYAN



Tom Mix personifies the American cowboy—brother of the riders of the race: the Amazons, the Valkyries, the Tartars, the Indians on pinto ponies, sweeping in dim procession down from the past

"EARL JELLICOE was scarcely recognized at Tillbury docks," ran the indignant leading article of *The London Times*.

In fancy I can see the writer of the leader—a worn, bald, graying man, wearing a morning coat with tails which conceal the delinquencies of his trousers in the lumbar-region; and spats that hold a pair of broken shoes triumphantly together.

"The commander of His Majesty's naval forces was scarcely recognized, the crowd all running off to see an American cowboy disembark from the *Aquitania*."

I can see the shabby old journalist — so he would be called—adjusting his pincenez and bristling at the occiput, where the thin, gray-yellow hair is parted down the back and brushed upward. Writing his leading article with a pen and pushing in his indignation so hard against the paper that the stub buries itself with a sputter of ink and breaks under his hand.

"Edward! Oh, Edward!" And to the deferential youth who promptly presents himself: "Ascertain for me the name of that American cowboy——"

"Mix, sir! Thomas Mix, sir!"

"My word! You know it at once, it seems."

"Oh, yes, sir. I've seen him riding in the films, sir. Many's the time I've——"

"That will do, Edward. Gad! You too." And when Edward has retired: "Extraordinary this infection by American films. I"—helplessly to himself — "I just cawnt understand it. . . . And the Earl . . . scarcely recognized . . . at Til'bry docks. . . ."

Mix and Europe

THE leading article from *The Times* is displayed in a scrapbook in the outer office which is part of the Mix suite at the Fox Studio. You go into the outer office of

of the CINEMA

Tom Mix is the Last of the Vanishing Americans

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

the bungalow and there are three large scrapbooks labeled "European Trip," 1, 2 and 3, in the custody of a secretary.

The books are full of clippings from the press of London, Paris, Berlin and the lesser capitals of Europe. The tone of the clippings is that of amused—sometimes indignant—surprise. You gather from a perusal of them that an American cowboy named Tom Mix, mounted on a trained horse and wearing an extraordinary native American costume, had ridden down the main thorofares of Europe, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, drawing the cheering populace in his train. You gather that, while the ruling classes for the most part looked on with amusement, there were signs of alarm in some quarters at the ease with which the proletariat surrendered its heart to this barbarian invader.

"That Yankee!"—"Cet Américain!"—"Das Amerikaner!"

There is photographic proof of the fact that Europe's proletariat did surrender itself to an orgy of hero-worship when Tom Mix rode by. There is a picture of Mix trotting along Rotten Row with a regiment of bobbies trying to keep the crowd back. There is a dim picture of Mix riding in a foggy drizzle along the historic London road frequented in time past by Dick Turpin and still haunted by a shadowy ghost mounted on a great black horse. That morning the road was lined for seven miles with a crowd of 250,000 rain-soaked proletarians. And there is a picture of Mix seated in a visitor's chair, talking to the Lord Mayor of London, who is seated in a great, carved throne-chair; a tête-à-tête for which the Lord Mayor was severely criticized in some quarters.

"I Like the English"

"BUT he didn't give-a-damn," confided the American cowboy. "The Lord Mayor was a good scout.

"I got so I liked the English all right," he went on. "They are something like us, only harder to get acquainted with. They're for you when they find out you're on the level. They're like me in that respect—you've got to show 'em—and they hate a faker. Some of them can ride a little, too.

"Oh, yes," he continued, grinning. "I met enough of these lords and dooks and duchesses to make me dizzy. One reception they kept callin' 'em off there till I thought everybody in London was a dook.

"Yes," reminiscently, "I liked the English. The French didn't impress me so much—they're kinda hysterical, you know. They dont exactly know what it's all about. They're still arguyin'

(*Cont'd on page* 64)



Tom Mix is one of the few stars who does his own stunts He never uses a double

Three More AUTHORS



Vicente Blasco Ibañez



W. B. Maxwell

By Henry Albert Phillips

Vicente Blasco Ibañez

VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ is a notable example—in many ways an equally notable exception—of my remarks in another column. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," four years ago, elevated motion pictures to an indisputable position as a distinctive and distinguished art. But who performed this miracle? Blasco Ibañez or Rex Ingram? Could not a bad director with no vision have blighted this story? And again, what touches of visibility and vision did Ingram add to the printed pages?

All of which is theoretical. The facts stand in all their glory in a fairyland villa—the Villa Fontana Rosa—just outside the quaint and ancient town of Mentone in France, not far from the Italian border and overlooking the Mediterranean Sea. Within the spacious grounds of the villa are no less than seven sizable buildings and a score of workmen are daily laboring and adding other luxuries that only a lavish fortune could buy. It would be unfair to say that. Here are the mansions that the movies have built, but without question, their contribution to it all must have been enormous.

W. B. Maxwell

W. B. MAXWELL wrote at least two books that have always stood out among the many modern books I have read. The first was entitled, "The Devil's Garden"; the other, several years later, was "Spinster of This Parish." I had always had a strong desire to meet the man who had given me so many pleasant hours by writing these absorbing stories. And now I have just read his current novel, "Fernande," and derived an equal amount of pleasure from that.

If you have not read these particular novels from among the twenty or so that he has written, it is more than likely you have seen some of them on the screen, particularly "A Madonna of the Streets," with Nazimova in the title-rôle. This story was taken from his novel, "The Ragged Messenger."

Mr. Maxwell is at the moment the chairman of the British Society of Authors and is taking a serious interest in trying to adjust the relationship between authors and film producers, hoping to iron out many of the disturbing wrinkles that appear in these articles.

"Let us begin here in England," he told me as

(Continued on page 66)

DISCUSS the FILMS

VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ:

"The future of the cinema is limitless. Now it is not going ahead very fast. There is no standard in the cinema. Why do the artists not get together and set up standards?"

WILLIAM J. LOCKE:

"One cant be too hard on the films—no more than one can unjustly scold a child."

W. B. MAXWELL:

"The film as a vehicle for the transmission of letters to the multitude has really never begun to be tested."



Brown Bros.

William J. Locke

The Third of a Series of Talks About Motion Pictures With Famous English and Continental Writers

IN my humble opinion, the great writers with whom I have had the honor of talking quite miss the point when they come either to bless or curse the motion picture and what it gives to them and takes away from them.

They fail to realize that the motion picture producers, and the public in its turn too, are really buying their name, not their story. The story must, of course, have motion picture possibilities, but if that were all it had to recommend it, its chance for sale at any price would be very—infinitessimally—small. In other words, the great writers—in nine cases out of ten, at least—are being paid large sums for an intangible, unviewable reputation.

To put it in terms of slang, what the great writer makes from the motion picture is "velvet"—it is unearned increment. If he gets the dividends multiplied, he should not be too inclined to cry "wolf," or watered stock! For instance, I have a novelist friend whose novel in book form netted him something more than ten thousand dollars. The motion picture people gave him twenty-five thousand dollars for "film rights"—which compared somewhat to slaughter-house

William J. Locke

WILLIAM J. LOCKE is another great writer who lives in a palace by the sea—also the Mediterranean Sea, on the Riviera, where summer prevails all year round and winter is lugged in only by the visitors who retail over the tea-table in the sunshine on the open terraces weird tales of actual snow and ice and cold they have experienced not long since in Paris, London or New York.

I found Mr. Locke out on his terrace in white flannels, blue coat, hatless, and with an alarming sunburn on his face and a slightly bald head. We stood and smoked a cigaret before we went into his study.

"After all, there is beauty in the world!" he said, looking over the palms and rows of eucalyptus growing among the villas below us; then on toward the sea, over Cannes and then beyond toward the Esterelles, one of the most noble groups of mountains in the world. "And just as there is beauty here in Nature, so it may be found in humanity."

If you will recall any of the picture plays taken from Locke's books, or the books themselves,

(Continued on page 66)





Menjou will make Satan a polished, cynical man of the world, known as *Prince Lucio Rimanez.* Above, Ricardo Cortez as *Geoffrey Tempest,* who falls victim to Satan, and Carol Dempster as *Mavis Claire,* his sweetheart

SATAN Himself



In D. W. Griffith's production of Marie Corelli's romance, "The Sorrows of Satan," our own Adolphe Menjou will be seen as the Evil One, flung to earth from the ramparts of Heaven by Michael and his angel host. Satan comes to earth and forthwith starts his machinations with mankind. Above, Satan installed in a steam-heated apartment surrounded by his aids. Right, Lya de Puti as *Lady Sibyl,* one of the Evil One's chief temptations

The PACE That KILLS

Drawing by LOREN STOUT

By FAITH SERVICE

WE are going the pace that kills.
All of us . . . you and I and the movie stars. It *is* killing the stars, some of them. It has killed quite a few in the past year, if you will study your obituaries thoughtfully.

The Killing Speed

WE who live in or about New York, or any other city, we who profess or hope to be of the "Intelligentsia," are all going the pace that kills.

And if we abandon the pace that kills, the kindly public erects over us a neat, white prominent tombstone labeled "Dead from the Neck Up" —and the world passes us by.

There is scarcely a person of our acquaintance who is not crying "Take me away from New York! Take me back to the Land! I wanter farm! I wanter live the Simple Life! Take me back to a Farm!"

It is becoming a metropolitan prayer.

If you think it over, it becomes worse. You begin to realize how bad it is. The thing to do, then, is NOT to think it over. But if you will, you will . . . read on. . . .

As you think it over, it becomes maddening. You feel that you are going insane, or have already gone insane. Maybe you have. Anyway, when you read about it, you will feel like holding your throbbing head and giving vent to screams that would doubtless land you in a passing patrol wagon if overheard because, after all, persons are not supposed to hold their throbbing heads and scream, even in the so-called privacy of their own bedchambers.

So-called because there isn't, really, any privacy any more. There is NO place where the telephone, radio, newspaper, victrola, postman, wireless or what-not cannot reach.

(If you're getting impatient about the stars and what this has to do with them, wait a moment . . . I'm getting to them.)

Think it over, then . . . think of the daily mail you have to read—and write. Think, we particularly beseech you, think of the SUNDAY PAPERS. The monumental Sunday papers that every well-informed individual should peruse; the Sunday papers with their massed detailia of new books, new magazines, new

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Story of REX

By Hal K. Wells



"The Killer" is the villain in Rex's pictures. In real life he is a harmless pinto, but his enmity to Rex is deep-rooted and genuine

ELEVEN hundred pounds of magnificent horse-flesh thundered around the sawdust-covered floor of the enclosed barn areaway, head tossing and eyes flashing in the exuberance of release from the confines of his stall

Rex, "King of the Wild Horses," was being given his daily dozen over at the Hal Roach ranch on Pruess Boulevard.

The big stallion's seal-brown coat—that appears nearly jet-black on the screen—shone with that satiny sheen that only perfect physical condition and expert grooming can give. Beneath that velvet coat lithe muscles rippled and played in stark beauty.

It is a safe bet that more than one of the small audience huddled against an end wall of the locked enclosure would have willingly traded his post at the moment for several more desirable spots in Southern California. A volcano eruption is interesting to watch, but it loses some of its charm if the spectator happens to be sitting with his feet dangling over the edge of the crater at the time.

The Volcanic Rex

REX is reminiscent of a volcano in more ways than one. Whatever else he may be, he is distinctly not a parlor pet. He is a figure that comes only once in several equine generations, an aristocratic barbarian, a gloriously untrammeled and utterly unconquerable king of the open range.

Elinor Glyn says that Rex has "It." If the Madame means what I think she does, I agree with her. In fact, Rex has more "It" to the square inch than a dill pickle has freckles.

Sheer power, vivid appeal to the primitive, the surging vitality of physical perfection, flaming life, imperious with the blue blood of thorobred ancestors, as wild and unbroken a child of Nature as the four winds of Heaven —those are qualities which the cryptic word "It" probably covers as well as any other available section of the English language.

Rex *is* wild. He has less use for civilization than a hermit has for a silk hat. The big Morgan stallion is a genuine wild horse, always has been, and always will be. No one has ever successfully trained a cyclone to do parlor tricks without utterly wrecking the parlor during the process, and no one will ever tame Rex into mediocrity, unless they kill him first.

Trained in Tiger Fashion

IN many ways the routine followed by Rex's trainer in his short daily work-out was suggestive of that used by a lion-trainer in handling a particularly temperamental jungle cat. Careful never to make a sudden movement



Fred Jackman is Rex's trainer and his screen discoverer. "About all we actually do," he says, "is to let Rex do the things he really wants to do and then fit the resulting scenes into our story"



Rex is a genuine wild horse, always has been, and always will be. He has less use for civilization than a hermit has for a silk hat

or sound that might startle his restive pupil, and never giving an inch even when the big stallion threatened to charge him, the trainer kept the tufted lash of a long buggy-whip flicking almost constantly between himself and the horse.

The whip was never actually used. It was merely a symbol of authority. One light cut from it on those glossy flanks would have been equivalent to suicide. Rex has already killed one man in his spectacular career, and seriously injured several others.

The training routine was short. The big stallion was drilled in "Let's go!" "Stop!" and "Hold it!" He muzzled a dummy figure of a man along a wire. He closed an open door. Finally he was made to clamber on a small upturned tub and pose there after the fashion of the picture, "The End of the Trail." Rex is not a "trained" horse in any sense of the word, and never will be. His training stunts are largely disciplinary, given to make him realize some slight authority.

The session over, the stallion was returned to his home in Stall No. 13, and we adjourned to the open air. Fred Jackman and I parked ourselves on the top rail of the corral fence and rolled brown-paper cigarets while Jackman told me of Rex's rather lurid life history, and some of the unique methods used in making the "wild horse" pictures.

Jackman is the director who has handled Rex in every picture made so far with the big stallion. He is a quiet, whimsical Westerner, with an understanding of animals that is at times uncanny.

Jackman has a genuine love for animals and his attachment for the wild Rex is a deep one.

Rex is a real killer.

He was born on a large ranch in eastern Colorado, being registered under the name of "Casey Jones."

He took to the wilds and became a genuine monarch of the open range.

At the age of five he was captured, after a costly battle. One man was killed and another badly hurt.

Ordered shot, he was reprieved and given to the Colorado State Reformatory for breeding purposes.

His fame as a killer spread—and the great wild stallion was brought to Hollywood.

Rex's early life is more or less of a mystery. He was born on a large ranch in Eastern Colorado; of pure Morgan stock. The colt was registered under the name of "Casey Jones," which is the official title on his pedigree today. He took to the wilds early, and eluded every searching party that sought to capture him. Roaming the farthermost recesses of the big ranch, during the next five years he became a genuine monarch of the open range, with a herd of subjects, and a contemptuous disdain for the luckless horsemen who occasionally tried to capture him.

The Story of Rex

THEN when the stallion was five years old, he was finally taken. It was a costly battle. One man was killed outright, and another so badly injured that he went to the hospital for months. Believing the stallion to be incurably vicious, the ranch superintendent ordered him shot.

A reprieve came from an unexpected quarter. Nearby was the ranch establishment of the Colorado State Reformatory for Children. Breeding of fine horses was a specialty of this ranch, and Rex was an unusually fine specimen of the Morgan breed, a strain that was being rapidly depleted. The big stallion was accordingly transferred to the Reformatory stables.

His life there did very little to improve a temper that was already far from sweet. Mischievous urchins tormented him by making faces at him until even today to grimace at Rex is to start something exceedingly hard to stop. His fame spread and tourists often went out of their

(*Continued on page* 65)



Just above, you see the fervid love scene as the movie audience sees it—later.

Below, you may note the Great Lover taking a lesson or two in the *Romeo* stuff from the director.

By
EVERETT
SHINN

A BLONDE From Pittsburgh

By David Balch

ALYCE MILLS has risen from an obscurity only slightly less dense and harrowing than that which is popularly supposed to attend the struggles of the rising young author or artist (and probably does) and she has retained all of the gentle gravity that early distinguished her in our memory as a very sweet girl, indeed.

That was three years ago. Now she is leading woman to that most popular of popular gentlemen stars, Richard Dix, and is sharing with him

Carsey





William Potter

Alyce Mills won a beauty contest in Pittsburgh. She had a hard struggle to get a film hearing, Elmer Clifton finally giving her a screen opportunity

in part the responsibility for making "Say It Again," Dix's latest picture, easy for folks to look at. And we have an idea that she is going to succeed.

But three years ago, when we first knew her, Miss Mills was just trying to get somewhere, by all the devious means of endeavor open to personable young women, which included posing for photographic illustrations and for the various advertising mediums which think that "the pretty girl's head, gentlemen, will sell the article." The movies, then, were a long way off, long, that is, in one sense, that the only screen work worth while was the "big time" variety that seemed always to be just a little way the other side of sundown.

Beauty Contest Winner

A BEAUTY contest started it all, she told us. It was in Pittsburgh, her home town, and a certain newspaper had canvassed the city for the prettiest girl, a sort of Miss Pittsburgh. It so happened (quite logically, we think) that Miss Mills was the choice. For a fortnight she dwelt in fairy-land, even as any other girl would have done. Then, the contest, or the local advertising stunt, or whatever else it was, over, Miss Mills descended to earth again and began to live with her memories.

(*Continued on page 77*)

She Reached for the MOON

"People are always wishing for the moon," says Florence Vidor.

"When I was a little girl growing up in Texas, I used to be laughed at by the family when I mentioned being an actress.

"In spite of the family laughter, here I am. By luck, I sometimes think.

"I haven't had time to find out yet how it feels to be a star. It's a little like what I imagine a general feels when he's given charge of an army.

"Rather frightening, isn't it?"





Florence Vidor has just been promoted to stardom by Famous Players—a long step from her first hit, *Mimi*, in "The Tale of Two Cities." Left, Miss Vidor at the entrance of her Beverly Hills home

THE scene was a Texas movie house—characters, Florence Vidor, of schoolgirl age, and a boy a little older.

They had been watching the picture heroine go thru thrilling adventures, advance from a little nobody on a bleak farm to a dazzling and irresistible queen in a palace. Gowns, too. Jewels. And an altogether satisfactory hero!

The lights flared up and the girl sighed.

"Oh!" she breathed. "I wish I could be in pictures!"

The boy was horrified. She mustn't say such a thing! Suppose somebody heard her!

"There's no chance in the world of my ever getting in, considering how many miles I live from California and how little I know about

and Got It!

By
ALICE L. TILDESLEY

acting," she defended herself, "but I can wish it, cant I? People are always wishing for the moon!"

Now She's a Star

TODAY, Florence Vidor has the moon. She has just been elevated to stardom and her first starring picture is under way.

The story for this picture was written by the Hungarian playwright, Ernest Vadja, and the production promises to be one of the most interesting of the year.

On one of the great stages at the Paramount studio in Hollywood, an entire theater seating twelve hundred, with balconies, boxes and full stage has been erected. A dozen of the highest-paid acts on the vaudeville circuit have been engaged; special scenery has been designed and gorgeous costumes created; for the play deals with a company modeled after the Chauve-Souris of the Moscow Art Theater.

"All this for our new star!" commented one of the players, above the music of the Russian balalaika orchestra playing native instruments in the orchestra pit. His gesture went from the Arabian tumblers pyramided against the backdrop, to the Russian dancers executing intricate figures on the apron of the stage—from the acrobats, clowns and comedians doing their stuff in appointed spaces to Clive Brook, in his midnight-black velvet throwing knives at the gilded screen against which the new star posed.

"So few people ever get their hands on their coveted moon. How do you suppose it feels when you do?"

Florence Vidor smiled when I asked her.

How It Feels to Star

"I HAVEN'T really had time to find out," she confessed in that deep low voice of hers, "At first it's a little like what I imagine a general feels when he's given charge of an army. Tremendous responsibility, you know. Only the general gives orders that other people carry out, and a star can do just her part of the picture and yet feel responsible for everything in the production.

"I was so much freer when I was merely a featured player, for then I was cast for a part for the simple reason that I seemed to fit it, and I was concerned with no more than my own performance. Now that I am a star a special story is written around me by a famous man, the cast is selected in reference to me, and if for any reason the picture is unsuccessful, the failure will reflect on me.

"Rather frightening, isn't it?"

She sat in the bungalow dressing-room, a gay figure in pink silhouetted against the leaf-green of its walls, the velvet of her "back stage" dressing-room gown decorated with symbols of the "magic" in which she indulges in her starring rôle.

"I'm hoping a lot for this picture, of course, but I wonder sometimes if I shall ever find a part that I'll love as I did my first 'bit.' It was *Mimi* in 'Tale of Two Cities.' Not much of a part. I worked two days only, but it's the one thing I've done that I haven't said: 'Oh, why didn't I

(Continued on page 68)



Florence Vidor's first real rôle was opposite Sessue Hayakawa. Luck played its part—and luck has played an important part in Miss Vidor's career ever since

Kenneth Alexander

Grand Old Men of the Films



Frank Currier—Born in Connecticut in 1857. Grandfather a minute-man at Bunker Hill. Played with Edwin Booth, Mme. Modjeska, Mary Anderson and others. Recently the old Roman in "Ben-Hur"



Theodore Roberts—Born in San Francisco. Barnstormed for years, played on Broadway, became a friend of Cecil De Mille, and went into pictures at his suggestion. One of Hollywood's first actors



Melbourne Spurr

Alec Francis—Born in England, studied law in London, worked behind a plow on a Canadian farm, served in the Royal Horse Artillery in India, an adventurer about the globe. One of the picture pioneers



Ruth Harriet Louise

Edward Connelly—Born in New York. For years on the stage in drama and musical comedy. A hit in "Shore Acres." Started film career with Thomas Ince. Another able veteran of the screen

They Played with Booth and Barrett

She's From Alabam'

By
NORMA
JOHNSTONE



Apeda

Dorothy Sebastian's Southern drawl won her a place in George White's "Scandals." Dolores and Helene Costello were in the chorus, too. Then Miss Sebastian's drawl got her a place in pictures



Dorothy Sebastian made her film début in "Sackcloth and Scarlet," directed by Henry King

THERE is sure magic in a Southern drawl.

"Are you from Dixie?" is more than a song; the line, "Yes, I'm from Dixie!" is the open sesame to the hearts of the world.

So Dorothy Sebastian found it. . . . Dorothy, with her youth and grace and loveliness, supplementing that distracting Alabama speech.

Nobody ever wanted her to use her enticing drawl; the positions it helped her into were those of show girl, dancer and screen actress, but it was the way she spoke that gained them for her. . . .

When Dorothy was a curly-headed mite in ruffled dresses and pin socks, the proud family used to take her out in Birmingham's tree-lined avenues, no doubt enjoying the sensation she must have made.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up?" people who stopped to greet her elders would ask the child.

"An actress!" crowed Dorothy, before her scandalized guardian of the moment had time to reply for her: "Dot's going to be a missionary." (There was a missionary in the family.)

A bit later, Dorothy used to draw flamboyant figures of dancing girls on sheets of wrapping-paper, pin them up on the barn as posters, and give "one-man shows" inside.

Wanted to Be an Artist

BUT when she had finished high school, another branch of art claimed her. Her mother was an artist and Dorothy was clever with crayons and colors. The girl opened her own studio in an apartment in town,

(*Continued on page 78*)

FAME Came to CHAPLIN with Borrowed CLOTHES

By Bert Ennis



How Charlie Chaplin caught the eye of the old Keystone Company while appearing in "A Night in an English Music-Hall" is a matter of history. Here is the untold success of the queer way he made a hit in films

THERE have been stories without number in present-day magazines which devote their pages to "success" stories and, according to these engaging biographies of our big men, they were the first ones at their desks in the morning, the last ones to put out the light (and also the cat) at night, spent their evenings acquiring twenty years' knowledge from the perusal of a correspondence course in twelve lessons, eschewed drink, tobacco and night clubs, and did all the other amazing things which successful men usually do, according to the chroniclers of this pleasing type of fiction.

Always, despite these beloved bromidic high lights which feature the stories of the rise of our leading citizens, those who buy their theater seats from speculators and have their garters made to order, no writer of "success" essays considers he has done a professional job unless he dilates on the fact that "John H. Muchmoney got his real start in life thru the borrowing of a dollar from a friend," with which sturdy capital he proceeded to obtain an interest in the business of making dog-collars, with the result that twenty years later we find our friend, Mr. Muchmoney, in sole control of the industry which has a monopoly on the manufacture of ornaments for canine necks.

Charlie's Success Story

THAT's the way the stories of success usually run. At least, it seems that way to this writer. Never has he seen recorded anywhere a story setting forth that the successful one borrowed an old derby hat, a pair of shoes, a cane and a garment sometimes politely referred to as trousers, and thus equipped with an odd sort of capital, started blithely down the road to fortune and fan mail with an asset which only dealers in old clothes hold in esteem.

No, the stories of achievement must always be written according to Hoyle, and therefore they always borrow money. Disturbing as it may be to those fellow scribblers who insist that the conventions be observed when it comes to the rules governing success and how to achieve it, this story deals with one who made the grade to fame and fortune thru the temporary acquisition of the ordinary articles of dress just mentioned—Charlie Chaplin. The little man, who from the time he stuck to the hat, shoes, cane, *et al.*, which he borrowed at the outset of his dash after success, was the screen idol of the entire world, and the funniest man in pictures. This statement can be made without detracting in any way from the consummate artistry and remarkable talents which he has displayed in recent films of a totally un-Keystone-like nature. The fact remains that the Chaplin of the ludicrous dignity and jauntily disreputable attire rocked the box-office records and risibilities of a nation at one and the same time.

In Old Keystone Days

IN 1913, the Keystone Company, then dominant in the field of movie comedy, acquired the services of an obscure vaudeville player, who was being paid an insignificant sum weekly for tumbling in and out of a stage box while watching the rollicking performance which formed the basis of the skit of which he was a part—Karno's "Night in an English Music-Hall." The obscure actor, who answered to the name of Charles Chaplin, was in America only thru an accident. His brother, Syd Chaplin, had been scheduled to play the part of the boy in the box in the Karno vaudeville act, but at

The Inside Story of How the Comedian Borrowed Arbuckle's Pants and Ford Sterling's Shoes, Thereby Achieving Success



A scene from an early Keystone comedy with Mabel Normand as the heroine and Mack Sennett himself as the yokel. The comedy was called "The Rube and the Baron"

the last minute had decided to give his brother, Charlie, a chance to see America first. So Chaplin hied himself to his new employer at the small studio of the Keystone Company in Hollywood where a certain gentleman named Mack Sennett proceeded to put him thru his comedy paces via those comedy classics of the old days. The English importation was seen in a few pictures filled with custard pies, runaway automobiles and pretty girls, causing no undue commotion with his antics on the part of producer or public. In these pictures he appeared before the camera in rather conventional make-up, approximating somewhat his attire when amusing patrons of the two-a-day by his putty-blowing abilities and tumbling proclivities.

It so happened that at the time Chaplin made his screen début in Hollywood there prevailed in that city of tourists and tinsel a custom of holding annually an event known as the Baby Parade, a display in which fond mothers trundled thru the streets in perambulators of all shapes and sizes their beloved offspring, seeking the prize which was awarded to the most beautiful infant. Since the advent of the movies, undoubtedly, many of these prize-seeking infants are the same girls who enter every beauty contest staged in the town where the bathing girls never see the ocean and traffic signals are not.

There also prevailed a custom on the part of Mack Sennett and other makers of comedy films, which helped in "keeping the negative cost down," of seizing the opportunity to film the Baby Parade and other current events thru the simple process of sending a cameraman and a few actors to the scene, with instructions to "grab off some shots of this thing and we'll work it up into a comedy release." Among the events used in this manner by the astute Sennett may be mentioned the Pasadena Floral Parade, the Oldfield auto races, the visit of Sir Thomas Lipton to Hollywood, and other affairs of the kind.



Another pioneer Keystone comedy with Fatty Arbuckle as the country bumpkin. The comedy was "Help, Help, Hydrophobia," but, alas, the name of the heroine is forgotten

The Baby Parade

THEREFORE, when the event featuring the infant population of Southern California was brought to the attention of the Keystone producer, it was not strange that he (*Cont'd on page 76*)

PUBLICITY PROBLEMS

By
JOHN HELD, Jr.



Scene I
In quest of publicity, Cella gets herself arrested for speeding by a snappy Pasadena traffic cop. The judge, however, has seen Cella's bathing pictures and she gets a suspended sentence

WHAT'S GONE ON BEFORE:

Cella Lloyd, winner of a bathing-girl contest, has successfully invaded Hollywood. She took along Pa and Ma Lloyd—but Pa was shipped home. He couldn't acclimate himself to the celluloid world. Cella hasn't actually appeared in a super-special yet, but she *is* the talk of Hollywood. How to continue to be — ah, that's the problem. Now read on!



Scene II
Cella feels that adopting a baby may help. Besides, it will lend color to her interviews about longing for a little home in the country far from the tinsel of screen stardom

WORRY CELLA LLOYD

Scene III

Cella contemplates getting herself engaged to Charlie Chaplin, but that's out, now that the comedian is the much publicized father of two sons. Cella calls up Valentino, but Rudy refuses to come to the 'phone





Scene IV

There's nothing left for Cella to do. So she sues her mother—and breaks on the front pages. Ma Lloyd doesn't quite understand. Who does? The ways of publicity are indeed strange







Full Awards in YOUR OPINION CONTEST



Karlene A. Armstrong
First Prize Winner, of Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is glad to present the full results of the now famous Your Opinion Contest, conducted by the Brewster Publications. The results are announced by Eugene V. Brewster, editor-in-chief and publisher of the Brewster Publications.

Interest was almost equally divided between writing motion picture reviews for the various prizes and in voting for favorite players and screen plays. It is interesting to note that Richard Dix received the most votes among the actors, with Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, Eugene O'Brien and Ramon Novarro following in the order named.

Pola Negri received the most votes among the actresses —and, incidentally, the heaviest vote poled by any player. Mary Pickford was second, with Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish and Colleen Moore following. "Passion" was voted the most popular picture ever produced. It should be noted here that Miss Negri's followers voted heavily for "Passion" and for "Forbidden Paradise," which received the second heaviest vote among all pictures. "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Birth of a Nation" and "The Covered Wagon" were next, in the order named.

First prize, for the best motion picture review, goes to Mrs. Karlene A. Armstrong, of Oak Lane Park, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Armstrong's review covered "The Big Parade." Mrs. Armstrong writes THE CLASSIC: "I feel that a prize was scarcely ever offered which will be more appreciated or more opportune than this one. You see, shortly after my marriage last summer, I was taken ill and spent a dreary winter recuperating from the subsequent operations, altogether incapacitated for work. It was during these long and disheartening weeks that I amused myself writing letters and articles to various magazines, for, being unable to participate in active pleasures, I sought the picture world as a means of diversion. The Your Opinion Contest appealed to me as unique and I entered it in a spirit of pure enjoyment."

Mrs. Armstrong is twenty-two years of age and, at various times, has been interested in kindergarten and settlement work. She writes that she was one of the first readers of *The Motion Picture Magazine,* starting to read



M. Seklemian
Second Prize, Los Angeles, Cal.



Theodore A. Baxt
Third Prize, of New York City



A. L. Shands
Fourth Prize, of Orange, N. J.



Marcia Sanguin
Fifth Prize, of El Paso, Texas

Richard Dix and Pola Negri Win Heaviest Vote in Popularity Contest



Boris

Richard Dix
Who received the heaviest vote among all screen actors in Your Opinion Contest

it when she was going to grammar school.

The second prize winner, M. Seklemian, of Los Angeles, California, is a native Californian, twenty-six years of age. His father was a newspaper man and at one time a college instructor. Mr. Seklemian himself is a commercial artist engaged in the advertising business in Los Angeles. Yes, he has ambitions to be a motion picture director. Here's hoping he has as much luck as he had in Your Opinion Contest.

Theodore A. Baxt, of 1121 Morris Avenue, New York City, third prize winner, likes contests. He has won several contests. Mr. Baxt is but twenty and he is employed in a clerical capacity on a big New York newspaper. Incidentally, he has found time to play minor bits before the motion picture camera as well as on the stage. Like Mr. Seklemian, he wants to be a director.

The fourth prize winner, A. L. Shands, of 96 Ward Street, Orange, New Jersey, was born in Russia. His parents brought him to America at the age of three. He went to school in New York City. Then he struck out for himself, being at various times a telegraph operator, teacher, hobo, and writer. Finally, he entered the employ of Thomas A. Edison, contributing his winning review while stationed at New London, Wisconsin.

Marcia Sanguin, of 1120 North Stevens Street, El Paso, Texas, receives fifth prize. Miss Sanguin is twenty-one years of age and at present is the cub reporter on *The El Paso Post*.

The complete list of winners is as follows:

First Prize—$1,000.00—Karlene A. Armstrong, Oak Lane Park, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. *Second Prize*—$100.00 and Gold Medal—M. Seklemian, P. O. Box 22, Los Angeles, California. *Third Prize*—$75.00 and Silver Medal—Theodore A. Baxt, 1121 Morris Avenue, New York City. *Fourth Prize*—$50.00 and Bronze Medal—A. L. Shands, 96 Ward Street, Orange, New Jersey. *Fifth Prize*—$25.00—Marcia Sanguin, 1120 North Stevens Street, El Paso, Texas.

Fifty $10.00 Prizes — Phillippa Bruce, Box 228, University, Virginia; Louise Detlefs, 1609 Onondaga Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio; Janice M. Swarner, 5641 Garfield Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri; Glen Cornwell, *Ponca City News*, Ponca City, Oklahoma; Isolde Groom, 3 Beresford Road, Cheam, England; Marie C. Elliot, 4 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham, England; Paul S. Lippold, 3332 Gwynne Falls Parkway, Baltimore, Maryland; (*Con. on page* 80)

Final Standing of Your Opinion Contest

ACTORS		ACTRESSES	
Richard Dix	11,561	Pola Negri	27,599
Rudolph Valentino	10,956	Mary Pickford	18,766
Richard Barthelmess	9,328	Gloria Swanson	11,462
Eugene O'Brien	8,697	Norma Talmadge	10,296
Ramon Novarro	6,215	Lillian Gish	4,422
Lloyd Hughes	5,379	Colleen Moore	3,652
Ben Lyon	5,291	Mary Carr	2,464
Douglas Fairbanks	4,521	Lois Wilson	2,310
John Gilbert	2,827	Leatrice Joy	1,309
Thomas Meighan	2,288	Marion Davies	1,287
Rod La Rocque	1,144	Constance Talmadge	1,177
Harold Lloyd	1,096	Norma Shearer	1,144
Milton Sills	1,034	Corinne Griffith	1,076
Lon Chaney	1,023	Mae Murray	1,002
Ronald Colman	858	Bebe Daniels	989
Tom Mix	792	Betty Bronson	979
Lionel Barrymore	759	Alice Terry	946
Adolphe Menjou	693	Betty Compson	627
Ricardo Cortez	605	Anna Q. Nilsson	594
Lewis Stone	594	Blanche Sweet	385

Cloudy—With Continued SHOWERS!

Cecil De Mille has announced his next Biblical invasion. It will be "the Deluge," and naturally it will center around that pioneer house-boat captain, Noah. The betting is fifty to one that the flood will come just as a super-orgy is at its height. Thus "the mightiest cataclysm in all the world's known history," as Mr. De Mille expresses it, will collide with the greatest orgy this director has yet attempted



Carsey

Cecil De Mille wants it understood that his plans to produce "The Deluge" have no reflection upon the California rainy season. Mr. De Mille has not announced his cast yet, but it is anticipated that there will be a lot of competition in Hollywood over the rôle of Noah. Already the blonde extras of Hollywood are getting out their bead costumes for the super-orgy. It's going to be a great year for extras, mates!





Pannemaker, Sc.

Two glimpses of the Deluge as visualized by Gustav Doré



M. I. Boris

CAROL DEMPSTER

During the past year Miss Dempster has established herself as one of the most promising of the screen's younger actresses



It's the OLD ARMY Game— this SODA BUSINESS



No comedian since Chaplin has appeared above the screen horizon with so much original humor as W. C. Fields. Recruited from the stage by D. W. Griffith for "Sally of the Sawdust," he has brought to the films a distinct personality and a talent for creating spontaneous laughter. He is enthusiastic about the screen, and this enthusiasm will carry him in popular favor in "It's the Old Army Game"



You couldn't possibly stay away when the Costello sisters, Dolores and Helene, ask you over. They have one of those snug little bungalows which radiate charm and contentment. The trees and shrubs lend a homey hospitality and the girls are asking you to share it

The COSTELLOS Ask You OVER





If the stranger passing by could see Dolores and Helene draped in the window seat or against the archway of their home and smiling a happy welcome, no one would deny him the privilege of doffing his hat and saying "Howdy do"

Our OWN NEWS CAMERA



International Newsreel photos

Gene Tunney, contender for the heavyweight pugilistic championship, arrives in Hollywood to start his film work and takes a lesson in make-up from Rudolph Valentino

Joan Crawford is here again! She just won a life membership to The Gables, a Santa Monica, California, beach club with her dancing of the Charleston



International Newsreel

Between scenes of Ramon Novarro's new picture, "Bellamy the Magnificent," now renamed "The Man from London." Here you see Mr. Novarro, Sally O'Neil and Director Hobart Henley





The young lady with the—er—pedal extremities is Georgia Hale, who plays one of those dance-hall gals in Famous' production of "The Rainmaker." Ernest Torrence plays an old-fashioned barkeep in the picture. The other gentleman on view is Director Clarence Badger

You'll soon see W. C. Fields' first starring comedy, "It's the Old Army Game." Here you have Mr. Fields conferring on location at Palm Beach with his director, Eddie Sutherland



Batter up! Curves are unnecessary here. La-a-dies and gentlemen, the pinch-hitter is Doris Hill, who also is leading woman for Syd Chaplin





A flock of would-be Roosevelts apply to Director Victor Fleming at the Lasky Hollywood studios. They all want to play the famous Teddy, in Famous' forthcoming production of "The Rough Riders." The man with the book in his hand is Herman Hagedorn, official biographer of Theodore Roosevelt



Claire Windsor, left, demonstrates how Ginger, the screen dog, retrieves tennis balls that go over the wire



The Charleston has now captured the great open places. Here is Virginia Bradford, cowgirl de luxe, demonstrating some new steps to George Lewis

International Newsreel

Big Pictures and Little Ones

By Robert E. Sherwood

THE season which has just passed has produced a veritable tidal wave of BIG pictures—extra-special-super features, of ten or more reels, that are sold to the public at advance prices.

Starting with "The Merry Widow," "The Wanderer," "The Phantom of the Opera," and "Don Q," there have appeared, subsequently, such extensive offerings as "The Big Parade," "Stella Dallas," "The Vanishing American," "Ben-Hur," "The Sea Beast," "La Bohême," "The Flaming Frontier," "Mare Nostrum," "The Black Pirate," "The Midnight Sun," "The Volga Boatman," "Sparrows" and "Aloma of the South Seas."

The money invested in this group of offerings would be sufficient to launch a medium-sized war. The revenue that will eventually be derived from them would put Germany on its feet again, with enough left over to rehabilitate Russia.

Tidal Wave of Specials

FOR the season ahead, the tidal wave of super-specials threatens to assume the proportions of a deluge. There will be "Old Ironsides," "What Price Glory," "Tell It to the Marines," "The Scarlet Letter," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Garden of Allah," "The Greatest Show on Earth," "Don Juan" and some dozens of others.

In fact, the old six- or seven-reel picture seems to be going out of style. Today, any director who manages to gather unto himself a reputation demands twelve crowded reels or he wont play.

This brings us up to a consideration of the problem: what makes a big picture big? Is it the footage of celluloid that is consumed, or the size of the sets, or the number of extras employed in the mob scenes, or the amount of money expended by a generous producer?

To answer this question, we must delve into the machinery of the movie industry itself (and if you aren't interested in machinery, you can drop off at this point and take a run thru the rotogravure section).

The Program Picture

WHEN the movies first started to gain their universal popularity and to earn their fabulous dividends, a few astute magnates decided that it would be easier to sell films in groups rather than as individual offerings.

Thus, the "program picture" was born—and the program picture, as subsequent events have proved, is the curse of the silent drama.

To explain what a program picture is, I may take the case of Famous Players-Lasky, which was the pioneer in this particular field of endeavor. Famous Players decides to produce forty pictures in six months, which will be divided up among its various stars and directors; there may be two Thomas Meighan productions, two Gloria Swanson productions, three Raymond Griffith productions, two James Cruze productions, and so forth.

The stars, stories, directors and casts for these forty pictures will be lined up in advance, and then the high-powered salesmen will start out to sell the entire program to exhibitors—*sight unseen*. The exhibitor will be sold on the strength of the titles of the pictures, the box-office reputations of the stars, directors and authors, and the salesman's own personal ability to hoist the cow's husband. Thus, an exhibitor who wants to book a strong feature, like a Harold Lloyd comedy, will have to accept a number of weaker sisters, on the same program, along with it.

Since most of the selling is done before the pictures are even made, the actual work of production becomes of minor importance. Program pictures must be ground out on schedule time, of scheduled length and at a scheduled cost.

Factory Products

WITH the result that program pictures are apt to be slipshod in form, hazy in story and played in a listless, pepless manner. They are factory products, and they look it.

A special production—one which is made on the side, regardless of the prearranged program—is much more likely to represent careful, sustained, intelligent effort. Its producers spend more time and money on it, and they dont have to be restricted by an early release date.

All the independent comedians—Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton, in particular—make their pictures in this way. They work over each production until they are convinced that it is *right*, or as close to right as they and their collaborators can possibly make it.

Douglas Fairbanks works in the same way. So does Mary Pickford. So do Ernst Lubitsch, Erich von Stroheim, John Barrymore, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish and a few others. So will Gloria Swanson, whenever and if ever she is given the chance to do so.

It is obvious that pictures made in this way will be superior to pictures that are ejected, at tediously regular intervals, from a sausage machine.

There are two productions which illustrate this point effectively: one is "The Covered Wagon," the other, "The Big Parade."

Unexpected Specials

BOTH of these pictures were intended, originally, to conform to the requirements of the program. Both,

(*Continued on page 75*)

> What makes a big picture big?
>
> Is it the footage of celluloid that is consumed, or the size of the sets, or the number of extras employed in the mob scenes, or the amount of money expended by a generous producer?
>
> Two such hits as "The Covered Wagon" and "The Big Parade" started as program pictures. Both unexpectedly grew out of bounds.
>
> Just what makes a big picture big?

The Celluloid Critic



William Boyd and Elinor Fair in "The Volga Boatman"

THE real romance of Russia has yet to be written. The country of the communists surges too strongly with emotions to be understood completely by those who would translate its life into terms of screen drama. The song of Russia is pitched in a tragic key and some fine day a director may be given *carte blanche* to give an authentic version of it.

Cecil B. De Mille romanticizes Russia in his "Volga Boatman," which is nothing but a love triangle that seldom approaches moving drama. It is flavored with the military touch and there is a first-rate element of contrast present which depicts the lowly peasant as the conquering hero in affairs of the heart. But in showing his conflict of the Reds against the Whites, De Mille makes opulent excursions into sentimental and erotic pastures. In other words, he introduces his own personality to create pictorial effects and so his story gets away from him. He is all for the color of the thing.

The trouble with "The Volga Boatman" as I see it is its lack of a gripping climax which should have shown the inexorable march of pathos and tragedy. Still in giving De Mille credit, it is best to call this an experiment. He has played with Russian conflict as it concerns peasant and aristocrat—artistically, there is nothing to criticize here.

It is only in his subject matter that he falters. Russia may sing joyously, but there is a tear behind the song—a tear symbolic of a people who look with tremendous seriousness upon life.

There are Hollywoodian touches in the picture, too, which, while gratifying in a pictorial way, are, nevertheless, out of harmony with the theme. The points which will be remembered here are the highly creditable atmosphere, the detail—and the sincere performances contributed by William Boyd as the *Red,* Victor Varconi as the *Prince* and Julia Faye as a *Tartar maid.* Elinor Fair does not realize the full possibilities of the character of the princess. It is a part which fairly cried for the release of pent-up emotions.

Marion's Princely Rôle

EVER since Marion Davies discovered that her *forte* is light comedy, she has given her public some highly mirthful character studies. There's no room for argument that she cannot masquerade as a youth—and get away with it. There is spirit in her acting—and conviction too.

So what does it matter if they have changed "Beverly of Graustark" to fit her talent and personality? What matters if the girl dons princely attire, if the creaking plot can be spiced up a little? The good, old Graustark pattern has gone to the movie well many many times since the birth of the five reeler. If it can be changed in its stock situations—well, so much the better for those patrons who are shouting for originality or novelty.

Broad liberties are taken here with McCutcheon's yarn. Which gives Miss Davies her chance to masquerade. Accordingly, the scenarist, the director and possibly Marion, herself, have adopted the by-words of the magician—Presto, Chango—and the star comes forth resplendent in princely attire. Her mannerisms, her playfulness—these are the factors toward this picture's popularity—for it is destined to be popular.

It contains oodles of sentiment and romance—and quite a spark of adventure. The Davies personality is stamped all over it. She wears her clothes quite as well as David, Prince of Wales. Roy D'Arcy is present, but not so versatile as I anticipated. His performance differs in no respect from his work in "The Merry Widow." Antonio Moreno plays the hero in the approved story-book and stage manner. Altogether, the picture has plenty of appeal.

Mostly a Fashion Show

SOMETIMES musical comedy adaptations turn out very well on the screen, but at best it is a gamble whether they will succeed or not. "Sally" and "Irene" turned out fair enough, principally because they contained some sprightly fun. To get right down to brass tacks, it all depends upon whether there is enough plot and gags after the music is eliminated.

In remembering the twosome above—and their entertaining qualities brings to mind the shortcomings of "Mlle Modiste." True, the decorative Corinne Griffith enhances the piece with her presence. She is resplendent in some striking sartorial effects. Otherwise, it is a long and tedious fashion show—one bolstered up with wise-cracking subtitles which lose their power to provoke laughter thru their constant repetition and lack of spontaneity.

I cannot see any reason for adapting it in the first place. It wasn't so much a plotty comic affair as it was a medium to express Victor Herbert's melodious score. The original offered a perfect synchronization of plot, characterization and music. Thus, with the operatic matter

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays



Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno have a romantic moment in "Beverly of Graustark"

removed, Miss Griffith was deprived of a chance to do anything else than display a complete wardrobe of glad rags.

There is but an inkling of the plot. It shows itself when the star, impersonating a Paris mannequin, is set up in business by a butter-and-egg man from America. Naturally, this piques the French count who loves her and who believes the worst. There's your story—and your picture, too.

What remains is a fashion parade—with Corinne Griffith wearing her gowns exceedingly well. The only bit of characterization is offered by Willard Louis as the afore-mentioned b. and e. man. He looks the part, but the gags supplied him are weak. Norman Kerry looks spick and span in some gay uniforms. In other words, it is a talky picture in which the players walk on and off the sets.

This MacLean Fellow

In watching a Douglas MacLean comedy I always recall his memorable effort, "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave." That's the penalty he pays for ringing the bell a few seasons ago. With each succeeding picture I've anticipated something as delightfully human and amusing, but none has quite reached the mark. The new contribution, "That's My Baby," comes as close as any—without trespassing on its plot. This is another way of saying that it has its rollicking moments.

The piece runs dry at the start—but the minute the Baby is introduced it picks up momentum and finishes in a volley of laughter. This baby, incidentally, is played by Harry Earles, who you will remember as the midget in "The Unholy Three." He is the chap who, really more than MacLean, changes the complexion of the story. And why not, since the plot motivates around him?

There is no great shakes about the story—which concerns a couple of bachelors. One of them, Mr. Hero, falls in love so badly that his partner becomes disgusted with him. But the bride elopes, thus giving the disappointed swain the opportunity to renounce the opposite sex. This chap, however, is made of sentiment and sympathy. So when a damsel sprains her ankle, he promptly renders first aid.

There is slap-stick here—quite a lot of it, but it doesn't spoil the idea. The piece is consistently funny. MacLean, acting in his customary bewildered manner, extracts an adequate amount of humor, while Claude Gillingwater, wearing his exaggerated scowls, makes a praiseworthy foil.



Corinne Griffith in "Mlle Modiste"

The War Comes to Vienna

A lot of money has been spent on "The Greater Glory," but the result is negligible. Whatever those in charge were driving at is difficult to discern as it is impossible to make anything out of it. There is a little bit of everything in the story and the effort to make it clear has brought forth nothing but confusion.

The original tale, "The Viennese Medley," was scheduled for the big theaters. But it became swallowed up in a mass of detail during production and emerging as "The Greater Glory" it has just been allowed to swim or sink by itself.

The four horsemen are resurrected again. They gallop across the sky, while on *terra firma* the spectator sees a lot of movement in Vienna before, during and after the war.

It is all very much to the hodge-podge. One reason for the rambling, shambling plot may be found in the wealth of characters, there being no less than two dozen relatives who are difficult to identify because of their Teutonic names—and the fact that they appear, disappear and re-appear without rhyme or reason.

I get the general impression that the author tried to duplicate "The Four Horsemen" from the Germanic side of the argument—and that the director attempted to reproduce that memorable effort.

(*Continued on page 70*)

MORE IMPRESSIONS

POLA NEGRI was one of the surprises of my life. When invited recently to a little dinner-party at her home, I hesitated about accepting because I dislike to waste an evening and hate to be bored. I had never met Pola Negri but I had heard and read a lot about her, and was not anxious to meet her. This only shows how we get wrong impressions, and how Dame Rumor and General Publicity often blunder and do grave injustice. And so I accepted the invitation with some reluctance, for I fully believed that I would be required to sit for an hour in the drawing-room while the guests were assembling and until the stately Pola should slowly descend the grand stairway with queenly dignity while we guests should rise and bow and scrape and do her homage.

I had pictured her there in all her glory, the observed of all observers, and as she finally seated herself on her throne I saw myself among her satellites sitting around her highness as she haughtily told us what a great artiste she was. I could hear them all saying "yes, yes" to the self-centered tragedy queen, and I saw myself at the dinner-table listening to her subjects' praise and adulation. I felt sure she was temperamental, Ritzy, up-stage, and all that sort of thing, and I had been told that she never suffered from inferiority complex. And there are other things I thought and believed about Pola Negri off the screen which made me anything but an admirer.

But how different it all was. The stage was not set for a grand-stand entrance, there was no throne, no idol-worshiping, no attempt to be the center of attraction. Pola Negri was seated among some guests when I entered. She rose, came forward and greeted me cordially. She was dressed simply but elegantly, with no signs of gaudiness. Her manner was natural and without affectation. She has a pleasant voice, and rather a strong one, and speaks with a slight foreign accent. If she had any make-up on, it was not obvious. At no time during the whole evening did I see any attempt on her part to monopolize attention or conversation, and she succeeded in making everybody feel perfectly at ease without any apparent effort. I feel sure that the Pola Negri I saw was the real Pola and not an artificial one. Bluff, hypocrisy, posing, coquetry and artifice are evidently not on her program nor in her nature.

She presided over the dinner table gracefully, naturally and unaffectedly, and nobody felt that it was necessary to include her in the conversation altho she often joined in. I asked her opinion of Americans in general and of many plays and players in particular, and she seemed always to have a good word rather than a bad one. If she hates anybody, she keeps it a secret; if she admires anybody, she does not hesitate to say so. And yet she is far from being a "yes man." She has decided opinions on everything and expresses them with candor, but somehow she gives the impression that she finds something in everything and in everybody to admire and nothing to condemn. In other words, she is not at all "catty" nor envious, nor jealous, and I want to remark right here that these are rare virtues out here in Hollywood.

But the one thing that surprised me most was the mentality of Pola Negri. I soon felt myself in the presence of a great woman. She has a very wise head on her fair shoulders and her process of deduction and induction are nothing short of masculine, because one rarely sees such a logical and profound insight into things in a feminine brain. I'll wager that she is seldom wrong in her estimate and analysis of the affairs of life. Women usually depend on their intuition, in which faculty they always excel the male, but Pola Negri seems to be guided more by logic and reason than by guesswork. And she is a student—she goes into the whys and wherefores of things. And her library is the finest I have yet seen out here. She reads much, but she thinks more. She is sociable but I imagine she is somewhat bored by the general run of light conversation that is so common among players. To make oneself agreeable to Pola Negri one must talk about something deeper than clothes and the weather, and yet she is graciously tolerant. Just to show how generous and whole-hearted she is, one of the first remarks she made to Corliss Palmer in the presence of several people was: "I have several times been told that you were the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, and I was prepared to doubt it, but now I am free to admit that the report was not exaggerated."

I believe that Pola Negri is one of the most admired of all women of the screen, but I am now inclined to think that she will never be so popular in real life as are many others, because the average man does not usually fall in love with intellectual women, and women dont often take kindly to those of their sex who are smarter than they are. While Pola is not a masculine woman, she is the exact opposite of the Lillian Gish type. One would never liken Pola to the fragile lily nor to the delicate violet. She is more than a



The Fourth of July is coming! A little preparation is under way with Syd Chaplin and Doris Hill—but Chuck Reisner seems bent upon upsetting things

of HOLLYWOOD

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

flower—she is a sturdy oak, full of life, strength and power. If one had never seen her on the stage or screen, one would feel safe to bet that she was a great artiste. And that she will be just that, long after many others now in her general class are dead and buried.

* * *

VICTOR VARCONI, known as the Hungarian *Romeo*, and his charming wife, who was recently a celebrated musical comedy star in Europe, entertained me at a sort of five-o'clock tea the other day, but it turned out to be an informal musicale. Corliss Palmer and Dorothy Dwan went with me, and we had to enter thru the kitchen door because the heavy rains had washed away some of the hills up above their dwelling and washed them down on their lawns and gardens. I told him that "The Volga Boatman" should have established a ferry across the lawns and that I was thinking of building an ark for myself. It doesn't rain very often here but when it does, it certainly *does*. And the hill-dwellers get the worst of it. But the rainy season is over now and we shall have sunshine for about nine months. But it seldom rains all day. It rains so hard that it gets tired, and stops for a few hours, and the sun comes out. Victor is a handsome young Hungarian about six feet, thirty years old. He is full of humor and good nature. When he laughs, his eyes almost close, like slits. He is very frank, wholesome, polite and likable. He speaks "broken English" very well indeed and it is a delight to listen to him. A Hungarian musician was there, and how he could play the piano! I think the hills round about are still echoing. And then they all sang some rollicking Hungarian folk-songs, and they put a lot of feeling and emotion in them. These foreigners certainly have us poor Americans beaten a mile and a half when it comes to music and expression of the emotions. And I think we are going to hear from this Victor Varconi. Cecil De Mille has signed him to do leads, and he has a fine personality. I think you are going to like him immensely. More later.

* * *

IT'S a funny thing, but Hollywood is about the worst place I know of to see pictures. One would think that right where they are made one could see anything almost any time. But theaters are scarce and far between and they run old pictures and poor ones most of the time. Several new and big theaters are planned, however. Grauman's Egyptian is here, of course, but they have been running "The Big Parade" ever since I have been here. Of course, there are many big theaters downtown in Los Angeles, but it takes half an hour to motor there and half an hour more to find a parking place for one's car, and another half-hour to get a pair of seats.



Rudolph Valentino demonstrates his three prize dogs. Left to right, Mirtza, an Arabian greyhound; Centaur Pendragon, Irish wolfhound; and Shartan, Great Dane pup

* * *

RUDOLPH VALENTINO is certainly a different young man from what he was a few years ago. Perhaps you noticed when you saw him last that he looked worried and careworn. Well, now he is full of confidence and he looks younger than ever. He is a type that became a standard and his name a household word a few years ago, and as such he has never had a competitor. I figure that from now on Rudy will go up and stay up at the top. There can be Gilberts and Colmans and so on, but there can be only one Valentino.

* * *

I AM dining with Lloyd Hughes next week, also with Robert Frazer, and I am impatient to meet and know them well. I shall take pleasure in telling you all about it in my next.

* * *

THERE is a conspiracy on foot to do some very big things in the picture world, and the conspirators are Clarence Brown and Irving Thalberg (a Metro chief). I spent an evening with the congenial Clarence and he confidentially unfolded some of their plans. Since directing "The Goose Woman," "The Eagle" and "Kiki," he is taking plenty of time to decide on his next, because it must be his best yet. And I'm betting it will.

* * *

I HAD luncheon with dear old Uncle Carl Laemmle at Universal the other day and I am afraid he wont invite me again. Unfortunately I am not a "yes man," of which characters Hollywood is full—I mean those who say only nice things and who never dare to offer a friendly criticism. Poor Uncle Carl is and always has been surrounded with "yes men" and I doubt if he really knows what is going on and just where his company stands. He knows he's making money and that's about all. I want to see Universal "come back" and get in with the big ones and do things, but I fear they never will.

* * *

BEFORE any picture goes out of Hollywood it is given a try-out at one of the smaller theaters, and sometimes at two or three. They plant scouts around and a few dozen "yes men," and try to find out how the picture "goes," then they take it back to the studio and correct it accordingly. They try to keep me and other critics away from these preliminary previews, because

(*Continued on page 72*)

Prop Boy to STAR

By Alice L. Tildesley



Muray

Charles Emmett Mack was raised among the Pennsylvania miners. He was a member of the Griffith studio crew when the dean of directors selected him for a rôle in "Dream Street"

SOUNDS like the title of an old-fashioned dime novel, doesn't it? But it is the true story of Charles Emmett Mack. . . .

The young actor has just finished making "The Unknown Soldier," a rôle for which leading men fought and bled even as feminine stars once struggled over *Peter Pan,* yet it is not so long ago that directors were calling:

"Oh, Charlie, get me a kitten that will look like this one did before she grew up!" Or——

"Say, I've gotta have a knife that'll look dangerous, but the baby has to pick it up, so it mustn't *be* dangerous—and a couple calves marked alike—yes, and a lamp from a forty-niner stage coach, by one o'clock, Charlie!"

Before that, tho, Charles Emmett Mack was a studio guide in the Griffith Mamaroneck Studios. He used to take parties of visitors over the sets.

Griffith's Prop Boy

"I was allowed five minutes on each set," he explained, "and I used to think up new jokes every night to spring on them next day. We went on Mr. Griffith's set whenever he was working, because that was the real thrill. He'd look at me when we'd come in, but he'd never speak. I always thought that he'd manage to worry along if I never came back.

"Then I got into the property room. Naturally, I saw more of Mr. Griffith. He wasn't like the others—he always made it easy to get things from him. You know the definition of a prop man: 'A fellow who wants to borrow something.' And you know how popular that makes one.

"One day, I'd gone down to his set for some reason, and was sitting on the curb waiting for a bus to go back, when Mr. Griffith came out after me.

" 'Come and rehearse this scene,' " he invited me.

"I was just a kid and I thought he was making fun of me. 'No thanks,' I said, 'I came to this studio to learn to be a director.



Abbe

Charles Emmett Mack's first appearance as an actor, opposite Carol Dempster in "Dream Street"

Griffith Made Charles Emmett Mack Into an Actor



Ruth Harriet Louise

Not so many years ago Charles Emmett Mack was a peanut vender with Ringling Brothers circus. Now he's looked upon as one of the screen's most promising young actors

I couldn't consider being an actor.'

"He looked at me then—*hard*—and smiled.

" 'So you're going to be a director! Well, you come and rehearse this scene for me, Charlie,' he said. That was the first time he had called me 'Charlie,' so I went.

Then—"Dream Street"

"MR. GRIFFITH always rehearsed for weeks before he turned one crank of the camera. I rehearsed the part in 'Dream Street' with everyone on the set kidding me. I didn't know whether or not it was all a joke, sometimes. But I'd been around a studio two years and I'd picked up a little. I liked the part and Mr. Griffith was wonderful.

"One day, after we'd rehearsed the last scene, Carol Dempster, Ralph Graves and I were sitting in a row on a bench when Mr. Griffith came up.

" 'Got your clothes for the picture?' he asked. Carol and Ralph both said 'Yes,' and Mr. Griffith turned to me and said: 'That suit'll do, Charlie.'

" 'Oh, no! This isn't the kind of suit I want,' I returned. 'You see, I was born and brought up in the anthracite region where immigrants come in just 'as is,' and I knew exactly what the boy as I saw him should wear. Mr. Griffith let me have my way. I think he was pleased that I had ideas. At any rate, that was the first time I was absolutely sure there was no mistake about my playing the part.

"The first time I saw myself on the screen I thought I couldn't stand it. We were all in the projection room looking at the rushes of my first day's work. I couldn't think of the shadow on the screen as myself—I thought of it as 'It.' I saw this thing sneak in. It had such big ears and such a strange nose. Its mouth seemed to be all over its face. And then suddenly it turned around on me and I bolted out of the room.

"Mr. Griffith sent for me and had me sit by him while he showed me what was wrong and why. I thought it all terrible, but he seemed to think it good, and so I kept on acting instead of going back to the property room."

Raised Among the Miners

THE Macks were Irish, which was possibly the reason Charles could wheedle anything from crested card trays to the gardener's baby out of reluctant "prospects" when he was a prop boy. The Irish tongue was also no doubt the cause of his forgivable alibis when black swans or thirteenth century swords failed to measure up to directorial desires.

But when Charles was little, his playmates were as likely to be Czechs or Poles or Russians as native Pennsylvanians.

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Ruth Harriet Louise

GRETA GARBO

The Scandinavian meteor is to play opposite Jack Gilbert in "The Undying Past." The mercury ought to touch its highest point of the summer in their love scenes

The KID From CAPE COD

By Mary B. Chapman



Charles Farrell played extras for Fox and small rôles with Warner. Now James Cruze has given him the leading rôle in "Old Ironsides." Farrell's opportunity is here. Left, as he appears in "Old Ironsides"

DAREOS, Hollywood's favorite crystal-gazer, left the table of well-known stars at Marion Davies' party and walked across the room to one at which sat an obscure young player named Charles Farrell.

"You should be happy," Dareos observed, in that far-away voice of his. "Your future holds the biggest promise of any man's on the screen."

Charles Farrell beamed at the seer, as he would, I believe, beam at an enemy if it were possible to conceive of Charles as having an enemy. But he didn't pay much attention to the prophecy. He thought it was just part of the party. . . .

Opportunity in "Old Ironsides"

AND now Charles Farrell is playing the most coveted juvenile lead of the year, the part of the *Commodore* in "Old Ironsides," after nearly three years in extra rôles.

He sat on the rocky beach at Catalina, stripped to the waist and barefoot, chained with an iron chain to George Bancroft, who was similarly bound to Wallace Beery, in turn manacled to George Godfrey, negro champion of the ring. The rocks were sharp, the sun was blistering, and leg-irons chafed and cut in the rougher action of their scenes. First aid was continually being called on between clicks of the cameras as the four escaping captives fought and struggled, slipped and scrambled among the jagged boulders at the edge of the blue sea.



"Isn't it great?" cried Charles, in an interval between shots. "We've been inseparable for two weeks—we four—and soon we have to swim out to the *Esther*, chains and all!"

He seemed pleased at the prospect.

"We've done about everything else—been lost at sea, almost wrecked on Dead Man's Island, dropped over walls, been in every kind of fight—oh, yes, we still have the big battle scenes and the explosions! After I had worked in the picture for three days, I went out and got my life insured for twenty-five thousand dollars, took accident insurance and everything, so it doesn't matter. I'm having the time of my life!"

He looked it, too, with his laughing brown eyes, his hair wind-blown and his disarming smile. His is truly "the face of one who's steppin' to a fair," as the Irish say.

Distinct Irish Type

PEOPLE are always picking out a successor to the beloved Wallace Reid—so why shouldn't I?

Part of Wallie's hold on fans was his hold on those immediately around him. Charles has that fascination *off* the screen—now if he can get it over *on* the screen!

When he played his scenes in the rigging of the *Esther*, a sailor stood by. Not that he could do anything if Charles fell but just for "moral support." An ex-prize-fighter waited with a warm robe during Charles' scenes in the storm and had a berth and hot coffee ready for the almost frozen young actor. They used to do things like that for Wallie.

And Wallie used to do the sort of things Charles does.

The *Esther* went out looking for a storm, for far be it from Jim Cruze to use wind-machines! They looked for ten days and returned disappointed. No sooner had supplies been removed from the ship and everyone landed than clouds appeared on the horizon and the Pacific began to belie its name.

"Everybody with me?" asked Mr. Cruze.

"Aye, aye, sir!" chorused the cast, in proper seagoing style.

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Ramon Novarro, of "The Man from London," John Gilbert, of "Bardelys the Magnificent," and Roy D'Arcy, of "The Temptress," compare mustaches and use a rule to do it



Marceline Day, appearing in "Toto," does an imitation of Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush"

Letters to King Dodo

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

I HAVE just returned to the twentieth century after living for a few days in the early part of the nineteenth. Your Majesty is familiar with the theory advanced by Bergson, Ousprensky and other mystic philosophers—the theory that time and space do not really exist, and everything that ever was or ever will be is accessible, if we have the key.

My experience in the last few days leads me almost to accept this theory. For I was as completely isolated in the period of 1812 as if I had never lived at any other time.

I was aboard the good ship *Esther,* which sailed from Salem, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1812 and was captured by Barbary pirates and rescued by the frigate *Constitution.* The *Esther* lay at dock on the Isthmus at Catalina Island. This side of the island was deserted except for the Paramount players who represented the village life of that earlier day and the crews of the thirty-odd ships which are being used in the filming of "Old Ironsides."

The *Cabrillo,* one of the largest of the ships in this fleet, on which the cast of "Old Ironsides" is quartered, was afloat for two weeks without landing. During this time she was caught in one of the violent storms that have scourged the peaceful waters of the Pacific this last spring, and for hours she ran before the wind, a toy in the hands of Providence.

The village at the Isthmus is a picturesque collection of wharves, warehouses, and roistering taverns. Sailors of a hundred and fifty years ago swagger thru its streets in ballooning trousers and straw hats from which long ribbons float. In a sunny nook on the docks an old salt—Wallace Beery or George Bancroft—will be lounging. At the entrance of the Pilgrim's Inn a noisy group will stand, persuading a recruit, well plied with grog, to ship for foreign ports.

Altogether, it was an amazing experience for 1926. And when I returned to my native *habitat* of Hollywood, the sight of speeding automobiles and the flappers in their abbreviated skirts struck me with dumb wonder.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

FROM the maritime scene of the early nineteenth century, which I endeavored to picture for Your Majesty in my last letter, I took a radical departure and went with another Paramount company into the midst of the Arizona desert.

Here, on a waste of sand, stretching as far as we could see, under a sun which caused the thermometer to register as high as 115 degrees in the shade, a square mud fortress had been erected for the battle scenes of "Beau Geste." There was a grimness about this desert which impressed us immediately upon arrival. And before we left, the desert had taken its toll. Diphtheria and dysentery—dread monsters that had lurked concealed among our company, came out now and boldly attacked us. One extra player died; many were ill for days. The disabled were removed to hospitals in the nearest towns and everything was done to alleviate their suffering.

The picture went on—for pictures must go on, just as a circus performance must continue, altho the lions have eaten their trainer. At night, after work, some of us would gather in Ronald Colman's tent and try to drive away the evil genius of the desert by making disagreeable sounds on musical instruments. Ron torments the harmonica, Ralph Forbes can blow an eery blast on the bugle, and Neil Hamilton is able to torture a saxophone until it groans in agony.



The Duke of Connaught visits Rex Ingram at Nice during filming of "The Magician"



Here's a surprise! The one whiskerless gent of this trio is Albert Smith, of the famous cough-drop company. The others? George Bancroft and Wallace Beery of "Old Ironsides"

By Don Ryan and Frederick James Smith

"Beau Geste," as Your Majesty may know, is a story of the French Foreign Legion. Much of the action takes place in the Egyptian desert. There is a Bedouin attack on the fort, a spectacle rendered more grisly by the silent, beating sun and the vast expanse of deathly wasteland.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

Knowing well the interest Your Majesty has expressed at various times in the social life of Hollywood—so different from the quiet evenings on Your Majesty's beautiful Island of Oz—I shall endeavor to remember something of what occurred on the fête of St. Patrick's Day, as it was celebrated at the Beverly Hills domicile of Lew Cody.

Lew is one of those rare bohemians who appreciate comforts. His place is called the Old Boot and Goat. This name conveys the atmosphere of the house. It is like an English inn of a past generation. Stairs lead downward to a rathskeller, half under ground, the walls are hung with rare old theater programs and photographs of famous players long since dead.

The *élite* of the film world—as the society editor would say—were present that evening. Around the oaken table in the center of the room were gathered Renée Adorée, Renée's sister comique, Priscilla Dean, Gaston Glass, Hoot Gibson, and Charley Ray, wearing a dinner suit with a green necktie. In an ingle-nook sat John Gilbert and Jack Pickford, exchanging confidences. John Steel came over from the Orpheum and sang for us. The fare provided by the hospitable Lew was none of the cream-puff-and-tea variety such as Pola Negri might dispense, but rather good baked beans and onions, roast fowls, a shoulder of ham and scuttles heaped with corned-beef hash.

Lew had to excuse himself at midnight and retire to his chamber. He had just received a call to "be on the set at nine o'clock." Lew was engaged at that time on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picturization of "Toto," the stage-play immortalized by Leo Dietrichstein. Lew in the beard and earrings of *Othello* should be a new thrill for his many girl admirers. There is plenty of subtle, sophisticated acting in the story, the sort of acting in which Lew Cody excels, but M-G-M has been careful to give it a nice sweet ending, which successfully demolishes the spirit of the original.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

If I may be pardoned the pun in Your Majesty's presence, I should say that John Gilbert promises to be truly magnificent in "Bardelys the Magnificent," the story from Rafael Sabatini's novel which is being directed by King Vidor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

I saw Jack working in one of the scenes as *Bardelys* and was impressed by the perfection of his art. The hero of "The Big Parade" was in quite different dress and mood. His dress was a leather jerkin trimmed with silver braid and a sword at his side. He was stained with mud and gore, having just come thru one of the numerous encounters in which this story of adventure in the picturesque years of the seventeenth century abounds.

As I sidled up to the scene, the fugitive *Bardelys,* hiding in the house of his prospective father-in-law, came to the grilled door separating his lady's bedchamber from the balcony on which he stood, and peered thru.

The eyes of the wounded lover, hungry with desire, searched the room. His eyes sent their appeal thru the grilled aperture so potently that his glance seemed fairly to crackle in the charged air. The door opened slowly as his hand moved the latch and the splendid, bedraggled



Jack Holt and his family, including Betty and Jack, Jr., who used to be called Tim. The children returned to Hollywood recently from a trip East



Lois Wilson returns to Los Angeles and is welcomed by her younger sister, Constance

figure crossed the threshold—moving into the camera for a close-up—large, passionate, yearning. Not acting—living. From the hardened juicer at a stand of lights a sigh and "Gee!" Highest tribute to acting that takes its place with the best on the screen today.

Under Vidor's direction "Bardelys the Magnificent" is taking form as a dashing, romantic piece—no effort to psycho-analyze anybody—merely a rattling good adventure story, but done with artistry and authenticity that should attract the discriminating as well as the indiscriminate of movie-goers.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

We weary writers of the screen have our moments of relaxation. I have already told Your Majesty somewhat flippantly how we enjoy these precious moments at the Writers' Club.

But joking aside, the Writers have been producing a string of excellent one-act plays. Indeed, these theatrical inventions of the Writers are about the only amusement for sophisticated amusement-seekers in a desert of plays and pictures designed to capture the interest of the eight-year-old mind. Harry Singer, head of the Orpheum circuit, went so far as to remark to me recently that the Writers' plays present the best acting in America at the present time.

There was an amusing evening at the Club on April 1. The announcement said that Washington's Birthday and the return of Major Hughes (who is being groomed for a colonel of reserves) from the War College would be celebrated simultaneously on this evening. Indignant protests were received from Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, but the celebration went on just the same.

After dinner the curtain went up and on the stage at the end of the assembly room was presented the Washington's Birthday Exercises of the Rupert Hughes Grammar School. Donald Ogden Stewart, that uncanny Scot, was the principal. Our President—the Major—responded by telling us the low-down on his widely quoted Washington's Birthday speech in Washington. Major Hughes said that his speech, describing the Father of Our Country as a Good Scout, was well received by all the Sons of the Revolution present except one Son who was slightly stewed. And it was this old boy who made the holler because Major Hughes described George Washington as a gentleman who would take a drink occasionally!

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

Your Majesty has often graciously expressed his curiosity at the amazing methods of motion picture manufacture. Here is another example of the mysterious workings of studio minds.

William Fox is making "What Price Glory." Now when M-G-M filmed "The Big Parade," by Laurence Stallings, joint-author of "What Price Glory," they had the good taste to shoot the works. Titles and action gave a realistic picture of the war. True, those movie-goers unfortunate enough to live under censorship lost much of the picture, but those fortunate enough to live where there is still liberty of thought, enjoyed a cinematic masterpiece.

It is Fox policy to make nothing that can be censored. Now "What Price Glory" is all highly censorable—from the distorted view-point of the average movie censor. You would naturally suppose that Fox would select an uncensorable piece to begin with, but that is not the way things are done in the movies. Instead, we shall see an expurgated version of "What Price Glory" with most of the kick taken out. Fox is filming a series of stage successes and it is not beyond the range of probability that he may get around to some of the masterpieces of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists. If so—God help the Elizabethan dramatists!

On the other hand, Fox can take a stage-play such as "Pigs," have it adapted by a clever fellow such as Al Cohen, and produce a passable picture. In "Pigs" the leading man is Richard Walling. He was shooting still-camera on the Fox lot when somebody grabbed him off for the type-hero of this piece. Every film juvenile in Hollywood had been tested and found wanting when this youth, who never acted before, stepped into the part.



Between scenes of "Lovey Mary" Bessie Love and Director King Baggott discuss the weather



Remember the "baby" of "The Unholy Three"? Here he is again visiting Douglas MacLean. Name? Harry Earles. Remember when he shook the toy elephant with the jewels inside?

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

It looks as tho Warner Brothers are over the hill—for the time being. The creators of Classics of the Screen were very close to the rocks during recent months. They have just been subsidized by Los Angeles bankers to the extent of two millions—not a large sum as money goes in the movies, but enough, perhaps, to enable them to break the strangle-hold which the Lasky-Zukor-Loew combine had on their throats.

The Warner boys did a shrewd piece of business in signing Raymond L. Shrock as associate executive to function with Jack Warner in charge of production. Schrock, formerly head of Universal, is that rare combination in pictures, a business man who knows literature and dramatic art. I am expecting a consequent improvement in the quality of Warner Brothers Classics.

The Warners will lose John Barrymore after the picture on which he is now engaged. They have a flashing new star in Dolores Costello, whom they wisely sewed up with a long-term contract when the other studios would have none of her.

Strange to relate, Helene Costello is a much prettier girl and possesses about the same talent as her favored sister, Dolores. But Dolores got the breaks in pictures. Helene has the best part she ever was given with Raymond Griffith in "Wet Paint" for Paramount. Both the sisters were working as extras with Paramount at the Eastern studio when the Warners picked them up and put them under contract. Now the Warners have the pleasure of lending Helene at a goodly sum to her former employers.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

The first pieces to come out of the Universal-Ufa mill are being awaited with curiosity by the celluloid critics hereabout. One of the first of the new series to be made under the hands-across-the-sea arrangement for exchanging directors with Germany is to be called "Love Me and the World is Mine."

The title is indicative of a result that will be a strange conglomeration. The title is American—the director is the celebrated Continental, A. E. Dupont—and the original story was "The Affairs of Hannerl," by Rudolph Hans Bartsch, an Austrian novelist.

Mary Philbin and Betty Compson have leading rôles. The picture will be in the nature of a sequel to "The Merry-Go-Round."

The German cinema has shown promise of a high artistry. Is it going to be Americanized thru the efforts of Carl Laemmle, or will it maintain its own integrity while elevating the tone of Uncle Carl's American product?

Your Majesty can well understand why we await the first of the cross-bred pictures with curiosity and some little alarm.

Hollywood.
Dear Majesty:

Not to be outdone by Metro-Goldwyn, Paramount and First National, who have established their own houses or made arrangements with chain theaters to display their pictures, Producers Distributing Corporation have been studying this merger business ever since they embarked upon the idea of making Bigger and Better Films.

Your Majesty has seen the way the wind was blowing from the time Cecil B. De Mille became Producers' guiding spirit. The Ince studios were acquired—and then the Metropolitan. And just to keep the pot a-boiling, the Christies hopped on the P. D. C. band wagon.

What was the result, Your Majesty? Why the realization of one of the biggest producing plants in Hollywood.

But that is not all. The B. F. Keith vaudeville interests have wanted to get into the picture field for many years. For forty years the Keith organization has been engaged in vaudeville, which under E. F. Albee's régime has established itself solidly in all the cities of the country. What did this man Albee do? Why, he took his time and realized that his opportunity arrived with Producers. So the powers higher up signed on the dotted line and the film company as a result of signing their "John Hancocks" will have approximately four hundred theaters in a chain extending from coast to coast.

With such an extensive chain Producers are assured of exhibiting their product in first-run theaters everywhere.





Piquant Marie Prevost plays *Mabel* whose lost—er—undergarment causes a hundred complications at a house-party. Harrison Ford is *Garry*, the other chief victim of the complications

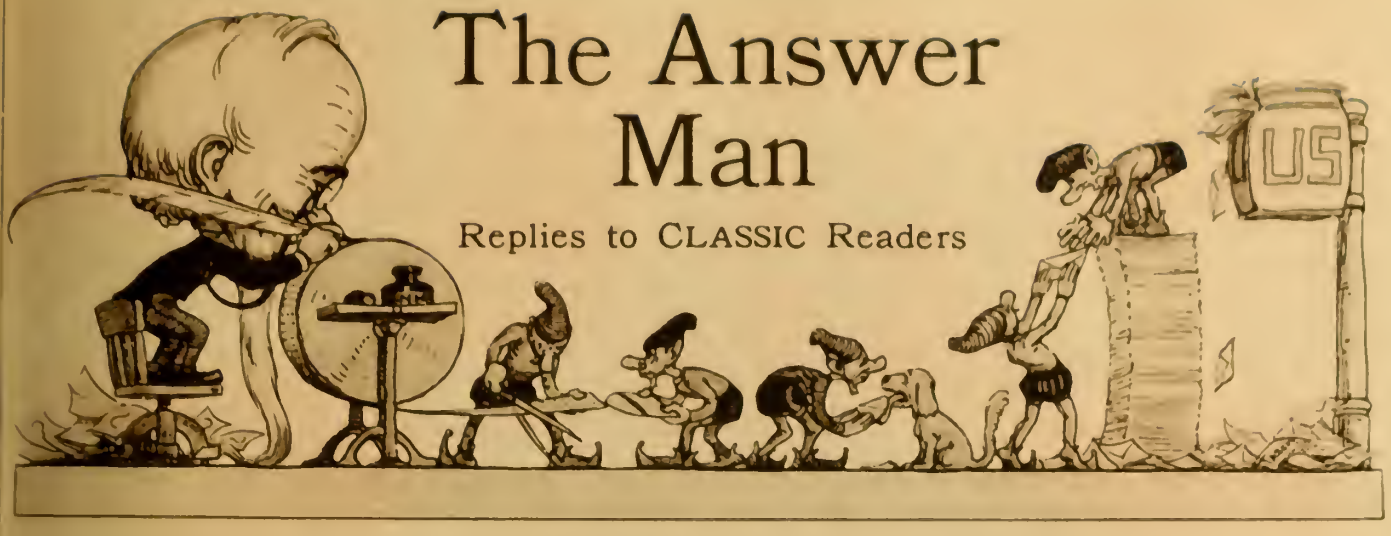
"Up in Mabel's ROOM!"

Al Christie, master of the film farce, has just transferred "Up in Mabel's Room" to the screen. This comedy was looked upon as a bit rakish and peppy when it was presented behind the footlights by Al H. Woods, famed for his near-naughty bedroom farces



The Answer Man

Replies to CLASSIC Readers



THE ANSWER MAN is at your service. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear in THE CLASSIC, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address. Address: The Answer Man, Motion Picture Classic, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CULLINAN.—Here we are and another month gone. Richard Dix is playing in "Say It Again," which was formerly "Take a Chance." You say "Adam's apple is something Eve handed him that he couldn't swallow." Yes, and that's no apple sauce.

ANOTHER DIXIE FAN.—Your theater is the only one that gave out those Harold Lloyd buttons. "For Heaven's Sake" has been playing at the Rialto Theater on Broadway for the last six weeks and is there at this writing. He surely has no equal. His next will be "The Mountain Lad," with Jobyna Ralston.

MADELINE P. D.—So you think it is warm enough for me to have my beard removed. I wouldn't be able to answer these questions if I did that. William Boyd is playing in "Her Man O' War" with Jetta Goudal.

EDNA D. T.—Your letter reminded me of the old joke—"Are you the mate of this ship?" said a passenger to the cook." "No, sir, I am the man that cooks the mate," said the Irishman. That dates back to when I was a child. James Kirkwood is playing with Laura La Plante in "Butterflies in the Rain."

KANGA.—No, I never counted my vocabulary, but the average man speaks about twelve thousand words a day. George B. Seitz directed "The Vanishing American." See you later.

BLANCHE A. L.—Yes, Mabel Normand is going to play for Hal Roach, and she signed a three-year contract with him. She just finished her first picture, "Raggedy Rose." What's this, another club, "The Better Picture Club, 29 Fernwood Avenue, Rochester, New York," and you want me as an honorary member. Thanks.

ROLLEN.—Batter up! I should say I do go to see the Brooklyn Dodgers. We head the list at this writing. Huntly Gordon is playing with Lillian Rich in "The Golden Web" for Warner. Yes, it is difficult to rise to the heights, but it is more difficult to stay there.

DOROTHY.—He must be a sad fellow that nobody can please. Monte Blue has the lead in "The Brute," from the novel by W. Douglas Newton. So you liked Elinor Fair in "The Volga Boatman." You write a very clever letter. Let me hear from you again.

ANTHONY O. B.—Yes, I often think back to when I was a little boy in short trousers. No, I never ran to school, I ran away from it. You know, he that has led a wicked life is afraid of his own memory. Mae Busch's last picture was "The Perch of the Devil." Belle Bennett and Ian Keith have the leads in the stage success, "The Lily," for Fox.

EDMUND LOWE FAN.—Yes, I have my buttermilk every day. I couldn't live without it. Barbara La Marr was born July 28, 1896. H. B. Warner has signed a contract with Cecil De Mille for one year. Dolores Costello will be starred with John Barrymore in "The Tavern Knight."

DANSEUSE.—Your motto is very good, but here is mine—— Do not all you can; spend not all you have; believe not all you hear, and tell not all you know. Well, I used to do the old-fashioned waltz and the two-step. I wouldn't venture the Charleston in public for anything.

BLANCHE B.—Eleanor Boardman's birthday is August 19, and Philadelphia was her birthplace. She was a chorus girl before she made her first screen appearance for the Goldwyn company. Ramon Novarro was born September 20, 1899, and he played in "Where the Pavement Ends."

PEGGY.—You will see John Bowers in "Laddie" with Bess Flowers. Until recently Miss Flowers' hands were photographed in close-ups to be used as those of the stars. Betty Compson and Mary Philbin in "Love Me and the World Is Mine," with Norman Kerry.

LORETTA P.—Here we are. I tried not to disappoint you. Walter Miller is Allene Ray's leading man. Ronald Colman and Neil Hamilton in "Beau Geste." Conway Tearle is playing with Mae Murray in "Altars of Desire."

PANSY.—Well, I guess I had a raise since that time. Anyway, I am getting $15 per now. You want to see more of Rockcliffe Fellowes. Louise Fazenda has brown hair. But wait until you see John Gilbert and Greta Garbo playing together in "The Flesh and the Devil."

S. O. S. LASSIE.—Well, I've come to the rescue. Richard Barthelmess is playing in "The Amateur Gentleman." That reminds me. A man is known not so much by the company he keeps as the company he keeps out of. You want a picture of Jack Mulhall.

LOUISE.—No, I wont tell you whether Betty Bronson is Catholic. I dont know, and what's the difference, anyway. Next!

BABY B.—Yes, Anita Stewart is playing in "Rustling for Cupid" for Fox. Standing still may be easy, but it means stagnation. There is a lot I have to learn before I die. Antonio Moreno in "Love's Blindness" with Pauline Starke.

HELEN K.—My dear girl, remember that there is a warm, life-giving sun behind that dark cloud, and that it must soon break thru. That was Ronald Colman in "The White Sister." Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers are playing the leads in the Peter B. Kyne story, "More Pay, Less Work." Run in again some time.

SHEIKESS.—You want a picture of Dorothy Seastrom. She has been in the mountains for several months due to illness, but is back playing in "Delicatessen." Isn't such a nice title for a sick girl.

MR. AND MRS.—Well, speaking of love, there is no house so small that it hath not room for love; there is no castle so wide that it cannot be filled with it. Love can glorify mean things and make lowly things lovely. Thomas Meighan is happily married to Frances Ring. His next picture will be "Tin Gods" and Metro-Goldwyn have loaned Renée Adorée to play opposite him. Aileen Pringle and Norman Trevor also in the cast.

POLLY LEE.—Well, the first picture in the world refers to "The Transfiguration," by Raphael. Virginia Valli is playing in "The Family Upstairs." Lois Wilson is to play with Ford Sterling in "The Show-Off." No, "Rose-Marie" has not been produced yet, but Arthur Hammerstein intends to do it next year himself with Renée Adorée as the lead.

FLORENCE L.—Just write to Richard Dix at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island. I understand that Ernst Lubitsch is to produce three pictures a year, for a period of five years, and he is to receive a minimum of $150,000 per picture. Never mind figuring how wealthy he will be at the end of the five years.

CUTIE.—George Lewis is playing in "His People." Blanche Sweet is being directed by her husband, Marshall Neilan, in "Diplomacy." I wonder if that is diplomacy.

ZOE C.—So this is your first offense. Welcome to the throne. You say among those who bring undesirables into America are smugglers and the stork. Yes, I guess it is often true.

MINNIE.—We might as well get acquainted right now. Rudolph Schildkraut is playing the lead in "The Music Master." What shape is a kiss? Elliptical. (A-lip-tickle.)

LILY W.—Yes, I certainly do like perfume. It takes about 50,000 roses to produce one ounce of attar of roses. "Morals for

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The Centaur of the Cinema

(*Continued from page 23*)

about who won the war. They say the taxicab drivers won it, and after ridin' in one of their taxis—say, did you ever ride in one of these Paris taxis?"

We both paid a tribute to the daredevils who propel trusting Americans about the streets of Paris at maniac speed. Mix went on:

"I was in a taxi there and was ready to go back to the ho-tel. Didn't speak a worda French, but I waved my arm in what I thought was the right direction. There was a square there with a monument in it. I thought I kept passin' that monument too much and come to find out, that taxi driver had been drivin' me around that square for twenty minutes—faster 'n a locoed bronc and pumpin' his horn all the time. I had a hell of a time makin' him understand I wanted to go back to the ho-tel."



Even Tom Mix was appalled by the Paris taxis

No Cosmopolite is Mix

THERE was amused disdain in his voice when Mix related the ineffectual efforts of his entourage to be cosmopolites in strange metropolises. Mix is scornful of any efforts by fellow countrymen who in Rome try to do as the Romans.

"My wife and two of the gang bought French dictionaries and tried to learn French. I got along better by talkin' English. I didn't even change any American money into their money. I always had a waiter in the restaurants or the clerk in the ho-tel who spoke English. And I'd ask 'em to turn the check into American money. When I accumulated a lot of small change in French, I'd give it to the kids.

"One day in a restaurant I said to the gang, 'Now, you've been studyin' French so hard, let's see you order something in French.' The three of them set there and tried to order port wine and damned if they didn't get asparagus!"

"It's funny—a lot of Americans go over there—try to talk with an English accent or act Frenchy. Carry a cane and maybe even get themselves a monocle. But I noticed the foreigners didn't seem to cater much to these people.

"When I went over there, I didn't have any intention of changin' my ways. I wanted to see what that country was like. I didn't see why I should try and be like those people any more than they should try to be like me if they come over here for a visit."

The Honesty of Mix

THE downright honesty of Mix struck home forcibly as he talked in this fashion. His honesty and a touch of the pride of a man who is sufficient unto himself. A quality that aroused a tardy admiration. A trait that explained a lot.

For instance, the outlandish garb affected by Tom Mix. Come to think of it, his garb is not outlandish—it is his native costume. Buckskins trimmed in beadwork, showing the influence of the plains Indians. Cowboys always wore such fancy garb when they dressed up—overalls for work, usually—but always the great sombrero of finest felt and the boots as costly as the purse could buy.

Mix was and still is a cowboy. The fact that he has made a fortune doing daredevil stunts before a movie camera has not changed him one whit. If he has spent some of this money in childish vanities—in putting his name in colored electrics six feet high on the roof of his cottage at Catalina Island; in doeskin riding breeches and a snowy white sombrero to be worn with evening clothes; in purchasing the automobile horn of the unfortunate ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II as a plaything for his small son—if he has committed these and a dozen other barbarities, that, too, is in character.

An Aboriginal American

WHAT I am tryin to say is that Tom Mix is an American—an aboriginal American—undiluted by foreign influence. As such he deserves a great deal more respect and attention than the rest of us Americans who, in spite of our native language and habits, are pale copies, all, of European models.

When I looked at Mix talking to me in his dressing-room and noted the big white sombrero, edged in black—which he was still wearing—the vivid vest, white riding breeches and the polished boots, and then examined my own reflection in the mirror I wondered which of us would look the funnier to a visitor from some other planet. I was wearing a suit that was a Hollywood tailor's endeavor to imitate a New York tailor's idea of how an English tailor makes clothes. And I had to admit that the visitor from Mars, if he had good taste, would decide that Mix was dressed more practically and more naturally and much more becomingly than I. His costume fitted the figure. The coloration was bold and symphonic. It was what should have been our native American costume—what the ignorant proletariat of Europe, addicted as it is to the cinema, still believes to be the American national dress.

To the eyes of those worshipful peasants abroad, Tom Mix is the typical American. They do not see the bespectacled, slack-trousered, round-shouldered, paunchy horde who, alas, compose the bulk of our population.. Mix is the more modern equivalent of such a figure as *Leatherstocking*. He is what we might have been in America—except for our accursed "progress."

A Born Plainsman

SOMEBODY told me once that Tom Mix is of Italian parentage. His keen, swart, hawk-like profile would bear out such a conclusion. But his speech and manner are those of the born plainsman and he has a cowboy's provincial, half-humorous contempt for the Latin races which "are kinda hysterical and dont exactly know what it is all about."

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The Story of REX

(Continued from page 29)

way to see the great wild stallion, the known "killer." He seldom disappointed them. At times his exhibitions of wild fury seemed those of a fiend incarnate.

Famed as a "Killer"

THEN word of the stallion was brought to Hollywood by the Morrison brothers, specialists in providing Western atmosphere for motion-picture companies. The word came at an auspicious time on the Hal Roach lot. For months Jackman had been searching for a fit subject for a brand-new story of wild animal life, something that would be entirely out of the beaten path. Rex sounded like a good bet. Jackman went to Colorado to see for himself, and was more than satisfied.



The Rex company on location for "The Devil Horse," with Gladys McConnell and Fred Jackman in the foreground

The horse seemed too vicious to be transported to California at that time, so his first picture, "Rex, King of the Wild Horses," was made there in the picturesque terrane of Colorado.

It was originally planned to make only the one picture, but Rex proved such a screen sensation that others soon followed. "Black Cyclone" was filmed in Nevada and, last summer, "The Devil Horse," the most pretentious of the series so far, was filmed in Wyoming. Now preparations are under way for a fourth feature.

"Making a picture with an animal that is really trained," Jackman explained, "is a comparatively easy matter. But with a brute as incurably wild as Rex, it's an entirely different proposition. About all that we can actually do is to let him do the things that he really wants to do, that come natural to him, and then fit the resulting scenes into our story.

"After a long effort, his trainer has finally taught him a few rudimentary commands so that we can at least slightly control his actions before the camera. He knows that 'Get going!' means to start running; that 'Stop' means just that; and that 'Hold it' means to hold his pose of the moment. He chewed four dummies into tatters before he was finally taught to push a man with his nose without taking a sample bite of him.

"In fairly close shots, Rex's trainer directs him from just outside the camera lines. In long shots, which are usually taken in very hilly country, the trainer is usually near the stallion, but out of sight behind the brow of a hill. We carry a portable field telephone outfit on location, and on long shots the trainer gets his directions from me over this phone. This does away with shouting that would only result in making Rex too nervous to handle.

"Often, when you see Rex posed on the crest of a hill far away, looking intently into a hidden valley, there will be a small herd of mares in that valley out of camera range, carefully planted there to attract and hold his attention.

Once Started, Hard to Stop

"SUCH things as galloping madly across country, rounding up a herd of mares, and fighting other stallions, are easy. Those are in line with Rex's natural instincts, and he does them readily. The only difficulty usually is to get him to stop when we are thru. In fight scenes with another stallion, both Rex and his opponent are shod with rubber shoes and a protective leather band fastened across their teeth. This does away with possible injury from biting or kicking. Otherwise, they might kill each other before we could separate them.

"Two expert riders, mounted on very speedy horses, are always near by when Rex is working. Their task is to herd the stallion back into control after one of his running scenes is over. Sometimes, if he happens to feel playful, he'll lead them on for miles before they finally get him. Making pictures with Rex is far from being either a speedy or an efficient process. I've seen days when we thought we were lucky if we succeeded in getting as many as two or three usable scenes.

"I dont believe that Rex is really vicious. He is only wild, with a genuine and incurable wildness that defies all efforts to tame him. We've never had a serious accident in working with him yet. He isn't handled by fear, but thru respect for his trainer and others working with him. When he is once shown that a person is not afraid of him, and is not an enemy, that person has little to fear from him so long as he uses reasonable caution and common sense when near him. The stallion's judgment of human nature is infallible. Those people whom he dislikes usually prove unpopular with the rest of us eventually.

"Rex has been ridden by three or four men, one of them being Yakima Canutt, but he is almost useless as a saddle-horse. He doesn't buck or pitch when a rider mounts him. He either stands still, utterly refusing to budge, or else heads for the nearest wall or tree to scrape his rider from his back. He is too inherently wild ever to be saddle-broken."

Rex's Mate, Lady

TWO other star boarders at the Hal Roach ranch on Preuss Boulevard are "Marquis" and "Lady," villain and leading lady respectively of the Rex troupe. "Lady" is a Kentucky thorobred and was brought to Hollywood especially to play with Rex. It proved to be an equine case of love at first sight, and the little grey mare has been Rex's mate since.

"Marquis," better known on the screen as "The Killer," is the eternal villain of the wild-horse pictures. Like many screen villains, this vividly marked black-and-white "pinto" is absolutely harmless in real life, and is even somewhat of a clown.

His screen battles with Rex, however, are as deadly serious as rubber shoes and guarded teeth will permit. The enmity between the two is deep-rooted and genuine, in everyday life as well as on the scree



Rex, Lady and their colt

Four More Authors

(*Continued from page* 25)

rights to what was left of the carcass when the edible meat had been extracted. The residue might make mighty good glue and shaving brushes and imitation ivory. In the case of my friend's novel, it had not a movie in it, and failed as such. The public did not even get good glue or shaving brushes. The author was the only one who got a benefit, handed to him on a silver platter, from the movie heaven—twice the amount he received for his story legitimately.

This indiscriminate by-product industry that has grown up in the production of motion pictures is not particularly appetizing for the box-office public. If they can extract a savory bouillon, or beef-juice, from some beefy book, all well and good, but glue and shaving brushes do not belong in the great public dining-room at all. What the motion picture-hungry public need—and where are they not to be found today!—is a special kind of animal, born, bred and sacrificed for their screen table—that fits their tastes, their palate, their appetite and their needs. Some stories of some well-known authors fill the bill of fare. Many do not. While many artistic motion-picture chefs—like Rex Ingram, for instance—can make a dish fit for the gallery gods out of a little fiction curds and whey!

VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ

(*Continued from page* 25)

Señor Ibañez's secretary met me and told me that Ibañez had given instructions that first I was to be shown all over the place, no doubt so that I should be prepared to tell the world about it. There is a little touch of Hollywood flourish about Señor Ibañez. Imagine a childish quality of pleasure as tho showing new toys and then ignite it all with his combustible Spanish temperament, and you will get an idea of Ibañez psychologically.

Chiefly, was I taken to Ibañez's own private motion-picture theater, just finished. Here is an ideal little movie theater that will seat about two hundred people. It is a separate concrete building and is as complete in every detail as the little theater around the corner in America to which you and I go once or twice a week—except for the familiar box-office. The walls were not decorated yet, with the exception of posters in English that announce "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand," "Enemies of Women," etc. The same posters that attracted you and me to the original productions. In this little theater, Señor Ibañez will entertain his friends and guests with "personal" reels of his picture plays.

"I like 'The Four Horsemen' best," he told me. "See," he said, leading me to the other end of his long study, "here it is in bronze!" On a stand he had built for the purpose, was a remarkable bronze group showing the terrible four horses overriding the world. A small plate announced it to be the "Gift of Rex Ingram, Director of 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.'"

"The future of the cinema?" he repeated in very bad French. "Ah, who can say? It is limitless. But, it must come into the hands of the right people. Now—well, now it is not going ahead very fast. You see, there is no standard in the cinema—the American cinema. It is mainly in the hands of workmen and grisettes. There must come a school—a school of definite standards and a school of definite study to attain those standards and maintain them. Now, each man is for himself—and he has little idea where he is going unless he has great genius—like Rex Ingram, for instance. Most of the directors are following something that is being done over and over, year after year. I dont ask that there must always be something new, but I demand that there be something progressive. Here is a fine art being born! There is pain in all birth, so perhaps what is, is right. They always have the convention to sell the films—that is one side of it—they are not the artists, no. Why do the artists not get together and set up standards? It is just as important that we make good pictures as it is that we sell bad ones. In the cinema is a greater Art—hidden. It is waiting for intelligent students and artists to unearth it. For that there must be a school, and standards, and generous co-operation."

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

(*Continued from page* 25)

you will find that sentiment running strong thruout their length and breadth. There is something clean and joyous about them all.

"I was last in Hollywood when there wasn't a camera in the place," he told me when I asked him if he had ever been in Hollywood.

"Oh, one cant be too hard on the films, I suppose—no more than one can unjustly scold a child. They have done practically all my books at one time or another. 'The Beloved Vagabond,' of course, which is my favorite; 'Stella Maris' was done by Mary Pickford, you may remember? 'The Fortunate Youth,' 'Septimus,' 'Simon the Jester'—you may have seen some of them? I really dont care to go on record with my opinions as to the merits of the productions. I'll leave you and the audiences to judge for yourselves.

"However, I do think that in another fifty years or so, pictures will be taken in such a manner that they will need no captions either to tell the story or even to assist in doing so. They will be more like an act in the theater instead of being chopped up into irritating bits. There is too much going backward and forward. I become confused even in following them about in some of those enormous rooms they always portray in the pictures, where one must get it in segments and sections—and, for the life of me, I can never tell whether or not we are still in the same room. There is quite too much galloping about in them as they are. But as I said, they are only in their infancy, aren't they?"

In which you get a perfect sample of Locke's light, whimsical touch.

W. B. MAXWELL

(*Continued from page* 25)

we sat before a blazing fire in his luxurious London apartment in Kensington Gardens. "I consider the film situation in England tragic. That is about all one can really say about it—both the best and the worst. And after that, there is nothing but the American film left.

"I am convinced that all Englishmen take a personal delight in seeing a really good film. Most certainly I do. However after seeing a really good one, when naturally return to the cinema expecting a repetition of the treat, I am almost sure to meet with something unutterably bad blankly stupid and unspeakably dull. That makes me renounce the films for months at a time.

"I cant see why there should be these frightful ups and downs in the merit of the films offered to the public. I am well acquainted with many of the leading American potentates in the film world and I know very well that they are actuated by the highest motives and ideals. They want to make great and noble pictures and do not shrink from any expense in the pursuit of their object, which may be remunerative only in the event they achieve their worthy object and ambitious end. A cynic might say that they have already made so much money that they dont mind throwing it away, but personally I think that is very far from the truth.

"It seems to me that, in the American idea of making films, there is too much tendency to concentrate on big pictures, or super-films, and so disregard the requirements of the less ambitious work. And so it is usually the ordinary film that is so atrociously bad.

"Personally—as I said in America once and have been saying ever since—I believe that in the divorce of the film from literature is where the trouble lies. The film as a vehicle for the transmission of letters to the multitude has really never begun to be tested. The opportunity to carry to even the masses of illiterate people the message of the great masterpieces thru the simple medium of *pictures*—that is the great point, pictures—in motion, is simply incalculable. From a literary point of view, then, I believe the possibility of the films is inexhaustible.

"But I dont mean for a moment that I think authors generally—or most gifted literary people—would be able to write successfully for the films. Evidently the writing of continuity in the construction of film plays is a special and very difficult work, requiring a great deal of study and experience. Nor would it be worth the while nor the time of successful authors to attempt to acquire this art. But when their expressionistic existence is being translated into the film media they should be freely allowed to offer their invaluable advice, both in the preservation of the main theme and the method of its illustration, which is a secret that often belongs alone to them as its creator.

"It is a dreadful thing to see a noble book murdered on the film, as so frequently happens!"

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She Reached for the Moon and Got It!

(*Continued from page* 33)

do this?' or 'I wish I had done that!' when I saw it on the screen.

"After all, every picture is simply one scene after another. In any given scene a bit player may have as much to do as a star—but a star has this ad-advantage:

"A bit player must get over her character and her emotion in a single scene—all she knows about it and all she can show. She stands or falls by that brief instant before the camera.

The Latitude of Stardom

"A STAR may do something that is not good in one scene, see it in the projection room, and say to herself: 'That's bad, but just before this scene, or just after it, I'll do so-and-so and that will lift the thing. Maybe no one will notice that one bad bit, anyway, in a host of other scenes.'"

She touched the splashy purple planet painted on the velvet of her sleeve.

"Another item in favor of stars," she laughed, her dark eyes crinkling up in the way that we find so fascinating. "Clothes! An artist in clothes designs mine—Travis Banton. He understands how to dress me. He can take my very nebulous idea for a gown and create one that surpasses my fondest dream. He knows what sort of head-dress I can wear, and I needn't worry about my jewels—I can be sure they'll be exactly right for each costume.

"I have a beautiful black gown—I'd rather wear black than anything else when I'm doing a scene that matters to me. Every player has her favorite color, no doubt, just as she has a special abhorrence—mine is a certain shade of red."

A waiter served us a dainty luncheon on the green-enameled table in the bungalow, and Miss Vidor's eyes crinkled again as she apologized for not serving orchid salad from orchid-decorated plates.

"They tried to call me the 'Orchid Lady,'" she explained. "What have I done to deserve that? But you really can get orchid salad—it's probably made of paraffine but it looks lovely. . . .

"I prefer human beings to exotic characterizations, dont you? It was the most 'human' casting director in the business who gave me my first lead.

"I'd just done *Mimi* at the time—Mr. Vidor and I hadn't been in Hollywood very long—but I had confidence in myself, and I wasn't afraid of Mr. Goodstadt—he seemed more like a friend than a casting director.



Florence Vidor, as she appears in her first starring vehicle, "Love, the Magician"

"I admired Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star, who was on this lot then, but I thought him hampered by his leading ladies. I told Mr. Goodstadt so. 'I couldn't be worse than they are!' I said. 'They're perfectly vile and it couldn't do you any harm to let me see if I'll do.'

Won a Rôle with Hayakawa

"HE tried to explain to me that Hayakawa wouldn't need a new leading lady for eight weeks. No doubt he thought me quite mad. But, miraculously enough, the girl who was playing the lead left after working for two weeks and they let me try it.

"I find that people in pictures are usually reasonable about trying to give me a chance at the things I'd like to do.

"I'd love to do artistic pictures always. I have three very special stories in mind that I sometimes dream of doing, and maybe I shall get my chance at them some day. At present producers think them impossible because they'd appeal to such a small percentage of the public.

"I can see the producers' side. Pictures must be made for the people who go to see them. I know Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor and many of the others would prefer to give more attention to the artistic thing, but they are not making pictures merely for pleasure.

"A magazine is published for a certain group of readers—but pictures are made for the world.

"Still—one of these days——"

From the latticed window of the bungalow we could see groups of players from her set strolling along "Paradise Alley"—Rue Enos, the "frog man," with El Brendel, featured comedian from the Winter Garden; the "Juggling Rianos," with one of the acrobatic clowns; the scarlet tunic of a drummer flashing against the yellow and green of a Russian dancer.

"Call for work tonight!" somebody said, and a man in white tights echoed him on a higher key.

"That is where our new quarters at United are going to mean something," observed Miss Vidor. "We are to have—or we hope we are to have—real kitchens in our little apartments. We wont have bungalows, but nice little two-room-and-kitchen apartments. Think of the good hot suppers we can get on our little stoves! We wont mind working at night then."

Homey Dressing-Rooms

SHE turned back to the restful green of the little room.

"Isn't it odd how we revel in the little homey things that we used rather to despise when there seemed no danger of our ever getting our hands on our moon?

"When I was a little girl growing up. I used to be laughed at by the family when I mentioned being an actress. I was shy, you see. I always talked very fast and very much, not waiting for an answer, when I went to parties or found myself in a crowd. So people wouldn't know I was shy!

"But in spite of the family's laughter—here I am. By luck, I sometimes think. I believe Mr. Vidor and I were attracted to each other because we both loved pictures. We lived in Texas and knew nobody else who cared for them as we did. As soon as we were married, we set out for Hollywood. He wanted to be a director, and I wanted to be a star. He worked the hardest—but I had the most luck—and so we each have our moon today."



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The Pace That Kills

(*Continued from page* 27)

plays, new movies, new concerts, new inventions, new political situations, new murders, new discoveries, new strides in medicine, surgery, psychology, philosophy; new propaganda for or against Prohibition . . . hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of thick columns that you HAVE to keep up with if you are to be a Modern in any sense of the word. If you are to have any glimmering notion of what the man next to you in the subway is talking about when he addresses a chummy, unwelcome remark to you some evening.

Keeping Up with Things

It would take, for we have estimated it, the entire time and attention of any normal person to keep up with the new magazines. What they are using. What they are aiming at. The fiction and facts set forth in staggering array.

Unless you are to sit like a mouth-open moron when some little creature says to you, "What DID you think of the next-to-the-last article in the next-to-the-last issue of *Harpers?*" You will have to read *Harpers.* And ditto, ditto, ditto for all of the magazines treating of general fiction, movies, gland discoveries, *et cetera.*

It would take the entire time and attention of any normal person to keep up with the unstemmed flood of new books . . . to be able intelligently to discuss Michael Arlen *versus* Theodore Dreiser or Ethel M. Dell *versus* Edith Wharton. Not to mention the fact that this same normal person is supposed to dip now and again into the poets ancient and modern.

Try and do it!

It would take any normal person's entire time and attention to see all of the new plays—no, only the "worth while" new plays, operas, concerts, lectures and magic-lantern slides on Palestine.

No human being has three entire times and attentions. No human has more than one.

And assuming that some thrice-gifted individual does keep up with drama, literature, politics and Prohibition, there still remain such items as family obligations. . . . Sister Susie having a new baby, which means the gift of a pacifier and a family call . . . shopping, for we must remain covered, if not gowned . . . social pleasures or penalties, as one chooses to regard them . . . the gift of leisure. . . .

How is it to be done?

And—the Stars!

Now we come to the stars.

We talked with Douglas Fairbanks the other day and he said, truly, that in and about New York one cannot even have a thrill of one's own making.

"Thrills in New York," he said, "are forced upon you at the rate of one pe second."

All of which, as we have remarked, lead us to the long-suffering and too-often maligned screen stars.

Screen stars are expected to know every thing. If they do not know everything they are labeled "Morons" without benefi of a trial by their peers.

They are expected to be immediatel able to discuss anything, everything, sacre and profane, at the turning of the inter rogative tap.

Interviewers and the Fan Public tur up noses and right about face if the hard working children of the cinema fail t know and orate eloquently about the funda mentals of Theosophy, Freudianism, th precepts of Havelock Ellis, the bases o Capital Punishment, the fifth chapter o Genesis interpreted figuratively and lit erally.

If John Gilbert cannot discuss the origi of Love, the Lives of Plutarch, "Why W Behave Like Human Beings" (if we do and the latest best seller by an authoress he is branded as a dumb-bell. "Just an other movie actor . . . no brains, no brains at all. . . ."

If Bebe Daniels cannot hold forth ir flowing rhetoric about the Montessor Method, the feudal system, Higher Education for Women, Economics, the hidalgos of Spain and the function of the thyroid gland, the dear Public will say, "Oh, well those movie stars have sawdust brains . . . we *always* knew *that!* . . ."

And . . . if these same stars are not smartly clad, peppy in their various rôles, convivial, friendly, prompt to answer Tottie Toddle about the Best Way to Enter Motion Pictures . . . again they are branded. This time as "high hat," "ritzy," "upstage," or some such opprobrious term.

The Deadly Pace

It is the pace that kills.

We ask you, how can you expect it? How can you expect it of anyone? How, especially, can you expect it of the stars? We marvel that they know anything save Kleig lights, tissue-paper scripts, location trips, personal appearances, fan mail, the shopping they have to do for every separate production and the way their family might look if they ever had time to look at 'em.

Think it over. It cant be done.

Mary Pickford went to bed when she last reached New York. Barbara La Marr is dead. And in the past six weeks we have personally heard D. W. Griffith, Carol Dempster, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, John Gilbert, Adolphe Menjou and Dorothy Gish all cry, "Take me back to the Farm!"

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 51)

The big family reunion breaks up into little family reunions, and accompanying their bickerings and sentimentalities the spectator sees the action developing romantic episodes, a triangle or two, a lot of war talk, a party or three given by war profiteers—and plenty of symbolic touches pertaining to the galloping steeds—and what not.

The most tangible scenes are those which involve the handling of the mobs. Naturally, the players are submerged. They become so lost in the shuffle that not one (not even Jean Hersholt as a piggish and priggish profiteer) is able to appear real and convincing.

No Bull's-Eye Here

Universal didn't strike the bull's-eye with "The Midnight Sun," which was heavily exploited as a true picture of Russian intrigue—Russ—passion and whatnot. To come right down to brass tacks,

(*Continued on page* 76)

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 63*)

"Men" was taken from the story by Gouverneur Morris. Yes, Cecil De Mille is still knocking out big pictures. His next will be "The Deluge," which will be a story of Noah's Ark.

Mae C.—I can see you are all for Alberta Vaughn.

Brutus.—You want to know why a sculptor's death is the most terrible. Because he makes faces and busts! *Et tu, Brutus!* John Gilbert was born July 10, 1895. Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Brimmer

Claire—Enjoyed your letter on the blue paper Write me again.

Violet.—Well, I should say next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart. Read the interview with Charles Rogers in the May, 1926, *Motion Picture Magazine*.

Marguerite B.—That was Mary Astor in "Don Q." Betty Bronson is playing opposite Milton Sills in "Paradise." Yes, Pola Negri and Erich von Stroheim are to be co-starred some time during the summer in "Hotel Imperial," which von Stroheim is to direct himself. Some combination.

Helen D. T.—Thanks again for the wonderful book you sent me. So you liked Ramon Novarro in "Ben-Hur." It was a great picture.

Mervelia.—Sorry I cannot help you.

Norma.—You want to know which player drinks the most. I have no way of gaging the intake of players' beverages, but if you are referring to pre-Volsteadian spirits, that's out!

Alice in Wonderland.—You say you are just a plain, common girl, dont dance, smoke, pet or anything like that. You surely selected an appropriate name for yourself. You think Lois Wilson is a raving beauty. Wallace Beery is playing in "The Greatest Show on Earth." Sounds like a circus.

Mary C.—That was Carl Miller in "We Moderns."

A. B., Chicago.—Your letter was quite philosophical. He who imagines he can do without the world deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him is still more mistaken. Greta Garbo and Conrad Nagel are playing for Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California.

A. B.—So "The Gold Rush" was shown in your leading picture house 252 times straight. That's some record. Chaplin ought to buy that house.

Adelina.—Oh, Adelina! You say why is the fourth of July like oysters? Because we cant enjoy them without crackers. Bang! No, Valentino didn't use a double in "Blood and Sand." Lois Wilson is to be featured in "New York," by Sinclair Lewis, a romance built around New York's night clubs, cabarets, etc.

Apron Strings.—That was Blanche Sweet in "The Sporting Venus."

Robert F.—Bull Montana did play the part of the ape in "The Lost World." Ford Sterling is to be featured in "Louie the 14th," which will be personally supervised by Florenz Ziegfeld and which will have in the cast the chorus of Ziegfeld beauties. "Kid Boots" is also being filmed with the Ziegfeld girls prominent.

Dave H.—Yes, of course, I'm all for Dolores Costello. She's a Brooklynite, you know.

Millicent P.—Thanks for yours.

Barcelona.—Yes, Theda Bara has been in a comedy for Hal Roach. She first became famous in "A Fool There Was"

(*Continued on page 79*)

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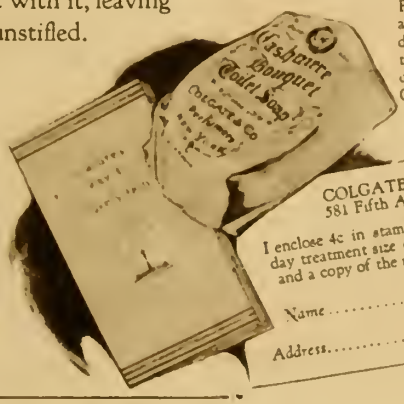
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No, we wont pull the bromide about the house that Jack built. However, this is the home of John Gilbert atop Beverly Hills

More Impressions of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 53)

they dont want us to see the pictures until they are fixed up the best they know how. And even so, they often overlook the very things that have spoiled so many pictures that might otherwise have been excellent. There are two kinds of eyes: the studio eyes and the outside public eyes, and they are just as different as a Ford and a Lincoln. But you cant get any studio man to admit this. They think they know it all.

* * *

I TOLD Louis B. Mayer, the Metro chief, that I thought his company's supremacy was to be challenged not by Famous Players-Lasky or First National, but by Joseph Schenck's United Artists. He said that he thought I was right and also that he hoped so. With Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, Rudolph Valentino, John Barrymore, Gloria Swanson and so on he has a pretty good start, says I. Louis Mayer is a very wise and far-seeing man, and so is Joe Schenck, and I am telling Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor to watch out.

* * *

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD combines business with her picture art, and, since she also married a banker, she manages to eat three meals a day. She has several very smart florist shops, one at the Ambassador Hotel, and since she is one of the most popular ladies in Hollywood she does a flourishing business.

* * *

AWAY back in the dark ages, say about 1913, we used to run pictures of Ollie Kirby and George Larkin in our gallery of famous players. They took me out the other night to a preview of "The Wise Guy" at Glendale, and after that a few of us went to their home in the mountains near-by. The picture was very bad and it will need a lot of doctoring before it will be fit for release, but the home of Ollie and George Larkin was one of the cutest affairs I ever saw and very artistic. And neither of them has aged a bit. They have been working in State Rights pictures lately.

* * *

VILMA BANKY lives all alone on a quiet street in a beautiful home which she rents furnished. She does not go out much and has but few intimate friends and callers. She was present at two large parties given by Samuel Goldwyn but otherwise she has not been seen out much. On those occasions she did not seem to mix, but kept aloof. She thinks that her foreign accent and difficulty of expressing herself make her society undesirable and she keeps aloof. Yes, she is lonesome at times, and then she reads. Corliss Palmer and I dined with her the other night and we three spent the evening together. She was dressed very simply, almost plainly, and her manner and appearance were that of a lady high-born—a typical princess. She has a soft, sweet voice, a pleasant smile and a winsome personality. She is distinctly feminine, rather quiet than vivacious, and subdued rather than demonstrative. Her foreign accent is captivating, and her good-natured distress at being unable to say what she wants to say is quite enchanting. If she has any deep emotions, any hatred, contempt, hauteur, or anger, it is not obvious. She is nothing like Lillian Gish, yet she is the exact opposite of Pola Negri. Lillian is frail and defenseless and was made to suffer and be batted about; Pola was made to rule a nation, lead an army and put up a fiery fight for her country or for the one she loves: but Vilma was made for a gentle princess, to love and be loved amid sunshine and flowers.

* * *

CALIFORNIA is the land of sports, amusements, sunshine, motoring and gaiety and out-of-doors. Prize-fights, yachting, baseball, racing, tennis, dancing, bathing and everything lively and athletic. As for literature, art, sculpture, painting, opera, drama, symphony, lectures, etc.—not so much.

CHARLEY CHASE, who is so funny in those Hal Roach comedies, and who will some day be making five-reel features, is a regular fellow off screen. I lunched with him recently and nobody would ever take him for an actor. He isn't even so funny as I am—and that's not much. He is traveling the same path that Douglas MacLean, Raymond Griffith and Harry Langdon traveled and within a year or so will probably arrive at the same destination—feature stardom.

* * *

CLIVE BROOK was in the same luncheon party with Chase and myself and he is an interesting conversation (not "al") ist. He, too, looks nothing like an actor nor does he dress or talk like one. They are both natural, genteel, dignified and likable.

* * *

"DON JUAN," with John Barrymore and Estelle Taylor, was finished and previewed some months ago (as I write this) and yet they are taking a few more scenes next Sunday. Warner Brothers have already spent a small fortune on this picture, and let us all hope that they are not "throwing good money after bad."

* * *

ONE of the best jokes I have heard is on Corliss Palmer. Some time ago while at a Marion Davies party she chanced to fall in with a funny little foreigner who wore glasses with a black ribbon and spoke poor English. "Are you in pictures?" he asked, and Corliss said that she was just beginning but had played a few parts. "Oh, wont you help me to get in, too?" the foreigner begged. "Please let me go around with you to the different studios, and I know you can help me. I long to be an actor—I *must* be a great actor."

Not wishing to offend him, altho she saw that he was well-looking and rather pleasing and attractive, Corliss replied: "I suppose you want to play such parts as a musician, or a poet or a professor?"

"Oh, no!" he replied in broken English, "I want to play the great lover like Valentino and Gilbert—I want to make violent love to beautiful women—full of fire and passion."

And thus thruout the evening the villain still pursued her and repeatedly begged Corliss to help him get into the movies. Corliss did not want to hurt the poor man's feelings and she felt sorry for him, but somehow she got out of it, and did not even remember his name, nor he hers, and she did not see him again. The curtain now rises on the last act. The other day Corliss was in my office looking over the latest MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC when I heard her exclaim, "Great Scott!" and then laugh repeatedly. I looked over her shoulder to see what she was reading and it was a long, illustrated article about Ernest Vadja, the famous Hungarian dramatist, who has been writing screen stories for Famous Players at about a million dollars apiece. "Well, what do you think of that!" laughed Corliss, "the mean man! But he certainly did fool me, all right——"

* * *

DROPPING in at the Mack Sennett studio I ran across charming little Alice Day who had just finished for the day. She is just as cute and pretty off the screen as on, and I am convinced from what I saw and since heard that she is not only a good girl but one of excellent morals, principles and habits. There is nothing wild or loose about her. She lives with her mother and sister, Marceline, about three miles from the studio, and she is very popular with the younger set of high-class girls of which Mary Philbin is one and who lives only a few blocks away.



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The Kid from Cape Cod

(*Continued from page 57*)

"Come on, then. Let's shoot it quick and get it over."

On board they went, pell-mell, stopping not for fresh supplies nor changes of garb. Straight into the teeth of the worst storm in years they sailed.

In the brief intervals when the *Esther* was not attempting to stand on her head, or engaged in inventing a maritime step for a sea-Charleston, it was discovered that the two compasses on board disagreed. They tried following first one, then the other, and ended by becoming hopelessly lost. Instead of the three hours they had anticipated, time stretched to thirty-six.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the first day, Charles, who was of the very, very few who could still think of food as something to be eaten, began to inquire about dinner. The crew—who were, of course, not sick—were also inquiring.

"Let's go down to the cook's lair," suggested Charles. "If he's there, we'll make him give us something—if he isn't, I'll cook."

Takes Cook's Rôle

THERE was nothing to eat in the cook's lair, but there was a box of flapjack flour on a shelf.

"If we can find some maple syrup——" planned Charles.

Somebody did.

From eight o'clock until past one next morning, the juvenile lead of "Old Ironsides" stood by the stove and fried flapjacks for the sailors and those few others who could look on a flapjack without loathing. . . .

When Charles was on the high-school team back in Massachusetts, he once answered the question, "What are you going to do when you leave school?" with the words, "Go into pictures." The rest of the team yelled "Yah—Sissy!" and other things at him. So he prudently decided to become a dentist. Besides, Hollywood is a good many days' walk from Cape Cod.

However, when he was on his way to register at a dental college, he began to consider that all his pals were registering at Boston University. After all, what is life without pals? He registered with them, for a four-year course in business administration.

It appeared that three of these years were to be spent at the U. and the fourth in actual experience. When Charles reached the fourth year, the authorities wished to place him in an office at eighteen dollars a week.

Hails from New England

"I STRUCK for twenty-five," chuckled Charles. "I told 'em I could go to work for my father for that, and his work was more interesting. He's a picture exhibitor and has three theaters. They wouldn't come up to twenty-five, so I left."

A chance to go out with a vaudeville troupe playing one of his father's theaters took the boy as far West as Fort Worth, Texas.

"I had money enough saved either to go home or to go to Hollywood," remembered Charles, his laughing eyes on the sea, giving me thus a profile view of his side-burn-ornamented face, the profile without the scars, which is as different as may be from the profile with the scars.

"I decided on Hollywood. I went to the studios, trying to get extra work, but had no luck. I thought I'd crash the gates, but the gateman always said, 'Where's your check?' and I hadn't one. One day, one of the boys who knew the gateman let me have his check and I flashed it and got by while the other fellow said, 'H'are you, Bill?' and sailed in without showing his.

"I thought I had to have experience—that they'd ask me questions. 'Who directed you?' etc. But they never do ask anything.

"Soon I got in as extra in most big productions—'Ten Commandments,' 'Hunchback of Notre Dame.' I worked a lot in Poverty Row. Small independents would make a picture in a week. Charles Hutchinson was usually the lead, Karl Dane was the heavy and I was the juvenile. Then I'd go back to extra or bits.

"Fox was the first studio to give me a part in a big picture. I was in 'Wings of Youth.' After the first rushes, they offered me a contract, but I thought I must be good, so I wouldn't take it.

Discovered by Cruze

"A WEEK later, Mr. Cruze sent for me. I didn't see him the first time I went to Lasky's, so I thought it was just one of those things and let them send for me again. When I went to Mr. Cruze's office, Walter Woods, who wrote the story, was in the room.

"'What have you done in pictures?' Mr. Cruze asked me.

"'Nothing.'

"He talked to me a minute or two. Then he asked: 'How's your physique?'

"'So-so,' I said. I felt contrary, because I thought it was all a form and they didn't mean anything.

"He made me take my things off. 'How about your back?' he asked.

"'Not so good,' I said, but he seemed satisfied with it.

"'Would you be afraid to play scenes in the rigging of an old sailing vessel?' he asked.

"'No. I was born near Cape Cod, and I used to dive off the riggings of ships in the harbor when I was a kid.'

"I noticed they gasped when I spoke of Cape Cod. The chap in the story is from Cape Cod. I didn't know that then. Finally, they decided I was the man they wanted, and after a while Fox let them have me, and here I am.

"And what I'll do when it's all over and I have to go home, I dont know!"

He looked up at the Tripolitan fort, rising in gray-green tiers above us, in the peace of its palms and the menace of its cannon. Pirates in striped turbans and baggy red trousers dangled pointed shoes over the walls, and here and there a ragged slave slept in the shadow of an embrasure. Adventure. Excitement. Romance. . . .

"Come on, Kid!"

JIM CRUZE came back from shooting at an elusive wild duck lurking about the *Esther* at anchor in the cove. Wallace Beery appeared from beneath the coat where he was sheltering his shaven head from the sun, and George Bancroft tossed his long bob out of his eyes.

"Come on, kid!" bellowed the last named. "Come back to your Uncle George and your Uncle Wallie!"

Charles Farrell, as he was buckled back into his iron belt that bound him to his "Uncle George," smiled his happy smile.

"We've got to stick together, boys!" said the youth, who is said to have the most promising future in Hollywood, as they manacled Champion Godfrey to the other end of the chain.

And the four started gaily into the sea. . . .

Big Pictures and Little Ones

(*Continued from page 49*)

after they had been started, grew out of bounds, and were the objects of extra special care. Both proved to be triumphant successes, artistically and commercially as well.

Here were two cases, then, wherein quality was allowed to predominate. If "The Covered Wagon" and "The Big Parade" had been produced in the usual manner, in four or six weeks' time, and delivered to the exhibitors on a scheduled date, two memorable pictures would have been lost.

As it happened, James Cruze in the one case, and King Vidor in the other, were given free reign and allowed to run. The results of their sprints have been enormously profitable, to producers and public alike.

If you look back thru the list of movies that, for one reason or another, have earned a position in the Hall of Film Fame, you will find almost no program pictures. They are essentially creatures of the moment, sold across the counter for what they would bring—and speedily forgotten.

It is not the money, or the size of the sets, or the number of extras that makes a big picture big. It is the amount of intelligent effort that goes into its production. Artists who are compelled to punch a time-clock cease to be artists, they are converted into machines, and their products become as mechanical and as thoroly lacking in originality as so many Ford cars.

The great triumphs of the movies are achieved by the craftsmen who take a sincere pride in their work. They are the men and women who produce the *big* pictures.

They Say—

(*Continued from page 8*)

screen, and less of hokum and bunk; would like more of real womanhood, and less of flapperdom—(every community of the United States, including those located in the "sticks," has plenty of flappers of the home-made variety—in fact, is fed up on the nuisances); would like to see more of "home-folk" and less of the "upper ten" stuff.

Editors alone can not bring this about, nor can patrons alone do so; nor yet producers alone. But I believe that if editors, patrons and producers get together, they can bring about a vast improvement in the movie industry, and do it in a comparatively brief span of time.

JOHN BRISTOL,
P. O. Drawer 142,
Vernal, Utah.

Huzzahs for the Handsome Heroes

Editor, CLASSIC:

I think that Mr. Edwin Meyers started something in the May number of CLASSIC when he put up a plea for Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, *et al.*, as against the young and handsome lovers of the screen.

Men just cant understand why women admire young and handsome and romantic men. They do not know that the hero of every woman's dream is young, and handsome, and romantic. And yet, on the other hand, men themselves admire young and lovely girls; and the girl of their dreams, for whom some of them are even

(*Continued on page 84*)

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Fame Came to Chaplin With Borrowed Clothes

(*Continued from page 37*)

should arrive at a decision to make it part of a forthcoming comedy. It so happened that Charlie Chaplin was one of the players picked out to "do his stuff" in the shots which Sennett intended grabbing. The very nature of the manner in which scenes must be filmed made "rush" the order of the day and Chaplin scurried about the studio to don a hasty make-up for the Baby Parade film. In his haste he found no time to put on the clothes he had used in his first Keystone pictures. Hurriedly he annexed a derby hat and a flexible cane. Then came the need of trousers and shoes. There was no time to be lost. Looking around, he spied a pair of pants which belonged to a generously proportioned gentleman known as Fatty Arbuckle. He proceeded to don the trousers, wrapping them ineffectually about his waist in order to reduce the balloonlike effect which they achieved on his slender legs. So much for the trousers. He still required a pair of shoes. At that time a fellow stock-company member of Chaplin's who answered to the name of Ford Sterling happened to be the possessor of a pair of stage-comedy shoes several sizes too large to come under the heading of "natty footwear." Chaplin donned Mr. Sterling's mirth-provoking pedal extremities.

Thus equipped with a borrowed wardrobe, he proceeded to make his way to the scene of the baby-parade activities, where, at odd moments, he ingeniously placed himself in front of the Keystone cameras, always making sure that there were plenty of mothers and babies to serve as a background for his comic capers.

Came Fame

So the shots were secured and, in due course of time, found their way into a single-reel release of the Keystone brand and distributed by the then all-powerful Mutual, a forerunner of the giant distributing companies of today. The picture scored immediately with the exhibitors of the country. Everywhere showmen and exchange managers asked the same question: "Who is the little guy with the funny walk?"

In shoes several sizes too large for him, Chaplin shuffled thru the various scenes in the picture, acquiring a walk which was to become the most imitated of all things of the screen. Children and grown-ups alike sought to ape the Chaplin walk of the actor in the borrowed shoes, which flapped and spread in ridiculous fashion as the comedian shuffled about, cane in hand and shabby derby jauntily perched on his head.

Picture after picture came from the Keystone studio in which the "funny little guy" continued to wear the make-up of the Baby Parade offering. After each picture would come the flood of inquiries from exhibitor, patron and exchange man, demanding the name of the player who wore the flappy pants and the big shoes.

Those were the days when personal publicity was frowned upon by the makers of the various brands of pictures. Very few were the names of the players known to the fans. But the storm of popular approval which greeted each effort of Chaplin finally forced the sponsors of Keystone comedies to accede to public demand, with the result that the comedian received his first public mention in the press and also on the screen.

The Borrowed Costume

Film history does not reveal whether or not Charlie Chaplin proceeded to secure for himself a replica of the borrowed costume which he wore in the Baby Parade epic. Undoubtedly, Messrs. Sterling and Arbuckle, needing the shoes and pants in their business, reclaimed their borrowed comic paraphernalia. While the clothes used by Chaplin gave him the first emphatic push along the road of success, it is unnecessary to stress the fact that his artistic talents were and still are superior to the mere detail of comedy wardrobe. The flood of Chaplin imitators who assaulted the screen following his first success demonstrated this clearly. Affecting the derby, cane, baggy pants and large shoes, they sadly lacked the pantomimic abilities which mark Chaplin as the greatest of all laugh producers in films, whether wearing the costume he made famous or arrayed in conventional attire.

At some future time, should the greatness of the business of making motion pictures demand a permanent monument for its exposition and propagation as one of modern civilization's most distinguished arts, I believe that alongside of Billy Bitzer's epic camera and Harold Lloyd's historic glassless spectacles should be placed the dilapidated derby and its companion outfit of the original Chaplin make-up.

So, despite the enticing tales of success with which the Pollyanna scribblers regale an aspiring public, I must stick to my story that here is one man who achieved limousines and a million-dollar income on a totally different kind of borrowed capital—old clothes.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 70*)

it doesn't offer anything more than a simple triangle—which could just as well have been placed against an American background—say, Hollywood, for instance. There is nothing in common with Russian life here—not even in the atmosphere.

Laura La Plante is the central figure—but she belongs in light comedies. She fails to touch the emotional chords as a temptress who plays a Grand Duke against the crass Croesus of St. Petersburg while she develops a romance with an officer of the G. D's guard. And in establishing this romantic element the director misses the dramatic possibilities entirely. He just hints at the tragic note.

I can't remember a picture which has carried more of an old-fashioned finale than this one. It resembles the early Biograph period in its mad melodramatics or heroics.

But through it all Pat O'Malley manages to act with authority and understanding in his rôle of the Grand Duke—and George Siegmann gets plenty of character into the part of the wealthy Tartar.



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A Blonde from Pittsburgh

(*Continued from page 31*)

Alyce Mills, after the beauty contest had come and gone, found herself possessed of its memory only and a few photographs of doubtful value, it is probable, under any circumstances. Then had followed her migratory flight to New York and the long dreary uphill climb that has landed her now near the top—but, oh, after so many months of continuous disappointment, of appalling discouragement.

In one way, the seeker after movie fame must be like a rubber ball. He or she must learn to rebound, to bounce merrily back, after each time Fate hurls him or her up against the granite wall of shattered hopes.

Miss Mills is a blonde. It is inevitable, perhaps, that she would be, as a foil for the darker charms of her male colleague, for gentlemen screen stars of brunette type, it is said, always prefer blondes or those nearly blonde. It is the law of opposites. It seems, too, to have been a season for blondes, when one considers the spotlight of interest that has been cast upon such golden-haired personalities as Vilma Banky, Norma Shearer, *et al.*

Playing Opposite Dix

Alyce Mills is ideally suited, we think, to the rôle she is playing in "Say It Again," for the picture, as it happens, is a sort of serio-comic treatment of the Princess-Mythical kingdom-American hero hodgepodge that flourished during the early part of the Twentieth Century and has only been heard of since in places like libraries. Miss Mills is the heroine of the opus, while Richard Dix is the heart-smashing hero, and a lovely heroine she is to his masculine charms.

It had been three years at least since we'd seen Miss Mills, and water, we knew, had a way of rolling in great quantities under bridges as time passed.

"You're not married?" we asked, rather thinking that she was.

She shook her head with a luminous smile. "No," she told us. And then, lest we misunderstand, she added brightly, "but I've had lots of chances." Watching her, we found this easy to believe.

"You were wise," we told her, "to stick to your career. Marriage should be secondary."

But she shook her head doubtfully.

"I'd like to think so," she said, "but I'm afraid I'm too much of just plain girl to feel that way. Somehow, marriage has always seemed to me to be the most important business in life—the star to every wandering moth! I'm a predestined wife, I guess. And tho I've been busy with a career for the past four years, it has always seemed to me as tho marriage was the real goal toward which I was pointed instead of screen fame.

"I got that rare thing called a chance," she said. "I was doing extra work, here, there, wherever there was extra work to be done, when someone who had seen me recommended me to Elmer Clifton, who was about to start making 'Daughters of the Night' for Fox. Mr. Clifton sent for me, and my engagement followed. After the Fox picture came my real chance with B. P. Schulberg, for this was a contract to appear in five pictures, including 'Faint Perfume,' 'My Lady's Lips' and 'The Keeper of the Bees.' Then came Famous with an offer to appear in 'Say It Again' with Mr. Dix, and you can imagine how pleased I was.

"Curiously," she added, "my chance with B. P. Schulberg followed an Elmer Clifton picture as Clara Bow's did."

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She's from Alabam'

(*Continued from page* 35)

decorated and furnished it herself and began painting parchment lamp-shades.

"It was the best-looking place," smiled Dorothy, from the depths of the over-stuffed chair in her newly acquired Hollywood home, "I got old rugs—on the order of this one—and had them dyed black. Then I did the place in robins' egg blue with touches of orange. . . . I bought this house furnished and I think it's terrible. But come back again in three weeks and you'll be surprised! . . . .

"I couldn't take care of all the orders I had at the studio, but all the time in the back of my mind was the idea of being an actress. I used to spend my lunch money on pictures—it was always pictures more than the stage that interested me."

In that strange way most of us have of reaching for the thing we want by pretending to be reaching for something else, Dorothy got to New York. Ostensibly she went to take an art course, but when she arrived, she hurried at once to an agent's office to try for the stage.

Studied Acrobatic Dancing

"You'd better learn acrobatic dancing. You must have some qualification nowadays," one kindly soul told her.

Dorothy counted over her dwindling funds. A course in acrobatic dancing lasted a year at the least. Well, there was enough to try a month at it!

"It was excruciating!" said Dorothy. "They'd put me against a well and force one leg up over my shoulder until the tears rolled down my cheeks. Then they stretched me and pulled me about while I suffered agonies. I thought: 'It's frightful—but if this is what you have to do to get on the stage, I'll bear it.' And then one morning I woke up and found I couldn't get out of bed!"

While she was struggling with rebellious muscles, a notice to the effect that Ned Wayburn was selecting girls for a fashion show came to her attention, and as soon as she could force herself to dress she made her way to his office, under the mistaken impression that he was seeing them there.

It was drawl that did it, for Dorothy was so weary and discouraged, so sick with the dancing outrage that she didn't look particularly well.

"What's your name?" asked Ned Wayburn, and when she had told him he directed her to the hall.

Arrived there, she stood among all the hundreds of gathered beauties and despaired. Not for long, however. Ned Wayburn appeared, silence descended and his first words were:

"Will Dorothy Sebastian come to the desk?"

"It seemed miles across the long room," confessed Dorothy. "I thought he was probably going to tell me to go home and I was scared. But he told the clerk to O.-K. my name and I walked on air."

The fashion show lasted a week. In the dressing-rooms Dorothy listened avidly to the talk of the proposed George White's "Scandals," the big event of 1924. Erte had designed sets and costumes. It was to overshadow everything that had ever happened. Etc.

The girls were all selected—that was the trouble. But Dorothy marched over to the theater where rehearsals were to begin and entered the stage door with the rest.

Landed in the "Scandals"

A slim man in spats, straw hat over one ear and cane over one arm, strolled across the broad expanse of stage on which groups were rehearsing and stopped before Dorothy.

"What are you doing here?" he inquired.

"I want to see Mr. White."

"I'm Mr. White."

"Oh, dont kid me! I want to see George White."

"What do you want to say to him? Had any experience?"

"No, I haven't, but I'm going to tell him I have. I'm going to tell him I'm a dancer and a singer and I can do anything——" (That intriguing "innything"!)

"But suppose he asks you to prove it?" inquired the man in spats.

"I *can* dance anything anybody teaches me—and I can sing in a chorus. I know I can do whatever he wants me to do——"

"Where are you from?"

"Alabam'."

"Well, Alabam', I *am* George White and I'm from Dixie, too! Go over there and start rehearsing with the girls!"

Dolores and Helene Costello were in the "Scandals," too.

"That's just the sort of girls we had," exclaimed Dorothy, her hazel eyes shining, "sweet and genuine and talented."

Costellos Also in "Scandals"

It was because Dorothy herself was serious about her future that she came to Hollywood. Pictures seemed to her the only thing that really mattered and she set her brains to work to find the way in.

On the train coming out she heard that Robert Kane was to produce independently and that Henry King was to direct the first picture, "Sackcloth and Scarlet."

"I'll be in 'Sackcloth and Scarlet'," decided Dorothy; and upon her arrival in the city of stars, she donned her prettiest frock, wrapped herself in the painfully saved-for fur coat and strolled over to United Studios.

It may have been the fur coat, but I am inclined to think it was the Alabama drawl that got her past the gateman and into the office where the director was engaged in casting.

The two gentlemen whose names begin with K were likewise hypnotized into giving the Southern beauty a screen test.

"They had me do everything *Polly Freeman* does in the story," said Dorothy, "only I had to imagine the top of the mountain and the handsome stranger.

"Next day they telephoned me to come over at once and broke the news to me that I was to be *Polly*.

"'Oh, I couldn't!' I cried. 'Of course I'd do my very best and ev'thing but I dont know anything about pictures and I might spoil it.'

"But they persuaded me to try and I did.

"One day they put me up against a wall with a light on one side and dark on the other and told me to suffer. I had nothing to tear, nothing to catch hold of, only the light and the dark. After that scene, Mr. Kane signed me for five years.

"And now—bless them!—they've released me to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and I'm praying for a chance at sympathetic parts. You see, on the screen I go sort of sleepy-looking and *blah*, and they call that 'sex appeal' and give me these terrible heavies to do. A heavy may be all very well once in a while, but forever——!"

And I cant help thinking that when Dorothy takes her Alabam' accent and asks the officials out at M-G-M for a sympathetic part—she'll get it!

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 71*)

and this was really the beginning of film vamps. George O'Brien is playing in "The Black Paradise."

Mary C. B.—Yes, I know where New Rochelle is. Bebe Daniels in "The College Flirt." Well, if men knew all that women think, they would be twenty times more audacious.

Ruth B.—Why Norma Shearer has brown hair and blue eyes, and was born in 1903.

Rose-Marie.—Well, dentistry seems to appeal to women and already there are more than 1,800 women in the United States practising the profession. No, Ramon Novarro is not married and never has been.

C. G. Lond.—Valentino's real name is Rudolph Guglielmi.

Toyokumi.—Thanks for the pretty Japanese card. I am always glad to hear from you.

Henry L.—Why, Gertrude Olmstead is a beauty-contest winner, and she won right after she came from high school in LaSalle, Indiana. She has chestnut-brown hair and gray-blue eyes, a fair complexion. In Corinne Griffith's next picture, "In Her Kingdom," she plays the part of a twelve-year-old girl. That's going back some—or is it going ahead! I wish you luck, but you know, as a rule the book agent doesn't interrupt a busy man; the man just gets busy to fool him.

Sweet Sixteen.—So J. Warren Kerrigan and Clive Brook are your favorites. Who else but Tennyson could have said, "'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all"? Thomas Meighan surely is playing—his next picture will be "Prosperity," a dramatic story of a man who tried to high-hat New York.

James E.—Your letter was a gem. Glad to hear that you are improving. Esther Ralston was born in 1902 and Mary Astor in 1906. Esther Ralston and Clara Bow, Louise Brooks and Fay Lanphier and the Ziegfeld chorus are playing in the cast of "Glorifying the American Girl."

Jessie.—Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. Owen Moore was born in the land of Shamrocks, too, and lacks two inches of being a six-footer. So you hope I get a raise. Well, I'm getting $15.00 per week; that keeps me going pretty good. It takes all my money for buttermilk.

Gerry.—Well, the best part of beauty is that which no picture can express. Ronald Colman was born in 1891. Norma Talmadge was born in 1895 and Mary Pickford in 1893.

Richie.—I should say I was glad to hear from you. Write to me any time. If you dont write me, I'll lose my job. Larry Semon joined Vitagraph in 1913, and became a star in 1915.

Francis.—Lawrence Gray, Richard Dix and Adolphe Menjou are with Famous Players at Astoria, Long Island, and Ronald Colman and Lewis Stone, First National Productions, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles.

Tessie B.—Tom Mix has two children. Ruth, by a former marriage, is sixteen and is in western pictures. Helen Holmes is Mrs. J. P. McGowan.

Marion E. D.—Lloyd Hughes was born in 1899 and is married to Gloria Hope. Richard Dix and Richard Barthelmess not married, at least the latter was once. That was Walter Pidgeon in "Mannequin." See you next month! Station A. M. signing off. It is now eleven-thirty daylight saving time. Good-night.

(*Continued on page 81*)

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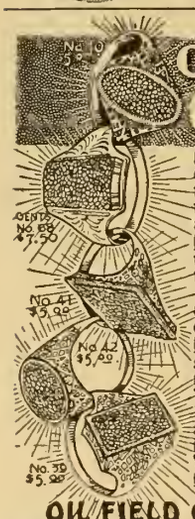
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Full Awards in Your Opinion Contest

(*Continued from page* 41)

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Final Standing of Your Opinion Contest

PICTURES

Passion	16,819
Forbidden Paradise	7,139
Monsieur Beaucaire	4,576
The Birth of a Nation	3,190
The Covered Wagon	3,168
Robin Hood	2,640
The Ten Commandments	2,200
Scaramouche	2,167
So Big	1,133
The Thief of Bagdad	979
Manhandled	903
The White Sister	825
Peter Pan	792
The Sea Hawk	748
Broken Blossoms	740
The Hunchback of Notre Dame	725
He Who Gets Slapped	517
The Red Lily	506
The Merry Widow	462
The Four Horsemen	374

Elmira, New York; Judy Stacy, 126 Hillside Avenue, Piedmont, California; George K. O'Neill, 1411 Reed Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Helen Marie Jelliffee, 559 Union Street, Galesburg, Illinois; Mary Bryan, 112 E. Dale Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado; Don Lurie, 219 North Baker Street, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York; Frances Riddle, 424 W. 20th Street, New York City; Harry Tettelbaum, 114 Bedford Street, Boston, Massachusetts; Herbert Grigg, 18 Strand Street, Frederiksted, St. Croix, V. I.; Mrs. Roswell Howell Cobb, Box 1375, Birmingham, Alabama; H. W. Ashton, 1427 Euclid Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; R. M. Bruce, 27 Sunshine Road, Upper Darby, Del Co., Pennsylvania; A. L. Cohen, Box 40—820, San Quentin, California; Donna M. Lycan, Benidji, Minnesota; Mrs. W. F. Stanley, 31 Chester Court, Brooklyn, New York; Miss Kathryn Sheckey, 22 Ross Avenue, Nyack, New York; Miss Marie Sandhaus, 1005 North 2nd Street, Springfield, Illinois; Millicent M. Spicer, 1410 Avenue R, Brooklyn, New York; Dorothy Evelyn Stone, 78 Palatine Road, Northenden, Manchester, England; C. G. Stergios, 32 St. Mary Street, Cardiff, South Wales, Great Britain; Marie Doud, 1818 East 3rd Street, Long Beach, California; Bernadine Wright, 421 W. Monroe Street, Springfield, Illinois; Helen Daniel, Balmville Road, Newburgh, New York; Laura Day, Odin, Illinois; Josephine Bancroft, 7103 Lexington Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Alfred Gundlack, 547 Abbottsford Road, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Martin H. Herlic, P. O. Box 630, San Bernardine, California; Miss May M. Neville, P. O. Box 1459, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Miss Lena Znamirowski, c/o Mrs. Mattes, 201 Hoyt Street, Brooklyn, New York; Walter A. Ripley, St. Francis, Wisconsin.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 79*)

Aileen Pringle Fan.—It was Oscar Wilde who said, "I believe that at the beginning God made a world for each separate man, and in that world which is within us we should seek to live." Thanksgiving Day occurs on the last Thursday in November. Aileen Pringle isn't married now and hasn't any children. John Gilbert and Ronald Colman are five feet ten.

One of Bebe's Many Admirers.—That was Carl Miller in "We Moderns" and George O'Brien in "The Iron Horse." So you want to know the size of Billie Dove's shoe. A bit out of my line, that. Many thanks for the posie.

Flapper Peggy.—Ronald Colman has a wife in England. Born in 1891 and you think he is handsome. So do I. James Kirkwood in "The Wise Guy" and Gloria Swanson in "Personality."

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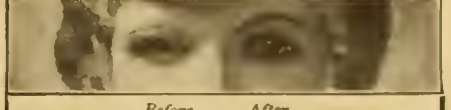


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Golden Glint
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The Centaur of the Cinema

(*Continued from page* 64)

Mix knows what it is all about—within his own world. He makes no effort to reach beyond it. There was in his lazy dignity an unmistakable something with which I was familiar—a something which once known is never to be mistaken.

"In the service?" I suggested.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Well, I've always followed the wars."

"Well—just what wars?"

"Spanish-American——"

"What!"

"Sure. I'm forty-seven years old."

His straight black hair shows scarcely a thread of gray and the lean, toughened body reveals no secrets.

"I've always kept myself fit. Work out every day in the gym I got here."

It adjoined the dressing-room. A building labeled unnecessarily "Tom Mix Training Quarters," in great white letters. Another petty vanity of the cowboy grown affluent.

"Then I was in the border wars a lot. I was with Madero——"

"Officer?"

"Oh, yes. I was a colonel with Madero. But——" the eyes gleamed. "I was a *first sergeant* in the U. S. Light Artillery."

There I had it. The something I had recognized. Something in the manner that is recognizable in any man who has served in one of the mounted outfits of the regulars.

An Adventurous Youth

MIX was born in El Paso County, Texas. He was a deputy sheriff in Oklahoma, Colorado, and the Indian Territory. A revenooer in Tennessee for a space. A soldier of fortune in the border wars. After he had attracted some local attention by winning riding contests and taking prizes for bulldogging steers and other cowboy pastimes, he got a job working in a picture for Seelig. It was not a regular picture with a plot—merely an advertising film fostered by the beef packers, designated to show the career of a steer from the time it is turned out on the range until it comes to your table in the guise of a sirloin steak.

Mix played opposite the steer in the early scenes of the picture—while the animal was still lively—before it became a sirloin. From this humble beginning he was taken into one-reel Westerns, playing usually a sheriff, a rôle with which he was most familiar by that time. The astute William Fox signed him for features and suddenly the cowboy saw more money than he ever knew there was.

Mix has never worked for any movie firms except Seelig (which is defunct) and Fox. He has a feeling of loyalty for the man who gave him a career and producers know it is useless to try to tempt him away from the Fox outfit. Yes, it is laughable to us—this idea of loyalty to a movie corporation which has no more conscience than a snake has hips, and which would toss Mix over tomorrow if by some miracle he was shorn of his box-office appeal.

This loyalty is just another of the primitive virtues which soldiers, cowboys and early Americans held in common. Mix is in daily association with—his dressing bungalow adjoins the bungalow office of—Sol Wurtzel, chief executive of the Fox West Coast Studios. But the cowboy remains as free from the contamination of movieitis as if he were still riding the

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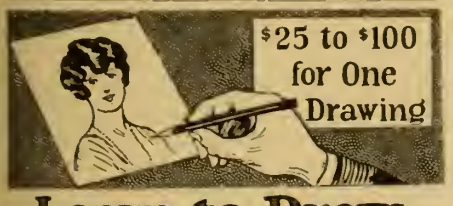


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breezy plains. In fact, he does not even know he is being exploited.

Never Uses a Double

I ASKED Mix why he doesn't use a double in the bone-breaking stunts that are featured in his pictures. Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson are about the only movie cowboys who dont protect their own bones in this way. It is significant that both were cowboys before they were movie actors—which most of the others were not.

I asked about the double and he said:

"You know, the firm has been at me again and again to do that."

"Well, why dont you? In the long shots, where it couldn't be detected?"

Mix looked embarrassed.

"I just cant bring myself to it. It ain't—well, you were in the army—you know what I mean. It ain't shootin' fair."

He groped among words, then came out unexpectedly with:

"About all you can photograph is the mental attitude, anyway. If you fight—*fight*. If you ride—*ride*. And mean it. If you cant do the things naturally, there's no use doin' them at all.

"I use every physical precaution. I work hard and keep myself fit because there are lots of fights in pictures and you have to be so you can take a punch. And I use every mechanical precaution when I do a stunt. I feel in the kind of a picture I make that I'm carryin' a physical message to the audience—especially to the boys in the audience—and I'm damned if I could double-cross 'em! I take every precaution there is and I trust the rest to God!"

Mix's Chop Suey Film

MIX had been working that afternoon on "Dead Man's Gold," a desert picture—but the day's work had been on a set at the studio. His preceding picture, "Tony Runs Wild," featured the famous trick horse, the same on which the American cowboy rode about the decks of the *Aquitania* and up the steps of the London city hall.

In making this picture Mix had one of his numerous accidents. He has had so many accidents, all recorded by the cameras, that he has assembled six reels of this stuff, which he calls his Chop Suey—probably the most unique movie in Christendom.

The accident in "Tony Runs Wild" occurred when Mix, falsely accused of bumping off a stage-driver and pursued by a posse, was to have escaped by letting himself down from a high cliff with the aid of his trusty lariat.

"I threw the rope around a rock," he related, "a big rock, weighing about five hundred pounds. The ravine was about four hundred feet deep. When I was halfway down, the rock crumbled. I fell twenty-five feet and hit a ledge. But the rock was comin' down on top of me so I had to jump. I had to roll and turn and landed in the bottom of the ravine. Tore some ligaments in my leg."

I had seen him on crutches a few weeks before: He was laid up for a fortnight. And a double would have suffered the rending of his ligaments for the trifling sum of twenty-five bucks. The studio officials must feel impatient at times about the temperamental idiosyncrasies of their star.

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vanishing American? The American who once was, but who now lives only in the celluloid records of our nation's brave youth?

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An American cowboy. A centaur. Brother of the riders of the race—the Amazons, the Valkyries, the Tartars on their shaggy mounts, the Indians on pinto ponies; sweeping in dim procession down from the past. Rushing along the rim of time with a flight of hoofs such as come from the *Roan Stallion* of Robinson Jeffers: "Riding the savage and exultant strength of the world."

The Vanishing American. The American we all might have been, except for our accursed progress. The American which the ignorant and trustful proletariat of Europe still fondly believes in, just as we used to believe, when we were children, in Santa Claus.

May Tom Mix keep them long in ignorance! This the prayer of one whose head hatches the futile maunderings of modern America, and whose lax frame is concealed beneath the hideous abortion of a Hollywood tailor.

They Say—

(*Continued from page* 75)

said occasionally to leave home, is certainly never plain nor middle-aged.

A woman may be a good and faithful wife, and she may even be quite honestly in love with her husband. But that doesn't hinder her from admiring a handsome man when she sees him, any more than it means that her husband does not admire a beautiful girl when he sees her. So when the aforesaid wife goes to a picture show and sees handsome Jack Gilbert, or lovable Ronald Colman, or even the exotic and much-maligned Rudy, on the screen, she settles down contentedly in her seat, and sighs blissfully, and forgets all about the dinner dishes which are piled in the kitchen sink awaiting her return. Here at last is the handsome hero of her dreams, she says to herself; and in a rosy dream she sees him wade through interminable and heartbreaking difficulties, and finally get the girl in the end. For women are incurably romantic. That's the trouble with them, Mr. Meyers.

And men are incurably jealous. That's the trouble with them, too. If they weren't jealous they wouldn't care a bean how many handsome *Romeos* there were on the screen, nor how much their wives and sweethearts admired them. They want their wives and sweethearts to see and admire only safe and sane men, because then they would have no cause to be jealous of them. They forget that we can see all the safe and sane men we want to at home, and that sometimes we become just a little weary of them, and go to the movies to see the other kind. Women dont want men to be safe and sane. They feel that it isn't exactly complimentary to themselves.

We do not go to the movies to see the same sort of thing we can see at home,

(*Continued on page* 87)

What My Experiences Have Taught Me

(*Continued from page* 19)

Fighting back is unavailable. Sometimes the best way to counteract erroneous impressions is to say nothing about them, for very often a denial means that the whole business is stirred up all over again. That's one bitter but valuable lesson I learned some time ago. But the wisest course is to keep my private self within the four walls of my home or the homes of my friends, to give my professional self unrestrainedly to my public, and above all to be very careful not to say anything that may be misconstrued. That's terribly difficult, almost impossible, for as I said before, I dont think there is a person alive who is completely and altogether above reproach.

Of course, there's another problem—knowing just how much of me *is* my professional self, how much of me I should give to my public. In Paris, I ran into an experience that humiliated me at first—because the friends I was with couldn't quite understand it—and set me thinking seriously afterward about how much of me my audiences owned. We were dancing at one of the hotels when a young American who recognized me rushed up to me, grabbed me by the arm, and calling me by my first name asked me for a dance.

My first impulse was the impulse that any woman would have on being accosted so familiarly by a stranger. I gave him a freezing glance and turned away. My friends were shocked and it angered me that I should have been made the object of this unpleasantness, but now I feel no resentment, except with myself, in a way, for taking down a young man who probably thought of me as one of the girls from back home. Movie stars enter into the home life of America as intimately as books and pictures and funny sheets do. Charlie Chaplin is recognized and loved by boys and girls as much as *Tom Sawyer* or *Rebecca* of Sunnybrook Farm, and Lois Wilson as much as Shaw's *Candida* or the cartoonical *Gumps*. I should have been grateful for that feeling in my public and there I was, actually getting "het up" over it. It's really very complex knowing where the dividing line is.

Accused of Being "Up-stage"

I HAVE been accused of being "up-stage" because I looked neither to right nor left of me when I appeared in public. Hasn't it ever occurred to any one that I'm human, too, that I feel embarrassed when people stare at me, as if I were a shadow come to life or a strange specimen of humanity? It makes me so self-conscious to know that the way I dress or talk or walk is being watched, that I go out only when I have to. Experience has taught me that it is advisable to leave the theater a few minutes before the rest of the audience does and to arrive a few minutes later if I want to avoid being stared at. I dont think I've seen the end of any play on Broadway this season.

At the Yale-Harvard football game, I let myself in for what I considered unjust criticism by one of the newspapers simply because I left a little earlier. Thruout the game, I could see heads turning to look in our direction and I knew from past experience, that lots of people would rush up after the game for a close look at a "movie star in person." So my husband and I and the friends who had invited us to the game left shortly after



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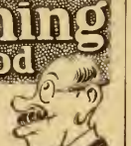
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the third quarter. Already a group of twenty or thirty was at the portal thru which we had to pass. When we reached there, the guard was telling the crowd to disperse and we went with the rest of them. Imagine how chagrined I was to read in the paper the next day that I had left earlier to attract attention, that I posed at the portal with my husband, ostensibly to get a last look at the game but actually (so the report said) to let the game get a last look at me, that the guard had cautioned me to move on, that I had looked at him disdainfully and that he had asked me again to move on!

The only contact I can have with my public is thru my pictures and thru my fan mail. From the 300 to 500 letters I get every day from people all over the world, I learn the sort of pictures they want to see me in. It is a sort of conversation—they speak in their letters, I answer in my pictures. An actress on the legitimate stage sees her audiences before her and hears their murmurs, their applause. Film actresses must get their contacts by mail.

The Influence of Others

I BEGAN my career nine years ago, in the popular Mack Sennett comedies, and later I became a featured player in the old Triangle pictures, where Cecil B. De Mille noticed my work and offered me a position as leading woman. For two years I appeared in his pictures as a cross between a vampire and a leading lady, a new breed for those days, when a vamp was all bad and a leading lady was as virtuous as a new-born babe. Tho I had all the trappings of a vamp, mysterious coiffeurs, loads of jewelry and long, slinky gowns as exotic as any the screen had seen, my parts were essentially sympathetic. I gave myself the appellation that has somehow clung to me all these years, "Clotheshorse." The clothes I designed myself to suit the needs of the pictures, and I want to correct the impression that Elinor Glyn had anything to do with the way I dressed. I know that Mrs. Glyn is said to have taught me how to dress correctly, but the truth of the matter is that Miss Jeanie Macpherson, the scenarist, collaborated with me in designing my screen wardrobe for the De Mille pictures. Those picturesque, trailing gowns were worn only in the studio; they were not part of my private life.

People have asked me whether I regretted playing leads for Mr. De Mille, for the stigma of being a vamp has persisted even down to the present, altho the parts I play now—hoydenish schoolgirls, *gauche* waitresses, *Zazas* and *Sans-Gênes*—are as different from my earlier rôles as characterizations can be. No. I am as glad today of my experience with him as I was the first time he offered me a contract to appear in his pictures—and that was one of the real thrills of my life. I consider Cecil De Mille one of the master minds of the screen. He has probably developed more talent than any man in pictures. He is among the foremost technicians in the entire picture industry and he knows the screen value of every look and gesture, the effectiveness of every color and angle. I learned more about the technique of acting from him than from any other individual. Only recently has it been discovered that I could "act as well as wear clothes." But Mr. De Mille found that out several years ago, and told me about it. While others were accepting me as a Clotheshorse, he complimented me on my emotional work, not on the way I could swish a train or carry a tiara.

Elinor Glyn, as I said, had nothing to

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do with guiding or establishing my taste in dress, but she taught me one valuable lesson—self-discipline. Mrs. Glyn made a point of doing the things she disliked most to do, simply as a matter of discipline, but very often she applied it to inconsequential things—she hated to write letters, and she forced herself to write five or so a day.

I never consciously tried to shirk responsibilities, or avoid what I knew I had to do, but every once in a while, the weight of them was a little more than I could emotionally stand. Any mother knows the task it is to raise children properly, with attention to their psychological as well as their physical wants. Then, too, I have my family to take care of, property that must be looked after, and of course, my screen work. Yet they were the very factors that have guided me in my career. They have given me the real impetus to go ahead.

Miss Swanson's Marriages

It was the weight of all these responsibilities that prompted my earlier marriages, I think. Unfortunately I was mistaken in my choice. Still, I cant call my matrimonial experiences mistakes. Nothing can be a mistake that gives one a finer appreciation of genteel qualities. Five years ago I wouldn't have been able to recognize, much less appreciate, such traits as kindness and sincerity and loyalty and truthfulness and dependability as I have found in Henry, my husband, but the background of my earlier experience has thrown his qualities into sharp relief, like light against shadow. It is a source of constant wonder and delight to me to see these characteristics, never changing, solid and inborn, not assumed like a pretty mask to be cast aside later.

Henry and I have a mutual love of children, and Baby Gloria and Joseph, my two youngsters, adore him. It takes a certain simplicity of soul and goodness of heart to win the devotion of children; their instinct for judging character is uncanny in its correctness. And it is that combination of goodness and simplicity and genuineness that I prize most highly in the world. That appreciation is the real essence of what I have derived from my experience.

They Say—

(*Continued from page* 84)

as Mr. Meyers suggests we should. Far from it! We go to the movies to get away from our humdrum surroundings, and see something that takes us a million miles away from ourselves, and gives us something pleasant to think about next morning when we are washing those left-over dinner dishes. We love to spend an hour or two with the handsome hero with the marcelled hair and the burning eyes, in the Never-Never-Land of which all women dream, but which, alas, they never find! Of course, we know it's too good to be true, and when the show is over we put on our hats and go resignedly back to our every-day lives and our every-day husbands. But we should worry! There'll be another show next week!

Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, *et al.*, are no doubt very nice men. I have nothing personally against them. I think they would be admirable in their own place, playing nice, plain, pleasant, middle-aged rôles. But I do not think they should be cast as heroes and lovers, playing opposite and making

(*Continued on page* 89)

The Girl They Call Tia Juana Red

Probably no one knows her real name. They call her Tia Juana Red. And only one or two know her story. The crowds applaud and cheer every night when she sings gay songs in that little Mexican dance hall. And it is likely that the proprietor himself knows nothing of the tragedy that occurred when Tia Juana Red took a few months off and went up to Hollywood.

Bert Ennis

knew her when she was in Hollywood. And the story he tells of her is the stuff of which tears are made.

It Is More Than the Funny Walk, Derby and Cane

. . . that make Charlie Chaplin great. It is more than the romantic profile that makes John Gilbert the lover. And more than green eyes and a penchant for wearing gowns that brings Gloria Swanson her high place.

Elizabeth Petersen

goes back into the lives of these and other personalities and brings forth what we believe explains the indefinable something that sets these few apart as great.

A Hollywood Idyl

If Mary's and Doug's life together could be written, it would make the most beautiful love story . . . the most perfect romance . . . ever told. Here are Two with fame and wealth at their command. Yet it is to each other that they look for their contentment and happiness. They have caught something that words cannot set down . . . something that no amount of philosophizing or theorizing can ever explain.

Adele Whitely Fletcher

writes of their life together. She tells how, hand in hand, they face the bitter in life with the sweet and find something in both which makes them better able to cope with their tomorrows. Neither of them is afraid of life.

We especially recommend this story to those who have grown cynical about perfect love . . . and marriage . . . and human beings. If you have such a friend, place this story in his hands.

Would You Like to Live in Hollywood and Move in Motion Picture Circles . . . .

Foolish question 9,999,999? Perhaps . . . But *you can* read Eugene V. Brewster's pages every month. And that is the next best thing. Mr. Brewster's bungalow in Hollywood has become a salon where the movie people gather.

He goes to all the parties, too. He week-ends with the Talmadges at Coronado. He lunches in the dressing-room with Valentino. He goes to the tennis matches with John Gilbert or Colleen Moore . . . And he writes of these good times in a casual, gossipy way which is delightful and entertaining.

There are other features, different and equally attractive, which space forbids enumerating.

Reserve Your Copy of the August Motion Picture Magazine at Your Neighborhood News-stand Now!

Every-day magic

CHAIRS that flop into beds . . . bags that suck up dirt . . . tiny ticking things that count all day long for you. Daylight any night just by pushing a button. A stream that never stops till you turn off a faucet. Any voice you want, talking to you from a cage on your desk or wall. Actions of yesterday, of people miles away, going on on a curtain before you. Stilled throats singing to you from discs; distant throats singing to you from nothing!

Uncanny, daily magic—this, due to national advertising. Advertisements have given you flashlights, telephones, typewriters, automobiles, cold creams, motion pictures. They have given you new eyes, new ears, new hands, new feet, new faces, new emotions. They have urged such wide use, so lowered prices, that almost wishes are autos, almost beggars can ride. Thru advertisements you've laid down the shovel and the hoe. You can buy a whole harvest ready-to-eat in cans. You've hung up the fiddle and the bow, for a radio. There's little old-time work left in this age of amazing short-cuts.

Read the advertisements in MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—*they keep you to the fore of modern life*

Prop Boy to Star

(*Continued from page* 55)

In the little coal-mining village, he learned to speak three or four languages. He attended the immigrants' holiday feasts, helped celebrate their weddings, was in and out of their homes, as they were in and out of his. The world beyond the foothills from whence they came intrigued him, and when he was barely high-school age he set forth to see it.

Silhouetted against a great studio window in the Café Lafayette, the subdued music of the orchestra playing for the Fashion Show mannequins drifting across the room, he recalled the days when he was a peanut vender with Ringling Brothers' circus.

Sold Circus Peanuts

"THE clowns that were with us in those days worked in 'The Devil's Circus' last winter. I didn't recognize them at first—it's so hard to tell one clown in make-up from another—and I had no idea they would remember a kid who yelled 'Peanuts, popcorn 'n chewin'-gum! Here y'are for yer peanuts—frish roasted peanuts!' But one day they came on the set in white duck coats with 'Ringling Brothers' written on white rolled hats—exactly the way I used to dress—and walked up and down, pretending to sell peanuts. It certainly handed me a big laugh.

"I couldn't help thinking of the circus when we made that picture, on account of the cats—circus name for lions. The boys around the circus were scared of the cats. You'd never know what they'd do. Couldn't trust 'em. And at night, their eyes shining in the dark and their roars!

"After the circus, I did buck-and-wing dancing in vaudeville.

"When Mr. Griffith was making 'America,' a soldier had his arm blown off. Neil Hamilton and I went to neighboring towns and raised a fund for him—I doing a song and dance and Neil collecting the coin. . . . Parts of my past are always coming up.

On Location in Virginia

"ONE of the nicest things that ever happened to me in pictures was the four weeks we spent on location in Richmond, Virginia, while we were making 'America.' If ever I retire, I'm going to buy a small plantation on the banks of the James River and spend my declining days in the leisurely city where money doesn't matter but good manners do, where darky mammies tyrannize over the best families, and 'Marse Robert' is as real today as he was in the Civil War.

"When we were in Richmond, the play, 'Robert E. Lee,' opened. I'll never forget it. The man who played Lee held the stage for five whole minutes while the people cheered and wept and clapped. Neil and I—Northerners—sat with our hearts almost hopping out of our throats—yes, *throats;* I felt mine fluttering around right here in my neck!—not daring to look at each other for fear we'd see tears. I swear I never saw anything so moving as that living love those people have for Lee.

"At dawn one morning Neil and I came upon his statue, looking out over the city from his green hill. Both horse and man seemed alive as the sun touched them, and I saluted. Any man who could leave a memory like his!"

A particularly lovely mannequin was displaying a gorgeous gown, or so the applause in the dining-room suggested, but the Irishman's tribute to "the knightliest of a knightly race" made seeing difficult.

His Off-Screen Romance

THE shadow romances on the screen seem pallid to Charles compared to his off-screen love story. The lady in the case was born in Italy. She had been in South America for four years and had come to Mamaroneck on a visit.

"Why dont we go over to Tom's?" a friend suggested to Charles one evening.

A girl—a stranger—was on Tom's porch. Love at first sight claimed another victim, for Charles knew right away that here was the girl for whom he had been looking since he had been old enough to coax the first almost invisible hair on his upper lip. Five months later—delay due to her brother's objection to hasty marriages—the two said "I do" and "I will" in the proper places.

It was Neil Hamilton who insisted that Charles come to Hollywood, and that he was welcomed is attested by the fact that the Macks have bought a home somewhere between the mountains and the sea, and are already inquiring about schools for the sixteen months-old son of the house!

Charles doesn't go about telling how he rose from prop boy to leading man, but I believe that the reason people gave him their pet poodles or let him use the family heirlooms when he was the first, is the same reason directors now give him a choice of this season's best parts:

Because they know he will take care of them!

They Say—

(*Continued from page 87*)

love to pretty young girls. For no woman from sixteen to sixty could even for one moment imagine any one of them in the rôle of an actual lover.

And see how inconsistent Mr. Meyers is. He says he wants the screen women to be "exotic, different, strange, and mysterious." He thinks it is all right and natural for *him* to admire lovely heroines, but cannot see that it is also right and natural for his wife or sweetheart to admire handsome heroes. It is a poor rule that wont work both ways, Mr. Meyers. How would you enjoy seeing the plain middle-aged character women taking the place of the young and lovely heroines?

I think the truth of the matter really is that it is neither plausible nor true to life to think that the lovely young heroines could actually fall in love with men like Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, *et al.* In real life a love affair or a marriage where there is a great disparity of ages is generally looked upon as something unpleasant, if not actually repulsive, and we are always sorry for the girl. I think that is why we instinctively dislike to see it on the screen. It is contrary to nature. Youth calls to youth, not only in real life, but on the screen as well. We have nothing against Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, *et al.*, when appropriately cast. But we do not want to see them cast as the heroes of the play, nor as lovers of young girls. For they certainly are not herolike, and young girls simply cant endure them.

I think men should never set themselves up as judges of what women should or should not admire in other men, because they cannot do so fairly, any more than a woman can do so in the opposite case. Men cannot see other men thru a woman's eyes, and no man who ever lived knew anything about a woman's heart. And then, too, the personal element is bound to creep in, more or less.

CECELIA GALLOWAY,
Portland, Oregon.



How Much Do Artists Earn?

WOULD you like to earn $100 a week as a commercial artist? If you like to draw, you should develop your talent, for well-trained artists earn $75, $100, $150 a week and sometimes even more. Beginners who can do practical work soon command $50 a week.

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"The reason why I enrolled with the Federal School was that they had many students to point to who had made good. Today I am on the art staff of one of the largest illustrating concerns in America, receiving a salary of $3,000.00 a year. It was indeed a lucky day when I enrolled. The lessons by such great contributors as Coles Phillips, Edwin V. Brewer, Chas. F. Chambers, and others equally well known, are an inspiration and a decided help."

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"From my experience I am satisfied the Federal School has the quality of education to offer that *paves the road to success.* I wish to recommend this course very highly and my advice to those who are earnest and 'game' enough to work for bigger things in the commercial art field is, 'Take the Federal Course.'"

Florinda E. Kiester writes us:

"Besides the good training I have received from the course when I took it, you people have always given me such wonderful help in my work that I shall be proud to be able to say I am a graduate of the Federal School."

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"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning $3800 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

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It comes to you each month with sparkling pages—pages devoted to bringing out the new stars in the film firmament—and dedicated to the idea of entertaining you with *live* topics and personalities.



There is nourishment in MOVIE MONTHLY. Every article—every picture serves its purpose—a purpose on the part of its publishers to please you with the brightest, most alert reading and pictorial matter obtainable.

The Old West lives again and the New West is brought forth in all of its indomitable spirit.

The July issue of MOVIE MONTHLY will feature a most absorbing fiction story, "How Hollywood Came to Lodetown," in addition to three *live* novelizations of screen dramas.

The July number will continue its Bandits of the Border series with Billy the Kid—one of the most colorful outlaws that ever pulled a gun.

There will be virile articles of adventure relating how Comedians Tumble for Laughs and how stars escape injury or death in Thrills of a Lifetime.

The July issue will also feature its popular Special Player Section—with four pages devoted to Harold Lloyd. Just the thing for your scrap-book.

The Cowboy Songs will continue.

And—

There will be several breezy interviews with Carmelita Geraghty, George O'Brien, Louise Brooks and Edna Marian.

The July issue will also feature a pictorial array of Bathing Girls—in addition to pages devoted to summer pastimes.

You Can't Afford To Be Without **MOVIE MONTHLY** *Order Your July Issue NOW!*

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TANGEE

Be Beautiful with Tangee

Caution: Do not let anyone offer you "something just as good." All substitutes are inferior. Look for TANGEE in orange letters on each container. Tangee Crême Rouge, $1 Tangee Lipstick, $1 Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c



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If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tangee Crême Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

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417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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WHEN the noisy shouts and songs of freedom burst forth on Independence Day. And bands and parades and booming cannon join in the joyous celebration. When you think again that our country and the men in it must be free—*have a Camel!*

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So this Independence Day, as you watch our country's defenders march by in inspiring parade — know then the deepest goodness that ever came from a cigarette. Have the utmost in smoking enjoyment.

Have a Camel!



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MOTION PICTURE

CLASSIC

AUGUST

1/6



HE HAUNTED HOME OF MOVIE GHOSTS

The Moods of Chaplin



Gainsborough Offers her Newest puff-creation

— in smartest of summer colors, NATURE'S OWN!

Man in his most creative moments cannot do more than strive to match the lovely colors nature chooses as her own. Blues from the sky, reds from the sunset, greens from the sea — one finds them in their rarest combinations in some bit of foliage or the plumage of a tropical bird.

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Gainsborough contributes seven lovely puffs of pastel shades — Canary, Azure, Persian Pink, Orchid, Peach Glow, Corail — and Lovebird. In sizes for every need — for vanity, dressing table and bath.

Gainsborough
POWDER PUFF

Gainsborough powder puffs may be had in seven smart pastel shades. Prices 15, 20 and 25c; other puffs in wool or velour, prices 10 to 75c. On your dealer's counter.
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to the theatres playing

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with Dolores Costello

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with PATSY RUTH MILLER

Hollywood—that magic word. What it conjures up in the mind of every aspirant to screen fame. With one of the season's greatest cast of stars including Louise Dresser, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Stuart Holmes and others.

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From the play that swept the whole country. Now in pictures with a great cast of favorites, including Willard Louis, Helene Costello, John Patrick, Jane Winton, Virginia Lee Corbin, Harold Goodwin and others.

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London and Paris—the world's centers of fashion and revelry. Here is a story of surprising love in the midst of it all. From the popular novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

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The True Story of the Little Stenographer Who Posed as a Spanish Princess and Was Fêted by the Elect of Hollywood.

This story is the stuff of which romance and adventure is made. Perhaps you have read how this little girl fooled society, diplomatic circles and filmdom. If so, you will be more than ever interested in her true story. It took courage to do the amazing thing she did . . . and now . . . what of her?

Read the truth about her in the September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

THE STARS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

What is John Gilbert really like . . . and Adolphe Menjou . . . and Mary Pickford? . . . They are not what they appear on the screen.

Gladys Hall

knows all of the stars about whom she writes intimately. And you will be fascinated and amused by the frank pictures she presents of all of them.

There is nothing in the world more interesting than human beings.

If you dont agree with that statement now you will when you read this feature story.

HAVE YOU AN IDEA FOR A MOVIE?

Of course! Having the idea is one thing . . . most important. But the next thing you need to know is how best to present it so that it will reach the scenario editor and win his attention. Agnes Christine Johnston, the brilliant young scenario writer, knows the ropes, as they say. And she tells you just how to go about submitting that idea you have had for ages . . . and never submitted because you did not quite know how to go about it.

A Map of Hollywood

There is such a vogue for the old-fashioned semi-pictorial map today. What could be more fitting and proper than Hollywood and its environs depicted in this manner?

Chamberlain

presents such a map . . .

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SEPTEMBER MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

AT YOUR NEWSDEALER'S *NOW!*

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

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LAURENCE REID, Editor
Adele Whitely Fletcher, Supervising Editor — Colin Cruikshank, Art Director

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CLASSIC'S Late News PAGE

WESLEY BARRY, having reached eighteen years of age, has gone in for matrimony. The youth who won his right to stardom a few years ago because of his funny face adorned with countless freckles, married Julia Wood of Montclair recently. The bride is five years older than her husband. The young couple will spend their honeymoon in Hollywood.

Constance Talmadge has arrived in New York with her husband, Captain Alastair McIntosh. They will sail to England to spend a belated honeymoon.

George Jessel, Broadway actor, has arrived in Hollywood to begin work in the Warner picture, "Private Izzy Murphy." Vera Gordon will be cast in a character rôle in the same film.

Rumors are busy that perhaps D. W. Griffith will go back to United Artists. He has one more picture to make for Famous Players. D. W. was one of the founders of United Artists along with Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin.

Norma Talmadge has returned to Hollywood from New York whither she had gone to hunt for new screen material. The star is about to make her last film for release thru First National, "The Sun of Montmartre." After this is completed Miss Talmadge will join United Artists, making as her first offering, "The Dove," from the stage-play of the same name.

Florence Vidor has been engaged to co-star with Adolphe Menjou in the Paramount picture called "The Ace of Cads," written by that fellow who was a nine days' wonder for a while —Michael Arlen.

Metro-Goldwyn has started filming "Tell It to the Marines," with Lon Chaney as the star and George Hill as the director.

Matt Moore has been signed by Marshall Neilan for an important part in "Diplomacy."

The only "Red" Grange is busy in Hollywood in making his first motion picture, "The Half Back," written by Byron Morgan — the author of Wally Reid's auto stories. "Red" will play a football hero— and the plot will be similar to Grange's own spectacular career. Mary McAllister will be the leading woman.

Walter Pidgeon has been engaged to play opposite Norma Talmadge in her next picture.

Helene Chadwick has completed her starring rôle for Hal Roach. This picture was accepted by the star after a perusal of the story convinced her that it would return her to the light comedy at which she proved herself adept in "Dangerous Curves Ahead."

Renée Adorée has announced her engagement to Rudolf Friml, well-known composer of operettas. This will be Renée's third matrimonial adventure and Rudolf will make his fourth march to the altar.

Leatrice Joy has just received her final decree of divorce from Jack Gilbert.

Allan Dwan, the director, has signed with Fox —and will make "Summer Bachelors" as his first production. The story is written by Warner Fabian, the author who gave "Flaming Youth" to the world.

Irene Bordoni, the stage star, had decided to enter pictures, She is in Hollywood at present undergoing tests for some future production.

Lois Wilson has sacrificed her long chestnut hair so that she can play the bobbed heroine in "The Great Gatsby," which is scheduled to go into production shortly. Lois was one of the few in pictures who obeyed the old-fashioned conventions.

F. W. Murnau, the director of "The Last Laugh" has arrived in America. He will proceed to Hollywood to direct George O'Brien and Margaret Livingston in "Trip to Tilsit."

Phyllis Haver, former Sennett beauty, is cast in a featured rôle in "What Price Glory." And Leslie Fenton will also have a part in the same picture. He will fight the world war for a second time — his previous experience having been in "Havoc."

Lowell Sherman, and his wife, Pauline Garon — both prominent in pictures, have sailed for Europe. They expect to be away two months.

LAST MINUTE REVIEW

"Good and Naughty"

THEY'RE still experimenting with Pola Negri. The latest to try his hand in directing her is Mal St. Clair. From the results obtained here, he, at least, seems to be the first of the Americans to understand her moods. Anyway she succeeds in investing her rôle with sympathy and understanding. Perhaps it is because St. Clair directs in the Lubitsch manner. He has something of the German's Continental manner. He approaches his players as if they are sophisticated and able to understand his demands.

To get back to Pola—well, she hasn't been blessed with the best stories in the world. Having tackled emotional rôles and not done so well by them, she takes a fling at comedy. I'll say she emerges as a first-rate comédienne.

Her new entry, "Good and Naughty," is an adaptation of the French farce comedy, "Naughty Cinderella." It is not so senseless as the original and not so funny—but all things considered it manages to be bright and amusing.

You needn't expect to find any new idea back of it. The central figure is one of those dowdy individuals suffering from suppressed desires. She is eager to spare the most likely member of the firm from any scandal. Which means that she is secretly in love with him. So she undergoes a transformation in dress and character. Some may wonder where she got her Paris finery—and who tipped her off to improve her appearance. Aside from these errors the piece contains its share of spice and speed—with St. Clair at his best in projecting some truly marvelous close-ups. He employs his players for pantomime.

The idea develops into a marital mix-up—with everyone having a gay time in a prankish, sophisticated way. There seems to be some nonsense in the situations, but at that they are recognizably real.

The acting honors do not go to Pola—they go to Ford Sterling. He is a constant delight in his efforts to get in and out of trouble. He has his facial expressions under complete control—a lesson he learned in the Sennett college. The titles are pointed and provocative of laughter.

L. R.



Rex Ingram's

MARÉ NOSTRUM

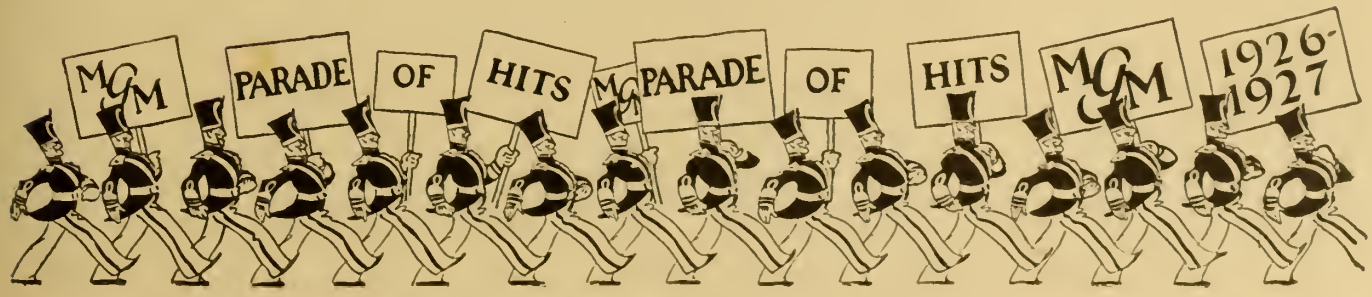
MEANS "Our Sea".
ALL New York thrilled to it
THOUSANDS and thousands
GLADLY paid $2.00 to see this epic by
BLASCO IBAÑEZ, master maker of tales.
ALICE TERRY as the beloved spy,
ANTONIO MORENO as Ulysses
WHO worshipped her
BUT loved a great cause more.
A sinking submarine—
THRILL after gasping thrill!
A STUPENDOUS picture
COMING to your theatre
DIRECT from Broadway.



Alice Terry
as Freya
Antonio Moreno
as Ulysses

A Metro-Goldwyn-Picture

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"



THEY SAY—

FIRST PRIZE

A Plea for "Prunella"

Editor, CLASSIC:

Will you pardon a little reminiscence in order that a tribute may be paid?

Long ago, as screen years are counted, it was apparent to those with seeing eyes that the screen offers a field for fantasy such as fantasy had not known. Absurd sequences, savage satire and grotesque exaggeration are recorded by the camera with equal serenity and the imagination is given a freer rein than was possible before. In "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Thief of Bagdad," "Peter Pan," "A Kiss for Cinderella" and "Beggar on Horseback" are seen something of a fulfilment of the promise of the wider fields for Pegasus that the screen offers—but I wonder how many film lovers remember a screen fantasy that stands out in my mind as being a pioneer.

I have in mind "Prunella." When has such gossamer fancy been transferred to the screen?—the key which was neither "a door-key, nor a watch-key, but the key to the garden gate"—*Pierrot,* dead-white, before a dead-white table on which lay a rose—the quay, in the manner of Maxfield Parrish, with its single, floating pennon of chiffon all down across its horizon—the arched bridge over which the players passed, flung high against the sky and resting on the mists which arose from the river—the "grotesquerie" of the strolling players—and Marguerite Clark—not playing *Prunella*—but *Prunella* brought down to earth from the poet's imagination, bewitching the camera with undreamed-of loveliness!

Memory is faulty, but I believe that Tourneur directed "Prunella"—and then, in answer to an unmistakable box-office, turned quickly to making Drury Lane melodramas! I suppose Tourneur was French, both from his name and because it would seem that only a Gaul could handle wit and fancy with such unerring delicacy.

That fantasy is a subtle and difficult art is obvious. There are those who say that Christopher Morley, master of fancy that he is, waded out beyond his depth in his latest excursion. Last season Basil Dean, seasoned with many theatrical years, found, when he attempted to stage Flecker's gorgeous Oriental dream, "Hassan," that it simply would not behave and was continually getting out of his grasp. I am one of those who found the latter part of "The Thief of Bagdad" tedious, lacking that airy lightness which fantasy must have if it is to enchant; and yet I know that Mr. Fairbanks exercised the greatest care to preserve its glamour. Ofttimes, fantasy lies just this side absurdity, and if the maker of the fantasy would create wistful loveliness, he dare not step over the dividing line, which is but dimly limned and apparent only to those of rare awareness. The maker of "Prunella" knew the danger and was not guilty of trespassing.

Considering this, is not "Prunella" the greater, both because of the subtlety and complexity of the art of fantasy and because of the difficulties that must have lain in the way in those pioneering days? Merely to recall its beauty and delicacy is to realize the possibilities of the screen in the field of poetic fantasy.

S. VAN CREE,
1009 Pennsylvania Avenue,
Tyrone, Pennsylvania.

SECOND PRIZE

A Voice for Sheer Romance

Editor, CLASSIC:

Even way out here in the untamed West (which in reality is very, very tame in the small towns) we have ideas concerning motion pictures and the actors and actresses thereof. I should like to voice mine in your columns.

A queer little town, this is. I have not lived here always. Perhaps that is the reason I can see the queerness of it. It is built in the forest—shut in from the rest of the world by the mountains on three sides and by the great Pacific on the other. Nearly all the inhabitants are Swiss dairymen, who gather in little groups on the street corners and converse in loud tones in their foreign lingos.

When we speak of the towns and cities beyond our mountains, we use the expression "Outside." We say we are going outside to spend the week-end. It seemed queer to me at first, but now I say it just as the "Switzers" do.

We have one motion picture house in our town. It is by far the best-looking building here. The inside is really quite artistic, and it is considered one of the finest theaters in the state. It is under splendid management, and we are usually able to see the newer pictures as soon as they are seen in Portland.

Here is my opinion—which is not in common with Mary Smith's opinion, as stated in the June CLASSIC—that when the average person goes to the movies he likes to see life depicted in a natural human existence. That is not the case here. We can look out of our windows and see the forests; we can go a few miles out of town and watch a logging camp in operation; we can see the ocean, ships and the lighthouse; we can see cows—hundreds of them; and, we can see common every-day courtships (if you will pardon that homely expression) carried on between the Swiss dairymaids and their unromantic barnyardish lovers; we see people grow up to become professional cheesemakers or real-estate agents.

But, we do not get to see any Peter Pans nor any lovers who act like Rudolph Valentino, John Gilbert or Ronald Colman. We want more of those pictures.

When "Peter Pan" was shown here, the children had a half-holiday from school and were permitted to see the show free, thru the graciousness of the theater managers. My little sister can still tell me every detail of that show, whereas she probably couldn't tell me anything about the Thomas Meighan show which she saw only last week.

Then, too, all the inhabitants of our town always go to a Doug Fairbanks play. Perhaps they lack the what-ever-it-is that makes people appreciate a work of art, but they like those unreal plays for the very reason that they are different from the sordidness of real life. And I believe there are many duplicates of our little town.

MARGE BAERTLEIN,
Tillamook, Oregon.

THIRD PRIZE

More Relief from Reality

Editor, CLASSIC:

I cannot resist taking issue with a contributor to your "They Say—" page in the June CLASSIC, to wit, one Mary Smith. She undertakes to explain why different film actors and actresses are box-office successes, and in addition tells us what the trouble is with some of the stars.

The first statement of hers I wish to take up is the following, "When the average person goes to the movies, he likes to see life depicted in a natural, human existence." Whatever that might mean. If she intends to say that the average person likes to see a true representation of what life actually is in the living thereof, I disagree with her most decidedly. What the average theatergoer wants is not reality, but a relief from reality. They have too much of it in their daily lives, and find a deal of it that is not to their liking.

People receive vicarious gratification of their desires, repressed and otherwise, thru

(*Continued on page* 91)

The MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is devoting a page each month to the best letters from its readers. The prize-winning letters for the August number are reproduced on this page.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second and five dollars for the third. If two or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Letters must be constructive and interesting. They must deal with pictures or screen personalities. And—please note—they should be typewritten.

Discovered!

The Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power



"The Songbird of the ages," Enrico Caruso. The richness, the fullness, the beauty and the astounding power of his voice was due to the exceptional development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle.



Eugene Feuchtinger, musician-scientist, who discovered the function of Hyo-Glossus in voice production, and whose famous "Perfect Voice" system has developed thousands of voices.

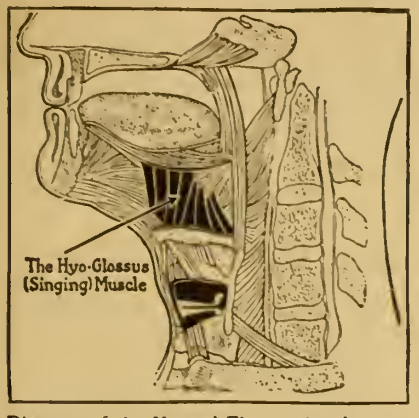


Diagram of the Normal Throat showing the Complete Vocal Mechanism. Your throat looks like this. So did the throat of the great Caruso. Professor Feuchtinger's system of silent, scientific exercises will develop your vocal organ to its full strength.

THIS IS AN AGE OF MARVELS. Wonderful scientific discoveries have changed our mode of living and our mode of thinking.

One discovery of tremendous benefit to all humanity is the discovery of *the principle of voice control* by Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

His resulting system of voice development revolutionized old methods, and changes voice development from a little understood art to an exact science.

More than that, it brings a Perfect Voice within the reach of every man and every woman who desires a stronger, richer voice for either singing or speaking.

Prof. Feuchtinger's method is founded on the discovery that the Hyo-Glossus muscle controls the voice; that a strong, beautiful voice, with great range, is due to a well developed Hyo-Glossus—while a weak or a rasping voice is due to underdevelopment of this vital vocal muscle. A post-mortem examination of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossi muscles. But it required years of training under the old method to produce this development.

You can develop your Hyo-Glossus in a much shorter time by Prof. Feuchtinger's wonderful scientific method. You can take this training under the direction of the Professor himself, wherever you may live. And the cost is so low that it is within the reach of every ambitious man or woman.

100% Improvement in Your Voice—*Guaranteed*

Professor Feuchtinger's method is far simpler, far more rapid, far more certain in results than the tedious, hap hazard methods of ordinary vocal instructors. His unqualified success with thousands of pupils proves the infallibility of his method.

Under his direction, your voice will be made rich, full and vibrant. Its overtones will be greatly multiplied. You will add many notes to its range and have them clear, limpid and alluring. You will have a voice that is rolling and compelling and so strong and magnetic that it will be the marvel of your associates.

Professor Feuchtinger ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEES an improvement of 100 per cent—a REDOUBLEMENT of your voice! If you are not absolutely satisfied that your voice is doubled in volume and quality, your money will be refunded. You are the only judge.

You Do Not Know Your Real Voice

Until you have tried the Feuchtinger system, you cannot know the possibilities of your vocal gifts. Physical Voice Culture PRODUCES as well as DEVELOPS the true voice. It corrects all strain and falsetto and makes clear the wonderful fact that any normal person can develop a fine voice if correctly trained. Thousands of delighted graduates testify to this — many of them great vocal successes who, before coming to Professor Feuchtinger, sang very poorly or not at all. Among Professor Feuchtinger's pupils are grand opera stars, concert singers, speakers, preachers, actors and educators.

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Send the coupon below and we will send you FREE this valuable work on voice culture. Do not hesitate to ask. Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book, and you assume no obligation whatever by sending for it. You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Send the coupon TODAY!

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio C-127, Chicago

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio C-127, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Prof. Feuchtinger; Will you please send me a copy of your new free book "Physical Voice Culture". I understand that this book is free and there is no obligation on my part. I am interested in

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Ann, eat your breakfast

HERE'S cream taken from a bottle, and breakfast food got out of a box. I haven't tasted them yet, but I'm not afraid to ask you to eat. And in the bathroom is new tooth-paste to use on your teeth. Here's medicine to take before you start off to school. . . . Don't forget to wash your hands—that's a fresh bar of soap—and maybe dust your face with powder. No, it won't hurt the skin. This list of things I've seen advertised—stop and give it to your father. He'll bring them home tonight. Some of them old, some of them new . . . but what a civilized thing! To buy on faith and use on faith and never be betrayed!

Read the advertisements. Their honesty is as clear as a mirror. You can believe in them as surely as you believe in yourself. You can follow their directions with utmost faith. You can use their products with confidence—you'll want to use them again. Theirs are facts proved and accepted. Use their news.

When guided by advertisements
you can buy with faith



Clarence S. Bull

SALLY O'NEIL

Marshall Neilan discovered her when searching for a vender of vim and vitality to play the Irish Cinderella rôle of *Mike*. She has fulfilled all expectations since her début—and now that she is "over"—there is no question but what the O'Neil person will continue to assert her gypsy moods in terms of vivid appeal. Mickey's meteor has more than just the luck of the Irish. She also has a way with her

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
AUGUST, 1926



Melbourne Spurr

HUNTLY GORDON

He's never had the opportunity to tear loose in an outdoor picture for his assignments have invariably been society rôles. However, there is nothing to keep Huntly from wearing a bandanna handkerchief instead of a bat-wing collar, a two-gallon hat instead of a silk topper, and fanning a six-shooter thru the air when he wants to look like a true son of the wide open spaces



ALMA RUBENS

This actress is being presented with some fair-sized acting plums. Alma has gathered several choice morsels while roaming over the Fox garden. First came "She Wolves" and then "East Lynne." Later she shook the tree, and down tumbled the biggest plum of all. In "The Pelican," an adaptation of the play of last season, the star has one of the biggest acting rôles of her career



Hartsook

ANNA Q. NILSSON

No matter what kind of a picture she has, this star always contributes a performance marked for its sincerity and understanding. Her plastic temperament gives her the authority to adapt her moods for any rôle or situation which confronts her. In "Miss Nobody" the blonde Anna has a picture which, in the words of the poet, is right up her street



Clarence S. Bull

MARCELINE DAY

When a girl makes herself comfortable in a window-seat, there is nothing one could add to the decoration to make the picture more attractive—especially when she adopts a pensive expression or that "come hither" look. Marceline is not only sitting pretty in the window—she is also sitting pretty at the top of the celluloid ladder, a fact you can discover for yourself when you see her in "The Boy Friend"

The Changeable CHAPLIN

THE first time I saw Charlie Chaplin in the flesh was about five years ago in the Ritz Hotel, in London. Incidentally, to give an idea of what might happen, the day before, Tom Geraghty, the well-known scenarist, had called upon the screen comedian and was much amused when he found Charlie in his bathtub absorbed in reading a chapter from the Bible. When I called upon him, he was fully clad, his interest being centered on the crowds outside the hotel who were waiting to get a fleeting glimpse of their film favorite as he slipped thru the revolving doors and into his Rolls-Royce. His reception in the English metropolis caused me to reflect that with the exception of kings and potentates or home-coming victorious generals and admirals, no man, certainly no actor, had ever received a welcome comparable to that extended to Chaplin by the people of his native country.



There is no one like Chaplin. His personality, talent and moods stand him apart from his fellow beings—a man with the soul of an artist

Here was a man, still young, who not so many years before considered himself very lucky in being a more or less obscure music-hall performer. Now he was wealthy and at the top of the tree. Sir Philip Sassoon, private secretary to the Prime Minister, invited Chaplin to spend a few days at his country home, and scores of other notables were eager to have the fun-maker, who was born in squalid Kennington, come to their West End houses.

When Chaplin visited Sir Philip Sassoon, he was asked what color scheme he preferred in furnishings, and the comedian waved his hand and mentioned an effect which he was surprised to discover was to be found in the wealthy Britisher's dwelling. They wheeled his breakfast into the apartment in the morning and he dawdled over his dressing, marveling in his healthy enthusiasm over the change just a few years had made in his surroundings.

Finds His Inspiration

WHEN Chaplin lived in Kennington, he used to walk all the way to Leicester Square, and in his home district there was a public house (a saloon) outside which he often observed an aged, rotund, bent creature, with large spavined feet, whose sphere in life was as humble as anything one could well imagine, for he earned his board and lodging (such as it was) by attaching the feed-bags to the cabbies' horses, while the Jehus were enjoying their 'arf-and-'arf in the "pub." The flabby old man walked with a waddle, and as young Chaplin passed on his way to look for work, he noticed the funny walk of this bibulous object. On turning the corner, Charlie was wont to imitate the weird walk of the gentleman-in-waiting to the cab horses. It was this derelict who inspired Chaplin's now world-famous waddle. Fancy, if the old man should still be living and Charlie should go to him with the information that he had computed that he owed the bowed specimen of bone and flesh about a quarter of a million dollars! The old man would probably die from shock, or think the well-dressed, lithe young fellow was mad.

There is a great deal of sentiment about Chaplin, and his properties prove this. He chose the attire of a down-and-out toff—a tail coat that had seen better days, a derby that looked too small, a mustache that accentuated his pathetic expression, huge, baggy trousers, with a waist-line much too large, and a natty little stick. Chaplin's waddle and his ridiculous clothes are now known in the isles of the Spanish Main, in far-off Java, from Tahiti to Zanzibar, from imperial India to the storm-ridden Hebrides.

The grimy old man's waddle has been exploited to the youth of Japan; it has been in turn copied by the dirty-faced children in Leith, and the dusky kids of Singapore. Everywhere you go, Chaplin is known, and at one time, while he was dallying around the corner imitating the walk of the feed-bag expert, he longed to become a legitimate stage actor. The nearest he ever got to this aspiration was when he officiated as a page boy in a footlights production of "Sherlock Holmes."

The next time I had the pleasure of gazing at Chaplin was when he was leaving Waterloo station en route for Southampton, to sail back to America. The depot was thronged with people from all walks of life, and special police were there to keep back the pressing crowd of eager men, women and children. It amused Chaplin again, and he frequently smiled as he walked up and down the platform, eyed by all those who were leaving on the same train. The king of all comedians was bound for his adopted home. He had looked upon the grim section of London in which he was born, and alone with Thomas Burke one night he had walked thru Lambeth and Kennington and later he had



Chaplin came out of the slums of London to earn world-wide fame.

He is a keen student of the Bible.

His comic screen character is modeled after a humble old Cockney.

He suffered bitterly and cruelly in his youth.

He lives by his moods and the world can take care of itself.

The comedian believes firmly in tenderness in stories—it helps to make the pictures sincere.

His temperamental qualities often cause him to forget appointments, but those who understand him become his stanch friends.

Charlie Chaplin Is a Man of Moods—An Impulsive Person Who Changes His Mind Every Hour. He Is Temperamental and Has No Use for the Standardized Rules of Convention. Here You Will Gather Something of His Character—That Changeable Nature Which Has Made Him the Enigmatic Genius of the Screen

By Mordaunt Hall



Chaplin impresses one as if he rather enjoyed his moods. He wants to be different, and when it strikes him suddenly that he cant stand going to a certain function, nobody could make him change his mind

visited the curving streets of Limehouse. Burke, who is the author of "Limehouse Nights," detests most motion pictures, but he respects and admires Chaplin. They are two of a kind, both having suffered bitterly and cruelly at the outset of their careers. Chaplin's picture, "The Gold Rush," has much in it synonymous with Burke's last book, "The Wind and the Rain," which was about the writer's early life.



A Man of Moods

Chaplin is a man of moods, an impulsive person, who changes his mind every hour. Work is not always agreeable to him, and they never know in his studio when he is going to call off activities for the day to go and enjoy fishing at Catalina Island. He is averse to publicity, or, at least, to meeting magazine writers and newspaper correspondents. There is no other screen luminary like him. Some time ago a writer of repute went to Hollywood with the main idea of interviewing Chaplin for a magazine with a huge circulation. He waited. He kicked his heels. He went to Chaplin's studio, but never was able to see Chaplin. The comedian was not in the mood to be asked questions and eventually the writer had to return East without the article he was bent on putting into print. He did not know that the coat tails he once saw leaving a door were those of the comedian, but he did know that scores of other newspaper men had experienced the same disappointment.

It was the afternoon before the presentation in New York of "A Woman of Paris," that I talked with Chaplin again. The picture was being screened and Chaplin, in the gloom of the theater, told me that he did not like the music. He is very partial to a suitable orchestral score for a picture. He made an appointment to see me again one morning in the Ritz Hotel, an appointment which I kept despite the fact that I had had an operation on my foot, which was covered with bandages. Suffice it to say that he did not keep the appointment and nobody could have passed by the inscrutable Japanese, who has to lie for Chaplin in such circumstances. Hence I did not see the comedian again until I went to Hollywood last summer.

No Use for Conventions

It was July 4th, when I disembarked from the train at Los Angeles, and some friends took me for a long automobile ride. At dinner that evening somebody dropped the remark that Chaplin was going to leave on his way to England the next day. Imagine my anxiety at that moment, seeing that I considered my long journey

(*Continued on page 67*)

It's the Personality That COUNTS



Dolores Costello

I DONT know who the first "expert" was that started to lay down rules in regard to the qualifications necessary for success upon the screen, but whoever he was, he should have been taken out and shot on the spot.

Nothing has held the motion picture back more, or kept the silent drama so much in a rut, than the absurd practice of setting up rules and standards for this, that, and almost everything pertaining to the screen, when the application of a few grains of intelligence would reveal that there really are no infallible standards in regard to the silent drama or its players. Oddly enough, those in control of the motion picture business are the worst offenders in this respect.



Adolphe Menjou



Noah Beery

Nevertheless, from the earliest conception of the motion picture there has been a preponderance of knowing individuals who seek, after a very brief analysis of certain phenomena, to classify and category everything in regard to what can be successful or unsuccessful on the screen. They then later attempt to judge dogmatically all things by these same standards.

Yet, when we closely analyze the success of practically every great player, director, individual or company—I mean the ones who have stood out more prominently than their rivals—we find that their success has not been due to the fact that they followed all the iron-clad rules laid down by the "experts" or that they came within all the long-established "standards," but because they have *successfully departed* from these time-worn formulas. And, by so doing, they have stood out with greater personality. They did not subscribe to the so-called regulations to make themselves successful.



Spurr

Douglas Fairbanks



Henry B. Walthall

Not Machines but Humans

SAD to say, the tribe of "experts" has increased greatly in the past few years and now Hollywood studios are filled with these professors who are still laying down rules in spite of the fact that their regulations are repeatedly being broken by nearly every new player who wins his or her way into wide popularity with the motion picture public.



Renée Adorée

I can remember even as far back as 1910, when movies were just in the one- and two-reel state, the self-appointed authorities were already beginning to establish all sorts of regulations, altho nobody had asked for them and the public itself did not know anything about them.

Before I begin to enumerate some of the "flaws" and "weaknesses" of various successful celebrities, it should be stated that this is a rather delicate task, and there certainly is no intention on the part of the writer to be ungallant in regard to some of our screen favorites.

My only motive for calling attention to certain so-called defects is not for the purpose of criticizing these various players, but merely to show that it is nonsense to assert that it is necessary for screen players to fulfill certain requirements of perfection, if they have other important attributes which can offset their other deficiencies.



Spurr

Buster Keaton

One of the first screen laws to be established, for no reason whatsoever, was to the effect that all film leading men had to be tall. This idea probably originated from the fact that most of the early favorites were men of above the average stature.

Then along came Henry B. Walthall and knocked this false impression into a cocked hat. In spite of being several inches under the standard set for movie heroes—

The Greatest and Most Popular Players Upon the Screen Are All Breaking One or More of the Laws Which Certain Studio Professors Seek to Use in Judging Talent. Every Star Who Has Got Along in the Celluloid World Has Succeeded by Sheer Force of Personality Plus an Aptitude for Acting—and Not by Means of Physical Qualifications

By Tamar Lane



Gloria Swanson

being, in fact, what one might term "short"—Walthall succeeded in quickly establishing himself as one of the popular leading men of his day.



Bull

Lew Cody

When I say that Walthall disproved the theory that screen leading men, to be popular, must be around the six-foot mark, I mean that he disproved it to the satisfaction of those who used their heads. Unfortunately, there are not a great number of such individuals in the motion picture industry, for in every studio and casting department in the land one still hears them rejecting young players because they are "too short."

Yet today we have Richard Barthelmess, Ramon Novarro, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Pickford, and others, easily among the most popular players of the screen, and all in the "short" class according to film experts. Even John Gilbert and Ronald Colman, the two most popular matinée idols at the present time, are far below the six-foot standard.



Waxman

Rudolph Valentino

Of course, some of the above players build themselves up for their appearances on the screen to look several inches taller than they really are.

To William S. Hart goes the honor of breaking another early established tradition—the one to the effect that all silversheet heroes must have the beauty of Adonis. It must be admitted that Hart, back in those old Ince days, had a rather tough time of it in convincing the film industry and the movie public that there was a prominent place for him in the screen heavens, but by superior acting and a powerful personality, he finally won out.

Hart was also largely responsible for exploding the theory that it was necessary for screen heroes to be practically of the juvenile type. Today, we have Lewis Stone, James Kirkwood, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, Milton Sills and others, who have all passed out of the adolescent age and still boast millions of ardent admirers.



Apeda

Marion Davies

As for the qualification of beauty, who would dare to accuse Lon Chaney, Wallace Beery or Ernest Torrence of pulchritude? But who would trade one of them for a standard perfection brand of movie hero?

Classical features are all right in their place, but they are not absolutely necessary on the screen. Look at Bull Montana and Joe Martin!

D. W. Showed Them How

D. W. Griffith is one of the few men who have consistently disregarded every rule and regulation of the picture game. Yet he has to his credit the greatest number of successful players in the business.



Carsey

Bill Hart

Griffith developed Lillian and Dorothy Gish, two charming and talented actresses, who would have found it very difficult to secure even extra work in almost any other studio. Both Dorothy and Lillian lack the facial features that are deemed necessary for the silent drama. In fact, Griffith and the two Gish girls met with much opposition when he first presented these two young players in his productions. Nevertheless, in spite of "expert" opinions, Lillian and Dorothy have firmly established themselves upon the silversheet, and Lillian is now considered by many as one of the most beautiful actresses in pictures.



Colleen Moore

Mae Marsh was another Griffith discovery who rose to great popularity, despite the fact that she failed by a wide margin to measure up to the usual screen face standards.

Believe it or not, it has long been one of the most positive assertions in film circles that light eyes are a serious handicap to any screen player. This "rule," more than any other,

(*Continued on page* 65)



Doolittle

Lewis Stone

Three Women Writers



Courtesy George H. Doran Company

Rebecca West



Thomas Fall

Sheila Kaye-Smith

By Henry Albert Phillips

REBECCA WEST is one of the most energetic journalists in Great Britain, among the women, and her pet theme is attacking the male of the species with her pen. She was charmingly feminine where I had expected again to find another mannish woman.

"I like the German films best," she told me with immediate frankness. "I recall one in particular I saw recently. 'Shadows,' I think was the title. The American films are so rubber-stamped. If I see one of them, I can approximate what the next dozen will be like. The same actors and actresses are always the same in every picture. They seem to take pride in forcing their own personalities thru the part always—really smashing it, by the way. That is not the fine art of acting, which consists in effacing yourself in emphasizing the character in the rôle you are essaying. You see, I was on the stage for a while myself and had a grandfather who was director of a theater in Edinburgh, so I am interested in and have some knowledge of what the actor's art should be like.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH is recognized as one of the most graceful novelists of England. The day that I called on her happened to be just about the time that a play was being produced, drawn from her book, "Joanna Godden." She was in a mild state of excitement over this.

"You know, this novel lends itself much more to the films than to being dramatized," she explained to me. "As a matter of fact, I should say that it was a perfect film. You can follow the story from beginning to end with the same ease and interest that you can a film.

"I like going to the films and there is nothing that entertains me more than a good film. The film conventions often make me very angry, tho. There seems to be no half-way ground in the sort of picture drawn from life itself, presumably. While it is true that romance may take us out of the broad road of every-day life into delightful side-paths occasionally, life still remains in the middle ground. In the films, everyone who is well-off lives in marble halls; the majority of those who have no money to speak of are shown in penury and rags. We call that

(*Both continued on page* 80)

Consider the Films

"I like the German films best. The American films are so rubber-stamped—but we look to America for better things than she has been doing."—Rebecca West.

"In the films, everyone who is well-off lives in marble halls; the majority of those who have no money to speak of are shown in penury and rags. Why dont the film people take up the middle-class life more?" —Sheila Kaye-Smith.

"When my novel, 'The Immortal Moment,' was done in the films, they took great pains to get the scenes in Italy. But beyond that, the performance positively made me ill."—May Sinclair.



Courtesy The MacMillan Company
May Sinclair

The Fourth of a Series of Talks About Motion Pictures With Famous English and Continental Writers

IT was only a few years ago that we used to regard the British woman novelist as a bold, swaggering, advanced-woman sort of creature who could outplay mere man at most any sort of game. I may say that that, at least, was my conception of her. To say that she was "mannish" would be putting it very mildly indeed.

But I have been disillusioned in respect to these women writers. They are simply women after all, just as strong and just as weak as their sex. I have yet to meet one who is as bold as my conception of her.

What I cannot always understand about so many writers is, how they can possibly write in such an up-to-date manner in their books when they are so hopelessly behind the time in their lives! It seems a shame to show the feet of clay of public idols this way. But I am not doing it in a spirit of iconoclasm but in a desire to reveal the real flesh-and-blood persons behind their printed-word mask. I think they benefit rather than suffer from it.

In one particular I think every reader will agree with me. That person who makes little

MAY SINCLAIR has written three novels which have stood out prominently as among the most fascinating of modern fiction. These are "Mary Oliver," "The Rector of Wyck" and "Anne Severn and the Fieldings."

I had always thought of May Sinclair as a tall, spare, bobbed intellectual, wearing a W. G. Locke-ish pair of eye-glasses. I would probably find her sitting in her short skirts, cross-legged on the table, smoking a cigaret and possibly flicking the ashes on the floor (absently, of course).

Who told me all this?

Why she herself did. In "The Divine Fire," for instance.

It was a very foggy, typically London, day when I went out to see the novelist who is winning such literary laurels. I had great difficulty in finding Abbey Road. London is so enormous, so complicated and so unreasonable. There are no long straight streets, running accommodatingly East and West, or North and South, with regular blocks and odd and even numbers to match and bearing numbers for

(*Both continued on page* 80)

It is customary with the moguls of the picture industry whenever they promote ideas to take time out for lunch.

Mr. Hanemann was sauntering up Fifth Avenue one noon when he suddenly found himself cornered by the producer of Controversial Pictures. One word led to another until he was encouraged to create "something" like a scenario.

Accordingly the next day at lunch he outlined his story—which was accepted with reservations. But the braised beef tongue was good. The humorist expects to write the perfect picture plot the next time he faces the menu with the movie magnates.

Came One

By H. W. Hanemann

IT all started on Fifth Avenue, a thorofare which already has enough to account for. But if this is to be a veracious account, I must insist on the actual locale. Besides, you will agree that anything can happen on Fifth Avenue, and does, from eight to six, daily.

It started from a casual remark dropped by a gentleman to whom I had just been introduced. Our common friend left us to continue our way together. Heretofore conversation between the gentleman and myself had been in the nature of cushion shots, bounding off the friend, as the cushion, to one or to the other of us. From now on, it was apparent that any further conversation would necessarily be right down the table. Which may, or may not have prompted the remark.

"I suppose," said the gentleman, a Mr. Teall, "that you will soon be trekking West, like the rest?"

"I beg your pardon?" I replied. Having barely made Mr. Teall's acquaintance, I had not the remotest idea of his connections, commercial or otherwise. Judging by that crack, it sounded as if he might be a professional song writer, in which case, I am firmly convinced that "I beg your pardon" was a darn good answer.

"Movies," explained Mr. Teall—"if you dont mind my talking about my business."

The Flattering Offer

"OH!" I said, and having that kind of a mind, I was immediately miles ahead of him. For several beautiful, fleeting moments, I had an idea that he was going to suggest my becoming a motion picture actor, and back up his suggestion with a contract. Trust me to pick out a good job for myself, and anyhow, if I dont pick out a good job myself, who, I ask you, is going to? Unfortunately it developed soon enough that Mr. Teall's connection with the motion picture industry was in the scenario department, and it was along that line that I was being



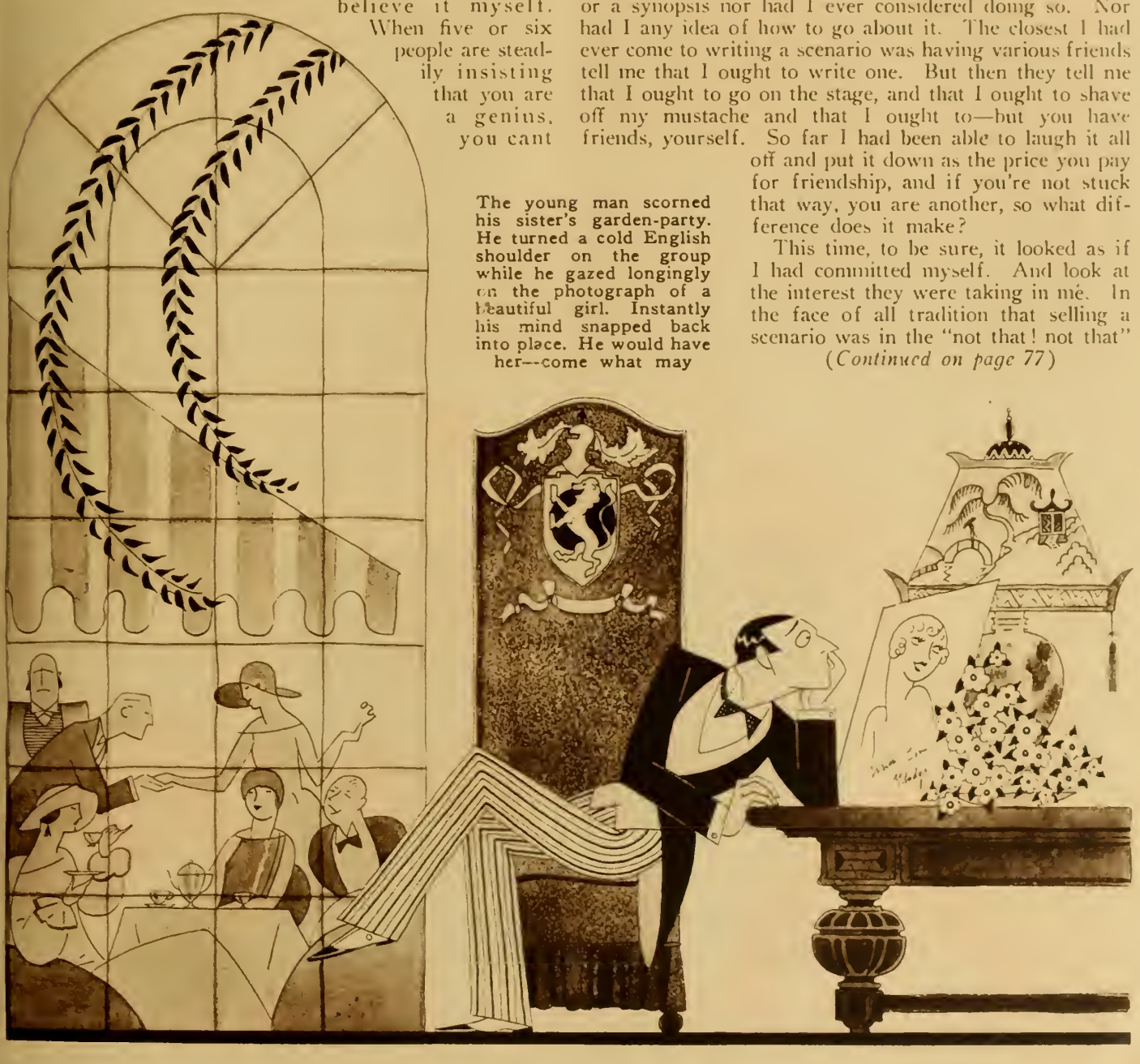
The handsome youth, lured by the girl's beauty, took a short cut thru the Grand Central Station, where he boarded the same train. He would travel as far as his twenty-dollar bill would carry him

Spring Day; and Then—

Drawings by Eldon Kelly

considered. It was very flattering, but I still think I would prefer acting, as writing scenarios sounds too much like work. We wont, editors being what they are, go into any discussion of my talent for acting in the cinema. To anyone who is interested and means business, I am more than ready to give adequate proof.

However, Mr. Teall dressed up the more somber side of my abilities—my absolute fitness to write slap-stick comedies—in such glowing colors that I found myself eagerly accepting his invitation to drop into his office there and then, and meet the boys. The boys were clamorous in their assurance that I had been sent from above to put the infant industry into its first suit of long trousers and one of them even dispatched a stenographer for some frankincense and myrrh. After a while I sort of got to believe it myself. When five or six people are steadily insisting that you are a genius, you cant really hold out against them for very long. The upshot of it was that I finally consented to dash off a synopsis for their star comedian and Mr. Whoosis, the owner of Controversial Pictures, and their burra boss, could go home and get the first good night's sleep he had had in two weeks. Having won their point, they extended a cordial invitation to lunch (on the burra boss) the very next day, feeling sure that I would have certainly created "something" in the fifteen or sixteen hours to have elapsed. Well, of course, if they were going to start taking me to lunch. . . .



The young man scorned his sister's garden-party. He turned a cold English shoulder on the group while he gazed longingly on the photograph of a beautiful girl. Instantly his mind snapped back into place. He would have her—come what may

Backslapped by the Boys

BEFORE I go any further, I want to impress upon you that up to now I had never written a movie scenario or a synopsis nor had I ever considered doing so. Nor had I any idea of how to go about it. The closest I had ever come to writing a scenario was having various friends tell me that I ought to write one. But then they tell me that I ought to go on the stage, and that I ought to shave off my mustache and that I ought to—but you have friends, yourself. So far I had been able to laugh it all off and put it down as the price you pay for friendship, and if you're not stuck that way, you are another, so what difference does it make?

This time, to be sure, it looked as if I had committed myself. And look at the interest they were taking in me. In the face of all tradition that selling a scenario was in the "not that! not that"

(*Continued on page 77*)



MASTERS of the MOTION PICTURE

Ernst Lubitsch is one of the foremost directorial artists of the screen. He has imagination and feeling and knows all the cinema tricks

Mr. Josephson is a well-known young radical writer, who has been taking a profound interest in motion pictures. He has written interestingly and authoritatively on the screen's greatest achievements. This is the second of the series of Masters of the Motion Picture, in which he gives a critical discussion of the screen's advance.

IN the modern period of the movies, the films of Messrs. Lubitsch, Chaplin, Stroheim, Vidor, Cruze, have developed a complete character of their own as an art, instead of being a mawkish rendering of cheap theatrical successes in photos.

The eye is struck first by the immense improvement in the quality of the camera work, the cleanness of line, the absence of waste detail. All of them manipulate their groups, their sets, as well as the light they spill over the scene, to get a balance, a form that keeps your eye unswervingly on the things that count most.

Not only have they learned to *paint* with the camera, but also to *suggest*, by the interplay of sequences, by the terrific power of concentration in a close-up, by the shrewd angles they catch, almost a new understanding of life. The modern film, in short, becomes an instrument fit for artists to express the highest flights of their imaginations, their most delicate and subtle fancies.

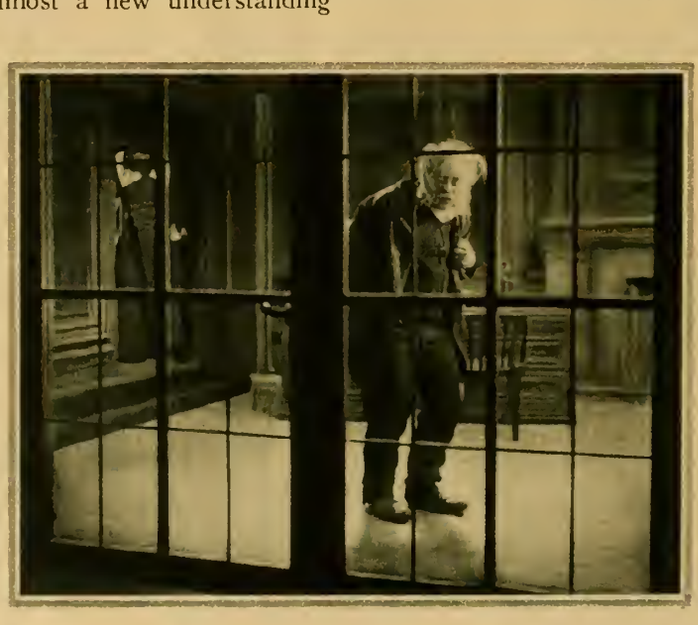
That Masterpiece Again

THE one film out of this rich period which you have doubtless heard critics refer to more than any other is "The Last Laugh." It is a German picture, directed by F. W. Murnau, with the great Jannings in the central rôle.

There is virtually no plot at all, no love interest, no sensationalism of any kind. What is the merit of this picture, which failing, as it did, to become a popular success, appealed to insiders, critics, artists, column conductors, everywhere as most nearly approaching the ideal of perfection?

"The Last Laugh" gave us the unique feeling of looking into the interior of a man's life thru some wholly unaccountable peer-hole. We not only watched this man's expressions and movements, we watched the states of his soul. Jannings, who is possessed with some divine understanding of his business, seemed to know more about how to make *his whole body expressive* than most of the other film folks put together.

The picture forms simply the inside history of a crisis in the life of an old hotel porter who is demoted because of senility to a still more servile occupation, that of lavatory-attendant! And because of the simplicity of his material, because he didn't have to bother with the details of some silly plot, the director was able to bear down upon the pure creation of his character and his awful fix thru cinema technique alone. It is one thing to interest you with pictures of pirate ships, knights-at-arms, society gals. It is another to make you feel with the pride, the hope, the passions of an old derelict like this. Within the hour you have a sustained motion picture which thru its overtone hands over to you his whole code of living. This idiotic old creature is interpreted with as much *éclat*, sympathy, intimacy, and frankness, as, let us say, Chaplin interprets Chaplin.



"The Last Laugh" is considered a triumph of camera art, and Emil Jannings in the rôle of the pitiable old doorkeeper gave us the unique feeling of looking into his very soul

Perfect Technique

THE background, the group of characters, the labor which fills this life are all drawn with a tremendous effort at reality. There are no subtitles at all to interrupt the mood of understanding into which you are thrown. The pictures as Murnau composes them put the stuffy and artificial-looking studio sets of his expressionistic colleagues to shame. He uses every trick of the modern cinema that will help him trap an idea, an effect, and hurls it at you.

For instance, there is a daring full-length flash of a revolving hotel-door, which with its glassy glitter and whirl recurs in the sequence of the film like a

There Is a Handful of Directors Who Have Developed a Complete Character of Their Own as an Art. The Discerning Eye Has Caught the Quality of Their Work. They Have Created for Us the Illusion of Absolute Understanding and Sympathy with the Moods Expressed Thru Their Celluloid Figures

By Matthew Josephson



Eric von Stroheim is a master of lights and shadows—as well as atmosphere. He delights in painting realities—to focus his camera on life as it stalks by

refrain, a dominant motive in music, setting off the whole idea of this proud and cruel hotel. Or, there is a wedding feast in which the camera, itself, seems to go drunk with wine and contentment and, wandering about the meager North Berlin interiors, drops into a brass instrument and brazens out to you the very music of the occasion in a few inspiring mechanical close-ups.

All the "stunts" and tricks of the director followed his material with absolute faithfulness. They did not stick out like useless fandangles, as in "Caligari." All the shades of joy, grief, desperation, came to you thru the insidious *overtones* that caught you in their spell.

After all, the secret of any great art is to create in us the illusion of absolute understanding and sympathy with the experiences the artist expresses; thus, to make us forget ourselves, and think only that we are living thru these experiences and that they are just as momentous or tragic as they seem to be to the artist.

Otherwise, the moving picture camera arena seems to be divided for the moment into two camps. One is trying to bring the beauties of painting, the thoughtfulness of good literature and drama and music into the cinema. The other camp, develops out of the movies themselves, and especially the slapstick movies. They want to get over the effect of motion, its humor, its vertigo, its hypnotic thrill and drive. We shall come back to these later.

In the Lubitsch Manner

THE films of Ernst Lubitsch place him practically as a leader of the first group. Again, they do not always pay, but they make him the envy of fellow directors. Their recent successful revival in New York before a serious film following by the International Film Guild shows how much good there is in Lubitsch's Collected Works.



Deeply moving experiences were recorded in "Greed"—a work unusually grim and realistic. Stroheim touched the very dregs of life with this ponderous and tragic picture

Anyone with half an eye can see that he excels in imagination, delicacy, wit, taste. He has the spirit of the artist, and he brings this to his work in the movies. He has been a profound student of this new art, and like certain other of our late enemies, he has, we gallantly admit, all the cinema tricks at his finger tips.

From his early successes in Germany with historical films such as "Passion," which gave us a plausible and bewitching *Dubarry* in Pola Negri, Herr Lubitsch was driven to light social comedy by the severe strictures of the box-office.

So far as I know, we had never seen historical characters so appropriately and delightfully gotten up, nor scenes of regal splendor and licentiousness *à la Louis Quinze* so accurately and tastefully pictured. The action moves deliberately thru the sequences, which show us all the agreeable wickedness of *Louis's* court at Versailles, then rushes to the miserable death of *Mme. Dubarry's* great patron and the gathering storm of the French Revolution. This last affair turns out to be a melodramatic hurly-burly, and for convenience's sake is pushed back—some twenty years in history.

Amid this historical business Lubitsch found the most adaptable material for his imagination. He worked for grandiose pictorial composition, and for human types that fitted as plausibly into his setting as the period furniture. Against this, he would throw sudden, hideous contrasts of misery and poverty.

In short, we have something here that we can honestly feast our eyes upon. Glittering chandeliers, mirrors, decorated wall-spaces, savagely drawn faces (that seem to come out of the paintings of Daubigny), whose interesting wrinkles and crow's-feet give us much

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I Wonder What BECAME of HIM



No one seems to know what became of the chap who played the soldier in the hospital scene for "The Birth of a Nation." His moon-calf expression of a love-stricken youth won him many praises during his brief moment with Lillian Gish

YOU'VE often said it and so have I. Your eye and attention have been captured by a particularly effective "bit" on the part of some unknown—an extra. The picture you have seen often lingers in your memory, not by reason of the story or the artistry of the star, but because some five-dollar-a-day extra has dominated the scene in which he or she appeared. In glancing at a still from the never-to-be-forgotten "Birth of a Nation," I couldn't help but wonder what *became of the boy* who played that bit with Lillian Gish.

I remembered the player and the scene. Which naturally led me to the speculation of "how many extras make good." How many of those who furnish the "atmosphere" in pictures, and, thru the inspiration of the director, are sometimes singled out to put over an especially effective piece of acting in a few feet of film, pull themselves up from the mob on the strength of this brief flash of ability. The answer is a hard one to arrive at. Concerning the player in D. W. Griffith's masterpiece, he apparently sank back into the ranks of obscurity after his few brilliant moments with Miss Gish.

The curse of "type" has denied many a player of ability his chance to leave the extra fold. He may stand out for a few scenes as a gangster, a detective, a dope fiend, a half breed, an Apache or what not. Simply because he looks the part, his real worth as an actor is overlooked. He is a type who is expected to play nothing else but the fill-in character with which the director associated him in his mind. This, then is one reason why the extra who has impressed you with his work remains an extra.

Some Make the Grade

AGAINST the case of Griffith's soldier and those who are retarded in their upward climb due to their faithfulness to "type" we have many startling examples of present-day stars who made their way rapidly from the background atmosphere to foreground close-ups due to the scintillating flash of merit displayed by them when drawn out of the background by the "bit" intrusted to them by the director.

Barbara La Marr, in many respects one of the most distinctive artists of the present generation of screen stars, started her career as an extra. She was given her chance by Louis B. Mayer in a picture call "Harriet and the Piper," which starred Anita Stewart. At the time the girl who later developed into the films' most noted siren was a gangly, thin youngster whose wistfulness and amazingly beautiful eyes attracted the attention of the present production head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A bit of business was built up for the late actress. She performed it so creditably that a small part was soon forthcoming and fandom the world over knows the rest.

Another stellar light of the screen who focused attention upon herself while providing atmosphere in a Vitagraph comedy was Constance Talmadge. Her personality stood out,

Did you know that Barbara La Marr started her career as an extra?

Can you remember when Constance Talmadge decorated the ranks of the extras?

When you watched Roy D'Arcy in "The Merry Widow," did you know that he once appeared in the chorus of a musical comedy?

Would you ever think that Florence Vidor played atmosphere in "A Tale of Two Cities?"

Do you happen to know that D. W. Griffith discovered more talent among the extras than any other director?

Have you considered that Adolphe Menjou reached his present popularity by rising from the background of extras?

There Are Many Extras Who Have Made Good, But Most of Them Continue to Furnish Atmosphere. Some Stay in the Five-Dollar-a-Day World Because They Are Types, Yet There Is a Large Number Who Have Climbed the Heights to Stardom Thru Exercising Their Talent and Personality

By Bert Ennis



The plaintive-looking extra with the long braids in the second row is none other than Constance Talmadge. She played one of the sweet-girl graduates in "The Chicken Inspector," an old two-reel Vitagraph comedy, starring Wally Van

hemmed in as it was by the "sweet-girl graduates" who, with Norma's talented sister formed the necessary background for the antics of the diminutive Wally Van, and again we find an extra who quickly eliminated herself from the class covered by the query "I wonder what became of her."

You Never Can Tell

Sometimes, tho, the extra player whom we size up as of promising caliber answers our question in a startling manner. For example there is Roy D'Arcy, the youthful player who scored so decisively in Stroheim's "Merry Widow." After batting indifferently in the five-dollar-per-day league for some time he found himself refused even as an extra player by the Metro-Goldwyn forces. He turned to the stage for a livelihood, securing a job with "The Clinging Vine," a legitimate attraction holding forth in Los Angeles. Von Stroheim viewed the show and with unerring judgment selected the unknown actor for a prominent rôle in "The Merry Widow" and D'Arcy found himself playing a leading part in a studio which had refused him extra work.

We also might be wondering about the little girl rapidly rising to fame under the name of Sally O'Neil were it not for the fact that Mary Pickford, exercising the prerogative of a star (and a woman) decided to change her mind. Her change of mind concerned the rôle she was to play in Micky Neilan's "Mike." Sally, whose background personality probably intrigued us more than once, was selected by Neilan to bat for the famous Mary. And she knocked a home run. No speculation concerning what fate holds in store for the extra would be complete without mention of Florence Vidor. The present much-admired and extremely capable Florence, who is, at last, to enter upon a starring contract, caught the fancy of movie patrons as an extra in the picturization of "A Tale of Two Cities." And she has held it ever since.

(*Continued on page* 84)



The dapper-looking gentleman at the extreme right is the popular Adolphe Menjou. He had gifted eyebrows even in those days—a talent recognized by Wally Van, who gave him a small part in a Vitagraph serial, "The Scarlet Runner"

Mack Sennett deplores the lack of Art in his comedies and so features Nazimova in a series of comedies



Lillian Gish asked for and got the rôle of the native dancer in a South Sea Island picture with W. C. Fields as the shipwrecked yachtsman



THINGS That Will NEVER HAPPEN

By K. R. Chamberlain



Theodore Dreiser finds that the screen version of his "American Tragedy" actually follows the story as he wrote it—and the shock is almost fatal

Having banished all moral turpitude from the films, Will Hays, gleefully, resigns his $100,000-a-year job, and censorship boards disband, rejoicing



The Disillusioned DIRECTOR

By Madeline Matzen



Pach Bros.

Hugo Ballin has become discouraged in his effort to make beautiful pictures. Always artistic and idealistic, he has discovered that such qualities are not appreciated by the powers who control the film world. He was a recognized artist before he became associated with picture work. As color is his hobby, he intends to make one color film before he gives up the screen. If he accomplishes his ambition, the fickle producers will doubtless hail him as a genius—and wonder where he has hidden his talent all these years



The Ballins are a happy, contented couple who see color in everything whether it is painted by Mother Nature or by themselves. At the top is the disillusioned director and above is his own favorite painting of his wife, Mabel Ballin

THAT'S Hugo Ballin! You remember Hugo Ballin, dont you? The director who first introduced natural lighting on the screen. The man who gave us real settings in the place of the flimsy, unconvincing affairs that we had been used to. Who gave us the first picture that was ever made without a subtitle. Who made "Becky Sharp" and "Jane Eyre" and other beautiful and simple pictures for us—and who introduced us to Mabel Ballin, she of the demure costumes and the pixie eyes.

Yes, of course, you remember his pictures! And perhaps you have been wondering what has become of him?

I was curious, too. I had heard rumors about him—that he was painting murals, gorgeous ones—that he was writing novels, pretty fair novels, too, for a day when everybody is writing novels.

Being curious—I went and called on him.

He lives in a charming and sedate house on a quiet, shady street in Hollywood. There is a garden, beside the house, full of pink roses, blue delpheniums, joyous lilies and other sweet-smelling things. Mabel Ballin was watering the garden. She wore a gay print dress and a big scoop hat.

The hose sent a shower of clear drops across the flowers and the sun made a little rainbow where the water fell, there was a little twinkle in Mrs. Ballin's eyes and I was glad that I had come.

Turns to Other Arts

INSIDE, their house is cool and uncluttered. It is the most restful place I have encountered so far. But perhaps I have grown too used to cinema celebrities who adorn their dwelling-places with plush and lace pillows, incense pots of near-bronze, many kewpie-dolls and other startling "novelties." At any rate, the Ballin home is a refreshing oasis in the jazz-land of filmdom.

A sea-breeze blew the muslin curtains back and forth, there were cigarets in a huge silver box and on the wall facing me was a great mural painting of golden vistas which Mr. Ballin had just completed.

It was hard to tell which thing enthused him the most—the new mural or the new book which he was busily proofreading.

The new book is a sort of revelation and prophecy concerning life in the motion picture colony. A curious compound of colorful truth and theories I guessed as he read some passages from it aloud to me.

Four novels and two delightful murals are the fruits of Mr. Ballin's vacation from film work.

(*Continued on page* 74)



Spurr

ROD LA ROCQUE

If there are any screen personalities unattached, it doesn't take D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille long to make them sign on the dotted line. Take Rod La Rocque, for example. Some time ago De Mille discovered possibilities in him—and promptly placed him on his band-wagon. Rod has fulfilled all of C. B's expectations and has established himself as one of the leading luminaries in the film firmament

The HAUNTED HOME

By Robert Donaldson

The Old Lasky Studio in Hollywood Has Become but a Memory. A New Day —With Its New Demands—Has Dawned. Which Means a Bigger and Better Studio Is Being Erected to Film the Paramount Stories



It is moving day on the Lasky lot. While the workmen tear up the floors that have felt the tread of the movie great, these ghosts of Yesterday bow in defeat before the remorselessness of Age. Time takes its toll—but the show must go on

"I feel like one who walks alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."
—Thomas Moore.

THE pepper-trees are the same on Vine Street in Hollywood, and even, for the time being, the grey exterior of the wooden two-story office-building that stretches the length of the block is untouched and as placid as ever. To the outward eye, the Famous Players-Lasky studio, for years a Hollywood landmark, is unchanged.

Yet its heart is gone, and today it is haunted by ghosts, musing ghosts in film finery, who hover about watching the busy crews of wreckers as they destroy.

For the old studio is no more. The glass from the enormous roofs over the stages is crashing and falling. A structural steel crane is lifting the great beams from their places and laying them side by side near the street. The floors of the stages, floors that have felt the tread of the panorama of movie great, and have borne the weight of the most lavish sets ever erected by Cecil B. De Mille and Allan Dwan and James Cruze, are being torn up. From one side of the city block to the other, the view is unimpaired, where only yesterday one could not see because of the forest of "sets."

It Is Moving Day

THE long row of dressing-rooms, which housed extras who became stars, and in some cases housed stars who became extras, has gone.

Pola Negri's bungalow—it used to be Mary Pickford's in the days when Douglas Fairbanks met and fell in love

of MOVIE GHOSTS

Drawing by Eldon Kelley



It is a fast-thinning line which has stormed this fort once illumined with the flare of Kleigs. Once upon a time these shadows of the past walked triumphantly thru the sets. Now they hover unseen in the background, and the world looks upon them as memories

Shadows of the PastCreepForth From the Old Plant's Crashing Roof and Walls. The Specters of Yesterday Bow and Pay Homage to Its Memories

with her—still stands, and so does Gloria Swanson's, at the opposite end of the lot. But soon, they too, will fall prey to the wreckers.

The paneling of Jesse L. Lasky's private office, where contracts that have meant millions to stars have been signed, has been removed and transported to the new studio. Cecil B. De Mille's churchlike private office was converted some time ago into a projection-room. If these offices could only talk!—what tales they would tell of fame and fortune, of tears and heartaches, of gambler's chances that won, and great ideas that failed!

Famous Players-Lasky is moving its studio. A new day, a new need. Their two city blocks in the heart of Hollywood is now too small to handle the immense productions the company is making, and the old facilities have become inadequate. So the United Studios lot, off Melrose Avenue, was purchased. The old Lasky lot had ten acres, the new has sixteen. The new lot will have eleven enormous stages. The old had but six, two of them quite small. While the crash and destruction of the wreckers is heard on Vine Street, the pleasant ringing of hammers is heard on Melrose, where a horde of carpenters, masons and plasterers is preparing the new home.

The Parade of the Specters

GHOSTS . . . ghosts . . . they pass in Midnight Review, like the return before the eyes of the exiled Napoleon at Elba, of his famous marshals, parading in array victorious before him—for the glory of Napoleon, and of France.

Ghosts . . . ghosts of film fame, return to this battle-field once illumined with the flare of sun-arcs and Kleigs, once raging with the fierce competition of celluloid rivalries. Ghosts that muse on the fickleness of

(*Continued on page 68*)



"Bring Yer Ice AROUN' to the BACK DOOR"



Freulich

The w. k. comic strip, "Ella Cinders," has reached the screen with Colleen Moore in the title-rôle and Lloyd Hughes as *Waite Lifter*, the boy friend. You will see *Ella* breaking into the movies by the interesting expedient of "crashing the gate"



Ella hasn't gotten along very well with her relatives. Armed with her trusty mop and broom, *Mr. Lifter* and the countless newspaper friends expect her to make a clean, sweeping hit



Richee

PAULINE FREDERICK

She's the most misunderstood woman on the screen—is Pauline Frederick. One story after another has been given her to interpret, but the characterizations have not measured up to her stature as an actress. Thoroly gifted in her art, she is able to bring forth all of her rich emotional gifts. If you saw "Smouldering Fires," you saw Miss Frederick act with fine shading and conviction

WHAT'S GONE ON BEFORE:

Cella Lloyd, winner of a bathing-girl contest, has taken Hollywood by storm. Being an observing young minx, she thinks the time is ripe to imitate her jealous rivals and get in touch with her public. So she makes a Personal Appearance—Cella herself, in the flesh, not a Motion Picture. Now read on!





Scene I

Nick E. Lodion, the impresario of the Amusement Palace, introduces Cella to the audience. With a confidence born of rubbing elbows with the passing throng in hotel lobbies and railroad stations, and assuming a haughty demeanor for the occasion, Cella goes thru the pantomime of shaking hands with her public



Scene II

As a star's popularity is measured by the flowery tokens she receives, and to make certain of impressing her thousands of friends, Cella sends some floral offerings to herself. Posies come high, but Cella scorns the expense. As she gazes rapturously at the display, she believes she has made Mlle. Hebe Jebie, her bitter rival, intensely jealous

CELLA LLOYD Makes a Personal APPEARANCE

By

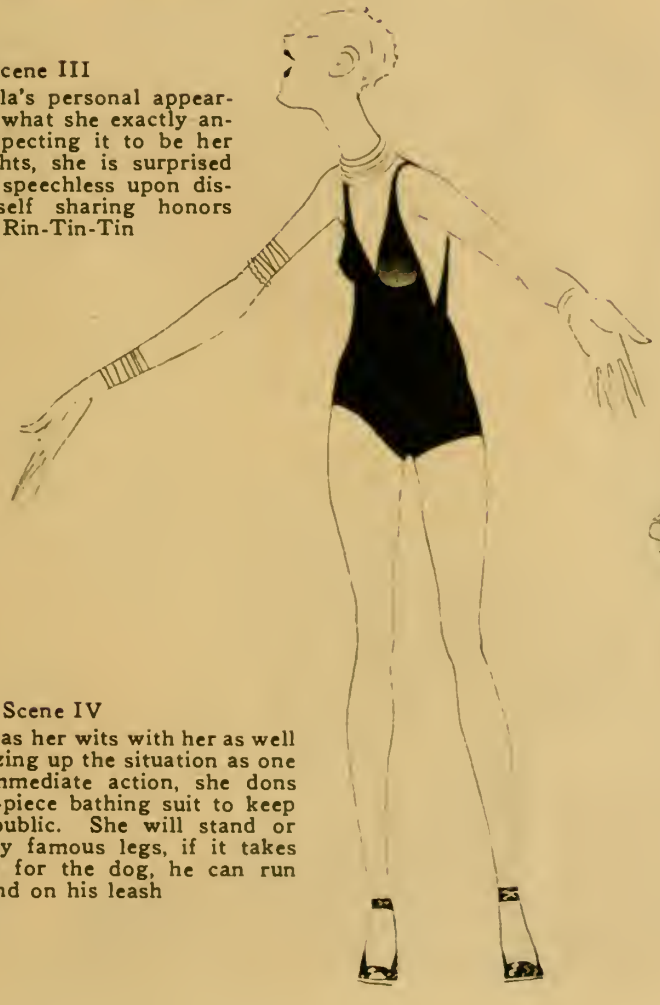
JOHN HELD, JR.





Scene III

However, Cella's personal appearance was not what she exactly anticipated. Expecting it to be her Night of Nights, she is surprised and rendered speechless upon discovering herself sharing honors with Rin-Tin-Tin







Scene IV

However, Cella has her wits with her as well as her figure. Sizing up the situation as one that calls for immediate action, she dons the sure-fire one-piece bathing suit to keep faith with her public. She will stand or fall on her justly famous legs, if it takes all summer. As for the dog, he can run around on his leash



Spurr

The MAN Who ENVIES BILL HART

"I ENVY Bill Hart! There's nothing in this world I'd like better to do than to trade places with Bill for a picture or two, wear a Stetson instead of a silk topper, wave a six-gun in place of a Malacca cane, and in general be a he-man of the well-known open spaces instead of a parlor ornament."

Huntly Gordon made the announcement with the utter unexpectedness of the traditional bolt from the blue.

We were parked at a corner table in the dining-room of the Hollywood Athletic Club, trying to order luncheon dishes cool enough to offset the ninety-in-the-shade temperature that was frying the asphalt surface of Sunset Boulevard just outside the window. Up until the time that Huntly dropped the Bill Hart confession into our midst like a verbal bombshell, our conversation had been a reasonably sane one.

Gordon smiled quizzically at the look of blank surprise that I couldn't quite conceal.

The Secret Longing

"I MEAN it," he insisted. "Ever since I've been in pictures I've longed to be allowed to do real outdoor stuff, with flaming six-shooters, hard-riding cowboys, and all the violent and picturesque action that such pictures demand. That is why I say that I envy Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Fred Thomson, and all the rest of the boys who are doing real Westerns. They are doing just what I have always wanted to do—and what I am going to do some day if I am ever given a chance."

Coming from any one of a half dozen other prominent masculine players of the screen, this Bill Hart ambition might not have seemed so startling. But from Huntly Gordon!

To the great majority of screen fans who are familiar with Gordon's personality only as it is shown in his work before the camera, the announcement will probably create as much amazement as tho the Sphinx were suddenly to state to the world a secret ambition to shake the dust of the centuries from her recumbent form and do an abandoned Charleston over the desert's burning sands.

Because Huntly Gordon's screen rôles have always been so exactly the utter opposite of outdoor stuff. He has always appeared as the very epitome of well-groomed dignity, impeccably attired in the gar-

Spurr



Gordon's rôles have always been the opposite of outdoor stuff. He has always appeared as the very epitome of well-groomed dignity, impeccably attired in the garments of society. He thinks it's time to make a change. On the left he reckons as how he feels like a human being when he puts on his hunting clothes and accompanies Anna Q. Nilsson in the pursuit of partridges

There Is a Perversity of Human Nature Which Causes Everyone to Long to Be Something Else Than What He Is Represented. No Matter How Successful a Man May Be, He Suffers from Suppressed Desires. Huntly Gordon Has Always Cherished a Secret Longing—a Romantic Urge to Rough It in the Open Like the Cowboys

By Hal K. Wells



Spurr

The breath of the outdoors is the breath of life to Gordon. He would rather be tramping joyously over some mountain trail, a hundred miles from Nowhere, than loll luxuriously in any drawing-room ever built

ments of society, with a capital "S," superbly poised, calmly aloof, and as solidly substantial as the Rock of Gibraltar.

When the average man climbs reluctantly into a full-dress suit, the finished product usually looks about as much at ease as a Polar bear in a cauldron of hot soup. Huntly Gordon, however, has the rare faculty of being able to don the most formal of togs and then look as faultlessly comfortable as tho he had been literally poured into them.



This natural ability to wear formal clothes superbly well, together with perfect poise and an innate dignity of manner, has resulted in Gordon's being invariably cast in rôles such as successful brokers, prominent professional men, or staid judges of the higher courts. The drawing-room has been his usual screen setting, and members of the Four Hundred his inevitable associates.

Consequently, when the immaculate Huntly announces a secret ambition to be a wild, rip-snortin', he-terror of the open range, at first thought it seems almost as incongruous as the Statue of Liberty doing three rapid back flips on her lofty pedestal and then yodeling "Here Comes Charlie" in a clear soprano for the edification of an incoming boat-load of immigrants.

On second thought, however, there isn't really anything so very incongruous in Huntly Gordon's desire to play outdoor rôles on the screen. For, off the screen, Huntly is one of the most outstanding outdoor men in Hollywood. He is an ardent golfer, an expert tennis and squash player, an enthusiastic fisherman, and an inveterate hunter.

In real life, the breath of the outdoors is the breath of life to Gordon. He would rather be tramping joyously over some mountain trail, a hundred miles from Nowhere, than loll luxuriously in any drawing-room ever built.

Wants to Wear a Bandanna

"That's the reason I envy Bill Hart and the rest of the Western players," Gordon explained to me. "They play day after day, picture after picture, in the outdoor type of stories that appeal to every natural inclination I have. Not that I want to desert the society rôles entirely. But I do want to get just one fling at a real he-rôle once, with all outdoors for my arena of action.

"I want to wear a bandanna handkerchief around my neck instead of a bat-wing collar; riding boots instead of patent-leather pumps; and get in action in an atmosphere that is blue with powder smoke instead of the vapor from perfumed cigarets. In other words, I want to trade the aristocratic tea-cart for the pioneer covered wagon, the parlor for the prairie, and polite acting for real action.

"Then, too, I've got the natural yearning for applause that any normal person has, whether he be actor, doctor, or plumber. Did you ever go to a matinée showing of a Western picture and hear the kids—and some of their elders, for that matter—go half crazy when the hard-riding hero rescued the heroine amid a rain of lead that would have made the Battle of Manila look like an April shower? Well, I'm human enough that I would like to hear those kids applaud *me* that way just once.

"In society pictures the hero usually gets about as much

(*Continued on page* 81)

IT IS To LAUGH

By
FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE



It's all in the scheme of the movies. While the sponsors "think out" the situations, the heroes perform their miraculous stunts—all for the sake of the punch

IN ancient days in China, when an artist had produced something which he deemed of exceptional merit, he took it to a Board of Examiners appointed by the emperor to pass judgment upon works of art. If they thought favorably of his creation, it was placed upon public exhibition for three days. If, at the end of that time, no fault could be found with it, it was purchased by the board and sent to the Imperial palace.

Now, once upon a time, there was an artist of that land, who carved in ivory a bird sitting upon a stalk of grain and sent it to the board for examination. Being favorably considered by them, it was placed upon public exhibition and was highly approved by those who saw it. On the third day, a farmer strayed into the hall where the exhibition was being held and was heard to comment unfavorably upon the carving. Upon being questioned by a member of the board as to his reason for his disapproval, he replied, "The bird is perfect, and the stalk is perfect, but whoever saw a bird sit upon a stalk of that size without bending it." The carving did not go to the palace.

Not According to Hoyle

MOTION pictures are like that old piece of carving: excellent in many ways, poor in others. The fault seems to lie between the author and the director in some cases, and between the Research Department, the costumer and the directors in others. The author will write an impossible scene, or else the director will add one for the sake of the "punch," and thus we see such things in the movies as a man on horseback chasing and overtaking an automobile, a Western hero roping a gun out of the hands of a man aiming it at him, a knight in supposedly full armor swimming a river, and an unarmed swashbuckler leaping upon a swordsman whose point is threatening his breast, and overpowering him.

Some years ago, I saw in a serial picture an incident which affords an excellent example of an impossible scene. The lovely heroine is crouched behind a rock, while towards her creeps the masked man whose identity has kept the audience guessing for many weeks. All is over again! But stay, her lover knows the Morse code and is at this moment in the library of a house which is supposedly visible from her hiding-place. Seizing a small mirror from her bag, she flashes out a dot-and-dash message for help, which her lover reads at a glance. Jumping into his ever-ready car, he dashes madly to the rescue and once more the fair heroine is saved.

Now in my younger days, I served years in the Signal Corps of the Connecticut National Guard, and I know that it is absolutely impossible to send a dot-and-dash message by means of a hand mirror. Just to show the impossibility of it, I will describe how an army heliograph, or sun mirror, is worked. The apparatus consists of two tripods, a mirror with a little hole in the center, a metal bar, a sighting rod, and a shutter. The mirror, mounted at the rear end of the bar, is set up on the tripod and carefully sighted, by means of the hole in the back.

The Author of This Article Has a Bone to Pick With the Boys Who Permit All Kinds of Errors to Enter Into the Production of Pictures. They Do Such Things and They Wear Such Things in the Movies

Drawings by
C. J. MULHOLLAND

at the other station. The hole causes a sun-spot or shadow to appear and when this rests on the point of the sighting rod at the front of the bar, the flash will be visible at the other station. So delicate is the adjustment, that the mirror has to be moved slightly from time to time by means of thumb-screws so as to *follow the movement of the sun.* Once adjustment has been secured, the shutter, mounted upon the other tripod, is set up in front of the mirror and then opened and shut so as to show short or long flashes.

Even had the fair one had all this apparatus with her, she would have been in the grasp of the dreaded mask before she could have secured her adjustment, and as for the marvelous speed with which the hero reads the supposed message as it flashed upon the sword-decked walls of his library, I can only hope that the Signal Corps had the benefit of his services during the recent war.

Should Be Shot at Sunrise

AND speaking of war, reminds me that some motion picture directors do many things in battle scenes for which they would be court-martialed if they were in the army. They love to plant "Old Glory" on the breastworks so as to help the enemy get the exact range, and they have a penchant for placing their artillery in nice open lots where in actual warfare they would be put out of action in ten minutes. I have seen in a picture a company of infantry marching to war all armed with rifles and not one of them had a cartridge-belt or even a bayonet. Thank the Lord! all directors are not like this, and a few of them have put on most realistic battle scenes, but the average "battle" in the movies is a confused jumble of which neither the civilian nor the soldier can make head or tail.

So, much for the author and the director. Let us see what the Research Department and the costumer have to offer.



The producers forget that there was such a thing as a distinct style in the early seventies and eighties. The women wore bustles and pleated skirts, and the men who strolled down the avenue with them were dressed up like a Christmas tree

Wrong From the Start

IT can be safely said that very few motion pictures of the costume type are costumed correctly in every respect. This is not altogether the fault of either the research people or the costumer, but is due largely to the failure of most American producers to consult technical experts along specialized lines, as is often done abroad.

From the very nature of their work, both members of a Research Department and costumers need a wide range of knowledge and cannot be expected to have as exact available data as a person who has made an extensive study of a specific subject. When called upon for information which they do not possess, both are, however, prone to fake, rather than admit their ignorance. The speaking stage is no better off in this respect than the motion pictures.

In Channing Pollock's play, "The Enemy," recently on Broadway, one prominent character in it, who was supposed to be an *Austrian* officer, appeared in a *German* uniform until I

(*Continued on page 70*)

Says Mr. Blakeslee:

"Some motion picture directors do many things in battle scenes for which they would be court-martialed if they were in the army."

"It can be safely said that very few motion pictures of the costume type are costumed correctly in every respect."

"Most American producers fail to consult technical experts along specialized lines as is often done abroad."

"The costumers and the research department need a wide range of knowledge, but are prone to fake rather than admit their ignorance."

"Sword play and knife fighting as seen in motion pictures is not usually of a very high order."

"The best knife fight which I ever saw on the screen was in 'Orphans of the Storm'—it was most realistic."

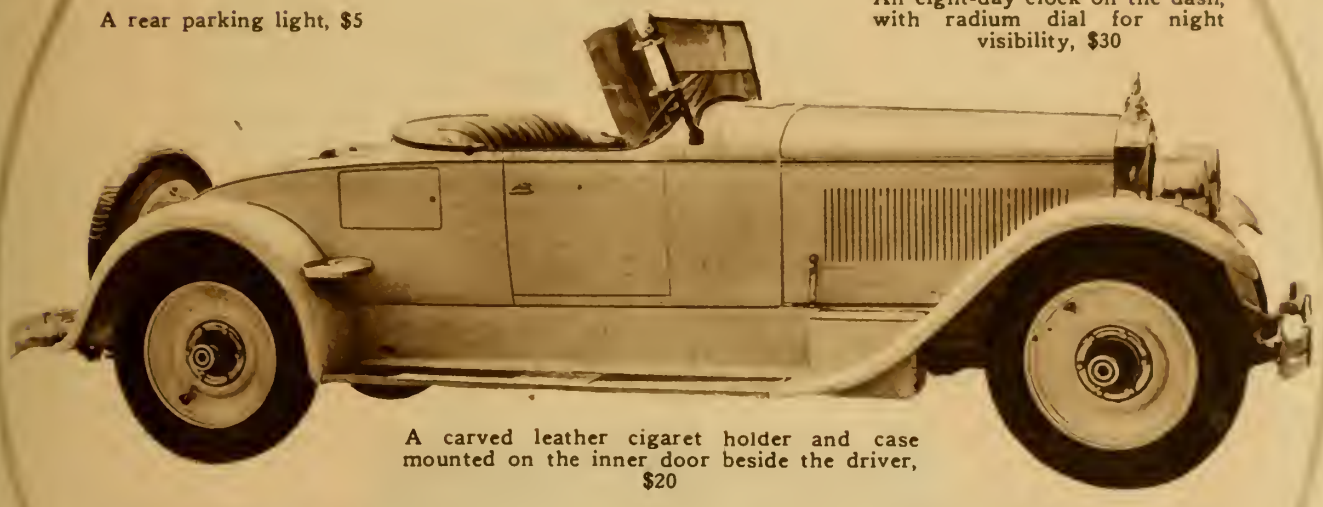
"The further back the supposed period of the picture, the greater seems to be the percentage of error."



EDNA MARIAN

This petite personality, finding herself at the top of the comedy heap in a reasonably short space of time, has proved herself to be unique by buying her contract and calmly seeking new and larger worlds to conquer. Edna made her screen début in New York when but thirteen years of age. Then she went to Hollywood and "crashed the gate." Her initiative led her straight to a neat little part in a Buster Keaton film. She did so well that the gentlemen preferred the blonde as a comedy star

What It Costs to Be a Well-Dressed Auto



By Warren Dow

THERE was a time when Hollywood Boulevard swarmed with "jazz" automobiles which, in their weird trappings and elaborate superstructures, looked like a combination of a Welsh rarebit nightmare and an Osage Indian's idea of splendor.

That time has gone, apparently forever. Today the cars of the Film Colony are marked by an almost austere simplicity. The "well-dressed" car of today is like the well-dressed clubman, neat but not gaudy. However, it is possible to spend a very fair bit of money in merely giving a car the most orthodox of equipment.

For example, the white sport roadster of Reginald Denny, pictured herewith, cost, with all accessories and insurance, just a few dollars short of an even $5,000. The various items are listed above.

Impressions of Hollywood

AS I was leaving the Hal Roach lot the other day, I discovered the "Our Gang" children grouped together on a grass plot near the road where several visitors stood with small Kodaks trying to get a picture of the gang to take home to St. Louis to show to their neighbors. The visitors apparently had some pull, because the studio manager and the matron were there, giving orders to the children and trying to keep them in order. It was obvious that the gang were taking the matter seriously, because they were playfully crowding one another for the best positions in the line-up, and they apparently esteemed it a great honor to be photographed.

Little black Farina was the most obvious. He (you know it is a he—not a she) kept well in the center foreground and, looking from one camera to the other, said: "Say, which of them cameras is goin' ter do the shootin'?" Then he threw off his sweater and laid it aside, remarking that he would look much better without it.

I suppose that Our Gang look upon the regular movie photography as real work, but this was play—something to be proud of—their photos were in demand by visitors —were they not now in the same class with President Coolidge, Jack Dempsey and Valentino?

Foul Work at the Crossroads

JUST as I was leaving the Hal Roach lot, I saw a large bewhiskered man carrying an apparently dead woman across the road. Her head, arms and feet were dragging limply in the dust, and it looked like foul murder. I hastened to the spot ready to do a man's duty, but only to find that it was a dummy. The poor thing had just been beaten up by her husband and thrown from the tower of the castle.

What Price Publicity?

POLA NEGRI was looking at some of the stills showing Valentino making violent love to Vilma Banky in "The Son of the Sheik."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pola, "He make love to Vilma, but all the time he think of me!"

In spite of reports to the contrary, I think I can safely say that there is not and never has been any romance between Vilma Banky and Rudolph Valentino. I have been to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio dozens of times, when they were making "The Son of the Sheik" and talked with both of them many times, and visited their homes and I ought to know. At the studio Rudy dines in a studio cottage, and there are usually two or three men dining with him, including his brother and his manager who have the cottage all to themselves. Vilma dines all alone in her dressing-room.

Connie Talmadge has Mary Pickford's cottage, which is just across the lawn from Valentino's, and she came across the other day and sat down at Rudy's table with us for a while, but Vilma never does so. Whether she doesn't want to, or wont because she fears to create a wrong impression, I dont know, but I do know that Rudy has invited her and that she never goes.



Freulich

Nothing could be more natural than the selection of Mary Philbin to play *Juliet* in Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet," which Universal will humanize for the screen. The youthful *Romeo* standing beneath *Juliet's* balcony is Andre Mattoni, the Continental actor who is commonly called the blond Valentino

The Battle Continues

THERE are about 20,000 theaters in the U. S. and ninety-seven per cent. of them show motion pictures all or part of the time. Only three per cent. of all the theaters do not show any pictures at all. Twenty-five years ago none of the theaters showed movies. A new movie theater is built somewhere every working hour, while only one a week is the average for the other kind. And thus the battle of Movies *vs.* Speakies goes on, but it is a very one-sided affair.

Let us hope for the day when there will be more theaters devoted entirely to movies with no vaudeville. And let us hope they make the movies so good that they wont even need a prolog or prelude. All those in favor of more theaters for movies only, please say "I."

Fox Registering Pride

WATCH out for "What Price Glory." The Fox people seem to feel that it is going to beat "The Big Parade." While this is doubtful, you may surely look forward to this picture as one of the big events of the early fall.

Victor McLaglen will probably make a big hit in this picture—even bigger than that of Karl Dane's. Dolores Del Rio is also going strong, and so is Edmund Lowe and all of them. And dont forget that Raoul Walsh is directing, and that this same chap directed "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Wanderer."

I understand that "The Wanderer" is not a big-money maker, but that is not surprising—it is too great and too good for most people, just as "The Last Laugh" was.

A Good Time Was Had by All

THE Fox Film Corporation gave a dinner and dance recently at the Ambassador Hotel at which I and about 499 others were present. Between courses everybody danced—or tried to, but it was really impossible to do much dancing—one might just as well expect sardines in a box to dance.

All the Fox stars were there, and most conspicuous of all were the midget comedian, George Harris, and his partner, Barbara Luddy, who is equally diminutive, altho there were all sizes and styles present, including Jack Dempsey and Tom Mix who sat at the same table and who danced just like anybody else. Jack dances quite well and he is not at all awkward or clumsy. Tom Mix is almost graceful and he has a fine physique.

The Whole World Is Interested in What's Going on in the Studio City—the Capital of the Movies. The Activities of the Stars and the Progress of Productions—These Offer Tremendous Appeal to the Picture Public. The Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications Gives You First-Hand Information of Hollywood and Its Personalities

By Eugene V. Brewster

Of course, William Fox was very much there, including his black mustache, and when he entered, everybody arose and cheered. Little Georgie Harris was quite popular and ladies twice his height seemed to enjoy dancing with him.

Greetings from Greta

GRETA NISSEN has at last consented to join Universal and play the lead in a big picture that Jack McDermott wrote and will direct. He has been wiring Greta daily for weeks and finally got her consent. He says she is one of the screen's most promising artistes, if not *the* . . . And he's going to have an all-star cast, including Marc McDermott, Trixi Friganza, Norman Kerry, and so on.

Jack has the funniest house I ever saw. It is way up on top of a mountain, and he made it all himself out of movie scenery and odds and ends from different studios. It is certainly a freak place, but extremely interesting. Corliss Palmer and I had bacon and eggs with him there the other day and he is a charming fellow. But he certainly gave us some thrills going down that steep, muddy, crooked, rocky road in his Ford.

A Bad Break

VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE is another one of those who have had "a bad break." She got off to a good start in 1919 when at the age of fifteen she won a Beauty Contest given by Brewster Publications, and I remember well her first appearance before me as director. She was a beautiful little brunette and photographed excellently. Later on she got a contract and did very well.

Then came a big part in "Without Benefit of Clergy," which she quite ran away with, and it looked as if Virginia would be a top notcher in another year. But from then on she had ill luck. Poor parts in poor pictures and she was almost lost sight of. The latest is that she has been signed by Sam Sax to play opposite William Fairbanks in "The-Mile-a-Minute Man." This may be all right, but Virginia is entitled to something better.

Among Those Present

NORMA TALMADGE gave a little dinner-party at her palatial home the other night and here's a complete list of "among those present": herself, her husband, Joe Schenck, her mother, "Peg," her sister, Constance, her former leading man, Eugene O'Brien, Buster Collier, the managing editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner* (Hearst paper), Florence Lawrence, dramatic editor of same, and poor little me. We had arrived at seven but it was about eight before the butler entered the drawing-room with "Dinner's served." It was a fine dinner, excellently served and everybody was jolly, and had a lovely time.

After coffee we all went into a large and elegantly furnished lounging-room where they show pictures. Buster, attired in a huge apron, ran the projection machine and did a good job. But the picture was Corinne Griffith's "Infatuation," and it did not make much of a hit with us. During this, Dick Barthelmess came in and spent the rest of the evening. At twelve-thirty I left for home and I was nearly the last of the guests. And we were all perfectly sober, and there wasn't even any dancing. We simply talked, in small groups, and occasionally listened to the phonograph. Another one of those famous wild Hollywood parties that you hear so much about.



International Newsreel

No matter how busy a producer may be on the Coast, he firmly believes in relaxation. Here is Hal Roach, who has taken time off from making comedies to exercise his polo pony. That he is a proficient polo player is proved by his membership with the fast Midwick, Jr., team—the Pacific Coast champions

Joseph Schenck is a very rich man, but he did not make it all in pictures. His interests are varied, and he is an exceedingly well-informed man, and a very likable man. He converses freely on every conceivable subject, and his ideas and opinions seem to be carefully thought out.

The Correct Way to Say It

SINCE "Beau Geste" will be talked about a great deal after the picture is released, you may as well learn how it is pronounced. I have heard so many heated arguments on whether it should be jest or guest, that I looked it up.

On page 98 of the novel it says: "'Are you the jester?' 'No, Aunt,' I replied with feeble wit, 'only the Geste.'" Which quite disposes of the matter. It is Bo Jest.

A Talented Newcomer

GARDNER JAMES, who arrived with a bang in Blackton's "Hell-Bent fer Heaven," had me up to dinner the other night. He lives in a

(*Continued on page 72*)

Our OWN NEWS CAMERA



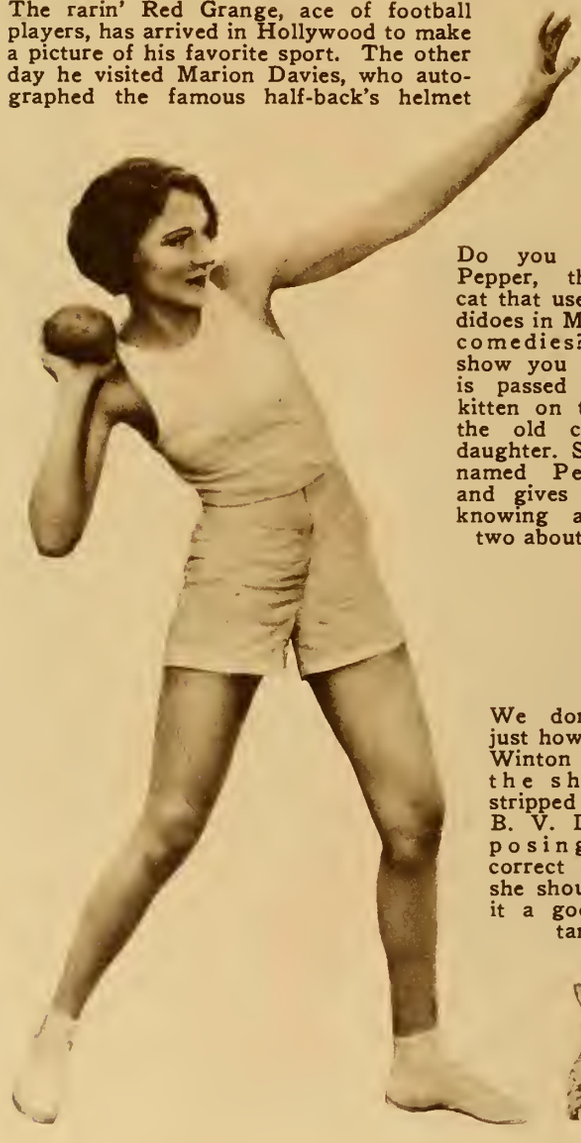
Gilliams

The rarin' Red Grange, ace of football players, has arrived in Hollywood to make a picture of his favorite sport. The other day he visited Marion Davies, who autographed the famous half-back's helmet



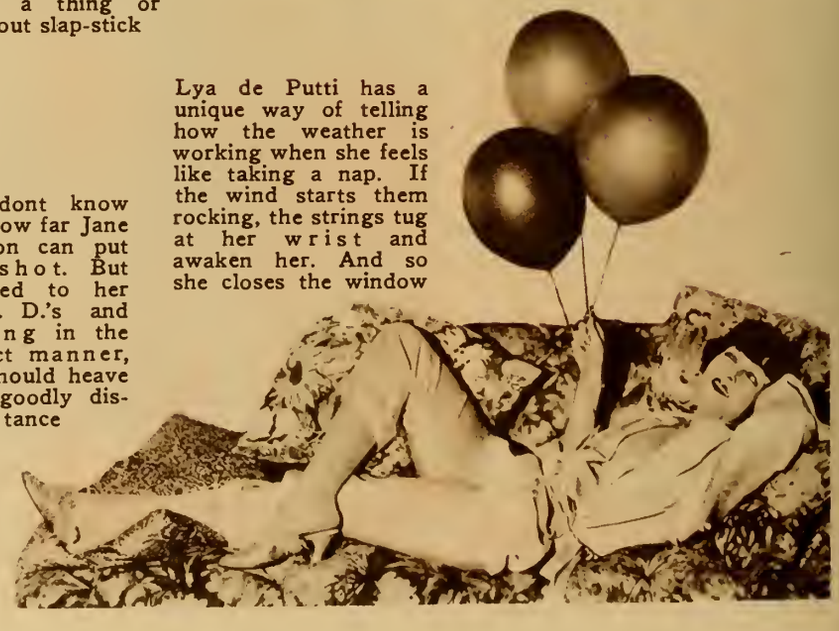
Geo. F. Cannons

Do you remember Pepper, the comedy cat that used to cut up didoes in Mack Sennett comedies? Well, to show you how genius is passed along, the kitten on the right is the old cat's granddaughter. She has been named Pepper II—and gives promise of knowing a thing or two about slap-stick



We dont know just how far Jane Winton can put the shot. But stripped to her B. V. D.'s and posing in the correct manner, she should heave it a goodly distance

Lya de Putti has a unique way of telling how the weather is working when she feels like taking a nap. If the wind starts them rocking, the strings tug at her wrist and awaken her. And so she closes the window



A birthday cake was made and shared in by the executives and stars of Famous Players last May, in commemoration of the laying of the corner-stone of the new Paramount Building. Here are Adolphe Menjou and Lois Wilson eagerly admiring the frosted sky-scraper—an exact duplicate of the imposing edifice which is being erected in the Times Square section of New York



Underwood & Underwood



Wm. A. Rees

Below, you will discover Babe Ruth up to one of his favorite pastimes—which is autographing baseballs. When the big bambino is not busy batting balls out of the park, he delights in signing his monicker to them—and giving them away. Madge Kennedy has just stepped up to take one from the home-run king



International Newsreel

On the left is Helene Chadwick about to start for a big blowout. This fan, which generates wind for motion picture storm scenes, will create enough atmospheric furore to blow down a well-built house. On the right, Karl Dane gives Joan Crawford a shoulder ride around the lot. As Karl belongs in the tall, rangy class, Joan feels way up in the air when she perches herself upon his back





Twenty ounces of clothes! Yes-sir-ree, boys, that's all the weight the modern young woman will carry around this summer. Dorothy Sebastian is the young woman who has gone in for such light luggage. She got the tip from London. Notice that the scales even include the shoes



Above, we have three of the world's most photographed men. Paul Wrinkle, thirteen years old, is the champion autograph hunter. He has been photographed with presidents and kings. Was he frightened of Rudy Valentino and George Fitzmaurice? Not so you could notice it. He hung around the stage door of the studio and secured the autographs of the star and the director



"Throw away the vanity-box and carry your make-up in your hem!" That is Patricia Avery's motto. She is wearing one of the new dresses, boasting a cuff around the bottom in which she carries lip-stick, rouge and powder. These necessary knick-knacks are concealed by the cuff when not in use



If you know what it means to your dear old back when you do the daily dozen, you will understand that May McAvoy's stunt of touching the floor with the hands from a standing position is not mere child's play. This exercise enables May to keep in trim for strenuous work in pictures



Henry Waxman

GARDNER JAMES

Isn't it about time to give this young fellow a hand? Not in seventeen blue moons has anyone flashed across the silversheet with more natural ability than Gardner James. He has youth, personality and a rich play of plastic expressions. We dont know who discovered him, but there's no doubt about his lifting several photoplays and making them better for his presence. He did such finished acting in "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" that Richard Barthelmess borrowed him for "The Amateur Gentleman"

THE CELLULOID CRITIC



Owen Moore, masquerading as a woman, and Claire Windsor in a scene from "Money Talks"

HARRY LANGDON has finally won his spurs or laurels or colors or what you care to call the honors of stardom. Having been bound to the two-reel comedy, he has come along so fast that he is entitled to a seat among the comedians who have graduated into the feature class. Which means that he deserves to be ranked along with Lloyd, Keaton, *et al.*

Surely no one is equipped with a sounder knowledge of what makes and sustains the Big Laugh than this same Langdon. He has a firm acquaintance with pantomime and expresses comedy and its allied ingredient, pathos, with fine appreciation of their values. But he waited to make his feature début until he found something good. And it arrived in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

No comedian could be more adaptable to the part of the contestant in a hiking tour than Langdon. I found him very amusing. He doesn't trespass on the lines marked out by other ranking fun-makers. He has an individuality all his own. His best asset is his wistful expression. On most of his journey he sees to it that he suffers like Chaplin, tho he is no imitator.

The Funny Langdon

HE experiences several difficulties which have been well timed to provoke laughter. Still there are moments when the piece pauses occasionally—as if it was out of breath and wanted to catch up with itself. So that is why it loses some of its spontaneity.

I shall dismiss these few errors and pin upon it the blue badge of excellence. For indeed, Langdon releases oodles of fun in his cross-country tramp. There is a worthy thrill in the scene wherein the comedian scales a fence to avoid a flock of sheep. While perched on top, he lets himself down slowly, trying to find a landing place for his feet. But he looks around and discovers himself on the edge of a cliff which has a sheer drop of a few hundred yards. His coat catches on a nail of the fence and soon the structure gives way—with Langdon descending as fast as Mother Earth and gravity can attract him.

This is but one of many ludicrous and original episodes in the picture. The piece is more quiet than "The Gold Rush," and not so effervescent as "The Freshman." But, nevertheless, it has its comicalities. There is a final moment which contains a rollicking bit. It shows by trick photography the gag of Langdon placing himself in a crib — and



Richard Barthelmess as a lieutenant in the army has a melodramatic moment in his latest picture, "Ranson's Folly"

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays

made to represent his own offspring. The comedian's cherubic expression comes in handy for this hilarious finish.

Not Up to Expectations

I don't find many pictorial values in "Ranson's Folly," Richard Barthelmess' new canvas. As fiction it had its appeal when Richard Harding Davis wrote it many years ago. But shaping itself on the screen it doesn't resemble anything but an old-fashioned romantic melodrama—with the obvious always in the offing, so that any quality of suspense is destroyed.



The piece carries Barthelmess and the spectators back to the last century at the time the slippery Sioux had been driven across the border. It gives the star an opportunity to portray one of those dashing lieutenants who, to overcome the boredom of the post, stages a hold-up out of pure mischief.

The plot revolves around the circumstantial evidence piled up against him. And he, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, admits the guilt to spare the father of the girl who captured his heart. This parent, in the meanwhile, has also acted in the same spirit. But it is easy to anticipate that neither will be held accountable for the crime.

That's how hackneyed this picture is—what with a plot that never develops any stirring action. There are some first-rate atmospheric details—the old army uniforms and the flouncing dresses worn by the officers' wives lending a picturesque note. And the backgrounds are praiseworthy, too.

The trouble is the weakness of the picture—for it is not up to the Barthelmess mark. He conducts himself heroically enough, but there are no occasions for him to display any emotional fire. As for Dorothy Mackaill, she wears her hair down her back and affects an innocent appeal. It is just a part—and nothing else. So I catalog this as just an ordinary melodrama. Barthelmess doesn't need these old-fashioned stories with their old-fashioned heroics. He shines best in the unusual characterizations.



Above, Harry Langdon joins the pick-and-shovel gang in his first feature-length comedy, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." At the left, Johnny Hines, in "The Brown Derby," gets the surprise of his life when he inherits the colorful head-piece from his eccentric uncle

Taking Off the Mythical Kingdom

A burlesque of the Graustark pattern is on view in "Say It Again" and it shapes up as first-rate entertainment, thanks to Richard Dix's sense of humor and Gregory La Cava's directorial whims.

This isn't to say that the picture is perfect. Indeed, it has its flaws. For one thing, it never seems to make up its mind which way it is going. It starts off on a romantic tack, breezes into burlesque — and back to the romantic vein again—before it finishes with an orgy of absurdities.

The burlesque side of the

(*Continued on page 78*)



Richard Dix has borrowed the parasol of the princess to keep the rain off his gay uniform—a scene from "Say It Again"

Ready—ON YOUR



Doris Hill, above, also knows something about making a fast get-away. With fingers at tension—and with eyes straight ahead—she expects to spring ahead of the bunch and break the tape with yards to spare



Here is Jane Winton all set to beat the pistol and jump ahead of the field. If there is anything in the correct pose, Jane should finish in ten seconds flat



Fay Wray, on the right, shows a good knee action which carries her over the ground with the speed of an antelope. While the collegiates finish their dashes with tense expressions on their faces, Fay believes in smiling and taking it easy. Thus she keeps the beauty doctor away



Dorothy Dwan, on the left, demonstrates how to cover yardage after the pistol has cracked. Note that she keeps her flying feet close together—and that her arms are spread to aid her legs in taking the air

MARK—SET! GO!!

The Hollywood Girls' Track Team Is Out to Meet All Comers. Coming from Charlie Paddock's Country, They've Picked Up a Few Pointers on How to Make Their Legs Fly from the Fastest Human in the World. All Together Now, Folks —Let's Give Them a Long Cheer.





At the top is Pauline Starke, who goes in for all kinds of sport activities. If you dont find her out deep-sea fishing or swimming in the surf, you should turn to the cinder path. She knows all the tricks on how to start and finish a dash. And, being a lithe, slender girl, she should show the others her heels in running the century in nothing flat



There are long-distance runners among these Hollywood athletes, besides the sprinters. A good track team has to be well balanced, you know, if it expects to finish anywhere. So from left to right we see Ena Gregory, Lola Todd and Margaret Quimby in a cross-country run—with the three of them so well bunched together that it will take fifteen judges to pick the winner

FLASH

By L. R.

THERE seems to be a jolly little misunderstanding in London over "The Big Parade." Everyone on this side of the big pond predicted a wonderful reception for it when it made its English première. Yet the British critics became bally well wrought up over it. They declared the picture was nothing more or less than American propaganda—conceived and executed on the premise that America won the war.

It strikes us that these Britishers have missed the point entirely. If King Vidor had started out to film episodes of the other Allies' war activities, he wouldn't have finished it yet. Like a gigantic musical theme, the idea belongs to all countries who participated in the Big Push. True, the Americans made a belated appearance, but they had their work cut out for them at Château-Thierry and the Argonne. And these war scenes are not to be considered as any attempt by Vidor and his assistants to glorify the American flag. The British had their representation in "Hearts of the World" and they shouldn't have allowed their exclusion in "The Big Parade" to spoil their sense of fair play.

Certainly the romance could represent any Allied soldier who was billeted on French soil. And the humorous interludes—the hasty preparations to reach the front lines, could be applied to any nation as well as America.

For All Nations

OF course, the picture was made for American patronage, but Vidor never intended it as propaganda. It is as if he set up his camera to record the soldiers' slant on the war—and his soldiers happened to wear the khaki of the United States army. The subjects of other nations should view it in this light. Why the Britons can even recognize the character of Slim *as a cousin of their own* Old Bill.

If Vidor had wanted to make a propaganda picture, he would have waved the flag all the way—and the subtitles would have been saturated with Yankee patriotism. The London reviewers have not only misunderstood the idea behind it but they also have failed to catch its eloquent spirit.

Had Vidor attempted to show other nations' activities, his plot would have got away from him. It would have become detached and the sure-fire dramatic strokes would have failed. Instead, he employed the simplest measures of dramatic construction. He chose his backgrounds and shot his action against them, using the necessary characters to build a moving story.



TOM MIX
An Impression by Curzon

Hoffman's War Picture

PERHAPS you remember that tender little film, "Which Shall It Be?" If you do, you will recall that it was made by one of the younger directors—a young man with imagination and feeling by the name of Renaud Hoffman. Kind words were written and uttered in his favor and the prediction was made that he would go far with the megaphone.

So we anticipated something out of the ordinary in "The Unknown Soldier." Well, he kept faith with his ideals in giving what is called in polite circles—an unhappy ending to the picture. But the New York première was too premature. Instead of showing the spiritual ending (that of the marriage of the heroine with the spirit of her departed soldier), the obvious finish was tacked on to it. And so New Yorkers condemned it as just another picture.

Hoffman was consistent all the way. He couldn't be otherwise and keep to his title and his text. Naturally he insisted on the spiritual ending, tho the happy touch was also made for box-office reasons. Thru some unaccountable error the conventional finish was shipped to New York—this, on top of the fine reception accorded the spiritual ending in Los Angeles.

The error has been rectified so that other communities are receiving the picture thoroly in character. Which proves that audiences aren't so unintelligent after all—even if producers are not in the habit of encouraging them.

BACKS

About Pictures and People

De Mille's Ambitions

CECIL B. DE MILLE is going to see if he can put over a companion picture to "The Ten Commandments." Having turned to the Bible for inspiration in conceiving that eloquent opus, he will open the Good Book again and record the life of Christ.

The Biblical subjects (what few have been visualized on the screen) have received a healthy response from the public. Which indicates something of a spiritual hunger. And the ever-active De Mille, whose effort to create something lasting from the very moving and dramatic pages of the Bible inspired other producers to dip into its pages, will make (what he hopes it to be) the triumph of his career.

De Mille had first intended calling it "The Deluge," the idea to be fashioned around Noah and the Ark. But Warner Brothers have a prior claim on the old man of the sea. Cecil was not to be caught napping, however. He shifted his idea from the Old Testament to the New—and the Christ will be humanized under the title of The King of Kings.

De Mille will go further than any other director has ever gone with the Great Teacher. He will actually show Him in the flesh—and not by means of symbols or shadows. And His life will be drawn in a human manner. In other words, the director will paint the Christ as a human being.

This all raises the very interesting question—who will play the Prince of Men? To get the complete humanities of the man, the actor selected must needs carry out some of His teachings. We suggest that De Mille go to the little village of Ober-Ammergau in Bavaria—made famous for the Passion Play, and enlist one of its highly religious actors. The subject should create a sensation—and De Mille should leave no stone unturned toward making it genuine and moving in all that these words imply.



CHESTER CONKLIN
An Impression by Taskey

Cheers for Alec Francis

FOX has displayed good wisdom in selecting Alec B. Francis to play David Warfield's rôle in the screen version of "The Return of Peter Grimm." This very able character actor has something in common with Warfield's expressions. His name is generally found in the vicinity of the adjective "kindly." And anyone who remembers *Peter Grimm* will recall that the character was very kindly disposed toward the world.

On the other hand, Fox is still hunting around for Warfield's successors in "The Music Master" and "The Auctioneer." Whoever is selected will have to know the art of pantomime to the tips of his fingers and his eye-lashes—to say nothing of the quivering lower lip.

Gilda's New York Public

GILDA GRAY broke all the records for the Rialto Theater during the run of her picture, "Aloma of the South Seas." This is not surprising in view of her popularity around Times Square. Long recognized as one of the most vivid personalities of the "Follies" and the night clubs, the movie patrons of the metropolis were all curious to see how she fared in her screen début. It must also be mentioned that Gilda made personal appearances with the picture—and executed her shimmering South Sea dance—a dance in which she outclasses the field.

If Gilda accompanies the picture to other cities, doubtless other records will be broken. Her presence is needed, for the film is no "great shakes" as entertainment. Indeed, she is the sole reason for its production—and for a début she gives decided promise of accomplishing something worth while one of these days.

A Real Surprise

THE surprising thing about the record smash at the Rialto is the way "Aloma of the South Seas" topped the latest Harold Lloyd picture, "For Heaven's Sake." The comedy

(Continued on page 88)

The O'BRIEN BOY GETS a KICK OUT of LIFE

By Scott Pierce



Hartsook

GEORGE O'BRIEN himself is today about the only person in Hollywood who is not yet aware of the fact that George O'Brien has "arrived."

Every one else in the Film Capital knew that in "The Iron Horse" George scaled the cinematic ladder of fame in one mighty bound and landed very solidly at the top of the heap almost overnight.

The fact that about everyone in Hollywood knew and liked the big, genial young Irishman made them just a bit apprehensive over the spectacular suddenness of his rise to the heights.

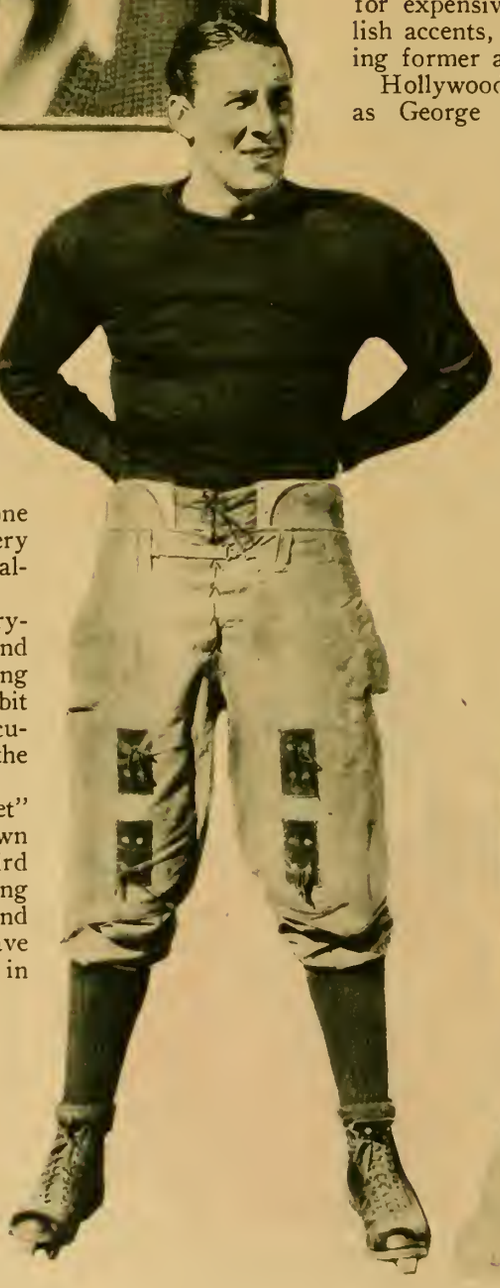
Because such "sky rocket" leaps to glory have been known in the past to have rather weird effects in some few cases. Young men who were quite normal and likable before the event have immediately afterwards gone in for expensive foreign cars, hats a full size larger, English accents, and an astounding loss of memory in recalling former acquaintances.

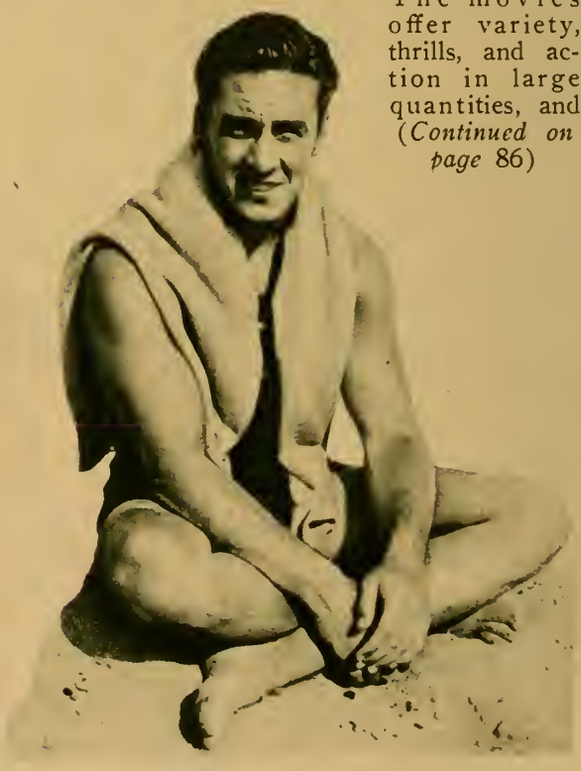
Hollywood might have saved itself all worry, so far as George was concerned. Because George doesn't happen to be that kind of fellow. Swank is a quality that ranks just a little below yellow fever in the O'Brien scheme of things. George's grin is today just as genial, his greeting to friends just as warm, and his head just as level, as in the days of not-so-long-ago when he was merely an assistant cameraman with the Tom Mix unit.

Finds Thrills in Pictures

FAME doesn't mean a great deal in George's young life, anyway. He is very frankly in pictures for the fun he is getting out of the work. The movies offer variety, thrills, and action in large quantities, and

(*Continued on page* 86)





George O'Brien is an all-Irish-American who gets variety and thrill out of picture work. He comes honestly by his love for adventure and action, as his father is the Chief of Police in San Francisco. Naturally, he throws himself into every part with a whole-hearted Celtic flavor

The Roost Where ROY Rests



Roy D'Arcy, the screen's most dashing dispenser of dark deeds, has a picturesque home high up in Beverly Hills. He told the designers and decorators to go the limit in making it cozy, comfortable—and compelling to the eye. By placing it up toward heaven, Roy wanted the chance to find recreation and redemption and forget the ways of the flesh and devil—which haunt him when he stalks the sets.

At the top and bottom are the respective rear and front views of the D'Arcy domain, while in the center the head of the house has stepped into the kitchen to show the Missus how to season the sauce with spice.







Strauss Peyton

Jackie Coogan is fast growing up, and the infantile locks will soon be shorn so that he can play in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut"



It is always the privilege of a dentist to give a patient an unpleasant hour in the chair—which accounts for Charlie Chase's painful expression

The Screen Observer

The Warfield Dramas

WILLIAM FOX has purchased all of the Warfield plays and now he is confronted by the sad fact that there are no Warfields to play in them. Every character man in Hollywood has been considered for one or more of the familiar stage parts, but in every case the studio officials perceived that comparison with the original would provoke only laughter from the audience. There is one exception to this situation. George Sydney is perfectly cast as the Hebrew comedy character of the title-rôle in "The Auctioneer."

And Jean Hersholt will play *Peter* in "The Return of Peter Grimm," if Universal will lend him. Universal, however, shows no great readiness to accommodate rival studios with the services of choice players. Right now there is some difficulty over getting the loan of Hersholt for Erich von Stroheim's "The Wedding March."

Just Heinie

MY sympathy goes out to Heinie, the extra. I think he should have been a star long ago. Heinie—he has no other name, so far as I know—is a dwarfed figure with a head as smooth and hairless as an egg and a mouth into which he can insert three billiard balls at one time without inconvenience. His services are in demand to lend *grotesquerie* to the scenes of nearly every picture. I never sit in a movie show but I see Heinie performing some tantalizing bit. For Heinie is an actor of no mean ability.

Now Constance Talmadge gave a party for her new husband, Captain Alistair Mackintosh. Heinie was employed to give a fillip to the *blasé* assembly. Equipped with a pair of wings and a harp, Heinie was suspended from the ceiling and when all the guests were assembled, a curtain was drawn, revealing the most amazing angel that ever trod the golden stair.

After his stunt Heinie descended from his perch and attempted to mingle with the guests. He was repulsed with laughter and informed by the servants that he had been invited to the party solely in a professional capacity.

"What the hell?" said Heinie. "I'm as much an actor as they are."

So saying, he took the fifteen bucks—his dole for the evening's antic—and departed in high dudgeon.

For my part, I think Heinie was right. He is as much of an actor as many of those present. And as for social standing—My Word!

Leave It to Lon

IN this wonderful atmosphere of make-believe, as the lady fan writers love to say, it is gratifying once in a while to find an artist who is sincere enough about his work to put himself to some inconvenience in its prosecution.

Such an artist is Lon Chaney. Otherwise he would never have submitted to the going-over which I watched him taking from Sergeant Hoffman of the U. S. Marine Base at San Diego.

Chaney is making a war picture—war pictures are the vogue again, you know—a war picture entitled "Tell It to the Marines." Sergeant Hoffman was employed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio with the consent of the Marine Base commandant, to teach the actor the things he ought to know about soldiering. Sergeant Hoffman is six feet tall and he has a jaw of iron. When informed of his new duties, he remarked fervently:

"All my life I've wanted to drill a movie actor."

I watched the sarge putting Chaney and William Haines thru the rudiments of file drill. He had to begin at the beginning by teaching them to stand at attention. Sergeant Hoffman kept up the grilling for better than an hour. Chaney seemed to be standing it all right, but poor Bill Haines, softened by many a studio tea scene,



Here is a scene from "The Marriage Clause," which brings Lois Weber, the only woman director, to the screen. It is a sort of *Svengali-Trilby* affair with Billie Dove and Francis X. Bushman in the leading rôles



The young man gazing so intently at you, is Douglas Gilmore—who is getting his share of good assignments

Has His Say—By Don Ryan

was perspiring profusely and the expression on his face was one of real distress.

But he didn't complain. And I predict that Sergeant Hoffman will make leathernecks out of his raw recruits before the picture is over.

Royalty Receives

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are making the rounds of royalty, as usual. All of the temporal monarchs are honored to receive them, but so far His Holiness, the Pope, has not been at home in the Vatican when they called.

I am informed by Mark Larkin, the Pickford-Fairbanks publicity seneschal, that Doug is looking over the Ufa studio in Germany with an eye to its availability for his use. If he finds it sufficiently equipped for his purpose, Doug expects to make his next picture there. He is keen to try his luck among the cinematic artists of the Old World, who would be his advisers.

But it seems that Doug will have to hurry or Uncle Carl Laemmle will have all the Old World artists corralled in Universal City.

The Busy Von

I've been trying to find out when Erich von Stroheim will actually begin shooting "The Wedding March." As he is considered among the greatest of directors, I have put forth a special effort to discover his activities.

The voice of Von came to me over the telephone the other day for the first time in months. He told me he had been away in the mountains rewriting the script for his story. The wary Paramount officials are making him do all the cutting of scenes in the script instead of in the film. Paper is cheaper than celluloid. It is rumored around that he had written an ending for the picture which didn't suit the powers—no pun upon the name of the redoubtable Pat—that be. When he called me, he had just completed the new ending, which being more cheerful, he hoped would please them.

As the story now stands, the hero, played by von Stroheim himself, will ride away to war, leaving the heroine praying in a nunnery. Whether he comes back to her or not is left to the imagination of the audience.

Von has assembled everything necessary to make this picture one of the masterpieces of realism for which he is famous. Authentic uniforms, which formerly adorned the officers of the Austrian army, were purchased and imported and now lie folded in a mighty heap in the wardrobe room of the Associated Studio, where the picture will be shot. Decorations of every kind, purchased from pawn-brokers and collectors, have been assembled to deck the bosoms of the gentlemen who will compose the von Stroheim army corps.

Among the medals pointed out to me by a former Austrian cavalry officer are the Jubilee medals, the Cross of Merit, the Grand Cross, the War Medal of 1866, Iron Crowns of the first, second and third classes, Medals of the Order of Leopold, the Order of the Golden Fleece, and many others.

Von told me he expected to be under way within four weeks. So by the time this tip reaches the public the picture, no doubt, will have begun.

Loses the Locks

I saw Jackie Coogan the other day for the first time without the Dutch bob that for six years has caused fat matrons to exclaim, "Ain't he cute!"

Jackie, in fact, has suddenly grown up. When a star of his magnitude is shorn of his infantile locks, it is an event of such importance that it has to be immortalized in a movie. So the next vehicle for Jackie—the one on which he is now engaged—will be entitled "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut."

The Coogan kid plays the rôle of a youthful hobo who



Spurr

Here are Constance Talmadge and her new leading man, Tullio Carminati, who formerly played opposite Duse



Autrey

The far-famed "What Price Glory?" has reached the celluloid state and Edmund Lowe has been engaged to play the hard-boiled sergeant of the "leathernecks"

beats his way to Latonia, Kentucky, scene of many racing classics, and becomes a jockey, naturally riding the winning horse in the Kentucky derby. The Jack Coogans, father and son, have already departed for Latonia, where most of the scenes will be made.

The race-horse story was written for Jackie by Gerald Beaumont. The picture will be released thru Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Not Always Fair Weather

In spite of propaganda sent out by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce calling attention to the mean average temperature of the Glorious Southland, we do have a few uncomfortably hot days in this latitude. These days are the ones invariably selected by motion picture directors for the filming of Alaskan or Siberian scenes in which the poor actors are swathed in furs.

On one such day I wandered across the Pickford-Fairbanks lot, now leased to Joe Schenck. The sound of sleigh-bells attracted me to a set where tons of salt covered everything, presenting the illusion of snow.

Two cutters emerged from the courtyard of a castle and stopped in front of the cameras. Swathed in furs, a blonde lady hastily descended from one of the sleighs, shook the prop snow from her shoulders and vanished in the castle. A director shouted, "Cut!" The actress shed her sables, kicked off a pair of galoshes, and began ardently to fan herself. I recognized her then as Constance Talmadge.

Miss Talmadge is making "The Duchess of Buffalo." It may be her last picture. She told me that she may quit the game and be plain Mrs. Mackintosh for the rest of her life.

She is fortunate in having for her leading man in the wintry picture the talented Italian, Tullio Carminati, formerly leading man and managing director for Eleonora Duse. When I saw this young man making love on the stage of a Los Angeles theater, I wondered why in the world some producer didn't nab him. But nobody took the hint until Schenck brought him back to America last fall and placed him under a two-year contract.

A Comeback

I fancy it will be pleasant to the believers in women's rights to hear that Lois Weber, who, for a long time has been the lone woman director in motion pictures, has staged a comeback.

Miss Weber was out of the running for about five years until she got a job at Universal to make a picture from Dana Burnett's "Technic." The result is called "The Marriage Clause." It is a highly creditable picture, taking into account the limitations to which the feminine director was subjected.

Billie Dove and Francis X. Bushman have the leading parts. It is in the nature of a comeback for Bushman as well as the directress. The story is a *Svengali-Trilby* affair, in which a young girl, aspiring to stage success, is taken in hand by a director who puts her over. But as she rises he descends. There is a thrilling finish in which the *Svengali* impresario pulls himself together and by force of his will compels the girl to give a triumphant performance altho she is seriously ill.

Glory for Two

More eyebrows have been arched in surprise in Hollywood over the casting of "What Price Glory?" than have been raised since Jackie Coogan proposed playing "Hamlet."

The two principal characters, the rivals of the stage-play, are a most ill-assorted pair. *Captain Flagg* is played by Victor McLaglen, the giant of "The Unholy Three." Edmund Lowe, esteemed for his suave society types, is cast as the hard-boiled *Sergeant Quirk*. The girl, *Charmaine,* is played by Dolores del Rio, the new Mexican beauty, who is of the most decided Spanish type and resembles a village maid of France about as much as she resembles Mrs. Cal Coolidge. The comparison of Señorita del Rio with Renée Adorée of "The Big Parade" will be inevitable, and no matter how well the charming señorita performs, the fact remains that she does not look the part.

Fox has expanded the war play by writing in a



Nea'son Smith

He is known by no other name than Heinie. Whenever a picture needs a dash of slap-stick or comedy relief, this very busy extra is engaged to do his stuff



Strauss Peyton

Cecil B. De Mille has a way of discovering new talent. The young man above is Kenneth Thompson—C. B.'s newest "find"

sequence that takes place in China and the Philippines in the years 1911-14.

The Light Fantastic

SUMMER in Hollywood is not without entertainment for our lighter moments. "Charlot's Revue" is running at the new El Capitan Theater, the first legitimate theater to be erected in our celluloid metropolis.

At the Orange Grove Theater in Los Angeles—a suburb of Hollywood—the inimitable "Music Hall Revue," staged by Will Morrissey, is attracting crowds of the *cognoscenti*, as well as those whose occupation is the merchandising of dairy products.

The revue is such a success that Ralph Spence, Will Morrissey and Arthur Freed have incorporated for $100,000 and will put on a series of shows at the Orange Grove. The next will be called "Polly of Hollywood."

Spence is the author of "The Gorilla." Freed is a well-known song writer. Morrissey, himself, is one of the keenest satirists of the American stage. Midgie Miller is to be starred in all the shows of the Orange Grove

Pola's Directors

IT'S just one director after another with Pola Negri. In her effort to find someone who understands her she has employed most of the directors on the Lasky lot. Ever since she stepped on American soil she has not had revealed the talent which marked her work in the German production, "Passion." And the blame has rested equally on the mediocre stories given her and on the directors. The latter have failed to understand her.

About the most successful of the directors who have handled her is Mal St. Clair, who was in charge of Pola's latest picture, "Good and Naughty." At least, he has made her bring out a sympathetic characterization—as well as establishing the fact that she knows a comedy scene when she sees it.

But St. Clair wont linger with her. He has other work cut out for him. So Pola, according to my spies on the Coast, will give Mauritz Stiller a chance to understand her moods and make the best of them. The temperamental Swedish director, who has but recently come to America, has been given a verbal barrage of bouquets by the other foreigners who handle the megaphone. Practically all of them proclaim him the master of them all.

The story goes that when he was assigned by Metro-Goldwyn to direct "The Temptress" he became so violently temperamental that no one could get along with him—and in the middle of the picture he was discharged, Fred Niblo taking his place. Now that he has found another job the public is engaged in watchful waiting to see how Pola fares under his guidance.

Stiller may be the man to lead her out of the Egypt of mediocre pictures. The cry was raised from the start that the Polish star, being a foreigner, needed a foreign director to handle her. Yet Buchowetzki failed to accomplish anything out of the ordinary when he directed her. Maybe it needs temperament to combat temperament. With Stiller having his share of it—as well as Pola, probably they'll get along very well together.

Natural Colors

RUMORS fly thick and fast on the Coast and it's difficult tackling them and bringing them to earth. One of the latest to warrant the chasing of it around the lots concerns Cecil B. De Mille. Ever up on his toes with bright ideas—ever alert as to what constitutes a "scoop" on his neighbors, C. B. is going in for natural colors—and they dont pertain to any technical process, either.

The story goes that having seen how Belasco has profited by introducing colored types in his stage production, "Lulu Belle," he will do a story based on Negro life—carrying the tentative title of "Porgy."

C. B. is ever after novelties. He knows as well as the next man who walks with his eyes open that the dark-skinned South Sea Islander is not so much in popular favor these days—that the public is fed up with the brown *Peter Pan* of the Pacific. And so, if the story contains an ounce of truth, he will concentrate one of these days on a deep-hued brunette.

But he will have to work fast. Reports have it that Monta Bell has ambitions to make a picture with Negro

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H. R. H. the GRAND DUCHESS



Corinne Griffith will know a thing or two about the pomp and ceremony of court life when she finishes "Into Her Kingdom." As the Grand Duchess *Tatiana*, she is privileged to make her toilette just like *Judy O'Grady* and all the ladies of lesser rank



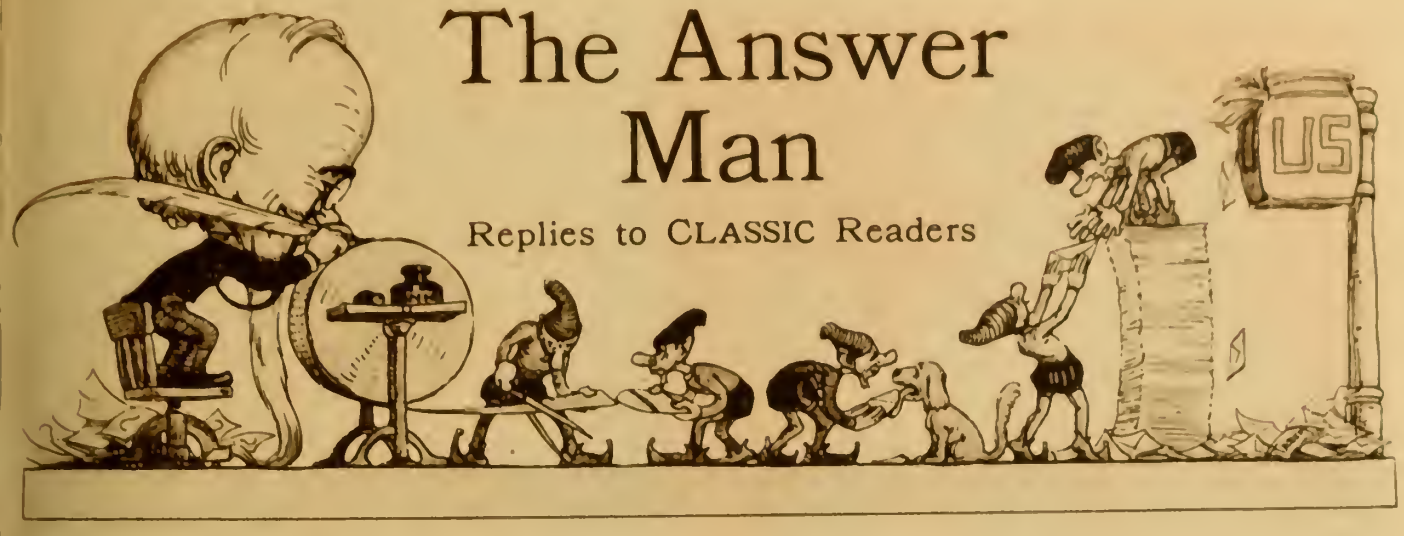


A duchess can even be unhappy. When she tries to occupy a throne which is ten sizes too large for her, you wish she could kick over the traces and enjoy herself

Above, Corinne demonstrates that she can wear a crown even if she is unable to see the king with both eyes. Those pesky top-pieces have a way of slipping sideways just like the caps of the Prince of Wales. At the right, Corinne as *Tatiana* sports a gorgeous pink satin court gown. It is embroidered in brilliants, pearls and silver beads and carries a train made of a thousand ermine tails attached to a high collarette of ermine. Some robe!

The Answer Man

Replies to CLASSIC Readers



THE ANSWER MAN is at your service. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear in **THE CLASSIC**, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address. Address: The Answer Man, Motion Picture Classic, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ENVY.—Cherio! So you were right in the midst of the strike in London. Guess it was pretty exciting. John Barrymore and Dolores Costello are to be co-starred in "Manon Lescaut."

MARY A.—Fire away! This is the month for it. You say: "Your brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass, wherein my imaginations run like sands, filling up time." Ricardo Cortez's real name is Jacob Krantz. And now you want the life story of Ramon Novarro. I'll see what I can do. At this writing he is in New York.

HENRY P.—Well, what class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The Belles? You want a picture of Buck Jones. That ought to be easy. And you like Irene Rich in sad love story scenes. She is good at that, isn't she? There's been a change. Eric von Stroheim is not to direct Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial" after all.

LYNN.—Yes, it is $15.00 per. And you dont believe it. At twenty he thinks he can save the world; at thirty he begins to wish he could save part of his salary. William Boyd is playing in "Man o' War" with Jetta Goudal.

PEGGY F.—Listen here, Peggy. I only answer questions for this magazine and the *Motion Picture Magazine*, the latter being the first motion picture magazine in existence, and that's not maybe. So you think Mae Murray is really beautiful. I guess you are not alone. Norma Shearer in "Up Stage."

KITTY.—Say, I'm not a weather bureau, how do I know whether Elinor Faire and William Boyd are always going to be happy. You never know when there's going to be a storm. Yes, Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Betty Blythe is expected back in New York in August to fulfill a vaudeville engagement.

BEN C.—I dont know about the greatest battle of screen giants, altho I never will forget the fight between Tom Santschi and Bill Farnum in "The Spoilers" at the opening of the Strand, in New York City, in 1914. I think the greatest would be between Tom and Hobart Bosworth. You know Mary Pickford is in Europe at this writing. Address Buck Jones at Fox Studios, 1402 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

IRENE H.—Well, you know, Irene, the more idle a woman's hand, the more occupied her heart. You remind me of this little verse:

I wish I was a little rock
Away up on a hill;
A doin' nothing all day long
But just a sittin' still.
I wouldn't work, I wouldn't sleep
I wouldn't even wash;
I'd just sit still a thousand years
And rest myself, by gosh!

So your favorites are Douglas Fairbanks and Mae Murray. But you wouldn't want to see them play together, would you? Mae Murray is playing in "Altars of Desire."

BIG BOY.—The "grand dame" you refer to who is so aristocratic as mother, dowager, and royal personages of advanced age is Kate Lester, but she is of the old Suydams of New York and that is her name. She has a firm background, having played with Richard Mansfield, John Drew, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlowe, William H. Crane, Henrietta Crossman, Robert Mantell and all the rest of them. Norman Kerry is playing in "Love Me and the World Is Mine."

MONSIEUR G.—Wee, wee, but men love at first and most warmly; women love last and longest. This is natural enough; for nature makes women to be won and men to win. You can reach William Haines at Metro-Goldwyn, Culver City, California. Thanks for the invitation, I would like very much to run out to Illinois just to give the "girls a treat."

BETTIE K.—I should say these whiskers of mine are warm. You can reach Greta Garbo at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California. Alice Joyce is to be featured in the next W. C. Field picture, "So's Your Old Man." Adolphe Menjou in "The Ace of Cads." Vilma Banky and Agnes Ayres in "The Son of the Sheik." Why Dolores Costello weighs about 120 pounds.

HELEN S.—Yes, Monte Blue has a little daughter, Barbara Ann, born on April 5th. Fox are producing "Is Zat So," with Virginia Valli. Wanda Hawley and Gareth Hughes in "The Totem Pole Beggar." Syd Chaplin's next is "The Cuckoo's Nest" from an old English play. See you later, Helen.

CONNIE P.—Just address Corinne Griffith at the United Studios H. B. Warner has been signed for a lead in Metro-Goldwyn's "The Temptress." Yes, Francis X. Bushman in "Butterflies in the Rain." with Laura LaPlante. Run in again some time, when you can stay longer.

CAROLYN O.—That's all right, there are nearly 1,400 devices patented by women in this country. Peggy Joyce did play in a picture some time ago, "The Skyrocket," and she is to make some more for Associated Exhibitors.

FELIX.—I'm right on hand, always at the question post. You're right, love is the beginning, the middle and the end of everything. Greta Nissen weighs about 110 pounds. You say you know for a positive fact Harold Lloyd likes radishes. Maybe he likes red. John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast," "Don Juan" and "Manon Lescaut."

J. U. C., MANILA.—I dont think Alma Rubens and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, went to Manila on their honeymoon as anticipated. William Cody's initial starring picture for Associated Exhibitors will be "The Galloping Cowboy" with Florence Ulrich, sister to Lenore.

WILD KID, SINGAPORE.—So, F. A. S., 90-B Bukit, Temah Road, Singapore, S. S., would like to join one of the correspondence clubs. Take it easy, girls. I'm sorry, old man, but I dont happen to know the price of Buck Jones' hat. You mean the broad brimmed cowboy hats. Better send for a Sears-Roebuck catalog, Chicago, Illinois. Ruth Clifford is married to James A. Cornelius.

MORRIS K.—Well, to educate a man is to form an individual who leaves nothing behind; to educate a woman is to form future generations. Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1914, and he is playing in "Johnny-Get-Your-Hair-Cut."

ISABELLE J.—Yes, Leatrice Joy and her brother, Billy, came over to Brooklyn to see us. She was very popular around the magazine offices, Leatrice was quite at home, and we were sorry not to have her with us longer. So you want Ronald Colman to read "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Do you think he should?

BLANCHE K.—Well, Natacha Rambova doesn't tell her age, and neither does Jean Acker. Valentino has been married only twice.

MRS. H. M.—You're quite right, the more women have risked the more they are willing to sacrifice. Yes, Valentino lives at Beverly Hills, California. George O'Brien is playing in "The Story of Mother Machree."

EVELYN G.—Well, you know that Richard Barthelmess was

(*Continued on page* 90)

THE Celluloid CRUISE of the Continents



Marietta Millner, the Austrian star, has been engaged for Universal's 'round-the-world pictures



Among those who will be featured on this globe-encircling tour with Kleigs and camera is Jack Trevor, an English actor



Wide World Photos

On any cruise of the continents you would naturally expect the Germans to be represented. Which accounts for Elga Brink, one of Berlin's leading picture stars

FOR the first time in motion picture history Universal will produce three encircling-the-globe pictures. The idea is a result of conferences arranged by Carl Laemmle, the chief mogul of Universal, while abroad last year. The company was gathered together in Germany and production has already been started on the first of the films, "The Woman Without a Name."

When the troupers reached New York, they immediately set sail for Havana and environs to take exteriors. Eventually the two-part feature will be finished in San Francisco and Universal City.

The title of the other picture is "Forbidden Kisses" and the itinerary calls for visits to Honolulu, Shanghai, Tokyo and other Oriental cities. The return to Germany, where the interiors will be filmed—will be over the trans-Siberian railroad.

The celluloid tourists will be under the leadership of George Jacoby, the European director. He is known in this country for his production of "Quo Vadis."





THOMAS MEIGHA



—A Home Portrait.

...ls who are ...ke Constance Talmadge

...rizewinners in our One-Week Competition



Constance Talmadge.



...is Budge, Southsea, ...inner of the prize of £1.



Jenny Eglon, Whitby, winner of a consolation prize.



D. Darby, Plumstead, winner of a consolation



Reine Chesson, Enfield, winner of a consolation

It's the Personality That Counts

(*Continued from page 19*)

proves conclusively that as appraisers of prospective screen talent our producers and experts would make good piano tuners.

Bring on the Defects

Why deal in a lot of moss-covered theories, when there are plenty of real facts staring them right in the face? To puncture the light-eye theory, it is only necessary to refer to a list of our screen favorites, and we find: Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Marion Davies, Douglas Fairbanks, Fred Thomson, Eugene O'Brien, Reginald Denny, Thomas Meighan, Lillian Gish, Vilma Banky, Renée Adorée, May McAvoy, Blanche Sweet, Corinne Griffith, Dolores Costello, Anna Q. Nilsson, and others with decidedly light-colored eyes.



Bull

Jack Pickford

Yet only the other day I heard a well-known producer reject a young actor who appears to be one of the most likely prospects that has arrived in the film colony for many years, because "his eyes are too light." And this producer thinks he knows a great deal about the picture business.

I have seen producers turn down young screen prospects for almost every sort of reason imaginable, because of fat ankles, because of prominent noses, because their gums showed when they smiled broadly, because their eyes were too close together, because of high cheek-bones, because their ears were too large, and because their features were too small. Yet by a moment's reflection, the producer could have discovered that there are many favorites upon the screen who have one or more or all of these defects.

In fact, there seems to be no defect that completely bars a player from popularity if he or she has other pleasing qualities. There are even three popular young actresses on the screen at the present time—chivalry forbids mentioning their names—whose eyes refuse to look at the same place simultaneously.

Moss-Covered Regulations

As for the old chestnut which says that screen actresses—conversely to screen actors—should be short, there are Constance Talmadge, Eleanor Boardman, Esther Ralston, Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky, Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Irene Rich, Nita Naldi, Greta Garbo and Anna Q. Nilsson to relegate this rule into the discard.



Kenneth Alexander

Mae Murray

By all means, let us not forget regulation No. 316, which states that screen leading men should be smooth-shaven, while screen villains should boast some hirsute adornment. In the past year or so, however, this canon has been smashed to smithereens, thanks to Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, Adolphe Menjou, Lew Cody, Lewis Stone, and even Douglas Fairbanks.

If this sort of thing keeps up, we may even live to see the day when the fashion for heroes will be a complete set of chin-whiskers.

Rules, regulations, laws and dogmas—the film industry is full of them, but they dont mean anything.

They said that comedians couldn't be serious, and Chaplin proved that he could be tragic and make the public like it.

They said that comedians had to wear trick clothes and a funny mustache, and Harold Lloyd became the biggest money-maker in film history without either.

They said that comedians had to have a droll appearance and along comes the good-looking Raymond Griffith.

Why, Buster Keaton proved that a comedian doesn't even have to be funny.

They're Out of the Rut

Rudolph Valentino's rise to popularity was another setback for the rule-makers. Rudy had been knocking about Hollywood for several years trying to break into the movies. The best he ever got was a few unimportant rôles. The producers and casting agents declared that he violated rule No. 226-A—he was too foreign-looking.

The experts knew—so they said—the American public did not care for foreign players on the screen. Then came the "Four Horsemen."

Rule No. 226-A was smothered under an avalanche of foreign players who began to flood the American screen, and the panic is still on.

Valentino, who couldn't get a job because he was too foreign-looking, became the idol of the American public and the experts hurried away to draw up some new rules.



Bull Montana

It might also be mentioned that Valentino broke other rules in his ascent to film fame, his eyes being smaller and more closely together than movie dogma allowed.

Norma Shearer might be mentioned as another player who had a long struggle in breaking into the films, because she did not answer the accepted screen requirements. It was only after learning many make-up tricks and much experience before the camera that Norma discovered how to fool the experts and make them think she had a screen face.

When Douglas Fairbanks first tried his hand at the silent drama, it was predicted by many that he would be a big failure. In those days, it was a custom for all screen players to act very slowly. In fact, they moved and walked about before the camera in a very self-conscious and cumbersome manner. The idea was to register everything deliberately and with great importance to the spectator.

Fairbanks didn't know anything about this and he nearly broke the hearts of a number of experts by ignoring one of their most iron-clad rules. Doug moved and jumped about before the camera with an alacrity that made the experts shake their heads and turn thumbs down.

When Doug began to appear on the screens thruout the country, however, the public at once seized upon him as a personality refreshing and different. Instead of slowing down in his movements, Doug put on a little extra steam and soon became the biggest favorite of the day.

Symmetry Does Not Shine

It is not necessary to go into embarrassing details, but anyone who will impartially analyze the feaures of Norma Talmadge,

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Thomas Meighan



Strauss Peyton

Ramon Novarro



Muray

Milton Sills



Ronald Colman

Masters of the Motion Picture

(*Continued from page* 25)

food for thought. Furthermore, he never insults the understanding. Here, since we are all grown-ups, a courtesan is a courtesan; a pander is a pander. We are made to feel the reality of these *genre* portraits despite their romantic background.

The Art of Satire

LUBITSCH'S social satires, such as "The Marriage Circle" and "Kiss Me Again," force themselves even more easily into the category of masterpieces.

There is less glitter to dazzle your eyes. The nature of these films is simpler, as the highest art is nearly always the simplest. While dealing with more trivial moods, "Kiss Me Again," for instance, is created out of much characteristic movie "business." There is a sequence running several thousand feet in which the husband and wife, Monte Blue and Marie Prevost, discuss with their lawyer the most sensible method of getting their divorce. The pantomime here is tremendously funny without having any of the dynamic farce of the Harold Lloyd buffoonery. The face, hands, body of Monte Blue suddenly become an instrument that flickers before the camera lens with infinite fantasy. The film offers a brilliant psychological portrait of these frivolous but extremely human characters.

Instead of being panoramic like Griffith, who gives you a great sweep of thousands of men and horses over a span of years, Lubitsch is analytical, and prefers to film a few highly concentrated moments which have the imaginative fillup of any highly distilled beverage. It all has the effect sometimes of certain dreams in which events unfold themselves with an unearthly clarity, so that every detail of a room, of a person's speech, is imprinted on your mind.

"To see eternity in a grain of sand . . ." said the poet, Blake. And Lubitsch can see and show us eternal truths in a casual gesture, or the oscillations of Mr. Menjou's eyebrows.

Lubitsch's great stunt is that he gets all these effects with such simple means, with such *reasonable* material; like the framework of the old domestic triangle. He is so intelligent and competent as he moves from one bit of business to another that he makes pantomime, which is too often mere dumb show, have a much greater range of meaning.

There is one side of these films that I object to, however; the overtone of cynicism. Granting that sometimes the fate of an empire rests upon the proportions of a naughty woman's nose or hips, I still feel that that is not the whole story. Nine times out of ten the greatest victories are simply won by sweat, gameness, suffering. Technically, Lubitsch touches the deepest tones of his instrument; emotionally he scratches only the surface of life.



James Cruze is a master of motion. His masterpiece, "The Covered Wagon," presented the unique sight of a huge train of prairie-schooners becoming the heroes of a motion picture while the characters emerged only for moments from their rôles of cogs in a great machine

Stroheim's Grim Shadows

THOSE deeply moving experiences which I demand of a great art that almost leaves wounds and scars in the memory, come in fragments of "Greed," Erich von Stroheim's great picture. To see this is like living thru the night of one of those big storms on the Atlantic.

There were striking differences in method from Lubitsch. First, there is nearly as much shadow in Stroheim's work as there is light in Lubitsch's. Instead of trying for an effect of lightness, he wants to be ponderous and tragic.

McTeague is an uncouth and simple being of the lower classes with a tragic life-story which Stroheim sought to represent, episode after episode. It was not a picture for tenderfeet, for the film in its unflinching realism goes down to the very dregs of life.

In my memory the picture divides itself into two parts: the action in the city up to the murder and the flight of *McTeague* to the desert. The early scenes were infused with an atmosphere of drab horror and piled up incitements to crime. Stroheim used "camera angles" and light to get the most impressive lines and shadows he could. Above all, he wanted to make each set fairly drip with feeling. A master of atmosphere, he composes each scene with the idea of driving home an emotional effect rather than a picture of action. He focuses his camera from many different angles; he creeps upon things and surprises them; now he lingers over them and seems to wonder about them.

Camera Angles

I DONT know who first invented these "camera angles." At any rate, Stroheim uses them with telling effect. Finding that you can get startling results by suddenly devoting the whole spread of the screen to a few small things, or even part of one thing, they let it sweep about their material like a huge, superhuman eye, now looking at something from close by, now from below, now from twenty stories above. And these queer "angles," when used with artistry, helped to emphasize some things above others, to fix, in short, certain impressions in your head. It gives the camera an amazing grip on you.

In the early scenes of "Greed" there is a shot of the wedding group advancing up the narrow stairway of *McTeague's* house, seen from the top of the hallway. From the point at which you see them, they all look peculiarly distorted, flattened. There is something uncanny about this effect, and it gives you a nameless fear, which is just one of the moods Stroheim wants to evoke.

It was these new and terrible sensations of deep shadows and masses, of heavy tragic movements that I got from "Greed."

For cinema compositions that aim at atmosphere, the early scenes of "Greed" have not yet been excelled by American work.

There is a group of films which seem to represent a completely different technique and mood from the Lubitsch-Stroheim variety. I mean the advocates of *motion*.

An Advocate of Motion

ONE of the classic examples of this type was James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon." It was a unique thing to see a huge train of prairie-schooners become the hero of a motion picture, while the characters emerged only for moments from their minor rôles of cogs in a great machine. The drama of the covered wagons from the formation of the train, thru its trials and quarrels, to its final haven at the sea coast was an amazing spectacle, as miraculous as anything we may read in Marco Polo.

It is pure movie stuff again at its best. In no other form could you have had such a sensation of space, of the infinite sweep of desolation, which these winding trains traversed. It was only because Cruze really cared for those things that he got so much of the magnificent surging movements of this nomadic horde of cattle and men. The journey of the covered wagons is really the whole story of this film. To us it had also the added significance of picturing the barbarous, pioneer side of America, which, recent as it is, is already forgotten.

It is well that Cruze commemorated brilliantly another colorful phase of American life: the rise of the movie industry itself. "Hollywood" was really a much better film than most people imagined. It was a satire upon the life of the preposterous world of Holywood that made us realize just how topsyturvy and crazy things were over there. The farcical incidents in which the group of innocents who set out to conquer the movie capital are immersed increase in speed and absurdity until it is all perfectly mad.

One of the best sequences was the dream scene, in which the hero rows thru the

(*Continued on page* 83)

The Changeable Chaplin

(*Continued from page* 17)

only partly worth while if I did not see Chaplin. I went to a telephone and called up Samuel Goldwyn, and he endeavored to get in touch with the comedian. He called me back and said that while he had not been able to communicate with Chaplin he had ascertained that the screen celebrity would not leave for several days.

The following afternoon I received a message from Mr. Goldwyn saying that he had made an appointment for me with Chaplin in his studio. I was elated, and punctually I went to the fun - maker's workshop, where I met Chaplin's manager, Alfred Reeves, who has been with the comedian since the nights Chaplin played in "A Night in an English Music Hall." I made known to Mr. Reeves the reason for my presence, but he appeared to be blissfully ignorant of the comedian's whereabouts. He did not say that Charlie would not come, but neither did he appear to think that he would. He was non - committal and evidently he decided to make my visit as interesting as he could. He went over the same description he had obviously done for hosts of others in similar circumstances.



Here is Chaplin with Jo Davidson, the famous sculptor, who has just completed a clay portrait of the comedian's head

Mr. Reeves and I entered Chaplin's combination office and dressing-room and in a somewhat distracted way the manager pointed to two pairs of very large shoes.

"There are his boots, the ones he wears for the screen," observed Mr. Reeves.

Hanging above the absurd shoes was the little tail coat, the shapeless trousers, and above them, the little derby. It was all very interesting to look at these props, but where was Chaplin? He was almost an hour late. Mr. Reeves still appeared to be wondering why I should think that he would come, and he turned the conversation to stage settings, as his eyes wandered to several telegrams arranged neatly on the comedian's desk.

I was leaning back in Chaplin's favorite chair and Reeves was ascertaining the business done by "The Gold Rush," at Grauman's Egyptian Palace, when a prepossessing, active man, his hair well-touched with grey, sprang up a few steps and threw open the screen door. It was Charlie. He had kept the appointment after all. Telegrams did not interest him, but he was pleased to hear that his latest picture had sold out at the matinée. He was dressed in a well-cut grey, striped suit and wore spotless white shoes, and only when he smiled did he remind one of the sympathetic character one has seen so much on the screen.

He remained only three minutes in his office, and then we left the building, in front of which was waiting his Rolls-Royce runabout and his Japanese chauffeur. The chauffeur jumped up in the back seat and Charlie steered the machine to the Montmartre, which, when we entered, was almost empty. Only the head waiter recognized the comedian. We took seats at a table near a window, and soon we were talking of Thomas Burke, of Phil May, the black-and-white artist; of old London, of the Karno comedians and of Charlie's first overcoat with an astrakhan collar.

His Picture Ideas

"You know I believe in tenderness in stories," Chaplin said in the course of the conversation. "It is a great help in pictures, provided you can express it with sincerity. In 'The Gold Rush,' when I am a millionaire, you will see that I cant resist picking up a cigar butt. This reflects the mood of many persons who have experienced a bitter struggle in early life.

"To this day I fight against extravagance in make-up, as I constantly think what it would have cost me in the old music-hall days, when a shilling was a shilling. Even now I economize on the crêpe hair I use for my mustaches, and when I throw away some of this stuff I recall that I would not have done so in the early London days. This crêpe hair costs about a nickel a yard, but there you are. On the other hand, I sometimes call off work for the day and pay a hundred men who haven't done a stroke, just because I am not in the mood to act or direct."

It was nearly five o'clock when Chaplin drove me to the Ambassador Hotel, and he promised that I would soon see him again.

My next sight of Chaplin was at a dinner where the host served cocktails, and, what is not unusual, Charlie was late. All the other guests had arrived long before he appeared with his wife. He was cheerful, when he appeared, and he looked very fit. He was offered a cocktail, but refused it, asking the servant whether he could have a glass of water. That evening he imitated some of the local musical persons and his mimicry made everybody laugh.

This man of moods often is the cause of much disappointment, especially to a host or a hostess giving a dinner. It is nice to be able to say that Mr. Chaplin will be present, but when you know that most of the people have come to see Chaplin and he does not put in an appearance, it makes it quite trying for those who are entertaining, especially when, at times, they are well aware that some of the guests have broken previous engagements hoping to meet and talk to the comedian. And it not infrequently happens that Mr. Chaplin's faithful Japanese calls up and says:

"Mister Chaplin very sorry but so ill cannot come to dinner —he very sorry."

Often this results in the host or the hostess not feeling the least compassion regarding Charlie's indisposition.

Enjoys His Moods

Chaplin impresses one as if he rather enjoyed his moods. He wants to be different and when it strikes him suddenly that he cant stand going to a certain function nobody could make him change his mind.

I had an engagement with him for dinner on another occasion. The Japanese servant called up and announced that Mr. Chaplin was going to have Sir Henry and Lady Wood with him and that we were all going to see "The Gold Rush" after dinner.

"I will be ready at seven o'clock," I said.

"Very well," said the Japanese, timidly.

Ten minutes passed and the telephone rang again.

"Mr. Chaplin say Sir Henry—Lady Wood not coming, but Mr. Chaplin meet you at seven-thirty," breathed the Japanese.

Five more minutes passed. The yellow man was again on the telephone:

"Mr. Chaplin call for you at your hotel at seven-thirty — but you know — Mister Chaplin not always there on time—sometimes he little late."

To my surprise, instead of having to wait that evening for Chaplin, he turned up five minutes early. We went to dinner at a restaurant opened by one of his players, and there I had the experience of listening to Raymond Griffith, who speaks only in a husky whisper, and Charlie talking over picture plays and people. Later we drove to the theater, and hardly a soul (and that was in Hollywood) knew that the good-looking man next to me was the chief player in the feature being screened. He was the only man who did not laugh that evening, his whole mind being wrapt up in the music, which he wanted to change.

(*Continued on page* 83)

The Haunted Home of Movie Ghosts

(*Continued from page 33*)

popular acclaim, ghosts that bow in defeat before the remorselessness of Age—ghosts here and there that bow before the folly of extravagance and riotous living.

As the shadows of the pepper-trees flicker across the fence, it almost seems that the notes from Wally Reid's saxophone can be heard from one of the stages . . . gay, happy, tragic Wally, grinding out eight and nine pictures a year, continuing work when he had to be carried on the set, forcing a smile, making the executives think it was only another irrepressible gag.

In the distance seems to move the enigmatic, courtly figure of William Desmond Taylor, whose murder created one of the unsolved mysteries in recent years . . . and just beyond is a girl in golden curls that he is directing; Mary Miles Minter, another ghost, at the age of twenty-two. her film career ended—because of the tragedy.

Just Memories

James Neill, the character actor, passes in the flesh. As he looks on the ruins, he murmurs the verse quoted at the beginning of this story—"I feel like one who walks alone, some banquet hall deserted——" Neill played in the very first picture made on this lot.

"What memories! What memories!" he said to me. "I remember the early days, when that old barn at the corner was the whole studio. I owned the only automobile—an old Buick. It was the sole car parked under the pepper-trees of Vine Street, where now there are hundreds. Jesse Lasky walked to work, and so did Cecil De Mille, and Samuel Goldwyn. Dustin Farnum, the star, owned a car in New York, but he hadn't brought it out with him. The studio, for its location trips, had three old Pope-Hartfords. Later Mr. Lasky purchased a small foreign car."

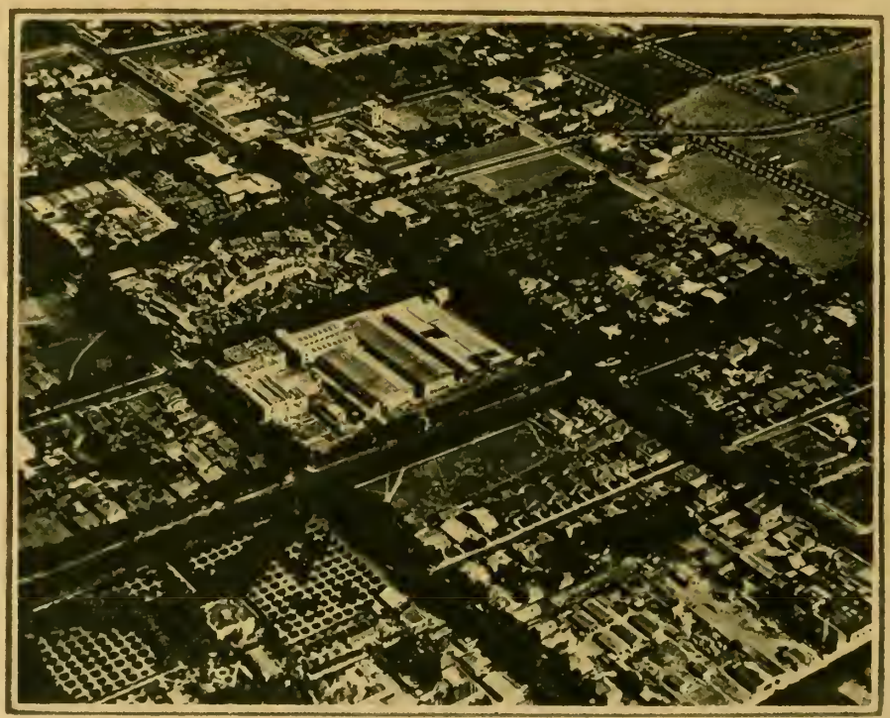
Dustin Farnum! Why, isn't that his name on the Orpheum 24-sheet across the street, advertising him in "The Littlest Rebel"? One rubs one's eyes.

Dustin Farnum, the man who missed an opportunity to make a million on this very spot! He and Lasky and De Mille and Goldwyn were the original four partners in the concern. The other three put in $5,000 apiece. Farnum was to get his quarter interest in stock in return for acting in the first picture, "The Squaw Man." At the last minute he decided he wanted the $5,000 in cash, and gave back the stock, and the other three took it reluctantly because they had a hard time finding the $5,000. Today, if Farnum had retained the stock, it would be worth more than $1,000,000, not to speak of the many dividends. But he took the $5,000 . . . and is still playing on the Orpheum, so the billboard says.

Onward Stalk the Shadows

In the tide of traffic that swirls by, one sees another ghost, a chastened, somewhat shrunken ghost with a serious face, who passes in an unobtrusive, inexpensive car. He casts a pondering glance at the partially demolished studio. Whatever may be his thoughts, they are well hidden behind the immobile mask of his countenance. It is Fatty Arbuckle, and the door which he is now hurrying past is the same to which he used to drive with a grand flourish in a red-and-gold custom-built automobile. Today he is on his way to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, where he is directing under the name of William Goodrich.

Ghosts of dead heroes and heroines, of men and women who laughed and loved in the celluloid world of make-believe, haunt the spot. Most of them worked there, all of them knew it as a landmark: Edward S. Abeles, Harry Woodruff, Bobby Harron, Alan Holubar, the director, all dead. Glorious Barbara La Marr, who died at the pinnacle of fame; Harold Lockwood, victim of the "flu" epidemic, and brave Larry Paton, who paid the price in France. Arthur Johnson and John Bunny passed away before this studio was well known, but Bunny's leading lady, Flora Finch, recently appeared in a small rôle in Gloria Swanson's latest Paramount picture. Charles Ogle, the character actor, is retired and living at Long Beach, California. He has no telephone—because the casting directors insist on trying to lure him back to the screen.



Here is a bird's-eye view of the Lasky Studio in Hollywood which is being dismantled. Famous Players are erecting a new studio, the plans calling for enough floor space to take care of eleven enormous stages

Fill the Cup and Toast Them

How the ghost names haunt this famous world of filmdom! Like Napoleon's conquering army, the ranks are always full, for as soon as one hero falls, another steps in to fill the gap!

Florence Turner stopped a moment on the avenue to look at the scene of destruction. Once a shining light of movie stardom, she recently returned to the screen in mother rôles. Moths in the flame. . . .

Ruth Roland, the heroine of thrillers, dressed in a chic business suit, slows down in her car to pay passing tribute. She is on her way to close a big business deal, for Ruth is now a real-estate operator of note in Los Angeles. Her name is posted on countless lots in the city.

Bryant Washburn enters the gates—on his way to hold a short conference with Raymond Griffith. Five years ago he was a big star on the lot. Raymond Griffith was then an unknown. Today Griffith is a big star—and Washburn recently returned to the screen, playing a second lead in support of Griffith.

"Life's all right—as long as you have a sense of humor," he smiled in passing.

Time Was When——

The faint ghostly trilling of soprano notes recalls Geraldine Farrar, as famous in pictures as she was on the operatic stage. She is now in retirement so far as both arts go, and is living at Ridgefield, New Jersey.

A shadow from the land of the Rising Sun is Sessue Hayakawa, who recently returned to this country from France, where he has been making pictures. Once he was famous in Hollywood. Today there is a younger generation that scarcely knows him. He is now trying his luck on the stage.

Dapper Charlie Chaplin rides by on his way to his own lot. He casts a passing glance at Pola Negri's bungalow. . . .

A doorway of the star dressing-room building that is being torn down reveals the name of Kathlyn Williams . . . she has retired from the screen, and is living abroad with her husband, Charles Eyton. Another doorway reveals the name of Betty Compson, now Mrs. James Cruze. She is now featured in all-star casts . . . but her friends are predicting she will come back—to stardom.

In the Days of the Nickelodeon

Memories . . . memories . . . Carlyle Blackwell is in vaudeville in England. Fanny Ward is retired and living in Paris, and so is Pearl White. Maurice Costello is on the stage in this country, but his two beautiful daughters. Dolores and Helene, are "carrying on" the Costello name in the films with tremendous success. James

(*Continued on page 78*)

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By MADAME JEANNETTE

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Shade of powder wanted. . . . . .

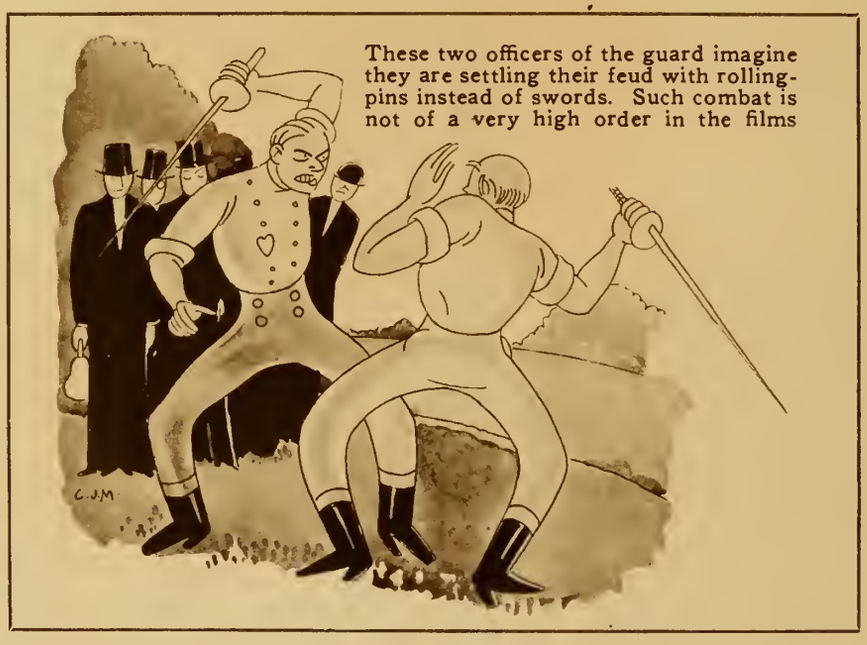
This coupon void after Nov. 5, 1926

It Is To Laugh

(*Continued from page* 41)

called Mr. Pollock's attention to it and he had the uniform changed. This mistake, I am informed, was entirely due to the costumer. In that delightful musical comedy of German life, "The Student Prince," the military uniforms and court costumes in it are purely fanciful and not in the least accurate. They would have been just as brilliant and much more effective had they been correct.

The most common error seen on both the stage and the screen in connection with military uniforms, is that of side arms worn with foreign military dress. It rarely seems to occur to a producer that each army has regulations of its own regarding the form of the sword and the manner in which it should be worn, so they provide U. S. sabres for all types of foreign officers, and the actors wear them hooked up in the manner prescribed for our officers, regardless of the regulations of the army of which they are supposed to be members. Once in a while a striking exception to this rule is seen. The thing which I enjoyed most in "The Phantom of the Opera" was watching the unconscious ease and correct manner in which the actor who played the part of the lover wore his sword. I wish that I could remember his name so that I could mention it here. In one of the "Zenda" pictures there was also a group of officers who wore their swords in the Continental manner, hanging from a single sling, as if they had so worn them all their lives.



These two officers of the guard imagine they are settling their feud with rolling-pins instead of swords. Such combat is not of a very high order in the films

Military Mistakes

JUST because our army officers wear their sword belt outside the coat is no reason why producers should consider that officers in all armies do so. As a matter of fact, with many types of uniform, the belt is almost always worn under the coat, and our officers are about the only ones who hook up the sabre when dismounted. With all service uniforms, the belt is, of course, worn over the coat, but the sword in many armies, when worn with it, is passed thru a frog.

Foreign military equipment, other than side arms, is another thing which is often incorrectly worn. Of course, no actor should be expected to know how to wear such articles as *arguillettes, sabre-taches*, despatch pauches and sashes, but someone connected with the production should know and see that they are worn properly.

Foreign uniforms, other than those worn in the World War, are rarely correct as shown on the stage or the screen. I have seen "Carmen" several times, both on the stage and in pictures, and I have never yet seen it presented with real Spanish uniforms showing the proper insignia of rank. The usual method of marking the rank of the corporal who is later reduced to a private, is to have him wear a pair of two-bar chevrons in the first act and leave them off in the second. Now in the Spanish army, rank for both officers and non-commissioned officers is indicated by means of bands of gold or silver braid, or scarlet cloth, encircling the cuff, a corporal having three stripes of scarlet cloth.

From about 1750 until 1812, it was the custom in most armies, including our own, for officers to wear one or two epaulets according to rank; general and field officers wearing one on each shoulder; captains, one on the right shoulder; and lieutenants, one on the left shoulder. In all of the Colonial and Revolutionary period plays and pictures which I have seen, I can only recall one instance in which all officers, regardless of their rank, did not wear two epaulets.

The further back the supposed period of the picture, the greater seems to be the percentage of error. "When Knighthood Was in Flower," the scenes of which were laid in the time of Henry VIII, was well costumed, while "Robin Hood," a picture of the time of Richard the Lionhearted, was full of technical errors. One of the most noticeable of these was the wearing of quivers for arrows suspended from the shoulder, instead of from the hip. Imagine the difficulty of trying to draw quickly a cloth yard shaft from a case hanging down the back!

Sword play and knife fighting as seen in motion pictures is not usually of a very high order, but sometimes really remarkable work is done along these lines. The duel in "Scaramouche" was an excellent example of small sword play, while the fight on horseback in "Under the Red Robe" was certainly a thriller. The best knife fight which I ever saw on the screen was in "Orphans of the Storm." No real knife fighter ever places his thumb on the pommel and strikes downward from the shoulder; he puts it along the flat of the blade and thrusts straight out from the hip. The fight in "Orphans of the Storm" was done by the latter method and was most realistic.

Oh, For the Styles of Yesterday

COMING down to modern days and civil dress, I wonder why it is that in most pictures all clothing since the Civil War is the same as that of today. When I was a boy, the hoopskirt had gone out, but the ladies wore in its place the bustle, and their dresses had long trailing pleated skirts. Men of standing in the community wore high hats, frock coats and striped trousers, and often carried gold-headed canes. As a young man, I remember wearing a short tan overcoat reaching scarcely below the hips, a stiff-bosomed white shirt, and a straight and very high collar. Trousers at that time were rather large and without a crease and the soft hat of today was practically unknown in the East, the derby being the almost universal head covering for the male sex, except in formal dress when the silk hat, or opera hat, was worn. The ladies at that time favored gowns with large puff sleeves, and wore wide-brimmed hats.

In the 90's, when the bicycle rage hit the country, the men took to knickers and the ladies to ankle-length skirts, shirt-waists and straw sailor hats. When the bicycle craze had run its course, the men resumed their long trousers and knickers were not seen again until the popularity of golf brought them once more into use. About 1890, the soft shirt with turn-back cuffs replaced the one with the stiff bosom and cuffs, as an article of wearing apparel for the male sex; and early in the twentieth century the ladies began to tighten and shorten their skirts and reduce the size of their hats until eventually the abbreviated skirt and small head covering of the present time was evolved.

Very few of these changes in dress, which have all occurred within the past fifty years, are shown in motion pictures.

Mr. Blakeslee, the author of "It Is To Laugh," is a Consulting Costume Expert. He is an authority on detail and nothing escapes his vision. Where the rest of us may discover a few irrelevant points, he discovers many. There is scarcely a picture or play which does not need "doctoring" to carry out a similitude with realities. But the producers continue to err—and this calls for him and the rest of us to ask—"What's wrong with this picture?"

Mr. Blakeslee is one of many brilliant writers who have been engaged to write feature articles for the CLASSIC. He knows his subject thoroly—and our readers may look forward to future numbers which will carry his entertaining ideas.

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If free booklet only is wanted, check here ☐

Impressions of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 45)

sort of church which was formerly occupied by the Theosophists, and it is very picturesque and quaint.

Gardner is quite youthful and prepossessing—particularly in the costume and make-up in which he entered, just having come from a rehearsal of a scene in "The Amateur Gentleman," in which he is giving Dick Barthelmess a battle for the honors. He proudly showed me some of his old books and rare prints, which I enjoyed quite as much as viands and cigars.



The latest craze to hit the feminine portion of the country is the pastime of making hooked rugs. Here are Marian Nixon and her sister, Linda, at the new art—making rugs for Marian's new home

Drinking Tea With Jack Dempsey

ESTELLE TAYLOR invited me over recently to meet her husband and you can bet I went, because I had not yet met Jack Dempsey, who is perhaps the most popular man on this little ant-hill of ours that we call the world. They sent their Rolls-Royce to take me there, and when we drew up in front of a pretty bungalow in a fine neighborhood I did not realize that this was the house that Jack built. It looked nothing like Jack, outside or in, but it did look like Estelle Taylor. Everything looked nice and neat and tidy, and there were no signs of boxing-gloves or sports. Estelle and a few other ladies were there, but no Jack—he was expected to return from his training camp at any minute.

While we were talking, a green parrot walked in and joined in the conversation. He belonged to Estelle and soon proved that he did. Then a maid wheeled in a tea-wagon full of sandwiches, cakes, tea and other delicacies, and I was informed by one of the ladies that the tea-set (a very choice one) was a Christmas present from Jack to Estelle. And I thought to myself, Jack has mighty good taste. I partook of the delicacies slowly, because I was impatient to prolong things and see Jack.

A Genial Host

I COULD not imagine Jack sitting in that dainty drawing-room drinking tea! I simply couldn't get myself to believe that he was coming. But shortly we heard a car outside, then a key turning in the front door, and then a voice saying to the maid, "It's only me, the iceman." It was not a heavy, bass voice, as I had expected, but quite a boyish one. And then the young giant walked in. He was dressed quite like any other ordinary business man, not loudly, nor coarsely, but neatly. He kissed Estelle affectionately, smilingly shook hands with the other ladies and then grasped my hand. He did not look so big as I expected. He seemed only three or four inches taller than myself and not quite so plump. His figure looked well formed and not overmuscular nor ungainly. He is not handsome but decidedly likable. He has personality and charm, and he talks quite like anybody else, using good language.

Then he sat down by my side, took up a dainty teacup and saucer in his big hand and drank. Then he took an olive and two or three immature sandwiches, a couple of candies and a fancy cake or two, and behaved himself like a *Beau Brummel*. Not a word about sports and fighting. We talked about pictures some and he said that he liked to see them but believed he wasn't much of an actor. "I was in a picture at Universal and I was supposed to feel very badly about something—in fact, I had to cry, but they couldn't get me to do it, try as I would. They made me look at bright lights, put onions in my eyes, vaseline, and everything else, but I couldn't make myself cry."

Touring the Dempsey Manse

"WELL, I can make you cry, Jack," said I. "You go down and see 'Stella Dallas.' and I'll bet $100 your eyes will moisten." Estelle doubted it, and so she took the bet, and we put up the money. We're all going together, and I'm hoping to get that $200 pot!

After "tea" I was shown thru the house at my request. You just ought to see Jack's bedroom! It is chuck-full of pink silk pillows, fancy dolls, perfumes, dainty laces, and so on, and the bed is ivory-colored with fluffy lace coverings. Of course, this is really Estelle's room, but I know that he bought a lot of the stuff himself, and that he likes it, and that he is just as fond of perfumes as she is.

But in another room there is an athletic device that looks quite masculine, and a big clothes closet containing at least twenty suits of men's clothes hanging on a pole.

Then they showed me a lot of small pet dogs—some beauties, too—and I wondered if these were Jack's. No, they weren't—they were Estelle's. Jack's are huge ones and he has them out in the country.

Jack is running a hotel to keep him busy, and he likes it. He is very much like any other man—except he is the greatest fighter on earth.

That Semon Chap

I RAN across my old friend, Larry Semon, the other day, and he took me over to the F. B. O. studio, where he is doing a five-reel comedy called "Spuds." Years ago I thought that Larry would by now be giving Lloyd, Chaplin and Keaton a hard run for first place, but he seemed to have gotten a bad break in the last few years and did not progress as he should. I am, however, still betting on him and hope yet to see him quite at the top among the first comedians of the screen. He showed me the first reel of "Spuds," and it is as good as anything I have seen by any of the comedians. If the other four reels are as good as the first, he has a sure winner, but—alas!—he says that they wont give him enough money to finish the picture properly. And that is the way things go. His backers must be blind!

In one of the scenes in "Spuds" is a sequence where Larry is hiding behind a couch near a steam-pipe, when a little monkey comes in and turns on the steam. This little monkey is very clever and gets twenty-five dollars a day—at least, his fat Italian master gets it. I watched them for two hours training this monkey to sneak in and unscrew the handle of the radiator, but of course they did not use the steam during these rehearsals because it would frighten the monkey. His master would make the motions of turning the handle, the monkey would look at him and imitate the movement, all the time cheeping his willingness to do the best he could. He was fastened to the end of a long, thin piece of black silken cord to prevent his getting away, because, I am told, in a previous scene he escaped and for hours had a jolly time aloft among the rafters, finally getting out of the building and quite losing himself several blocks away, much to the distress of his master—but Larry himself rescued him in the back yard of a bungalow.

(*Continued on page* 85)



Lillian Gish
as "Mimi"

John Gilbert
as "Rodolphe"

LILLIAN **GISH** and
JOHN **GILBERT** in

LA BOHÈME.

KING VIDOR'S production of
STUDIO days in Paris
GOLDEN days of love, laughter and tears . . . .
AND through it all
A great undying love.
COMING to your theatre
AFTER a record breaking $2.00 run
AT the Embassy Theatre
BROADWAY'S most exclusive playhouse

Brilliant Supporting Cast Includes

Renee Adoree and Karl Dane of "The Big Parade", Roy D'Arcy of "The Merry Widow", Frank Currier of "Ben Hur", as well as George Hassell and Edward Everett Horton.

Screen story by Fred De Gresac based on Henri Murger's "Life in the Latin Quarter."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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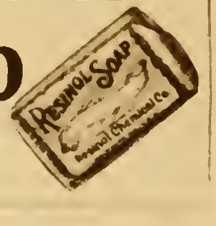
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Resinol Soap



The Disillusioned Director

(*Continued from page 30*)

I asked him why he gave up the most lucrative business of directing pictures.

"I haven't really given up my film work," he said. "To tell the truth, I have been experimenting with a fairy story at the Paramount Studio. Douglas Fairbanks wanted me to make 'The Black Pirate' with him, but I was tied up with the Paramount people and couldn't. I'm sorry, for the setting of that story had tremendous color possibilities.

"However, I intend to make *one* color picture before I give up my screen work entirely. My hobby is color. I have devoted my life to the study of color and I have a thousand theories about color valucs on the screen and of course I want to try out some of these theories."



Seely

Mabel Ballin is one of the real artistes of the screen. She is a mistress of make-up as well as characterization—and never fails to reveal sympathy and sincerity in her performances

But the note of enthusiasm that was present when he mentioned his books and his murals was absent when he discussed his work for the screen.

A Thankless Task

"MAKING pictures, especially if you are trying to make beautiful pictures, is a thankless task," he volunteered.

"You see before you a very disillusioned person! I love Hollywood and have made firm friendships among the picture people—but as a whole, and this is especially true of the producers, I find the people of the film world to be a fickle lot.

"Who was it that said there was no such thing as true friendship in Hollywood? The newest *big name* arrives here with a fanfare of trumpets, there is feasting, the Yes-Yes Chorus does its darnedest, and the film colony literally hangs on the words of the new arrival. But after the novelty and excitement has died down—the *big name* becomes a worn toy, one whose secret mechanism has been discovered—then it is time for another *big name*.

"Such a state of affairs is very discouraging to the real artist, for art thrives best in an atmosphere of appreciation.

"Art and talent are not novelties—they are things which grow richer and more prolific with time. There is little leisure in Hollywood—that may be the answer to it all! But look what they have done to Pola Negri—to Lubitsch—let us hope that Jannings does not come to America to make pictures!"

We gossiped about the German pictures and agreed that American film production will have to change radically unless we want to be beaten in the end by the very excellence of the German output.

Yes, There Is Subtle Drama

MR. BALLIN is discouraged when he thinks of the future of the American films. I have been discouraged for a long, long while, especially after viewing 'The Last Laugh' and seeing the lack of appreciation accorded the Hugo Ballins and the Maurice Tourneurs of the industry.

"They tell me," Mr. Ballin went on, with a sudden sly humor in his smile, "that I have no feeling for drama—that I *'try'* to be artistic. I was a recognized artist before I attempted directing pictures—as for drama—I confess the thriller bores me! But there is such a thing as subtle drama, the kind we find in, say, the Lubitsch pictures."

I asked him for a photograph to go with this article.

"Why do you want to print the picture of a fat, middle-aged gentleman in spectacles?" he protested, and gave me two of Mabel Ballin instead.

And when I remarked upon the charm of his home and his happy domestic life—he explained very simply, "Mrs. Ballin and I are not anxious to be famous—we want always to do the things we enjoy doing. Of course, we like appreciation—who doesn't? But we love most of all to work together—she paints, you know, and paints well."

Mutual interests, no wild bid for fame—that is the secret of one of the most contented *ménages* in the film colony.

But just the same, Hugo Ballin is a disillusioned gentleman—disillusioned when it comes to things cinematic—but otherwise a happy and contented gentleman.

He believes in himsef and his art.

The Most Quoted Man (Favorably and Unfavorably) in America—HENRY L. MENCKEN—Talks for the First Time on the Movies.

This Is But One of the Many Brilliant Articles You Will Want to Read *in the* September CLASSIC.

"Came One Spring Day; and Then—"

(*Continued from page 23*)

category, that you hadn't the chance of a bottle of iced Canadian ale in a taxicab garage on the eighth of August, they had gone out of their way to welcome me and beseech me and were even relying on that ancient axiom, "the way to a man's heart is thru his stomach." They were taking me to lunch. Consequently, I evolved "something" which started more as an experiment to see if I really could, and ended by being clasped to my bosom with a shrill cry of awakening mother love. In other words, I wrote a movie, and what is more terrible, I liked it after I had written it.

And this, as briefly as possible, is the synopsis that I read to Mr Teall and to Mr. Turner, the head of the scenario department of Controversial Pictures, (who had sent out for the Spikenard and saffron). First we had lunch, and then we entered Mr. Turner's private office, carefully stuffing all the cracks with cotton wool and chloroforming the subordinates in the outside office. Here goes the synopsis, and be it understood that all motion picture rights to it are held by me and me alone—whatever that means!

The Plot Thickens

A HANDSOME youth, bored with his sister's garden-party, finds the photograph of a beautiful girl in the living-room of his sister's house. He falls in love with the photograph. His sister dismisses his inquiries as to who the original may be by saying it is So-and-so and that she left a few days ago for a five-year visit to the Philippines. That being that, the youth is petrified a few days later, while taking a short cut thru the Grand Central Station, to see the object of his adoration about to set forth on her long voyage. Dates have never meant much to his sister, anyway. Lured by the girl's beauty, he follows her down to her train and when it starts off for the Coast, he is on board. He buys a ticket as far as a lone twenty-dollar bill will take him, and establishes himself in the smoking compartment to plan a means of meeting her. Unfortunately, before he can meet her, she meets an old college deadly rival of his and meeting her becomes even more impossible. Desperation over his lack of funds causes the youth to throw the porter off the car as the train reaches the end of his twenty dollars' worth, whereupon, with the aid of a can of friendly shoeblacking and the porter's hat and coat, he becomes the porter. Numerous highly risible scenes ensue which end by the youth's disguise being discovered and his being promptly thrown off the train. Fortunately he stumbles onto a truck that is being hijacked and drives off with it, beating the train to its destination. His rival again frustrates him and takes the girl to her ship followed by the youth in hot pursuit. Many more extremely risible scenes ensue on board the departing ship which end with the youth throwing the rival into the bay by the slack of his trousers and the boat sailing for the Philippines without the girl, who at last is safe on the pier, clasped in the youth's arms. It's a pretty thing, isn't it?

Came the Conference

PRETTY or not, such it was that I read to Mr. Turner and Mr. Teal while the cuckoos sang to the chloroformed subordinates and the cigaret smoke swirled about the cotton-wool padding. Mr. Turner was the first to break the silence that greeted the ending of my effort.

"Very good," said Mr. Turner, "very good indeed."

"The motivation is excellent," contributed Mr Teall, "tho not essentially varied. You have the angle, but not quite."

"The conflict is nebulous," continued Mr Turner, "and the menace is somewhat thin. But the idea is splendid. I mean, I really like it."

"At first," I said, (the more fool I), "I thought I would have this sister giving a garden party because she was going to Reno for her divorce——"

"Now you've *got* it!" exclaimed Mr. Teall, a demoniacal light coming into each eye. "Everybody at the garden-party is going to Reno to get a divorce. And they all get the same train. And then, by some means or other, you show the fellow doing something or other which makes all of them decide they wont get a divorce after all. That," he explained kindly to me, "is what we call human interest."

"Wouldn't it be funnier, Phil," said Mr. Turner to Mr. Teall, "if somehow this chap got to throwing all the officials off the train, first the other porters and then the conductor and finally the engineer until he was practically running the train by himself, first being all the porters, and then the conductor collecting tickets and then the engineer——"

"Great!" exclaimed Mr. Teall. "Now you certainly have it," he said, waving a hand to me. "And you want to get in some more for the girl and for the other fellow to do. They're sort of in the background. You have a great opportunity for chromatic nuance."

"Oh, yes," I replied dully, wondering if there was any chloroform left.

Just a Figurehead

"IT's a fine idea," Mr. Turner insisted, with no jot of his enthusiasm gone. "It's the best we've had in months. But you haven't quite got the angle. All you need to do is fix it up along the lines we suggested and you'll have something. You go back and work on it and put in some new ideas—by the way you might make the fellow the president of the railroad, or perhaps it would be better to make the girl's father the president of the railroad—and put in a scene somewhere where he saves somebody's life, or stops the train from getting wrecked—they like that, and then bring it back to us."

"And then what?" I said. At least it sounded vaguely like my voice.

"Why then," said Turner triumphantly, "I'll bet you it gets over!"

"Of course it will," crowed Teall, "it's a great idea. All it needs is a little fixing up—nothing at all. Good-bye," he said, opening the door for me, "don't forget your pathos and your unity and your coherence and your characterization and your sex appeal. . . ."

"Good-bye," said Turner, "be sure to remember your chronological march of events and play up your climacteric values to the full. . . ."

I dont remember saying anything.

But of course there had to be a catch in it. I knew you couldn't just up and write for the movies the way you can for the London *Mercury*, *The Atlantic Monthly* or the "Encyclopædia Britannica." And Mr. Teall and Mr. Turner really have your interest at heart and they're very anxious to get ideas from you—tho I dont know why. God knows they seem to have enough of their own.

Just the same, as soon as I get another idea, I'm going over to see them again. The braised beef tongue *à l'Anglaise* was really awfully good.

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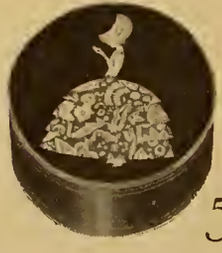
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The Haunted Home of Movie Ghosts

(*Continued from page* 68)

Cruze, once famous as a leading man, and especially famous in "The Million-Dollar Mystery," in which his ex-wife, Marguerite Snow, played opposite him, is now one of the big directors, and is filming "Old Ironsides." Miss Snow is in vaudeville. Francis X. Bushman is still in pictures, having last appeared in "Ben-Hur." J. Warren Kerrigan occasionally returns to the screen, as in "The Covered Wagon." He is living in semi-retirement in Hollywood.

King Baggott, Francis Ford, Robert Z. Leonard and Alan Hale are all directors, and Marshall Neilan, once tremendously popular as an actor, is now one of the biggest of directors.

Juanita Hansen, once a Sennett bathing beauty and later a dramatic player, is in retirement.

Betty Blythe is making pictures abroad, tho she is scarcely heard of any more. Mae Murray, another old-timer, is still going strong. Beverly Bayne is only seen at intervals on the screen.

Once Upon a Time

Lois Weber, once a star, and former wife of Phillips Smalley, who played opposite her in most pictures, is the only woman director in the business, and is making a picture for Universal. Smalley is on the stage.

Irving Cummings, an old-time hero, is directing. Mabel Normand, after a time out of pictures during which she was on the stage, has just returned and signed a half-million-dollar contract with Hal Roach. Another old-time actor is now the king of comedy producers—Mack Sennett. Theda Bara, once the vamp of vamps, is now trying to come back as a comédienne.

Mabel Van Buren, the first leading lady at the studio, has retired altogether from the screen. So have Edith Storey, Pauline Bush, Patty Darwell, Grace Cunard, Bessie Barriscale, Anita King, Marie Doro and Edna Goodrich. Marguerite Clark is married to a very wealthy New Orleans business man, and is no longer in pictures. Mae Marsh recently made a picture in England, but is now practically retired and living at Flintridge, California. She is the wife of Louis Lee Arms, well-known newspaper man, and has two charming children.

The Fast Thinning Line

Alice Joyce, once known as the "Kalem Girl," continues her old-time popularity, and recently appeared in "Mannequin" and "Beau Geste." Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan's wife, is as popular as ever, and is now appearing in "Diplomacy," which her husband is directing.

Valeska Surratt has retired and is living in New York.

Constance Binney left the atmosphere of the Kleigs some time ago in order to marry a Boston banker.

Henry B. Walthall, famed as the "little colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," after being out of pictures for some time, recently staged a comeback, as did Katherine McDonald. Marguerita Fisher is married and is playing mother rôles and second leads.

But the passing flicker of film fame, like the verdict between the gladiators and the lions in the old Roman arena, is not always unkind.

Mary Pickford is still at the top of picturedom, and so are Doug Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin. Owen Moore, Matt Moore and Tom Moore are still high in popularity. Thomas Meighan, another old-timer, so far as picture history goes, is still at the top of the heap, and Gloria Swanson is a star of stars.

Robert Edeson, Hobart Bosworth, James Neill, William S. Hart, Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Noah Beery, Wallace Beery, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, are all still receiving the rewards of popular favor. Wallace Beery, after many ups and downs, is firmly established as one of the greatest of them all, vying for honors as a character actor only with a comparative newcomer in pictures—Ernest Torrence.

Raymond Hatton is still keeping the even tenor of his way before the cameras. Marjorie Daw is still prospering before the Kleigs.

Some of them have passed clear out of the picture—into new realms. For instance, "Broncho Billy" Anderson is now running a string of race-horses at Tia Juana. And "Texas" Guinan, once famed as a picture star, is a witty *ad lib.* hostess at a New York night club. Elliott Dexter is on the stage, and so is Robert Warwick. Vivian Martin is in musical comedy.

Dear old Theodore Roberts, the "grand old man" of pictures, is gradually regaining his health after a long siege of illness, and has just appeared in his first picture in two years—"The Cat's Pajamas." He is now making a vaudeville tour. His big house on the hill, at the head of Vine Street, looks sadly down on the wrecked studio, where he came as one of the first actors, and where his portable garage, which he used as a dressing-room, was moved all over the lot as expansion began to take place.

Like Ships That Pass in the Night

Ghosts . . . ghosts that seem to tread softly in the gathering darkness, ghosts that will soon be homeless, wandering sadly thru a new maze of buildings that will spring up on this site, store buildings, cold, prosy, unromantic; buildings that will not bask gently under the pepper-trees, buildings that will not hide the glitter and pageantry of filmdom; ghosts that will turn over a dead leaf and poke into an odd corner in hope of finding a faded remnant of the studio glory that was. Ghosts that would not feel easy, ghosts who might even be unknown, should they haunt the bright modern buildings of the new studio where the army of film great, ever recruited anew, marches on and on, down the pathways of celluloid fame.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 51)

film outweighs the serious. There is where you must look to be entertained. And there are enough mirthful scenes to keep you laughing most of the way. One of them shows Chester Conklin, who is lugged out of a Detroit sausage factory to become the Prince of Spezonia. And Chester doesn't forget a single trick from his assortment. He is particularly amusing during the royal parade, when he runs to cover as the bombs begin to fly. Dix is the customary dashing American who palms himself off on the high dignitaries

(*Continued on page* 82)

It's the Personality That Counts

(Continued from page 65)

Blanche Sweet, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Richard Dix, Renee Adoree, Colleen Moore, Bebe Daniels and several other prominent screen celebrities will immediately discover that these players depart in one feature or another from the usual standards of perfection as set by the studio wiseacres.

While each and every one of them has met with outstanding success on the silver sheet, any young player having the same alleged defects as one of the above, would have a difficult time landing a contract in a Hollywood studio if the decision depended upon one of these gentlemen who like to rely upon rules and regulations.

Summing up, what do we find? That the greatest and most popular players upon the screen, from Gloria Swanson, Jack Gilbert, Douglas Fairbanks, Ronald Colman, Lillian Gish, Norma Shearer, Rudolph Valentino, Norma Talmadge, Irene Rich and Thomas Meighan down to the general run of film stars, are all breaking one or more of the laws which certain studio professors seek to use in judging new screen talent.

The reason for this phenomenon is apparent to all except the "experts."

The player who appears to have a perfect screen face and other qualifications that approach perfection, according to the "experts," very often makes rapid progress upon the screen, but as a rule their progress is of short duration. This is due to the fact that because of their asserted perfection as screen material, they are given every opportunity for advancement at the start. In the long run they usually fail, because while they may appear technically perfect, they lack that something which might be called "screen personality," which, after all, is the only thing that really counts.

Personality Counts

On the other hand, players who have the potentialities for great favorites and great artists are usually very slow in getting to the top. Once again the blame can be laid at the door of our motion-picture wiseacres who fail to note the possibilities of such players because they are looking only for exterior physical qualifications instead of the divine spark which makes the outstanding and lasting screen favorite.

Such players usually meet with great opposition and suffer many discouragements in their climb upward in the silent drama. They are rebuffed and rejected at almost every turn by men who are merely repeating a lot of chatter they have heard, after the fashion of parrots.

After watching the successful stars and struggling young players and making predictions concerning them for over ten years—predictions which have been fulfilled almost without a solitary exception—I defy any "expert" to forecast with a degree of certainty the future of any young player by means of physical qualifications or standards of any kind.

Judging from my own experiences, which have netted the writer a batting average of almost one thousand per cent. in discovering successful screen talent, there is only one method to use.

That is, watch for magnetic vibrations or what might be termed "screen personality."

If the screen player has this quality, put your money on him and forget everything else.

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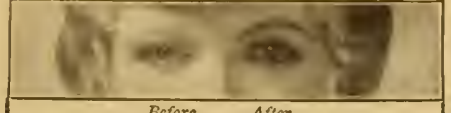
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Three Women Writers Consider the Films

(*Continued from page* 21)

or no contact with the motion picture today is not keeping abreast of the times. Can a writer afford to ignore the motion picture? One thing is certain, which is, that any writer who keeps his work and product in step with the movies can afford most anything.

Yet, here is a representative group of the foremost women writers in the world, whose opinions on the motion picture should be intelligent, valuable and constructive. Motion pictures are a newer art, but a blood relation to the printed book, which it should be their business at least to become well acquainted with.

Yet here we have the concrete feeling and expression of three great constructive minds upon the art of the motion picture, with particular reference to our method of preserving that art. It is a bitter pill for the British to swallow, this Yankee-izing of the films that once promised so much for the English producer. They make wry faces at the facts. And the facts remain, that America is in control of the world market, and when I compare American pictures with those of any other country—by and large—I find ours *do excel.*

REBECCA WEST

(*Continued from page* 20)

"All English films are bad. We have no money, cannot pay, like Hollywood, to keep up a reserve of actors for the films. We must depend rather on a group of players that must be doing other things as well. We cant have West End actors at the price we are obliged to offer them, but must take the provincial actor. The provincial actor requires a long training and by the time we had given it to him, the film field was lost to us.

"America does not seem to take seriously —from an art view, I mean—her position in this matter of a world-leader in a field of incalculable influence. We look to America for better things than she has been doing."

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

(*Continued from page* 20)

sort of literature in England, the 'penny shocker.'

"So, if I were to criticize the films in one particular more than another, I would point to this tendency of taking the life out of their stories and stuffing them with sawdust or candy or bank-notes.

"Life is so interesting, so thrilling! And I mean the ordinary every-day life of every-day people. Why dont the film people take up the middle-class life more? Of course, the middle-class life will need expert handling by accomplished story-tellers. It is so easy for anyone to weave a fanciful tale, an extravagant story, around some happening that seems to demand it. But the curious part of it is, that common, ordinary things are intrinsically interesting —if handled in an artistic manner. And by 'artistic,' I do not mean in some high-falutin way, but inspirationally treated in an honest fashion by some good literary craftsman.

"Oh, I think the films have really their biggest field still before them in this every-day life of every-day people. There will be a great impetus, a sort of renaissance, when they discover real life. Of course, they are bound to do it sooner or later."

MAY SINCLAIR

(*Continued from page* 21)

names. There are Queen's Gates, Queen's Gate Roads and Queen's Courts in every section of London, where some queen or other during the past thousand years has honored the locality by stepping her foot, or possibly sending her Equerry. It is all cut off the same piece of cloth of public sentiment with our "Washington's Headquarters." No locality is going to give up its Washington's Headquarters, even tho some stupidly honest college professor should discover that it was Booker T. Washington.

London is the same. It has its Abbey, or Queen's or King's this or that everywhere, and stubbornly holds on to them. The only way to be sure to locate the one you want is to fix firmly in your mind which section of the great city in which it may lie—W., W. C., E. C., and so on.

Having lost my bearings, it was with great difficulty, then, that I found Abbey Road.

May Sinclair lives in a little house on the corner with a bay window, just like a thousand other houses in long dismal rows. It is not a pretty part of London. There is a latched gate and a small yard in front, a brass door-knob and bell-pull, a cold entrance hall and a hesitating slavey that goes with it—just as there is with all the rest of the little houses in the neighborhood. There is a back parlor in the rear, too, with a handful of fire in the grate. And before this little fire I found May Sinclair—the real May Sinclair, not the one I had imagined.

She seemed very small as she sat perched in a large chair like *Alice* in "The Looking-Glass," her legs so short that her feet scarcely touched the floor. But that might have been partially an illusion. She wore a shiny black silk dress and held an enormous black silk cat—named Jerry, I learned later—on her lap. She looked just like one of those little side-street persons of whom Sheila Kaye-Smith had suggested that the movies ought to depict their lives.

So this was May Sinclair!

"I would like to tell you only about my experience in relation to my novel, 'The Immortal Moment,' that was done in the films. I may say that they took great pains to get the scenes in Italy. But beyond that, the performance positively made me ill!

"They turned the quiet hotel I had pictured in my novel into a palace. In my story, the chief woman character commits suicide. There seemed no other way out. The man of the story was really quite an impossible person, especially with children, yet in the last scene the door is thrown open and two little children come in and put their little hands in his and he folds them in his arms. If he had suffocated them, it would have been better artistically, I should not have minded. But, just fancy the audience thinking I had done a thing like this!"



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The Man Who Envies Bill Hart

(Continued from page 39)

applause as a nest of ants at a picnic. I want to get just one chance to go thru six solid reels without having to button my collar even once. I crave just one picture in which I can tear loose to my heart's content, fan a six-gun till the air is blue, ruthlessly slaughter the villain and all his little playmates, and in general disport myself like a true son of the Wide Open Places. Then maybe I can resign myself to going back to the society type of work again."

Outdoor life and acting have always been the two big interests in Huntly Gordon's life. He is a native Canadian, born in Montreal, and educated in London, England.

From Stock Tickers to Studios

Tho he hated the thought of a business career, he gave it an arduous tryout in New York City. In the space of a very few years he succeeded in failing with amazing thoroness and rapidity in half a dozen different business ventures. Then the stage chance for which he had secretly been longing came when he applied for work in "Life," as mellow a drama as ever graced the boards of Broadway, and was given a minor rôle.

The big feature of the play was supposed to be a boat-race between Yale and Harvard. The climax came when the two shells flashed out on the stage, with Yale slightly the winner. Good-looking, husky, young athletes were required to man these boats. Huntly's physique, as well as his face, caused him to be chosen for this, his first rôle, on the stage.

It was soon seen that Gordon was "different." He was well educated and could read lines. His speaking voice was excellent, and physically he was enough to challenge any eye. His well-knit frame had everything the popular matinée idol was supposed to have and, even then, he was sartorially perfect. He advanced rapidly until he was understudying the leading man.

He struggled from one part to another until 1910, when he won a prominent rôle with Ethel Barrymore in the stage-play, "Our Mrs. McChesney." Ralph Ince, the motion picture director, was then on a search for a leading man to appear opposite Anita Stewart. He saw Gordon and made him a very flattering offer. Huntly sought the advice of Miss Barrymore, who advised him to accept the screen proposition. He did, and thus made his picture début with Vitagraph. It is interesting to note that, when Miss Barrymore made "Our Mrs. McChesney" for the movies two years later, she summoned Gordon to play opposite her.

From the date of his screen début until 1922, when he came to Hollywood, Gordon intermittently played on both the stage and the screen. It was Louis B. Mayer who brought Gordon to Hollywood to play the rôle of *Jeffrey Fair* in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Critics hailed him as a real find, both for his appearance and his ability. That picture "made" Gordon on the screen. Since then his film career has been a steady march to success, with prominent rôles opposite Pola Negri, Pauline Frederick, Betty Compson, Viola Dana, Helene Chadwick, Irene Rich and half a dozen other leading feminine stars.

Perhaps some day a picture producer will be far-sighted enough to give Huntly Gordon the one chance he craves in an action story with an outdoor setting, where he can start the guns a-popping and draw a bead on the villain.



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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 78*)

when they naturally fail to grasp Conklin as the possible heir to the throne. Then, too, the young man's English is difficult to understand.

Well Burlesqued

HE had met the heroine (the princess) while invalided on Spezonian soil during the war. The girl does not recognize him, since she had only seen his eyes, the rest of his face being swathed in bandages. But he remembers her—and he is thrust into matrimony with her—tho he doesn't know what it's all about.

There is a lot of good-natured burlesque of court pomp and ceremony—with the funniest sequence revealing the quick-stepping bodyguard going thru their intricate evolutions. The bridal night also has its mirthful moments—while the fight at the finish, in which Dix and "Gunboat" Smith whip all the able-bodied men of Spezonia, is fast and exciting.

In all, "Say It Again" is a rollicking number which only pauses in its journey across the screen to permit a few romantic interludes. The subtitles are rather amusing, tho the constant repetition of spelling them backward to indicate the language of Spezonia becomes somewhat tiresome after a while.

If I were to pick out any particular highlight, I would select Conklin's expression of fright as he turns the pages of the history of Spezonia and discovers how departed kings suffered violent deaths. It is a hilarious scene.

The acting is creditable all the way—with Dix playing his rôle easily and surely. Alyce Mills, his new leading woman, succeeds in being charming—while the "Gunboat" and Conklin take care of the laughs.

Another Farce Comedy

SPONTANEITY should be the cry-word with makers of farce comedies. It hasn't always been remembered in "Money Talks," for the piece slips and slides in its pace quite frequently. Naturally, this tends to make it lose some of its sparkle.

The farcical twists evaporate rather quickly—and what develops is a series of slap-stick gags when Owen Moore, after the style of Syd Chaplin, dons dresses and a wig and proceeds to cut up a few high jinks. Owen appears as a flashy youth engaged in the advertising business. Like a good bluffer, he succeeds in putting up a good front.

The idea—true to most farcical ideas—centers around the youth having tiffs with his wife. She tires of his unfulfilled promises and goes back to mother. However, the author doesn't neglect the happy ending. He sees to it that the youth stumbles upon prosperity. So it all ends merrily and peacefully.

The piece has its high spots. You cant take anything away from Owen Moore. His interpretation is breezy and to the point, while Bert Roach and Claire Windsor handle their rôles to extract all the humor and charm from them.

Hines Helps Himself to a Good One

NO moviegoer who treasures his laughs can go wrong with "The Brown Derby," Johnny Hines' newest essay. Truly, it's a lively, rollicking number—and one that should sky-rocket the comedian right up there on the highroad to popularity. He can look the world in the face and say, "Folks, I've put it over."

The piece is bright with an assortment of brand-new gags—which burst forth and spread the silversheet with liveliness. Spontaneous laughter is developed at the start—and this response continues to the end. There may be some old high jinks here, but if there are they are not recognizable. That's how this comedy has been treated to look novel and neat.

"The Brown Derby" has a "snap and go" about it which keeps it moving with fine speed. Not a scene is shown which loses its pace and gingery quality. We see Hines suffering from an inferiority complex in his "underdog" study of a plumber. He inherits a brown derby from an eccentric uncle—a derby which carried the old fellow to a financial triumph—and it brings him all sorts of good luck as well as enabling him to conquer his inferior fancies.

The head-piece almost has a mind of its own in the manner which it places Hines in one tight jam after another. It skips about of its own accord—and the comedian skips about some himself. The w. k. chase figures for a finish to the merry mix-up—which involves the characters in a marital scene of mistaken identities. I recommend this comedy. It is a sure-fire laugh-getter.

Marie as Mabel

AND still they come—these film farces. The month seems to be devoted to showing them to the exclusion of the straight romantic stuff. One of the newest entries is "Up in Mabel's Room," with Marie Prevost cast as the irrepressible *Mabel*.

As the title indicates, this farce comedy has to do with a marital mix-up—with the figures making frenzied dashes in and out of *Mabel's* room. The crisp dialog of the spoken version has been silenced, but, nevertheless, the director knew what he was about. He has timed it well so that the action is projected in gingery fashion.

The piece calls for much activity—and, like all farces, a word of explanation from one of the dozen characters would give it away long before it had run its course. But true to the unwritten law of the theater—these characters keep silent. And so the fun is on as they try to capture the filmy piece of lingerie which is up in *Mabel's* room.

Now *Mabel*, mind you, has made up her mind to win her divorced husband over again. She mistrusts the lingerie was intended for another girl. And so it becomes a battle of wits between the quarrelsome love birds—which culminates in a happy reconciliation. The players keep on the move all the time—hence there are no dull pauses.

Marie Prevost demonstrates very capably that she is a clever comédienne—and Harrison Ford plays with that mock seriousness which is necessary to interpret farce correctly. Harry Myers is also in the picture.

Colleen's Comic Strip

A SATISFACTORY job has been done by the comic strip, "Ella Cinders," in converting it into celluloid. While the title spells *Cinderella* backwards, you can judge for yourself what the theme indicates. Just the same, it is a refreshing little version of the *Cinderella* pattern—one that carries its measure of hokum, but which, nevertheless, is not spoiled by it.

Colleen Moore's personality is easily adaptable for the rôle of the drudge who becomes movie-mad—and wins a beauty contest to enter the movies. She gives it the requisite amount of wistful appeal, plus

(*Continued on page 84*)

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The Changeable Chaplin

(Continued from page 67)

Over a cup of coffee and a roll in the Montmartre, Charlie told some of his experiences with people who breezed up to him and asked him whether he was Charlie Chaplin.

"I say to them," said Charlie, "'Yes, I am Charlie Chaplin.'

"Say, I saw you—saw you in 1908 in vaudeville—AM I RIGHT?' they wind up with a thunderous flourish.

"I pause, nodding, and then this type of individual will repeat so that everybody in the restaurant thinks we are having a frightful argument: 'AM I RIGHT?'

"Do you know that this sort of man is so difficult to get rid of, that I feel like pushing back my chair and leaving myself."

And this Chaplin, the Kennington boy, now better known than Irving, Mansfield, Tree or Bellew, more famous than Adelina Patti, Melba and others, renowned in nooks of the globe that have never heard of the celebrated clown, Grimaldi, is a film genius who basks in the sunshine of his own achievements and is at the same time appreciative of the worthy efforts of others.

Masters of the Motion Picture

(Continued from page 66)

congested streets of Los Angeles in a skiff, the next moment pounces upon an arrow-collar man, dressed in BVD's, who is shaving before a chewing-gum mirror, and in the next moment is catapulted into an enchanted garden where film stars are diving backward, full-dressed, out of a swimming pool. . . . The speed of these incidents is skilfully increased by Cruze all the time. He is a master of tempo who understands the compelling power of visualized motion as neither Lubitsch nor Stroheim do. He gave us, moreover, a true impression of the wild, wild American scene with its headlong speed and its unreasonable characters. "Hollywood" was as pure a product of American life as Jim Europe or Ring Lardner or the Krazy Kat cartoons.

Dynamics

I HAVE rated Vidor's "The Big Parade" as a masterpiece in a previous issue of THE CLASSIC. I must add here that it is also a masterpiece of *dynamics*. So intent was Vidor on controlling the movement of the film that he had each gesture and step taken to the beat of big drums, quickening in time as the action grew more intense.

The greater discoveries will come from this direction, I suspect, rather than from the European school. There are experiments already with machines, whose results look quite terrifying, as yet. But, then, they must never stop experimenting. . . . Altho the movies have already come a great distance forward and have achieved a tremendous range of expression as an art in their own right.

Get the habit and buy the CLASSIC. There is quality in its pages. The September CLASSIC will be another lively, sparkling number.



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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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I Wonder What Became of Him

(*Continued from page* 27)

One of the most remarkable jumps from the background to the "five-foot line," as the privileged space before the lens on which the stars tread is known in studio parlance, has been accomplished right under our respective noses by one Raymond Keane—an extra. Raymond descended upon Hollywood a few months ago from Denver, confident of success only as those who admit to being seventeen or a little over can be confident. He was one of the many extra boys who cluttered up the massive sets on which Norma Talmadge acted in the film "Graustark." But Raymond refused to be mothered.

His personality caught and held the attention of Buchowetzki, one of the contingent of imported directors of which we have quite a few now in Hollywood. The director's interest brought Raymond a part with Laura La Plante in a Universal film, with the result that the young extra is now firmly clutching a contract which calls for his services for the next five years in Universal productions.

But all extras who achieve a rise from the background players are not so fortunate as young Keane. There come to mind instances of several players who forced their way thru the mob to camera recognition, held the spotlight momentarily and then dropped back to the extra class again. Many of you, who sometimes wonder what has become of the player you were beginning to like, can satisfy that curiosity by scanning carefully the crowd scenes and ballroom gatherings as they flash across the screen—they're there, sunk again in obscurity and their big chance gone, probably forever.

Griffith Discovered a Few

IT is more cheerful, tho to contemplate some more present screen favorites who, not so long ago, bore the tag of extra. Norma Shearer, for instance. The delightful artist who registered so strongly in "His Secretary" recently, cashed many a five-dollar check as one of those "on the set" with Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore and other stars with whom she now holds equal rank. Can you wonder, tho, that Norma succeeded in saving you the trouble of asking "I wonder what became of her."

The director to whom belongs the most credit for sensing the possibilities of talent among extras is D. W. Griffith. His selection of Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster, Bobby Vernon, Charles Emmett Mack and others too numerous to mention who evolved from the supernumerary contingent is proof conclusive of this. It is strange indeed that the soldier who held the screen with Lillian Gish in those scenes in "The Birth of a Nation" did not find a place with the other extras who have risen to stardom.

A glance at some of the old stills which present various scenes from the first productions of the late Thomas H. Ince reveals the fact that many of the background characters of those early days may be numbered among "extras who have made good." Two who come to mind are Leo Maloney, possessor of a starring contract with Pathé, and Charles Ray. Awhile back we spoke of Wally Van. This same Wally has to his credit the foresight of seeing in a dapper young man fighting for recognition in the old Vitagraph days the makings of a good screen actor. The dapper youth was known as Adolphe Menjou and he was given the chance to display his ability in "The Scarlet Runner," a Vitagraph serial starring Earle Williams, and which Wally directed.

There is one man we know of who broke into the movie studios via the extra route who is now a millionaire. Jack Coogan, Sr. The daddy of the screen's most beloved juvenile star formed part of the line which filed regularly to the paymaster's window at the old Metro studios in Hollywood. In the picture which brought Coogan, Sr., and Jackie from the extra class, "The Kid," starring Charlie Chaplin, the father of Jackie may be discovered as one of "those present," providing atmosphere for Chaplin and his talented offspring.

And so we could go on indefinitely naming players from the extra fold who have made good, but arrayed against those we have mentioned are the hundreds who still remain—extras. We have seen them do an excellent "bit" of acting more than once and in rare instances we have seen them "steal" the scene from the featured player with whom they may be working. And as we file out of our favorite theater we bury them under the blanket of obscurity with the casual "I wonder what became of him."

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 82)

a roguish sense of humor. And *Ella*, as a result, stands out conspicuously, thus winning your sympathy.

There is a scene at the railroad station which contains a bit of pathos. The folks are certain the girl will make good, particularly the young iceman, who believes in her. But the best episodes are found in the journey in the train and later at the studio. The car scene brings a laugh when a small tribe of Indians in full regalia occupy all the seats. One brave commands the girl to smoke a cigar just like the squaws opposite her. And Miss Moore gives play to her plastic expressions in her effort to please the Indian and make her stomach behave. The studio bits reveal some inside stuff regarding productions—and the humorous side of trying to crash the gate makes a bid for a laugh—and gets it.

In all, a pleasing number—one that is capably titled, allowing for a few wisecracks here and there—and acted and staged up to the best requirements.

Hero-Worship

WARNER BROTHERS have a picture in "Why Girls Go Back Home" that carries all the earmarks in its title of being a preachment. One might imagine it to be one of those home-and-fireside melodramas in which Pop and Mom wait patiently for their erring daughter to return by the light of the parlor lamp. This is true in some respects. Yet the director has refrained from resorting to the obvious. He embroiders it with enough deft touches of humor and humanities to make it bright and interesting most of the way.

The picture—or rather the action—doesn't take itself too seriously even if its plot does get out of hand here and there. Where the director has erred is in pound-

(*Continued on page* 87)

Impressions of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 72*)

When the monk had been sufficiently rehearsed, the lights were turned on and the camera cranked while the monkey turned the radiator handle. Clouds of something that looked like steam came from the radiator. This frightened the monk and he ran off the set, but fortunately the scene was not spoiled. They wanted a retake, but for the life of them they could not get that monk to go near the radiator again—hissing steam spelled danger to him—but next day they were trying it again and from last reports they finally got the monk to do the stunt successfully.

Another peculiar thing about monkeys is that they are afraid of revolvers. One day this very monk was very much agitated for no known cause and they could not get him to do anything whatever. At last the master said, "There must be a revolver somewhere," and sure enough, on looking around, they found a revolver almost hidden among papers and things on a desk in a distant corner. Monk had spied it and refused to work until it was removed.

Another Fashion Show

FASHION pictures appear to be all the rage just now. The huge set that Colleen Moore had in "Irene" was so successful that they are all doing it now. The last I saw was one at the Fox studio in "Fig Leaves," in which Olive Borden is starring. It is a gorgeous set with marvelous gowns and girls and it is being made in technicolor. I am told they will use about eight hundred feet of this fashion stuff, which means that one-tenth of the picture will be that and nothing else and it is costing a mere trifle of $40,000.00 for this scene.

Doug's Wit

HAROLD LLOYD is not funny at all in real life, and does not try to be witty. Doug likes to make merriment. He was riding on a trolley out on location recently, and the conductor, not recognizing him, said: "I got your fare, didn't I?" "No, I think not," Doug replied. "I believe I saw you ring it up."

Personalities

HARRY CARR, most beloved of all writers on the Coast, is to von Stroheim what soothing syrup is to a baby. And Von is very much of a baby. If handled right, he is not hard to get along with, and as for Harry, anybody could get along with him.

DOROTHY MANNERS and Doris Denbo are two brilliant young Coast writers and just as popular as they are brilliant. They know everything and everybody out here and the Brewster Publications are very lucky to have secured their exclusive services. They are keen-eyed, sharp-witted, and nothing escapes them. Watch out for their comments. They never fail to get just the right angle on things, and furthermore you can always believe what they say.

CHARLES FARRELL, who played in "Sandy" attractively, is doing so well in "Old Ironsides" that he will probably be in the matinée-idol class before long. He belongs to Fox, who loaned him temporarily to Famous Players.

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning . . . and it is sound reasoning, too . . . the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one . . . for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

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The O'Brien Boy Gets a Kick Out of Life

(*Continued from page* 56)

those three things happen to be George's favorite dishes.

If he hadn't made good in pictures, there would very probably be a big, muscular, laughing young Irishman writing history in some far corner of the earth right now—driving a sullen crew of Kanakas at the pumps of a pearler in some crystal lagoon, panning raw gold from the virgin gravels of Papua, or else taking joyous chances in one of those South Sea isles where some luckless member of a rival tribe often finds himself included in the salad course at the festive board.

For George O'Brien has the joyous instincts of the born wanderer, the ceaseless thirst for new places and new thrills, that only a certain kind of Irishman can have to the fullest measure. Picture work is giving him that variety and thrill. Consequently, he is happy—for the time being, at least. If pictures ever bore him, however, I have a strong hunch there will be a vacant chair in Hollywood some bright morning.

Has the Gypsy Urge

GEORGE told me of his inborn gypsy urge the other afternoon as we sat chatting on a log at the edge of one of the weirdest sets in Hollywood. It wasn't an interview. Mere personalities were completely forgotten. We compared notes on those parts of the world we had both seen, and then argued the respective merits of those parts we wanted to see. My pet ambition has always been to invade the upper Amazon and collect spider-monkeys and anacondas. George claimed that the unexplored inner part of Borneo promised twice the thrills of the Amazon. And so we argued the matter amicably, there on a property log at the edge of the Garden of Eden.

The Garden set was for a sequence in "Fig Leaves," in which George and Olive Borden are playing. It was far from the conventional idea of Eden. The forest was virgin enough, but the trimmings were weird. The tree bungalow of Adam and Eve had a sign in front, "No. 780—No Peddlers Allowed." A crude street-car track ran nearby, a sort of Stone Age edition of the "Toonerville Trolley."

The single car was drawn by a lumbering *brontosaurus*. Or it may have been a *diplodocus*. I never could tell the boys apart. Whatever it was, it weighed about a ton, had spines down its back, three horns on its nose, and looked like a mixture of a Chinaman's idea of a dragon, a Medieval concept of Beelzebub, and a gin addict's vision of a lavender-eyed grakkiwampus. Seven men concealed in its interior manipulated its movements with startling realism.

George, as Adam, was clad in a suit of bear-skin lingerie, and had a flowing wig that would have shamed Samson himself before he got his fatal "Delilah bob." Olive Borden, as Eve, wore a gorgeous fur that had cost some luckless leopard all nine of its lives. After gazing at Olive, I realized for the first time why Adam fell for the apple. He was lucky it wasn't a pumpkin.

"There's what I mean when I say that picture work gives me a real kick," George indicated the exotic set before us. "Where else would you find a scene like that? And where else in the civilized world would I get a chance to dress like this and play Adam, without landing in some nice quiet booby-hatch?

"In pictures I never know what I'll be doing next. Today I'm Adam. Next month I may be playing a lumberjack up in Oregon. The month after that I may be a prospector over in Arizona. In this game you never know what's around the next corner. That suits me in every way. I dont even want to know when I get up in the morning what I'm going to do that day. I hate routine. And I never make plans. They take all the kick out of life.

"I'm glad I've managed to get across in pictures, of course. I worked mighty hard in doing it, and success has brought the same feeling of satisfaction to me that it brings to any normal man who has finally won it after a hard pull up-stream. I like the acting and the other things about the game. If I didn't, I wouldn't be in it.

"But the real appeal of picture work to me is the constant variety and ever-changing life it offers. No two days are ever the same. It's hard work, sure. But what does that matter? It offers travel, thrills, the unexpected, and it's work that I really like. What more could any sane person ask?"

The Son of a Cop

GEORGE O'BRIEN came honestly by his love for adventure and action. His father is Chief of Police in San Francisco, and that is a job not noted for humdrum daily routine. The O'Brien family never knew whether a bulky package in the morning mail was a box of candy or a bomb sent by some affectionate little Nihilist as a holiday token. Death threats were common events.

His parents decided that it was time that the family had at least one quiet member, so they planned for George to be a physician. They might almost as well have tried to grow a morning-glory vine from an acorn. The World War came along very conveniently, and George immediately enlisted in the Navy.

Hostilities over, he returned to college at Santa Clara, and became famous as an all-round athlete. Then he decided that he wanted to be an actor, and the medical profession promptly and permanently lost a promising candidate.

He succeeded in getting occasional work with picture companies on location in San Francisco, and finally entrained for Hollywood with one of them. Actors seemed to be a drug on the local market when he got here, so George became an assistant cameraman with the Tom Mix troupe. He attracted the favorable notice of the cowboy star, and a warm personal friendship began between the two, a friendship that has endured unbroken ever since.

George jumped at the first opportunity to forsake his camera crank for the grease paint, and he was soon back in the dramatic ranks again. He traveled to Panama with the Thomas Meighan company when "The Ne'er-do-well" was filmed, and other fairly substantial parts followed in various studios. Then the one big chance that comes at least once to every player came when Director John Ford started casting for "The Iron Horse."

George won the coveted rôle of the express rider in the Fox epic after camera tests had been taken of half the male population of Hollywood. When the picture was finished, George had "arrived." His work since has held to the same high standard, and the O'Brien star is now very near the top of the movie firmament.

George is a born actor, and a good one. He throws himself into every part with a whole-hearted Celtic fervor that carries everything before it. He is good-looking in a virile, he-man, fashion that appeals to men and women alike.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page 84*)

ing home his message. It is as if he didn't credit his audience with sufficient intelligence to grasp it.

Yet, all things considered, the film shapes up as moderately good entertainment. Why? Because its high lights far outweigh its flaws.

A Fine Theater Story

I CANNOT recall ever having seen a more absorbing and moving story of the theater than what is revealed in "The Marriage Clause," which brings Lois Weber, the only woman director, back to the Kleigs and the cameras. In the first place it has a real dramatic plot—one charged with deep pathos and tenderness. And carrying such qualities, Miss Weber has asserted a woman's privilege in emphasizing them with fine humanities.

Everyone who is the least bit familiar with the theater knows that certain managers exercise a dominating influence over their stars. If the latter prove to be unusually successful, they are compelled to sign contracts carrying the marriage clause—which stipulates they must not marry during their contractual obligations.

Billie Dove Soars High

FROM this very logical idea this story is established—and it moves along with a well-defined ring of truth. The central figure, played with fine emotion by Billie Dove (it is her greatest rôle and she endows it with great feeling), is signed up by the manager. She is placed under the guidance of the stage director—who exerts a sort of Svengali hypnosis over her. When he is near her, she feels confident and secure—and manages to get the utmost expression. Naturally they fall in love.

You ask where is the conflict? It enters in the element of jealousy manifested by the manager. In other words, he tries to make things unpleasant for his director—and succeeds. The latter, being highly sensitive, broods over his humiliation—and, thinking the girl's ardor for him is beginning to cool, he descends the primrose path. He places wrong conclusions on subsequent events in the girl's life—and yet he loves her well enough to return for her première under the guidance of another director.

The girl, meanwhile, has become despondent—and fails. With her life despaired of, the Svengalian director hastens to be with her. In her delirium he coaches her with the same words he used when he made her a star in the first place. The crisis passes and all ends happily.

Very Real and Human

IN the mere outline of this picture I cannot do credit to the many little touches of humanity which saturate it. The story is poignant and it is treated with a fine appreciation of its heart throbs. The theater side of the plot is ever present—and because the idea is so genuine it will catch everyone's attention and hold it. There is no hokum here. What is revealed could reasonably happen in any large city which caters to stage activities.

Be it said that the manager becomes more pliable to his conscience and the marriage clause is stricken out.

The acting is of a high quality thruout—especially in the performance by Miss Dove—and the excellent support contributed by Francis X. Bushman and Warner Oland as the director and manager, respectively.

Setting the Pace!



It's a difficult matter to set the pace and keep it. Yet that is just what THE CLASSIC has marked out for itself ever since it entered the publication field. It is the one de luxe magazine of the film world. As everyone is interested in motion pictures, THE CLASSIC is the one publication to supply the demand—for brilliantly written articles. It is dedicated to the idea of furnishing its readers with *live* topics and *live* pictures. Its contributions are free of bunk but, on the other hand, treat of films and the people associated with films in an authoritative and fearless manner. THE CLASSIC is not only the most beautiful publication of the screen, but it is also the most original.

When you glance over its list of contributors, you will recognize the foremost writers of the screen—writers who know every angle of picture production—and who give you first-hand knowledge of what's going on in the celluloid world. There are Eugene V. Brewster, the founder of the Brewster Publications, Adele Whitely Fletcher, Gladys Hall, Milton Howe, Harry Carr, Tamar Lane, H. W. Hanemann, Don Ryan, Don Eddy—and a host of others. These all write for THE CLASSIC—most of them exclusively.

There will be several fine scintillating articles in the September issue—as well as a complete assortment of beautiful pictures. Don Ryan will tell you about the Foreign Directors. The article places the cards right on the table in regard to the foreign invasion.

The September CLASSIC will also continue Henry Albert Phillips' interviews with famous European writers, in which they talk about their impressions of the screen.

There will also be interesting articles about W. C. Fields, the new comedy star, Reginald Denny, and Lewis Milestone, the director.

And dont fail to read about Hollywood's Pet Extravagances and The Great Athletes of the Screen.

Read the CLASSIC. It supplies you with accurate and interesting information of all the varied activities of the film world.

"Once I Too Was Weak *and* Ailing"

By Annette Kellermann

MANY people will be surprised to hear that as a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was so weak, so puny that I was considered an invalid. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces which I wore constantly. My mother put long skirts on me, down to my ankles, to hide my bow legs and braces.



My Figure in 1926

No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films, such as "A Daughter of the Gods," "Neptune's Daughter," etc. No one ever dreamed that I would some day travel the world over, appearing on the stage, at great universities, on lecture platforms, explaining my methods of acquiring and maintaining perfect health and a perfect figure. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

I relate these incidents of my early life and my present success simply to show that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only fifteen minutes a day through the same methods that I myself use, the methods which have kept my health perfect, and my figure at exactly the same proportions during the past fifteen years.



My Figure in 1911

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside, instead of from the outside, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body; hips, bust, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost, how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back, and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

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Flash Backs

(*Continued from page* 55)

star has invariably had his own way when it came to setting up new records. But his audience was drawn thru the appeal of his characterization plus the all-round excellence of his pictures. Which makes us think that Gilda's personal magnetism is what drew the crowds. They came to see her dance in the flesh and as her celluloid self in the same terpsichorean number.

The Cinema Chair

WILL there be a cinema chair at Yale? That is the question which is agitating the learned professors and the student body. For the first time in the history of motion pictures, a large seat of higher learning gave the honor of its approval to the movies thru the presentation of "The Big Parade" at one of New Haven's theaters recently—under the auspices of the Yale University Dramatic Association. The picture was so honored because of its freedom from artistic defects and its combination of all the qualities deemed great.

The première was recognized as a step forward in the recognition of the movie makers by the colleges and may lead to the establishment of a chair of cinematics at Yale.

The Autumn Shower

THE producers are all busy watching one another. Each is awaiting the opportune time to pounce upon the picture public and beat his neighbor in showing the prize production. Having taken a leaf from the legitimate theater magnates, these movie men dont risk their aces during the hot dog-days. As a result, the public is given what the producers please to give them. The big specials are held back for the fall opening. And then they drop into the theaters like so many snowflakes.

If one producer comes along with a big, smashing hit, he is quickly followed by his contemporaries. By Christmas all of the New York residents are out of the apartment-house trenches and trekking toward the big lights—and big pictures.

Among these attractions of large dimensions to be shown soon are "Old Ironsides," "Beau Geste," "Tell It to the Marines," "Don Juan," "Variety" and a host of others.

That Tragedy

THEODORE DREISER'S "An American Tragedy" is still being discussed in its pictorial shadows. The rumor will not down that Monta Bell will be the final choice to direct it, tho D. W. Griffith has first claim. If the master of the close-up cares to take it—well, it is his to do with as he desires. But he is not pressing matters to any extent. First of all, he wants to give all of his time to "The Sorrows of Satan." Mal St. Clair and one or two others have sort of faded into the background as the directors who will film the tragedy.

Personally, we would like Bell to have it—as he's shown what he can do with life-like material that sings all the chords in the human scale of realities. It ought to be a monumental picture—one that soars with heart-beats. And if the director treats it as Dreiser wrote it—there will be no doubt of its appeal. But on the other hand, if it is handled as written, it might possibly take two consecutive evenings to show it in its entirety. On that supposition it is easy to make von Stroheim an entrant among the possible directors. Von Stroheim can surely make them long—but, incidentally, he can also make them gripping.

Dreiser is a realist—and he stalks tragedy as a cat stalks a mouse. He may not be a stylist, but he writes with conviction and honesty—and he always has something to say in his vivid colorings of life. Let's hope that the film version of "An American Tragedy" carries out the soul-searching theme of the novel. Let's hope there are no sentimentalities wasted over the tragic life of Clyde Griffiths.

This brings up another argument—and everyone is arguing over the possible choice for the character. There seems to be a sweepstake on as to who will come under the wire a winner. Glenn Hunter has been chosen to portray Griffiths *in the stage version, which will be produced next season. He is also favorably mentioned for the screen portrayal.*

In so far as physical characteristics go, he does not approach the youth at all. But he is endowed with the necessary emotional faucets which he can turn on at will. Yet Griffiths *is not painted as a dynamic boy. Rather is he painted as one suffering from inhibitions—one who holds himself in restraint, but who temporarily conquers thru his physical attributes.*

Gregory Kelly has also been mentioned in a favorable light. And so has Charles Emmett Mack. The latter is our choice of the three mentioned. The latest to be considered seriously is Charles (Buddy) Rogers, a recent graduate of the Paramount school—and one of the few receiving Mr. Lasky's diplomas—who seems destined to go the furthest. He has been given some fair sized rôles—and his acting has earned him steady work in the studios. He, more than any of the other "dark horses," approaches the Clyde Griffiths *of the novel. Dreiser's character is something of a young sheik—and surely fascinated the girls. Buddy Rogers has good looks and personality. The question is, can he get the drama out of the rôle? It is a large order, but with the proper coaching he can give a good account of himself.*

Greta in the Flesh

GRETA NISSEN has gone back to the stage. When the new Ziegfeld "Follies" opens, the theatergoers will have the opportunity of seeing her do a pantomimic dancing number modeled on the pattern of that which she executed in the stage version of "Beggar on Horseback.'

There is a story back of this girl. Somehow she hasn't quite made the grade as a picture actress. Rumors are ever current of how she permits whims and fancies of temperament to guide her thoughts and actions. And there is no doubt that she has caused a director or three a sleepless night or two.

Miss Nissen has not been favored with the most suitable stories for her personality—and her talent doesn't react to vampish rôles at all. It's just another case of a foreign girl who has not been understood. She came to the screen with a distinct style of beauty and expression—and neither the screen nor Miss Nissen has profited.

We think there is a definite place for her—if given stories and parts adaptable to her personality. Then some director should be found who would take into consideration her temperamental flights and handle her sympathetically.

The Screen Observer Has His Say

(*Continued from page 61*)

sequences—also that Josef von Sternberg, who is always original, contemplates producing a picture based on Negro life—one written by Laurence Stallings, entitled "God Himself."

If these ideas are carried out perhaps Eugene O'Neil's plays of the Negro, "Emperor Jones," and "All God's Chillun Got Wings" will bear celluloid fruit.

Some time ago D. W. Griffith tried to put over a comedy with Al Jolson in a blackface role. Al, as you may remember, walked out on the director and Lloyd Hamilton was engaged to take the burnt-cork comedian's place.

The piece didn't make much of a stir in the picture world.

According to the best authorities these stories will not carry any thing offensive to the whites, as they will be produced as comedy dramas. If De Mille is really serious about making a picture of Negro life, I recommend that he engage Paul Robeson, the Negro actor and singer.

If these pictures are really made and become popular it might be possible that the most prominent black man in the public eye will try and talk "turkey" to the producers. I'm paging Harry Wills. If he ever fights Dempsey or Tunney and wins the decision the Senegambian may take up his abode in Hollywood and dare the producers to keep him out of the camera lines.

Peter Fades Out

STRONGHEART and Rin-Tin-Tin have lost their greatest rival, Peter the Great. The big police dog checked off this mortal coil at the Hollywood Dog and Cat Hospital the other day, following an unsuccessful operation for a gunshot wound.

Peter was shot during a dispute between his trainer, Edward Faust, and Fred Cyriacks, dog fancier, at the latter's home. While the dog was valued at $75,000 by his owner, Charles B. Dreyer, he never became so successful on the screen as Strongheart and Rin-Tin-Tin.

An Ardent Lover

CLARA Bow found herself in the headlines the other day when an ardent admirer, Robert S. Savage, former Yale football star, attempted suicide when she refused to marry him.

Clara very firmly stated, according to the press despatches, that he-men didn't attack themselves with razors—they used guns. She also declared that she is engaged to Gilbert Roland, a young film actor.

As for Savage he was taken to a hospital and later forced to face insanity proceedings as the laws of California requires the sanity of any person who attempts suicide to be investigated. The Lunacy Commission examined the youth and pronounced him sane.

The Spanish Songbird

ALL of Hollywood is talking about the reputed offer of seventy-five thousand dollars for the services of Raquel Meller, the Spanish songbird—with an executive of Famous Players as the party holding the contract. This did not sound like a lot of money out Hollywood way until it was learned that the offer was made for Meller's appearance in one picture.

Just what Meller will play is not announced, but it is a cinch she will be given a story with a Spanish setting.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 63*)

married to Mary Hay, and that Richard Dix has never been married at all.

EDITH A.—So, you dont believe that I am eighty some odd years old. Honest Injun, Edith. Yes, I liked Jack Gilbert in "The Merry Widow." Anna Q. Nilsson is playing in "The Masked Woman." Tom Mix in "Western Society."

MARY S.—Why Marion Davies had a birthday January 1, and she was born in 1898. You can reach her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California. Yes, Norma Talmadge may play in a story based on the life of Gaby Deslys, the French music hall actress, who died a few years ago.

TOOTSIE FROM INDIANA.—Oh, you always want to send twenty-five cents in stamps when asking for a picture.

PEACHES.—What word by changing one letter becomes its opposite? United-Untied. Greta Nissen is not married, and she is to play on the stage in "The Palm Beach Follies" for Ziegfeld. Larry Gray, Clara Bow and Esther Ralston are playing in "Kid Boots." Yes, Marion Davies is to create on the screen the rôle that Lady Diana Manners played on the stage in "The Miracle." See you later.

JEAN.—Thanks for the picture of yourself. Very pretty.

IVAN H.—No, it's not fair. He that cheateth in small things is a fool, but in great things is a rogue. Ramon Novarro is playing in "Bellamy the Magnificent." Yes, Hope Hampton is in Paris where she is starring in a colored film, "A Marriage Under Louis the Fifteenth" which is from the Dumas novel, but which will be released under another title.

BERNEICI. — No, Cecil De Mille isn't going to produce "The Deluge" after all because it would conflict with Warner Brothers' picture "Noah's Ark." Cullin Landis is playing in "Then Came the Woman."

MACDUFF.—Well, it's hard enough to learn how to read, but harder still to learn what to read. Corinne Griffith is playing in "Ashes." She is five feet four inches tall. So you think Valentino is the only one who can play as Mrs. Hull's sheiks.

ANN S.—Here you are. More than 4,000,000 people in Japan are listed as wage earners, and Constantinople has 20,000 women industrial workers. So you saw Mary Anderson in Cleveland. She is not playing in pictures right now.

KATHRYN.—Yes, Georgia Hale in "The Great Gatsby." Mary Astor has been chosen as Milton Sills's leading lady in "Men of the Night." Of course, I'm every bit of eighty years old. You bet, I consume bottles of buttermilk these warm days.

BETTY H.—Virginia Browne Faire was *Tinkerbell* in "Peter Pan."

GERTRUDE B.—Yes, indeed, there are many large ranches in the Western United States. Harry Carey has a ranch at Saugus, California. Alyce Mills is playing with Richard Dix in "The Quarterback." Mr. Dix chose her as his leading woman because of her excellent work in his previous picture "Say it again."

CLAIRE G.—You are right, Claire.

ZAK, PARIS.—No, I have never been to Paris, but wait, some day I'll be there. I have seen one or two french films, where the women all shrug their shoulders. You can reach Pola Negri at the Famous Players Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, California. Write me again, your letters are always so interesting.

EVELYN F.—Welcome to the throne. The more the merrier. I like to hear from my readers. Ben Lyon at First National, 807 E. 175th Street, New York City. Agnes Ayres is back in pictures with Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik," a sequel to "The Sheik." Madge Bellamy and Lou Tellegen in "The Way Things Happen."

R. B.—Clara Bow was born in 1905, and she is playing in "Mantrap" and "Kid Boots." Cecil De Mille is producing "Young April," which includes Joseph Schildkraut and Bessie Love.

EVA R. B.—You know, to err is human; to forgive unusual. Richard Dix at the Famous Players Studios, Astoria, Long Island. Where is the stamp you said you were enclosing?

EVA C. A.—See all the Little Evas. You want to know if Jack Mulhall would bother with a girl like you. Well now, Eva, why dont you write to him at First National Studio, 807 E. 175th Street, New York City. Jack Mulhall played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Far Cry." Yes, Famous Players-Lasky paid $40,000 for the screen rights to "Naughty Cinderella" for Pola Negri. It's to be released as "Good and Naughty."

Yes, Mary and Doug are really going to make a picture and I understand it will be in eight reels. Each player is to have a complete story for four reels and they will then meet and the remaining part of the film will be with the famous couple co-starring. Yours until next month!

A MULE.—Take care, what a man desires, he usually believes. Yes, H. B. Warner is going to play the rôle of the Saviour in Cecil De Mille's "Thirty Pieces of Silver." Richard Dix was born July 18, 1894, and he is not married. His last picture is "The Quarterback." You refer to Joe Cobb, the little fat boy in the "Our Gang Comedies," and he is about eight. Tell your Uncle he had better stay in Richmond.

JOS H. H.—That's what I say, a ripple of laughter is worth a flood of tears. Carlyle Blackwell is playing in Europe righ now. I dont know what has happened to June Elvidge. Hoot Gibson is playing in "The Texas Streak."

PAL.—So you like William Boyd. He is very popular right now. He is playing in "Man of War." Richard Barthelmess is playing in "The Amateur Gentleman" with Dorothy Dunbar opposite.

GRACE J.—You refer to Arthur Rankin as *Vasila* in "The Volga Boatman." You want Theodore Kosloff to have larger parts. You will have to write to Cecil De Mille. Belle Bennett is playing in "The Fifth Commandment." Yes, Gertrude Olmstead and Robert Leonard were married, also Elaine Hammerstein and Walter Hays.

JOSEPHINE D. P.—Lionel Barrymore and Marceline Day will play in "The Mysterious Island," by Jules Verne. It will be done entirely in technicolor, the action to take place on earth, under sea, inside the earth, and up in the air. Well, I can see where they are not going to miss a thing. Lars Hansen in "The Scarlet Letter." Lillian Gish was born in 1896. Renée Adorée is playing in "The Flaming Forest."

JOHN CAIL.—You certainly ask about some old timers. Kate Lester died October 12, 1924, and she was about seventy. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone are playing in "Midnight Lovers" with John Roche and Chester Conklin. Herbert Rawlinson in "Conscience."

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They Say—

(*Continued from page 8*)

witnessing certain happenings in movie plays. The poor revel in the sight of the little poor girl coming into riches overnight thru some fortunate accident or the modest clerk who becomes president of the company which employs him. The swain sees himself as the perfect lover, and the gawky maiden has hope of some day becoming an equal of the beautiful heroine. They all see themselves, for the moment at least, as the exception who rises from the mire to a bigger and better place in the world. The rise of the downtrodden and the happy ending still remain the key to popular successes.

She mentions Thomas Meighan, Milton Sills and Bert Lytell as players who give the public what they want. That is probably true to an appreciable degree, but can I be expected to believe that the plays of Thomas Meighan are true to life? Most of them that I can remember, and they are few, altho I have seen dozens of them, seem to smack of Horatio Alger and his philosophy. I do not deny the success of these players from a box-office standpoint, but I do deny their alleged reputations as realists.

Miss Smith pictures Meighan as a gentle caveman who fights and makes love in a forceful and natural manner, as compared to Valentino, whom she brands as wishy-washy and describes him as a handsome lover too perfect for this mundane life, or rather that his strivings toward perfection in love-making make for exaggeration that is incompatible with every-day life. To me the comparison is odious. It is like comparing mules with race-horses.

Valentino has more natural gentleness in his foot than Meighan has in his whole makeup. He epitomizes the instincts of a gentleman. As for red-bloodedness, I think that he possesses as much in quantity and quality as Meighan, but simply does not make public exhibition of it on every slight pretext. Valentino can accomplish more in the way of art with one gesture than Meighan can by manipulating his corporal body thru eight reels of film, to my notion. I wonder if Miss Smith could witness a performance of Valentino's "Beaucaire" without saying, "Here is a man who is an artist; who can portray a red-blooded fighting man who, at times, is infinitely gentle."

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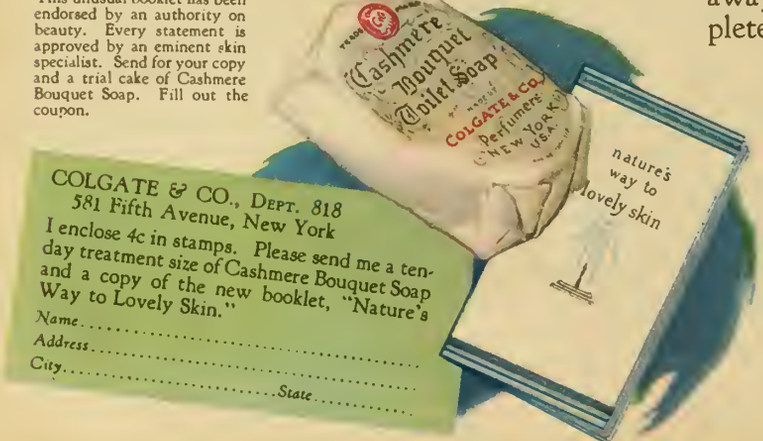
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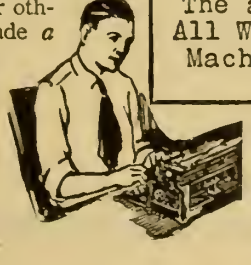
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CLASSIC'S Late News PAGE

WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton, who contributed so much mirth to "Behind the Front"—are now making a companion picture to the army story. The next appearance of the character comics will be in "We're in the Navy Now."

Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson and Louise Brooks pleased their sponsors so well in "The Show Off," that they have been cast to play the principal rôles in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."

Following the completion of "Flesh and the Devil," which Clarence Brown is directing, John Gilbert will play the starring rôle in "The Day of Souls."

Renée Adorée has returned to Hollywood to play the leading feminine rôle in "The Flaming Forest"—written, as you might expect, by James Oliver Curwood.

Beatrice Lillie, the English musical comedy comédienne and late star of "Charlot's Revue," has signed on the dotted line for Metro-Goldwyn. She will make her screen début under Sam Taylor, the man who helped to direct Harold Lloyd the past five years.

Roland West will produce a screen version of "Two Years Before the Mast," by Richard H. Dana. He intends to encircle the globe in gathering the necessary backgrounds and atmosphere.

Mary Pickford is planning at least four more pictures—which counteracts the impression in certain quarters that after making a film with Douglas Fairbanks she would go into retirement. The star plans a comedy drama entitled "Cash," depicting the experiences of a cash girl in a five-and-ten-cent store.

Larry Semon has given up stardom to become a director. He has been signed by Mack Sennett to direct two-reel comedies — in which Alice Day and Eddie Quillan will be featured.

The next picture in which Shirley Mason will start activities is entitled "Upstream." Dolores Del Rio, the Mexican star, will be in the cast.

Corinne Griffith has purchased the late Thomas Ince's famous yacht, "Edris." The star is having the vessel completely overhauled and furnished, and under its new appearance it will be known as "The Wanderlust."

Lewis Stone, Doris Kenyon and Tully Marshall have been signed for "The Blonde Saint," an adaptation of Stephen Whitman's novel, "The Isle of Life."

Louise Brooks and William Collier, Jr., have been borrowed by First National from Famous Players so as they might play two important rôles in "The Charleston Kid." Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall will have the featured rôles.

Betty Blythe has returned to New York from a year's sojourn in Europe. While over there she made two pictures, one being "She," an adaptation of Sir Rider Haggard's great novel, and "Jacob's Well," from Benoit's famous story. Miss Blythe will continue her vaudeville tour until she decides upon a suitable story for the screen.

By special arrangement recently made with Warner Brothers, Patsy Ruth Miller is to be limited to approximately forty weeks of screen work during the coming year. Present plans call for her to star in "The Third Degree" and "What Happened to Father."

Buster Keaton's first full-length feature comedy under the stone-faced comedian's new contract with United Artists, "The General," is now being made in the open spaces of Oregon. Buster, as usual, is directing his own picture.

The cast for the screen version of Harold Bell Wright's best seller (2,000,000 copies—so the statisticians have it), "The Winning of Barbara Worth," is now complete. It comprises Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, Charles Lane, Clyde Cook, Paul McAllister, E. J. Ratcliffe, Gary Cooper, Erwin Connelly and Sam Blum.

Lois Weber, the only woman director of the screen, who recently completed an excellent picture of theatrical life, "The Marriage Clause," will take the job of finishing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," work upon which was held up thru the illness of the former director, Harry Pollard.

Richard Dix is tramping over them thar hills in Virginia and West Virginia—preparatory to taking up strenuous work in "The Quarterback" — a picture of collegiate life.

Lloyd Hamilton, the comedian with the iron face, is making eight new comedies. In the first he will be seen as a seagoing "gob." Bobby Vernon will also make eight — and so will Al St. John.

LAST MINUTE REVIEW

"Men of Steel"

AGAINST a most impressive background of steel mills—with molten metal serving as its *piece de resistance*, there is revealed a compelling picture that carries sound logic in it. In reality it presents a character study—a broad symbol being used which projects the inarticulate, but forceful steel worker determined to go thru the crucible of a refining process of his own.

The picture has a tremendous fascination. One doesn't know what is coming, tho it is easy to anticipate many significant dramatic happenings. It builds a compact narrative—which, while involved, is followed easily enough because of its vivid drama of men—and of the steel that molds them as well. The background aids in emphasizing the characters of the plot. In this background the eye catches giant cranes, roaring furnaces, flaming ore, gigantic buckets and shovels. These are the properties which give the film its significance.

The film gives Milton Sills his strongest rôle—one that even eclipses what he had in "The Sea Hawk." And the actor gives a virile, rugged performance, despite the fact that he becomes too immaculate as the story develops. His metamorphosis is too complete. Thus he misses the realities toward the finish.

Sills, however, makes you feel the urge in him to rise above his surroundings. He performs a great self-sacrifice to save the brother of his sweetheart—and runs away. And from this point the narrative grips you with its convincing and moving drama. Its vivid quality is emphasized thru its striking backgrounds.

True, the idea becomes involved yet it is easily grasped—so definitely drawn are the characters and situations. It releases titanic drama—not only in the picturesque conquest of the molten metal, but in the fires which burn in the hearts of men. It offers life in the raw—life which gives much and takes little. The acting is of a high caliber—with Doris Kenyon, Victor McLaglen and George Fawcett doing especially well. L. R.



A Message From E.W. Hammons To the readers of Motion Picture Classic

IF you were connected with the great motion picture industry—if you were a star or a director or a business executive—what would be your greatest ambition? Would your fondest dream be that some day you would be responsible for the "biggest and grandest" spectacle the screen had ever produced?

Perhaps on first thought you will quickly answer "yes, of course." But that isn't my chief ambition—and it never has been. I'd like to tell you why.

* * *

The motion picture industry, in my opinion, has one function to perform that is more important than any other consideration—to provide you and the rest of the great picture-loving public with consistently fine, wholesome entertainment and amusement. Of course, you want to see the fine big feature spectacles. But you also want to be sure that whenever you care to spend an evening at the "movies," you can count on having a fine evening's entertainment all through the whole show.

And that's why it always has been my chief ambition to have *Educational* provide for you the finest possible entertainment in the comedies, novelties and other Short Features that make up "The Spice of the Program." In the many years that *Educational* has played a part in the motion picture industry, it has never handled a long feature picture, and I'm mighty proud of the fact that it has grown to its present position among the leaders of the industry through specializing in the briefer pictures that go to balance the ideal picture program and that provide such a large part of your film entertainment.

You have shown that you want—that you demand—the finest entertainment all through the show; and that's why most of the country's better theatres are showing *Educational Pictures* today. That's also the reason why the Greater Movie Season that is just beginning will bring to the screen for your entertainment a still bigger and finer group of *Educational Pictures*.

Your favorite theatres can tell you what Short Features they are going to show as well as which longer feature. And if you'll consider them all in deciding "where to go," you'll find that you get more consistent enjoyment out of your movie evenings. You'll be impressed by the beauty and story value of the Romance Productions in natural colors, such as "The Vision." You'll always get a hearty laugh out of any of *Educational*'s comedies or cartoons. Any program is a better show that includes some of the Short Features that make up "The Spice of the Program."

ROMANCE PRODUCTIONS
HAMILTON COMEDIES
LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES
CHRISTIE COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
JUVENILE COMEDIES
TUXEDO COMEDIES CAMEO COMEDIES
LYMAN H. HOWE'S HODGE-PODGE
FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS
ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES
CURIOSITIES *The Movie Side-show* LIFE *Cartoon Comedies*
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E. W. Hammons, *President*
Executive Offices, 370 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

THEY SAY—

FIRST PRIZE

Fair Play for "The Big Parade"

EDITOR, CLASSIC:

I am English. I love my country. But, above all, I love truth and fair play.

I went to the première of "The Big Parade" in London on May 21st, and never have I heard anything to equal the spontaneous and enthusiastic applause which greeted this superb masterpiece. The next day a large section of the most widely read newspapers had headlines to this effect:

"America wins the war—on the films."

"Not a British soldier seen in America's version of the war," etc., etc.

These criticisms were most unfair and prejudiced, and gave a *totally false* idea of the picture, and have prevented many people going to see it and judging for themselves.

There *are* no British soldiers in the picture. Why *should* there be? It is an American film; war episodes as seen thru the eyes of an American doughboy. It distinctly states in the foreword that his experiences might have been those of a soldier of any other nationality. One English newspaper, *The Daily Sketch,* wrote of it: "It is an international picture, no more American than any other great work of art."

The following is an extract from a letter I wrote to *The Sunday Herald,* which, amongst other things, had criticised the behavior of the men in billets:

"UNITED STATES AND WAR FILMS

"With reference to your film critic's comments on 'The Big Parade,' I should like to state that during the last eight years I have seen a large number of British war films and do not recollect in one of them that American troops were even remotely referred to.

"In two plays the French were mentioned. Had America seen the British film, 'The Better 'Ole,' they would have concluded that our 'Tommies' were a set of low comedians, whose time was entirely taken up by drinking and kissing French girls, for they did practically nothing else. This film was not redeemed by either fine direction or acting.

"D. G. SHORE."

"The Big Parade" is a supreme work of art, in spite of the extremely simple and conventional story and certain "heroics" which, perhaps, slightly mar the latter half of the picture.

I have seen hundreds of *moving* pictures, but this is the first *living* picture. The acting reaches such heights that it ceases to *be* acting; it becomes life, real, surging, pulsating.

The film critic in *The Morning Post* wrote, with justice: "We should not condemn a wonderful piece of stagecraft because the producer was jealous of his own country's exploits."

The English are *not* what a certain section of the press would have the world believe. We are a generous people, and I know many who have seen "The Big Parade" and have come away with the tenderest feelings of gratitude and affection for the happy-go-lucky doughboys who came over to join in the "great adventure." A British Army officer, who had a great deal to do with the Americans in France during the war, said their fearlessness was wonderful.

I am sure that the abolition of war and the world's peace lie in the hands of America and Great Britain, and I, for one, earnestly desire a better understanding between the two countries. There must be mutual generosity, a truce to petty spite and jealousy. I have lived in America and love it and the Americans, and I found that so much of the foolish prejudices that people of one nationality have towards another simply arise from a want of proper understanding.

Owing to the almost moribund condition of the film industry over here, it has not been possible for Americans to see pictures representing real English life and characteristics (which may have something to do with the constant re-appearance on the American screen, of that curious creature—the monocled, mincing Englishman—in spite of Ronald Colman!).

A big movement has now started in order to better conditions and revive the industry, and huge studios are being built.

I hope America will give our pictures of English life a fair showing.

All art, all beauty should be international—universal. Each country should give of her best. The great new art of living pictures ought to be the means of uniting, not of disuniting nations. The movies should be the "entente cordiale" of the world.

DOROTHY GRACE SHORE,
11, Drayton Gardens,
So. Kensington,
London, S. W., England.

The MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC is devoting a page each month to the best letters from its readers. The prize-winning letters for the August number are reproduced on this page.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second and five dollars for the third. If two or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Letters must be constructive and interesting. They must deal with pictures or screen personalities. And—please note—they should be typewritten.

SECOND PRIZE

For the Foreign Girls and the Native Sons

EDITOR, CLASSIC:

Since this department is for the benefit of CLASSIC readers in which to express their opinions, I cant refrain from having my little "say so."

Being first and foremost for all things American, it is hard for me to feel compelled to say that the foreign actresses have it all over our own players. Undeniably our leading ladies are the more beautiful, but who among them can compare with the Pola Negri of "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood." Mme. Negri has never been given an opportunity by American directors, or by Famous Players. She was interesting in "Good and Naughty," but Pola Negri is in no wise the comédienne. I should like to see her, not Raquel Meller, as the Empress Josephine to Charles Chaplin's Napoleon.

Then there is Greta Garbo, who, because of her interesting and colorful portrayal in "The Torrent," should be among the most popular players. Not one of our American leading ladies could so subtly express the various emotions as Greta does. And it is gratifying to know that she has so able a director as Niblo for her second American picture and so charming and romantic a leading man as Antonio Moreno.

I must not forget to mention Greta Nissen here. She has had but one real opportunity, in "The Wanderer," a part so unsympathetic as to cause her to lose, rather than gain, admirers, so set are we on having all our heroines of the saccharine variety, in sugar-coated rôles. It is no wonder that Greta Nissen has deserted us for Ziegfeld and the stage.

Perhaps I've seemed too partial to the European players, but the readers of this letter who do not agree with me will forgive me when I say that my vote goes to the American leading men, unanimously, as against the Novarros, Valentinos and De Roches. They are not to be compared with Gilbert, Dix, Haines, Lloyd and the incomparable Wally Reid.

Who on the screen today is there to take Wally's place, and who ever will? His death left a void in all our hearts, one that will never be filled.

John Gilbert deserves a place in the Hall of Fame for his *James Apperson* in "The Big Parade" and his *Danilo* in "The Merry Widow." Who can deny Gilbert's ability after seeing him so ably portray two so diversified rôles? I was very happy when I learned that Jack and Greta Garbo will play together—*that* should be a picture, and Von Stroheim should direct it.

Richard Dix's Indian of "The Vanishing American" was fine, but I like him best in his lighter type of picture—"Take a

(*Continued on page* 90)



On the screen or off, there's a healthy, robust charm about Leatrice Joy. Hers is a frank, friendly nature which makes her personality glow. With quick, flashing eyes and warm, ready smile she fans the embers of romance in us all

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
SEPTEMBER, 1926



HARRY LANGDON

He's traveled many roads—has Harry Langdon, roads that led from Nowhere into Nowhere. But while he traveled he observed and jotted down the impressions in his mental note-book. That's why he has arrived with a thoro knowledge of pantomime—and that's why he is easily one of the finished artists of the screen



MARION DAVIES

It took a gay masquerade—a bit of blarney as a broth of a boy to bring out the best in Marion Davies. She conquered so easily and surely with her hoydenish whims that all the wiseacres and makers of stars proclaimed "it's a gift"



Irving Chidnoff

BILLIE DOVE

The mistress of the close-up—that's Billie Dove. Some cameras come too close to several stars, but Billie's beauty is the photographer's delight. When you see "The Marriage Clause," you will appreciate not only the close-ups, but also the emotional triumph of her career



Bull

PAULINE STARKE

The perils of Pauline are over. Time was a few seasons ago when the assurance that comes with experience and success was missing. Now she has blossomed into one of the most beautiful buds of the Hollywood garden—and she has perfect poise and eloquent emotions, to boot

H. L. MENCKEN

The Most Quoted Man in America

By B. F. Wilson

LARGE, bitter and copious were the tears shed by the writer during the entire time spent in listening to Mr. Mencken the other afternoon. This is not a sob story, but we fairly groaned for a dictophone to record what he said *verbatim*, for only in this manner could full justice be given to the interview.

No other man of our acquaintance or hearsay can even approach him in brilliancy of conversation. The picturesque phraseology, the glancing, gleaming flashes of wit, the originality of thought and word, and the deep, underlying current of humor fascinate the listener to the point of hypnosis. The customary grave expression of his face, belied by the twinkle of the bright blue eye, completely puzzles you as to whether, or when, he is speaking seriously. When he finally gets launched on a subject, he handles it in the same fashion a fox-terrier plays with a bone: he harries, he worries it; tosses it up in the air, and catches it deftly on the rebound; gnaws it, and tears it at the end into such minute pieces that not the faintest suspicion of the original idea remains.



Caricature of Mencken by Leo Kober

Breaks the Long Silence

WHEN he got thru talking about the movies, we felt as tho no one had ever even thought of the subject before. Not that it was easy to make him discuss the motion picture question. Far from it! For some reason or other he has always carefully avoided giving voice to his opinions on the subject. We have had Mencken on Music; Mencken on Art; Mencken on Prohibition; on Politics; on Women, Wine and Song; Mencken on Evolution (will you ever forget it?); Mencken on War, and on Peace; Mencken on Freedom of Speech and Deed—and of course Mencken on Literature, but never, despite golden offers from eager editors, has he uttered or expressed a word about the movies.

When I mentioned the subject:

"Flapdoodlery," he replied.

I had to use tactics which would have made Ambassador Hughes bow his head in homage, or Peggy Hopkins squirm with envy, before he would pay attention to the sincerity of my request.

"Have you ever been to a movie?" I demanded.

"How's the weather in Atlantic City?" he replied.

"Will you please answer my question?" I was stern.

"Did you know that Cleopatra was knock-kneed; that Homer was cock-eyed, and that Cæsar suffered from stomach trouble?" he queried with great interest.

I grew subtle.

"Nize Baby," I purred. "Tell momma about de movies, and momma will give you some nize beer mit pretzels."

I had him. I could tell by the rapt look on his face.

"Whatthehell do you want to know?" he inquired gently.

"Have you ever been to a movie?" I repeated, and he could tell from my expression that the "No Fooling" sign was out.

Recalls Two Masterpieces

"I HAVE been to a few," he replied. "Perhaps half a dozen in all. I can recall from them only two—'The Last Laugh' and 'The Big Parade.' I thought them both very entertaining. I know nothing of the ordinary run of romantic movies, made for the rabble."

He sank back into his chair with the well-known "clos-

Breaks the Long Silence

Talks for the First Time on the Movies

ing the interview" look on his face. He was polite, but I had known him long enough to get over that, so I hinted that he had merely started to talk, not finished.

"What do you think of the movies as an uplifting influence on the rabble, as you so sweetly put it?" I demanded.

"Why should they be uplifted?" he asked with the slightest elevation of his left eyebrow. You know, the "What are Yonkers?" expression.

"If the rabble likes them as they are, why change them?" He questioned, and I could see that his point was a good one.

"I believe that people have a right to amuse themselves as they please," he added.

"How do you like my suit? Pretty good, eh, for seventeen-fifty? I buy all my clothes ready-made; order as many as three suits at a time thru the Sears and Roebuck catalog; you know, one for each season so when I get them all at once, I dont have to worry about them when the time comes to change."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Please now! Stop your nonsense. This is serious. I want you to talk and say something when you talk, that I can write up as coming from you on a subject of vast importance. Please be serious for a few moments. After that, we'll talk on anything you like."

"All right," he said contritely. "I know what this means to you, what else do you want to know?"

Why Look for Literature?

"Do you see the importance of literature in the movies?"

"No. I dont see any necessary connection between the movies and literature. It is conceivable that a given movie may have some literary quality, but it is surely not likely. But why should it have?" He was quite in earnest now, and as I knew from past experience, the symptoms of his being fairly launched, I carefully restrained the sigh of relief which begged for utterance.

"Some of the most amusing plays that are acted on the stage have no literary quality whatsoever," he continued. "I am strongly against the doctrine that anything that is not literary should be put down by the police. Let the police attend to their proper business of protecting saloonkeepers against prohibition agents."

Most of my readers will recall the recent run-in Mr. Mencken had with the police on this very subject up in Boston. The press made a six-foot head-liner of the story for days. As the editor of *The American Mercury*, the sale of which had been prohibited, he went up to Boston and personally sold a copy. The case came up in court, and of course, was dismissed: the judge finding no reason for the suppression of the magazine. It was afterwards disclosed that because Mr. Mencken had published an article on the self-appointed vice-crusaders, seeking notoriety by supposedly cleaning up American literature, and in the article naming the chief reformer, that it was this self same reformer who had ordered the sale of the magazine stopped.

But to get back to our subject.

"What do you think of the morals of the movies?" I asked, knowing how he felt on all bigotry and ignorant reformation.

"I dont know anything about them," he answered. "But I do know many intelligent and decent people who go to see them often, and from these people I have never heard any complaint about their immorality."

He chewed the end of his cigar reflectively.

Loose Leeches of Lewdness

"You know, dont you, that such complaints come only from professional *Smut-snufflers*, most of them looking for jobs. The fact makes me suspicious. I find it hard to take such *Smut-snufflers* seriously. They are the ones that are always raising a hullabaloo about nothing. These doodlesockers are constantly making it known thru the yellow sheets that seeing a young fellow kiss his gal fills them with an uncontrollable sexual libido. I can only say that the spectacle has no such effect upon me, nor upon anyone I know.

"All the people that read these yellow sheets get het up over the fact that they are being tempted, altho they would never have known it unless it had been pointed out to them. The poor damfools haven't got sense enough to give these rotters a good swift kick in their little August. But anybody with any intelligence whatsoever, would laugh himself sick at the idea of five feet or twenty-five feet, or whatever it is, of celluloid film showing a gal and a man in a clinch, affecting him to the point of indecent desire."

"What do you think of all this Hollywood business?

(*Continued on page* 81)



Says Mr. Mencken:

"As most of us know, the ordinary run of romantic movies are made for the rabble.

"If the rabble likes them as they are, why change them? I believe that people have a right to amuse themselves as they please.

"I don't see any connection between the movies and literature. It is conceivable that a given movie may have some literary quality, but it is surely not likely.

"Most of the complaints about the morals of the movies come from professional smut-snufflers—who are looking for jobs."

"Some of the movie people get too much money and carry on like American business men at a trade convention, but the majority of them are hard-working people, and take their work very seriously.

"An actor, like any other man, is worth whatever he can earn for his employer."

Hollywood's Pet

The So-Called Human Race Has Its Little Weaknesses. All of Us Are Faithful to Our Foibles—and Among the Most Faithful Is the Celluloid Circle On the Coast. So It's Everyone to His Taste In Riding a Favorite Hobby

By Richard Coyle



John Ellis

John Barrymore has an expensive craving for books. In his library is a really fine collection of rare old first editions—and he burns much midnight oil in reading them. One of the pet "hobbyists" is Priscilla Dean, on the left—who goes in for all types of dolls

EVERY human being who is old enough to have learned that the thumb is not really to be taken seriously as an article of food has a pet foible, an amiable little weakness, a bizarre little trait in an otherwise perfectly safe-and-sane character—or, in short, a pet extravagance.



Elmer Fryer



John Ellis

On the left is Syd Chaplin who has a weakness for aviation. Having been a veteran pilot, he is deeply interested in intricate little model planes and their big brothers. Below is Ruth Clifford keeping company with three of her forty-seven dolls. It's her pet extravagance

This pet extravagance is not necessarily a hobby or a recreation, tho it may be closely allied with either or both. Nor does it necessarily demand extravagance in a financial way. It is a foible that even the Scotch may have, and usually do.

For its extravagance may consist merely in its lavish demands upon the time and attention of its owner.

It manifests itself in as many different ways as there are different quirks of personality in mankind. With one individual it may consist of a passionate fondness for highly expensive silk neckties of a general color scheme that would drive a Siwash Indian into a delirious ecstacy of envy. With another, it may be a fatal weakness for the ghastly hodge-podge of an auction sale.

Its manifestations may be as weirdly incongruous as an Eskimo in a straw hat. A meekly inoffensive little mouse of a man may go without his lunch in order to satisfy his yearning for lurid volumes of piratical lore, while, on the other hand, Horrible Harvey of the Gashouse Gang may



EXTRAVAGANCES

have an insatiable secret craving for chocolate-covered peanut bars.

Being Human, They Have Hobbies

HOLLYWOOD, being full of reasonably normal human beings, in spite of occasional propaganda of the yellow press to the contrary, it naturally follows that Hollywood is full of pet extravagances. And, players usually being rather colorful folk, it is only natural that their pet foibles should be colorful above the average.

Not that these foibles are quite so bizarre as they have sometimes been painted by over-zealous press-agents. If half the publicity yarns along this line were true, Hollywood would of necessity be peopled with equal parts of lunatics, kleptomaniacs, and zoo keepers. I have heard it claimed that various players had weaknesses for everything from original Rembrandts to blue-nosed baboons. One hard-working press-agent even spent half an afternoon once trying to convince me that the favorite recreation of one of his clients was putting a small herd of trained eels thru their tricks.

All of which is not only a finely assorted lot of bunk, but rather foolish as well. Because the real pet foibles of some of our leading players are interesting enough in actuality without adding any imaginative garnishes. Giving as they do, such unique and intimate sidelights upon the real tastes and characters of screen favorites, to me these little pet extravagances have always been one of the most interesting minor phases of life in the Film Colony.

They range literally from patent cigaret-lighters to fleets of high-powered and equally high-priced automobiles.



John Ellis





At the top is a corner of Louise Fazenda's library. She is a genuine book-collector, and is an inveterate follower of all the auctions in the book-shops. In the circles from left to right are Lilyan Tashman and Helene Chadwick. Lilyan admits a weakness for French perfumes—and Helene's hobby is fur coats. She boasts an expensive collection

Among the Collections

WILLIAM BOYD is the possessor of the cigaret-lighter complex. At a conservative estimate, Bill has bought at least forty of the pesky things so far this year. Of every size, every material, and every shape, they have had just one thing in common, an utter failure to continue functioning after the second day. Bill is still hoping, however, and still searching for his goal, a cigaret-lighter that will really light, and keep on lighting.

Automobiles are Tom Mix's pet extravagance. And Tom's present fleet of aristocratic cars is one to constitute a real extravagance, even to a gentleman whose monthly pay check reads like the national debt of Nicaragua.

Here is the list, as nearly as I can remember it offhand:—one Dusenberg roadster, one Rolls-Royce touring car, one Locomobile limousine, one Buick sedan, and two Packard limousines. Considering that the combined list prices of these cars approximate the forty-thousand-dollar mark, it will readily be granted that Tom's pet extravagance is one worthy the name. At that, I may

(*Continued on page 72*)



Don Gillum

Another Hollywood doll devotee is Claire Windsor—who has a really exquisite collection from all nations. She dresses them up in bizarre costumes and whiles away rainy days in showing them a good time

Three More Writers



Brown Bros.

E. V. Lucas



Courtesy of Geo. H. Doran

Baroness Orczy

By Henry Albert Phillips

E. V. LUCAS, one of the editors of *Punch*, the humorous weekly, is an author easy to know. And you can see the man just as he is if you will read any one of the many books he has written—some of his "Wanderer" books, for instance: "A Wanderer in Paris," "A Wanderer in Rome," and so on.

If you dont know *Punch*, then you should meet him, too, at any cosmopolitan news-stand and take him home, for a quarter, I think it is in America. His pages reflect Mr. Lucas perfectly.

Finally, Mr. Lucas is managing director of one of London's biggest and oldest publishing houses, Methuen & Co., and there I met him.

"I write because I like writing and I never write about anything I am not enthusiastic about," said Mr. Lucas somewhere along in the conversation.

I think those few words express more nearly what should be a writer's creed than any others I have ever read or heard.

"I never pretend to be exhaustive, but I make it a point never to become exhausting."

But you get the idea from those two expressions of the sort of man Lucas is and the kind of thing he writes.

BARONESS ORCZY (pronounced Ortsee) is the author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel"—considered one of the best sellers in the world, a book that has sold five million copies in about twenty years—at the rate of two hundred and fifty thousand copies a year!

Here is an ideal story for the motion pictures and yet it has never been presented in the films. And the reason, in part, for its non-production and thus denying to the cinema world one of the most intriguing, thrilling and picturesque stories, is to be found in my preamble. Among other things, the Baroness feels a lack of confidence in the ability of scenarist and director to render with perfect fidelity the story that is so near her heart. She acknowledges her own inability to aid them further than submitting the story "as is."

"We have been offered all sorts of money for 'The Scarlet Pimpernel,'" she told me. "Periodically, someone from the films comes along with a new offer. I have my ideas why I would not yet perhaps sell it, but I am not the sole owner of the rights, outside book rights. Fred Terry, the actor, is my partner in dramatic and other rights and has the idea that a film presen-

(*Continued on page 77*)

Indict the Films

"The films are not good enough. With all the money and other kind of wealth expended on them they should be infinitely better. The best thing they do is the supernatural—they are the link between poor inadequate human nature and magic."—E. V. Lucas.

"I have my own ideas why I would not sell 'The Scarlet Pimpernel' to the movies. My partner has the idea that film presentation would smash the play. The plot is so complicated and the atmosphere so essential."—Baroness Orczy.

"I just haven't any ideas on the films. I find most of them extraordinarily nonsensical—and still go to see them sometimes."—Ford Madox Ford.



Courtesy of Albert and Charles Boni

Ford Madox Ford

The Fifth of a Series of Talks About Motion Pictures With Famous English and Continental Writers

IT is a wise fiction father who knows his own movie child.

And the more I see of Great Writers and hear them talk about the terrible things that happen to their brain children, in the cruel screen world, the more I wonder why they trust their sacred things to the care of roving bands of gypsies—as they seem to consider the cinema in general. They are like those mothers who desert their babies in dark hallways and then turn up to claim them and wail over them when they have been adopted by wealthy persons who shower a fortune on them.

One of the bitterest defamers of the movies that I know, and their ill-treatment of the novelist is one whose book did not go at all well, netting him not more than $4,000. A motion picture company paid him $20,000 for the picture rights. A clever scenarist made a silk purse out of a sow's ear, literally, for the story on the screen was infinitely better than that in the book from which it had been taken—and was different, of course. Hence the wail of the novelist.

In the great majority of cases, the novelist makes more from his picture rights than he does

FORD MADOX FORD is the author of that remarkable book, "No More Parades," which was adjudged the finest novel of the year by several of the leading book reviews.

He lives in Paris in a quaint studio on *Rue Notre Dame des Champs*, just behind the house in which Balzac once lived and wrote. By good fortune, my *pension* happened to be almost opposite his studio, so it was an easy matter to drop in. He took me up a rickety stair to a cubby-hole where he said he did most of his writing.

"No," he smiled, when I asked him, "I just *haven't* any ideas on the films. I find most of them extraordinarily nonsensical."

"But you do go to see them?" I persisted on top of his condemnation.

"Yes. I suppose everyone must go to see them sometimes. Oh, yes, I did go to three bull-fights and *two films* in one week down in the south of France last summer."

Bull-fights and films! There's a new one. Ford Madox Ford puts them on a par, only he places bull-fights first.

We talked all around the films after that, for he did not want to be caught associating with

(*Continued on page 77*)

PICTURE, PICTURE



By
ROBERT
DONALDSON



Jean Hersholt and Ernest Torrence walked away with the acting honors in "Greed" and "The Covered Wagon"

THE question is—how do they steal it?

Picture-stealing is rapidly becoming an eighth art, and one which adds spice to the business of going to the movies. Frequently it is the method by which a new star is whirled into the firmament of filmdom.

Picture-stealing is always eagerly watched both by critics and theatergoers because it partakes of the element of chance, of the unexpected.

One reads the advance notices and advertisements of a movie. Various well-known players are featured, and everything seems according to Hoyle thruout. Yet when one attends the picture, it is obvious—obvious to the veriest dub in the audience—that some unknown, or some minor player, whose name is frequently not even mentioned in the billing—has walked away with the show, has made the impression which is the most lasting on the minds of the audience. Not always is it a newcomer who steals a picture. Often it is a character actor with a relatively small part compared to that of the hero and the heroine.

Such a player very frequently (in the parlance of the film business) just "rolls up the picture and puts it in his vest pocket."

How do they do it? How is a picture stolen?

The writer decided that the best way to discover the technique was to go to some of the notorious picture-stealers in the business.

Not infrequently producers put a confirmed picture-stealer in a cast just to pep things up and spur the other members of the cast to greater effort.

His Back to the Camera!

ONE of the classics of Hollywood is the tale of how Andre de Beranger, with his back to the camera, stole the final scene of "Grounds for Divorce" from Owen Moore and Harry Myers, to whom (the latter two) the scene was supposed to go, and who dont love a camera lens any more than they love their own mothers.

The final scene of the picture featured Beranger, Myers and Moore. Each of the three was trying to take this scene by sheer force of acting, and the battle was one of wit, cleverness, and quick-thinking.

When the fade-out scene came, the honors were about even. Paul Bern, the director, arranged the grouping for the fade-out. And he placed Beranger with his back to the camera!

Moore and Myers chuckled. Beranger, they figured, was out of it. But they reckoned without the swift-thinking cleverness of a real trouper.



Andre de Beranger stole "Grounds for Divorce"



Roy D'Arcy stole "The Merry Widow"



Adolphe Menjou stole "A Woman of Paris"

Who Stole the *Picture?*

The Pastime of Stealing the Picture Is Indulged In On Many Occasions. While the Star Has the Principal Rôle, It Is Often a Minor Player or Some Gifted Character Actor Who Makes the Most Lasting Impression and Walks Away With the Show

Drawings by
George Annand



Wallace Beery almost stole "Robin Hood" away from Douglas Fairbanks

As the cameras started to grind, Moore tugged at his coat lapel and Myers tugged at his mustache. And Beranger was left the opportunity to "emote" with the broad of his back!

But Beranger had a pair of white gloves. He clasped these behind his back, and as the scene began to fade out he waved them up and down.

And because they were the whitest thing in the scene, they remained visible longer than anything else—after Myers' mustache and Moore's lapel had been obliterated by the encircling darkness!

An Old Timer At It

ONE of the most brilliant attempts at picture-stealing in recent years occurred in "Robin Hood." This was a Douglas Fairbanks production from start to finish. All the other characters were supposed to be incidental.

And yet—who doesn't remember Wallace Beery as King Richard I?—*Richard the Lion-Hearted*, seated in his immense palace gnawing lustily on a leg of mutton, and hurling the bone to his henchmen?

It was a great performance, one that will be long remembered. And yet Beery's footage in "Robin Hood" was very small compared to Doug's. Beery worked fast and cleverly, but he didn't quite make the grade, largely for the reason that Doug held the final scissors on the negative when it went to the cutting-room.

"The part of *King Richard* was the easiest one I have ever played," Wallace told me. "It was a cinch. It simply couldn't fail. I have played much harder parts, put a good deal more into them, and made a great deal smaller impression when it was all over with." And yet one cannot imagine anyone but Beery in the part!

There Are Women in the Game

AMONG the women, picture-stealing seems to be less frequent. Yet it does occur.

For instance, Louise Dresser very nearly walks off with every picture in which she appears. Very little grass has grown under her feet of late in the picture world. One recalls "The Goose Woman" especially. And her work in Victor Fleming's "The Blind Goddess" and Allan Dwan's "Padlocked" is superb. In both pictures she very nearly "wraps up the show and puts it in her pocket"—presuming that women at least have pockets for this purpose.

(*Continued on page* 65)



Paul Kelly stole "The New Klondyke"



Louise Dresser stole "The Blind Goddess"



George Bancroft stole "The Pony Express"

A Yankee Lass on a Lark in LONDON





The younger Gish, whom we all know as Dorothy, is back in London having the time of her young life. The English countryside can be enjoyed even in the big, bustling city—which accounts for Dorothy registering 'igh 'appiness while punting on the Thames





Dorothy went over to London town to make "Nell Gwyn"—and she sold her personality so well to the Britishers that they asked her to visit them again. Hence her return to the snug little isle. When Dorothy is not in the studio where she is busy making "London"—a story of Limehouse by Thomas Burke—in which Adelqui Miller, a Chilean actor, is her leading man, she is usually boating or strolling around a bit with her wire-haired terriers

Photos Abbé, London



Jonquil had among her hazier memories of her mother, visions of her tulle and butterfly wings, a golden *Columbine*, or again as a languid *Juliet*—or as the dismal *Camille* dismally expiring in her best nightgown

PAINTED PEOPLE

By Faith Service

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

With this issue, Classic *introduces its new serial in six parts. Faith Service, the author, has written a fascinating romance of the stage and screen—the make-believe world that conquers its people with hopes and illusions. With a keen knowledge of the background of theatrical life, the author places her young heroine against it—and makes her shift for herself.*

SHE hated it! She loathed and detested it! She shrank from it as tho it were some actual, tangible thing afflicting her very flesh.

She felt that it had ruined her mother's life, sullied her father's life, crushed and deprived her own life.

Grease paint and all that it stood for . . . tawdry painted scenes and tawdry, painted people . . . sick ambitions and fainting

A Story of the Footlights and Kleigs

hopes . . . dreary little towns and being "stranded" . . . *Grease paint!*

The smell of it . . . the stench . . . the cheap people . . . the silly simulations . . . the gritty hotels . . . the unrinsed bed linen . . . the rough-dried wash . . . the homelessness. . . .

Oh, how could anyone say they "loved" it? How could old actresses, cracked and bent-looking, come back-stage to revisit scenes that now seemed to them scenes of vanished triumphs? How could they stand in the dusty malodorous wings and seem to grow young again before your very eyes. You could actually see them do it. You could see their shriveled shoulders, their lean breasts swell into fluence, their lack-lustre eyes sparkle and shine . . . before your watching, fascinated eyes they were Camille again . . . they were Rosalind . . . Trina . . . Fragoletta . . . women ravishing and real . . . They breathed in the grease paint and lo, from their shriveled bodies there stepped a galaxy of fair forgotten women. . . .

She would never be like that . . . never be one of them . . . she hated it . . . all of it . . . it had poisoned her. . . .

Old men, too . . . she had seen and heard old men . . . watched them straighten their autumn-leaf shoulders, tell hoarse bravado stories about "the days when I was young" . . . they, too, were *Romeos, Orlandos, Don Juans*. . . .

It was funny . . . Jonquil didn't understand. She felt that she never would.

. . . . . .

So far back as she could drive her mind, Jonquil had been unhappy. And she felt that she could remember very far back indeed. There were things to make her remember. Terrible things. Scourges. Signposts of sadness.

There was, for instance, her mother. Of course, most girls remember their mothers, but not in just the way nor for just the reasons that Jonquil did.

Most children are made comfortable by their mothers. Soothingly, drowsingly comfortable. And in the blanketing lap of such warm comfort things become blurred into a pleasant whole. Things melt in a comfortable reminiscence of sweet sachets and cuddly arms and fragrant kitchens and a lullabying sort of voice. All these things compound and become one's mother.

Not so with Jonquil. She associated no comfort with her mother, no fragrant baking days when she had been allowed to make gingerbread men with raisin eyes, no lullabying voice.

Jonquil had been uncomfortable. She had been uncomfortable twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four. Even when she had slept she had been aware of discomfort, of the fact that the bed was gritty and lumpy, that her mother was sighing and making moany little noises in her sleep, that her father was snorting and sniffling, and that they would have to be up in the pallid dawn hustling thru dim chill streets to another train bound for another dreary town.

Jonquil had had long, head-drooping hours behind the scenes waiting for her mother to make her final dying appearance as *Camille* or whatever highly flavored rôle she happened to be enacting on that particular night.



The character woman had come into their room and shrieked dreadful things at her father and mother. She had seemed to put herself in the same place with them and called them "poor dupes" and other hideous names

—And a Girl's Escape From Herself

Jonquil had had scene shifters or juveniles or character women as temporary and ever shifting nursemaids. Jonquil had subsisted upon fried food, skim milk and lollipops in order to attain to that creature comfort known as "a full stomach."

It was in the rôle of *Camille* that Jonquil best—or worst—remembered her mother. It had been her mother's favorite part. "I understand, *Camille*," her mother had said, "I become one with her . . . it is my hope that I shall some day be recognized as having given one of the world's greatest *Camilles* to the theater."

Jonquil remembered sitting one night in the scant audience, yawning away the time until her mother should have taken *Camille's* highly emotional departure from the flesh. A man next to her smiled at her unabashed yawns and said, "Dont blame you . . . that woman is the world's worst *Camille* . . . I congratulate her. I thought I had run the gamut."

Jonquil had felt like crying. Her mother would have been so hurt. Still, he had said that he congratulated her, too. Grown-ups said such mixy things. Congratulate meant something nice. A more prominent part, a raise in salary, a week's stand. Something like that.

. . . . . .

Lillian and Percival De Vere were the owners and proprietors of a second-rate stock company playing two-night stands in third rate towns. Now and then they had a summer engagement but it was only now and then.



They played a catholic and comprehensive repertoire. Their repertoire was a great point of pride with them.

Jonquil had, among her hazier memories of her mother, visions of her in tulle and butterfly wings, a golden *Columbine;* or again as a languid *Juliet* lying in a stiffly composed nightdress upon a nightmarish catafalque made of papier mâché. Or, again, as the dismal *Camille* dismally expiring in her best nightgown which had been duly washed and hung to dry in their bedroom each night before the performance of *Camille*.

Perhaps, after all, Jonquil's most potent memory of her mother was the last one. She never seemed able completly to efface it. Years later, in the shadow world, this memory would recur to her, the realest thing in the unreal world. And yet she was never quite able to distinguish as to whether it had actually happened in one of their hotel rooms or whether it had been a singularly poignant performance on the stage. Possibly it had been another one of those times in the best nightgown or on the papier mâché catafalque.

She felt sure of the best nightgown, at any rate.

And it *must* have been in the hotel room because her memory did not conjure up any footlights, but merely the dirty gray wash of early morning. Anyway, her mother had been lying on something or other clad in the best nightgown and breathing more and more heavily with every difficult breath. Jonquil had called her and she hadn't answered—only breathed harder than ever—and then, all at once, she hadn't breathed at all. She had been terribly still. The lace on her breast hadn't stirred even when a puff of icy wind came from nowhere at all and played about the bed.

Jonquil had supposed her sleeping and had slipped out of the room and had gone downstairs to breakfast. She remembered thinking that she would bring her mother something on a tray. Her mother loved to have breakfast brought to her on a tray. She had said that it made her feel "refined." And then they could still catch the train. . . .

Papa had not been in their room all night but he came in to breakfast while Jonquil was having hers. Jonquil had known that he would be "mad" because mama wasn't up and had hastily told him that mama would surely make the train but that she was so tired she hadn't even breathed and that she was going to take her some breakfast on a tray. . . .

Papa had glared at her and she had noticed that his eyes were redder than usual and had thought how horridly his lower lip hung down, almost as tho it were going to drop sloppily off. But it had never hung so low as when she had said that mama wasn't breathing. Papa had turned and left the room when she said that, which was strange, because he never did anything, certainly nothing for mama, until he had eaten himself. She supposed that mama was going to "get it" harder than ever and the thought took away whatever flavor there might have been to the cold bacon and storage eggs.

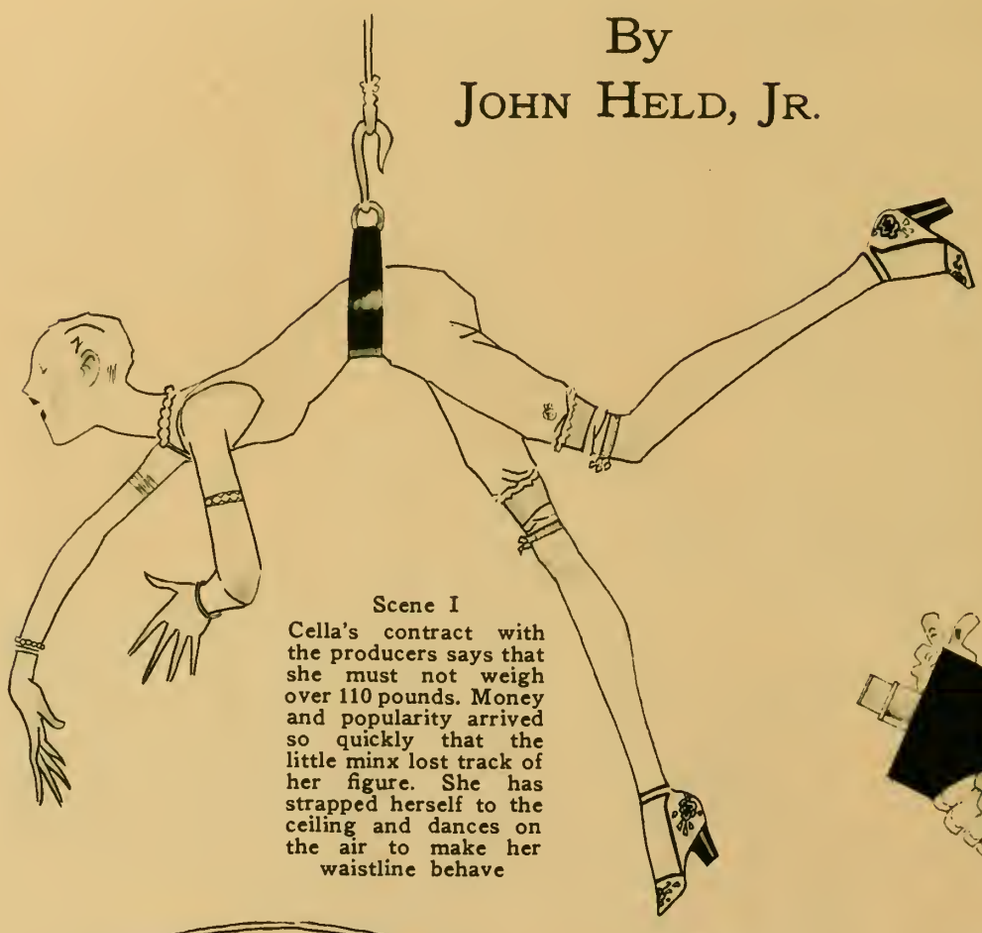
. . . . . .

Jonquil never saw her mother again. They had wanted her to look at her when she was lying in her coffin but she had cried and begged them not to make her. She had felt

(*Continued on page* 68)

CELLA LLOYD BECOMES

By
JOHN HELD, JR.



Scene I
Cella's contract with the producers says that she must not weigh over 110 pounds. Money and popularity arrived so quickly that the little minx lost track of her figure. She has strapped herself to the ceiling and dances on the air to make her waistline behave

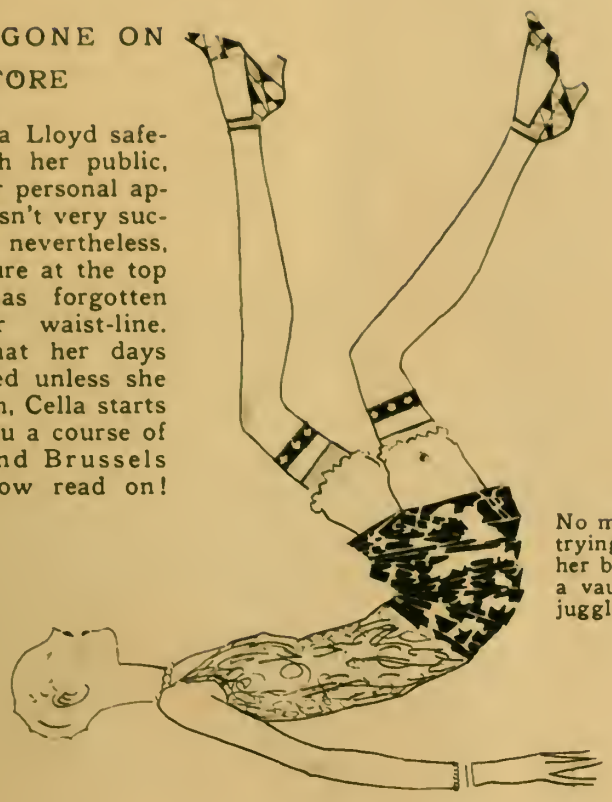


Scene II
Cella never misses the Roto section of the newspapers. She has noticed that Jack Dempsey trains by skipping the rope—and so she employs a photographer to snap her. She will train down to form and break into the papers at the same time

PLEASINGLY PLUMP

WHAT'S GONE ON BEFORE

With Cella Lloyd safely over with her public, even tho her personal appearance wasn't very successful, she, nevertheless, feels so secure at the top that she has forgotten her slender waist-line. Knowing that her days are numbered unless she keeps in trim, Cella starts reducing thru a course of physical and Brussels sprouts. Now read on!





Scene III

No matter how strenuous the stunt, Cella thoroly believes in trying it out. She claims to have invented this exercise, but her bitter rival, Hebe Jebie, knows better. Hebe saw her at a vaudeville show intently watching the Japanese acrobats juggle the barrel. As for Cella, she has juggled the barrel right out of the picture



Scene IV

To continue the painful pastime of reducing Cella knows she must diet as well as exercise. Accordingly she gives up spinach and pineapple and orders a light luncheon of fried chicken and a tureen of clam chowder. Enters the mysterious stranger. Can he be the producer?

Facing Death

By Scott Pierce





Jimmie Adams made them shudder in the above scene when he reposed flat on his back on a slanting board that projected from the top of an oil derrick. Harold Lloyd surely risked his life in the scene on the right—taken from "Safety Last." The spectators gasped for breath when he did his stuff on the skyscraper

HOLLYWOOD has a number of workers who would never be rated as good risks by any insurance company that was in its right mind, but, taken as a class, there is no single group in the Film Colony that flirts more consistently with death, havoc, and destruction in the course of its daily labors before the camera than do the movie comedians.

In fact, in order for a film comedian to get his name in electric lights over a theater, it is apparently first necessary for him to run imminent chances of getting that same name on a marble slab over a neat, grassy mound.

For reasons known entirely to itself, an American picture audience wishes its hair to stand on end at the same time its funny-bone is being tickled. The nearer a comedian can come to a violent and spectacular exit from this vale of tears, the funnier that comedian apparently is.

If it is funny to see a comedian nearly fall ten feet, it seems to follow necessarily that if the comedian nearly falls a hundred feet it is ten times as funny. A situation that is only mildly mirthful when a comic is being chased by a hungry bulldog becomes really sidesplitting when the pursuer is a man-eating lion.

Chills are an essential running mate to chuckles. Custard pies have given way to boiler explosions, street scenes to skyscraper roof-tops, trick flivvers to racing airplanes, and banana skins to landslides.

As a result of this insatiable demand for thrills, nerves of chilled steel are as indispensable an adjunct to a modern film comedian as freckles are to a dill pickle. Disregarding the ever-imminent rustle of the Grim Reaper's black robes in the near distance, the successful comedian must not only laugh at Death, but must win still greater laughs in so doing.

It is doubtful if any comedian





Above is Buster Keaton being propelled by the business end of a boot from the train. He doesn't allow accidents to shatter his nonchalance or nerve. It takes a deal of pluck to face a lion—even one of the Hollywood brand. The girl who is being used for a cushion hopes the big brute is on a diet

For a LAUGH

The American Picture Audience Wishes Its Hair to Stand on End at the Same Time Its Funny-Bone is being Tickled. That's Why the Comedians Must Risk Their Lives in Gathering Thrills and Laughs





Billy Bevan, the Sennett star, above, flirted with the cemetery when he walked along a ledge of a building. He was supposed to walk in his sleep with his eyes shut. In the oval is Douglas MacLean who had his thrills cut out for him in "Going Up" and "That's My Baby"

on the screen has equalled Harold Lloyd in number of thrills per foot of celluloid during the last few years. And the thrills have all been legitimate ones. In common with Keaton, Denny, and other big-time laughmakers, Lloyd absolutely refuses to use a double, and relies almost solely upon his own physical ability, and careful planning and timing of the various stunts beforehand.

Lloyd's Thrills

A TYPICAL Lloyd thrill was filmed in "Girl Shy." Standing on the top of a runaway street-car which was speeding downhill at the rate of nearly thirty miles an hour, Harold grasped the tip of the trolley-pole and was swung clear, dangling over the edge of the car for an instant, then dropping like a plummet into the back seat thru the "breakaway" top of a small touring car that was speeding alongside. Thanks to perfect timing and a very fair amount of sheer luck, the feat went off like clockwork, and the comedian did not even receive a scratch.



On the right Billy Bevan is making certain of running no further risks as he pulls his friend away from the lion



In "Safety Last," Lloyd piled thrill upon thrill until the spectator was fairly left gasping for breath. Only an absolute fearlessness of height upon Lloyd's part made the various stunts even possible. Incidentally, it was in this picture that

(*Continued on page 67*)

Earle Foxe, on the left, has had all kinds of luck in avoiding the hospital or the cemetery while making the "Van Bibber" stories. Here he is telephoning for help while dancing on the air a few hundred feet from the baking asphalt



The HOLLYWOOD of France

I HAVE met—worked with, alas!—many, many motion picture directors, but not one of them bears the slightest resemblance to Rex Ingram, his manner and his methods. Rex Ingram is unique. Where I have seen directors — not all of them—wear their caps with the visors down the back of their necks, array themselves in riding breeches and puttees, bellow thru megaphones, and go striding and swearing all over the lot—Rex doesn't.

Rex Ingram is the quietest—silentest might be the better word—man I met on the whole Riviera. His quiet and silence, however, are impressive. You feel that there is so much he might say, if he chose; so many interesting things he is constantly holding in reserve. As he sits opposite you, you become conscious of vast potential activities constantly going on in his mind. I have never yet seen him when he was not looking with a far-away gaze at something beyond the problem that was directly in front of him. He has developed a deep crease running down almost into his left eyebrow from peering into space this way.

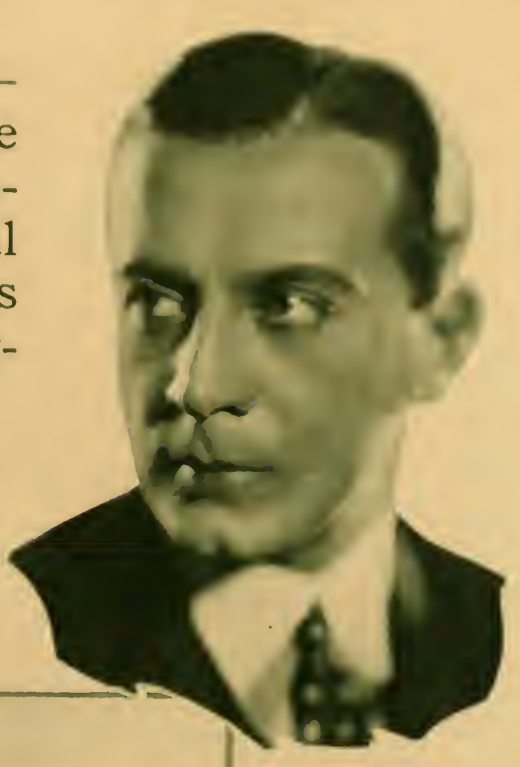


At the top of the page is a bird's-eye view of Rex Ingram's studios at Nice. The imposing edifice at the right is the Administration Building—which houses the offices of the director and the various heads of departments. The interior above represents the modeling room where sets and details are designed

Rex has a faculty of bringing silence with him wherever he goes. No matter how noisy the studio may be, you can always tell when Rex has entered, for a hush falls on his presence. If the whole place is not quiet, you will always find a little spot surrounding him that is. I remark this in way of contrast to most directors I have worked with who were the Big Noise itself.

Rex Ingram Has Found a Paradise—a Perfect Arcadia by the Sea. The Riviera Beckoned Him with Its Romance—and at Nice with Its Beautiful Environs the Idealist Among Directors Is Living in a Motion Picture Kingdom of His Own

By Henry Albert Phillips



Lachman, Paris

Above is a "discovery" of Ingram's. He is a Russian who answers to the name of John Petrovitch—and he plays one of the principal rôles in the director's new picture, "The Magician." On the left are the three large studios at St. Augustin — which is three miles from Nice

Rex the Idealist

I have heard it said that Ingram is a *poseur*, but I do not believe he is. We must all bear in mind that Fame puts one on a pedestal and, once famous, we have to pose a bit to keep the gaping world satisfied. On the contrary, Rex Ingram creates the impression that he doesn't give a whoop about anybody or anything. Yet, on second thought, that surmise does not hold water for a moment. There probably is not a man in the business of directing and producing motion pictures who cares more for everybody and everything than this same Ingram. I offer as proof of this conclusion everything that he does—and I may say that he does everything. A Rex Ingram picture *is* Rex Ingram. No, there is no one who thinks more of and works more for the public picture-goer than Rex Ingram. So, this not seeming to care a whoop may be a pose. If it is, it is like everything else he does, artistic!





Lachman, Paris

If you saw the German picture, "The Golem," which was presented here a few years ago, you remember Paul Wegener. The Teuton actor has the leading part in "The Magician"

There are other ways in which Rex Ingram reminds me of Napoleon. One is the manner in which he always dresses in a subdued, quiet costume, while his generals are usually arrayed in gaudy uniforms. Again, he becomes conspicuous because of his marked inconspicuousness. There are only two things that are unusual. One is a little French tight student tam-o'-shanter that he wears. The other is a gold-chain bracelet affected by the young Frenchman of today. Neither seems so extraordinary viewed in France when one has been there for a long while.

If you should ask me what I think is the most remarkable thing about Rex Ingram, I should say it is the fact that he has not become insufferable. That is the miracle for which

(*Continued on page 66*)

Like the Little Theater Movement—the Little Cinema Idea is Spreading Rapidly. Film Guilds Are Sprouting Everywhere and Picture Patrons Are Taking Up the New Art of the Future

The Rise LITTLE

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

UNDER the surface, one of the most exciting events of the year in motion pictures has been the spread of the "little cinema" idea. We have had our art theaters and theater guilds; now we are to have Film Guilds and "salons of the cinema."

"A little theater for the films in every community, reviving and introducing only the best American and foreign pictures. Minority of true screen devotees to be organized. Skeptics to be converted." So run the manifestoes of these new film-phobes and pioneers.

The *intelligentsia* is taking up the films. Society is taking them up too—not as a secret sin, but frankly avowedly, as the New Art of the Future!



Dudley Murphy is one of the figures in the art-film movement. He is home talent which has absorbed the ideas about modern art that are current in Europe

Invited to one of these "film art evenings," I elbowed my way into a pretentious theater lobby thru a cultured mob in evening dress and eight-cylinder cars. It was more like Carnegie Hall or Russian Ballet night at the Metropolitan Opera: artists, professors, all the younger generation and the smart "New Yorkers" were there talking at the top of their voices. As the great foreign film with its famous stars went on the screen, there was wild applause; or, hisses, laughter, organized cheering as some new wrinkle or fandangle appeared on this ultra-modern screen. Verily, like a first night at the Opera! And here were — well several hundred people who had paid some ten dollars in advance to see a few films that were heralded as examples of the modern art of the cinema, not because there were specimens of feminine or masculine pulchritude displayed therein.



Decla Bioscop

Here is a scene from the German production of "Cinderella," made by Ufa. The actress playing the title-rôle is Helga Thomas. The picture was first shown in America by Film Associates

They've Come to Stay

OBSERVING this new movement toward "little cinemas" for artistic and seriously wrought pictures, I have been struck not so much by the strangeness of the idea as by its vitality, its staying power. This season we are to have four "little cinemas" in New York instead of two; and a chain of them in other large cities such as Boston, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles.

The idea of little theaters for exhibiting new, experimental, and unpopular films offers so many possibilities for the future, (if it persists and grows as it seems to be doing), that it is time to look over the field and meet some of the leading figures of this movement which has started from the outside.

Symon Gould, the mainspring of the International Film Arts Guild, has, for instance, never been connected with any of the big producing companies. His group has been the most successful, the most aggressive. It has gained a foothold on Broadway and is at the very moment regaling chosen audiences of New York

of the CINEMA

A Wave of Revivals is on—Revivals of Worth-While Pictures, Which Are Being Shown With New Impressionistic Ideas. The Public Taste is Changing—It Demands Intelligence and Quality in Its Films



F. Brunel

Symon Gould is the main spring of the International Film Arts Guild—which caters to the best in the picture field. It is his purpose to establish the little cinema movement in a score of cities





Decla Bioscop

The scene in the center of the page is taken from "The Waxworks," the highly impressionistic German film which has created a sensation wherever shown. On the right is another study of Helga Thomas, the German star, enacting the title-rôle of "Cinderella" in the Ufa production of that name

with film masterpieces of the past, or box-office flops, or foreign films of great beauty which might never otherwise see the light here—were it not for the Film Arts Guild.

Gould is a little man with horn-rimmed spectacles, but big with ideas for livening up the motion pictures. His Film Guild has the charming little Cameo Theater which seats only five hundred. Here among the screaming electric signs of Broadway by night the passerby, drawn by the magic name of Lubitsch or Stroheim or Griffith, may turn in for a quiet hour with some enduringly beautiful work of the screen. "The Last Laugh," "The Marriage Circle," "The Miracle Man" and many other immortal works which I have tried to call back to the mind of readers of CLASSIC as outstanding achievements of this new art live again. How absurd that such things should lie rolled up on shelves in dusty storehouses!

The Public Must Be Educated

"I HAVE realized from the beginning," Gould said to me, "that our growth would have to be slow and gradual. I have felt all along that there was a place for really fine pictures which are not box-office attractions on a large scale, and that there is a special public for such things. It is slow work because we have to educate more of the general movie-going public into going out of their way to view these fine things.

"However, results in the first year have been surprisingly good. Beyond our hopes. We have arrived, and now we are going to expand. Prominent writers, painters, musicians, film-executives came to our programs. Society people came. Some of our subscription evenings had to be repeated because of the overflow."

"How are you going to expand unless you have a distributing system," I asked. I was thinking of how many well-intentioned ventures of this kind drop into the red-ink side of the ledger. Motion pictures cost so

(Continued on page 69)

EMOTIONS YOU HAVE

By TASKEY



Lon Chaney has a habit of putting a scare into the hearts of his audience. If you must know how he does it—well, the director frightens him with a jack-in-the-box

In order to make Willard Louis wear one of his self-satisfied smiles, he is lured on the set where he can expand with happiness by expecting some free frankfurters

MISSED

To make a child cry good and hard it is necessary for some stern taskmaster (or mistress) to administer a sound thrashing with the business end of a boot. That's how Baby Peggy does her stuff



Ben Turpin may have trick eyes that dont always see what's before them, but let one of those dancing girls step into the picture and Ben can count every bead on her costume

Rin-Tin-Tin always registers unbounded fury when his master, Lee Duncan, pretends to chew up the dog's dinner. It takes a stevedore's strength to keep Rinny from crashing right thru the camera



The UP-TO-DATE Old TIMER



W. C. Fields has a sound philosophy of the art of making them laugh. As a clowning juggler, he is in a class by himself—and he knows all the tricks of the trade



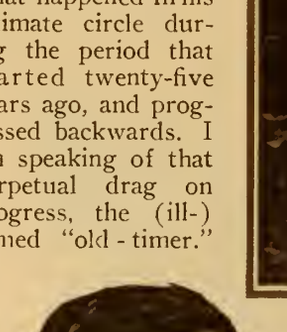
Fields is what you might call an impromptu comedian. He "ad libs" as he goes along. Below is one of the scenes from "The Old Army Game"—with the mirth-maker having fun with his trick flivver



HIS ideas become memories, and no new ones grow: this is my plaint against that ubiquitous bore who cannot see himself as anything but the fount from which all wisdom flows—for, to him, wisdom is no more than a knowledge of what happened in his intimate circle during the period that started twenty-five years ago, and progressed backwards. I am speaking of that perpetual drag on progress, the (ill-) famed "old-timer."

This burst of petulance is not the result of having met one of these ancients; it's because I've met one who *isn't!*—and therefore know them to be unnecessary. For no one would have the slightest thought of denying W. C. Fields the right to this title in the ranks of those who amuse—yet he doesn't claim it! Or, rather, he claims it only as a well of experience on which to draw for help in the present and future. His life is of the present and future, with the past as a helpful background; rather than of the past, with the present as an unwelcome intruder. "I wish I knew" rather than "Them were the days" is his attitude to life.

Mind you, I have



Says W. C. Fields:

"I'm egotistical enough to give the producers a battle when they want to make a character do a thing I dont think he would do naturally.

"A comedian should be given a well-worked out skeleton framework—and then told to add the bricks and ornament as he goes along.

"The basic human types never become old and stale—no more than landscapes do.

"I intend making the character I'm playing more important than the registering of my own personality.

"You cant do anything new. Air-planes, cops, boats elephants, cows, even cripples—all have been used."

W. C. Fields Is an Old Hand at the Comedy Game—Which Accounts for His Perfect Pantomime. He Believes in Keeping Pace With the Public by Presenting Some New Ideas

By Dunham Thorp



There must be new treatment of old ideas if a comedian would make a success of himself. If there's the slightest similarity, the crowd always mutters — "I've seen that before"

nothing against the past; I am not advocating a constitutional amendment to prohibit it by law. It's all right in its place. If one makes of it a place



Here are Chester Conklin and W. C. Fields arguing the respective merits of their methods of fastening movie mustaches. Conklin attaches his walrus appendage with glue while Fields recommends hanging it on his nose with a hook-and-eye arrangement. At the right the comedian demonstrates how a domesticated family man handles a large cake of ice



where one has been—a place of other manners and customs, like a foreign country—and not a citadel in which to fight to the last gasp the savage horde of new ideas, it may even come in handy.

And so it does with Mr. Fields. As a wise-cracker and clowning juggler, there are very few places where wise-crackers and clowning jugglers cause amusement that he has not been. England, France, Germany, Russia—but no editor would accept an article that is merely a list of names.

Pantomime for All Languages

And no hidebound and unchanging act could withstand the differing demands of these different countries. As, for instance, in countries where his audience could not understand a word of English

"Of course, where I couldn't speak the language, I had to do my act in silence."

And so, the great silent stretches of the films did not awe him—he had *already* explored the solitudes, and found them not so desolate.

And, also, because he has written most of the sketches he has used in musical comedy, he hasn't that self-conscious feeling of the newcomer in pictures when it comes to the talking over and working out of scripts.

"I'm egotistical enough to give them a battle when they want to make a character do a thing I dont think he would do naturally.

"And besides that, if you do something you dont think you—as a certain character—should, you cannot chase it from your mind. Days and days later, your mind will still return to that action—it becomes a perpetual mental irritant for the life of the picture.

"Even if the actor is wrong, it's almost worth while letting him have his way so that he'll keep his peace of mind.

"The happy medium we should try for is a well-worked out story without too many restrictions on character development."

"But wasn't 'It's The Old Army Game' made without a detailed script?"

"Yes—and there I see one of the defects of the industry: not enough time is spent in *preparation*—especially in the working out of stories.

"For instance: in a picture where you just 'ad lib' you may have to bring in an extra character towards the end. And then you look back and see at least a dozen other places where

(*Continued on page 88*)

GREAT ATHLETES

Hal K. Wells

MOVING picture audiences of the Twentieth Century have one big thing in common with their prehistoric brethren of the Stone Age, and that is an innate and undying admiration for sheer physical prowess.

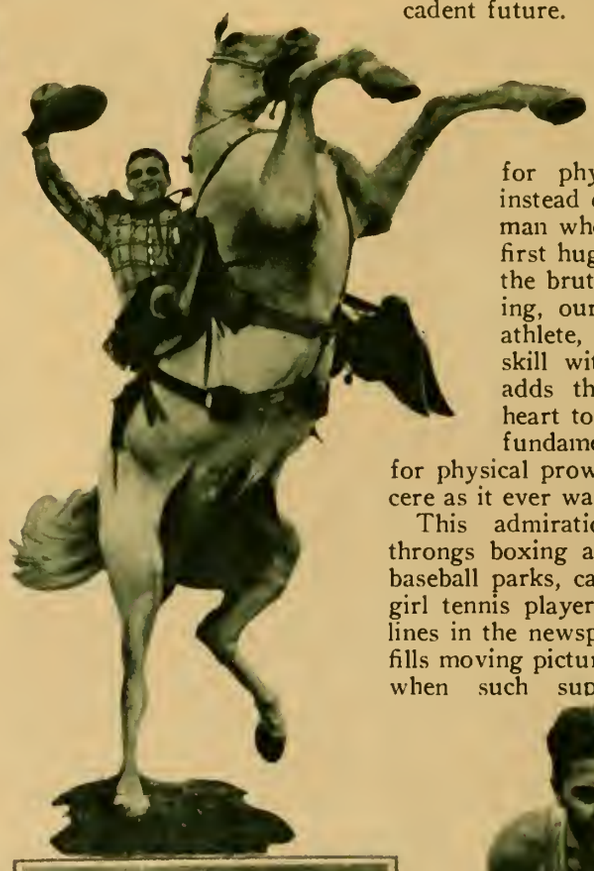
It is a trait as old as the race itself. It was first born back in the dim days when the world was young and such things as second-hand flivvers and radio sopranos were undreamed-of nightmares of a far distant and decadent future.

The several thousand years that have elapsed since then have only slightly changed our inbred admiration for physical prowess. Today, instead of the hairy Neanderthal man who could give a gorilla the first hug and then crack three of the brute's ribs without half trying, our homage is paid to the athlete, the man who combines skill with his sheer brawn, and adds the quality of a fighting heart to the glory of both. But, fundamentally, our admiration for physical prowess is as strong and sincere as it ever was.

This admiration is the factor that throngs boxing arenas, football stadiums, baseball parks, causes the meeting of two girl tennis players to get first-page headlines in the newspapers of the world—and fills moving picture theaters to the last seat when such super-athletes as Douglas



George O'Brien is a super-athlete in his own right. He has the physical build of a Greek Hercules, the lithe grace of a dancing-master, and the hitting powers of a Missouri mule



Fred Thomson, on the right, is a natural athlete who excels in everything. At the Inter-Allied Games in Paris, a few years ago he won the decathlon in competition with most of the world's best



"Lefty" Flynn stands six feet two in his silk hosiery. Here we see him trying out the leg that won many a football game for Yale when he starred at full-back



Tom Tyler shows the marvelous chest and arm development that enabled him to acquire several weight-lifting records



George Lewis is one of the best all-round athletes ever developed by a California high school. He stars at basketball

of the SCREEN

The American Public Raises a Furore Now and Then Over the Sheik and Other Bizarre Types—But in the Long Run It Wants Its Heroes to Be Decidedly of the He-Man Variety. There Are Several Athletic Stars on the Silversheet Who Are Breaking Records in Sports as Well as at the Box-Office

Fairbanks, Fred Thomson, or "Lefty" Flynn are appearing on the silversheet.

The result of this natural hero-worship of the athlete has been the appearance of a number of really splendid specimens of physical manhood upon the American screen.

It goes almost without saying that these athletes are the real thing. They could not very well be anything else.

Athletic build and prowess are things that can not be faked. A sofa cushion and a set of false whiskers can make a one-hundred-and-ten-pound property man look like Santa Claus himself, but all the trickery in the

(*Continued on page 70*)



At the right is Malcolm McGregor who formerly held the Metropolitan diving championship—and was on the Yale swimming team for two years





Edmund Lowe won his letter playing football and baseball. Today he keeps in trim by playing a hard game of squash at the Hollywood Athletic Club

William Russell was a helpless cripple as a boy of sixteen, but thru perseverance with exercise he has become a powerful athlete. He shines best with the boxing-gloves





Bob Custer, on the left, possesses a fine physique which comes in handy in his cowboy pictures. He keeps in trim by taking a medicine-ball and working out on the beach. On the right is the only "Doug" Fairbanks, who has developed himself into one of the screen's greatest athletes. All of his pictures register his muscular prowess



Muray

LYA DE PUTTI

All the moods of a madcap—the seductive charms of the serpent of the Nile—these are generously, strikingly illustrated by Lya, the languorous, in "Variety." Never has woman displayed such sweeping power over man since Eve gathered skookums for Adam

What It Costs to Be a Well-Dressed Sheik





By John Abbott

A LOT of money goes into circulation when an actor equips himself with the clothes and accoutrements of a sheik. Take Rudolph Valentino, for instance. He has spent several thousand dollars to dress himself appropriately and colorfully for his new picture, "Son of the Sheik."

The investment called for a complete wardrobe of hoods, cloaks, vests, turbans, sashes and other apparel—to say nothing of such trimmings as swords, knives, revolvers and jewelry. With all of this outlay of wealth to effect a fitting characterization, there is no doubt about the sheik's being well-dressed.

Sapphire ring set in platinum, $3,000
Antique silver bracelet (imported), $150
Wrist watch, $150
Cigaret case (jeweled), $300
Patent Lighter (jeweled), $150



Revolver, $35
Belt and Knife (antique), $550
Sword, $4,000
Spurs (silver), $50





Turban, $25
Two Arabian burnooses, $450
Two Silk Headdresses, $70
Two lamb's wool shirts, $100
Two embroidered vests, $300
Embroidered outer garment, $350
Sash, $20
Gold-embroidered cloak, $500
Two jewel-studded belts, $600
Embroidered revolver holster, $25
Arabian trousers, $175
Breeches with braided trimming, $75
Two pair imported boots, $155
Slippers, $30

The total cost of being outfitted in the Valentino manner is approximately $11,260

Here Are Some Further Comments on the Busy Activities of the Stars on the Coast—By the Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications

Impressions of HOLLYWOOD

By Eugene V. Brewster

WHEN Irene Bordoni was playing here recently she was much entertained, and among her hostesses was Mrs. Antonio Moreno, who is a princess among entertainers. There were fourteen at table at the six o'clock dinner—the early hour being due to the fact that the guest of honer had to leave early for her theater.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Fred Niblo, Enid Bennett, Florence Vidor, Corliss Palmer and Ramon Novarro were among the guests, and I had a good chance to compare Moreno and Novarro. They are both dark, and of the same height, but Tony is the stouter and older, and, in real life, the handsomer. He also looks more virile. Ramon seems more ethereal and romantic, and certainly less rugged. Of the two, Tony is the more picturesque.

Those Eating Places

TIME was when Armstrong's was the popular place for movie people, and then the scene shifted down and across the boulevard to a place called Montmartre, which is much more elaborate and showy. But now the latter has got so noisy, and busy and common that the better class of movie people are not seen there so much. It has a large and noisy orchestra with a dance floor in the center and contests are quite the vogue.

When one desires a lively time with plenty of excitement, one goes to the Montmartre; when one wants to enjoy a good, quiet meal and to talk and be heard, one goes to Paulais's, Armstrong's, Frank's, Henry's Ship Ahoy, or one of a dozen others within walking distance. Ship Ahoy, by the way, is fitted up like the saloon of a ship with the waiters in marine uniforms.

There's another called "The Jail," which looks just like one, and the waiters are dressed as convicts. Then there's the "Zulu Hut," where one sits on the floor and is waited on by fake Zulus, the "Plantation," a big "Southern style" resort, and so on and so forth.



Richee

Here is the very latest photograph of Mr. Brewster at his desk in the Hollywood office of the Brewster magazines. Altho the editor is ever busy with his editorial duties, he finds time to attend the various social functions of the stars as well as pay respect to their productions and performances

Rudy Has a Winner

WHILE at another dinner party I learned from Florence Vidor that Director Fitzmaurice was secretly showing "Son of the Sheik" at a small theater in Glendale—"trying it out on the dog," as it were. I was mildly provoked, because I wanted to help them preview it, and they left me out. I had half a mind to leave the table and run over to Glendale and hunt it up, but I didn't.

Next day I was over on the Schenck lot and I reprimanded Joe for not telling me about it. He said that he knew nothing about it and that he was surprised. I then ran across Rudy himself later and I also called him down for not inviting me to the try-out. He glared at me with fire in his eye and said that he knew nothing about the showing of his picture, that he should have been informed, that he ought to have been consulted, and so on. With that he excused himself and darted off.

Later, Fitz came up to me and said that I had gotten him into a lot of trouble. The fact was that he wanted nobody to see the picture in its present state, that he wanted to cut it and fix it up the best he knew how before the boss and star and critics saw it. "Serves you right," said I, "for not letting me in on it. I know all about unfinished pictures in their raw state, and I want to help you. I have staked my reputation on Rudy's comeback, and I'm just as anxious as you are to make this picture a knockout."

He promised me I should see it in a day or two, and he promised the others ditto, and so now everything is quiet along the Potomac and everybody is happy. And, by the way, it's going to be a great *picture!*

The Gilbert Hair

JACK GILBERT was among the guests up at the Hearst "ranch" recently, and he kept me amused at all times. He is full of life, full of ideas, full of conversation, full of fun and full of hair. His hair is now eight inches long, black and wavy, and he looks strikingly picturesque. He has

(*Cont'd on page* 86)

Our OWN NEWS CAMERA



Underwood & Underwood

When two great artists get together, they usually exchange compliments. Above are Charlie Chaplin and Raquel Meller, the Spanish songbird, who visited the comedian while on her transcontinental tour in the interest of art and finance



On the right is Madge Bellamy, who returned recently from a vacation in Europe. She posed very prettily for the photographers on the deck of the *Berengaria* while the customs officials swooped down on her trunks



International Newsreel

Above are Gertrude Lawrence and Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel), stars of "Charlot's Revue," having a pal-ly time with Dick Barthelmess—who is attired in the manner of the *Amateur Gentleman*. The Lillie person is about to make her screen début in a comedy



Underwood & Underwood

On the right are Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Mackintosh, who have sailed on a belated honeymoon for Europe. The Missus, you know, is Constance Talmadge and hubby is an officer of the British army. Here we have the lovebirds watching the traffic of the boulevards from the balcony of the hotel suite in Paris



With the modern girl "crashing" into all kinds of men's sports, it isn't such a surprise to see Phyllis Haver "tuning up" for the six-day bicycle race. She is on one of those practise "bikes" while Marie Prevost times her speed



Seely

Above is Marion Mack, who has been picked by Buster Keaton as his leading woman. Buster can pick 'em about as well as Mack Sennett. In fact, the frozen-faced comedian took her away from Mack's gallery of bathing beauties



Gilliams

In the oval is Dolores Costello displaying the latest thing in a sports costume. She has prepared herself for Hollywood's rainy season by equipping herself with a pair of storm boots. A star cannot risk getting the "newmony," you know

Eddie Cantor has kissed the stage good-by. The Broadway musical comedy star has arrived in Hollywood with the Missus and the four little Cantors. According to Eddie, he will do his stuff on the screen—his first task being a screen version of the popular "Kid Boots"



Underwood & Underwood



International Newsreel

Just the thing for any town's summer season is sported by Carmel Myers on the right. Since the summers are long out Hollywood way, Carmel intends to make good use of the cool-looking frock with the white triangles

In this apache costume Blanche Mehaffey has added a daring touch to her wardrobe. The creation features a combination of black velvet and black and gold brocade—to say nothing of a leather belt which carries a naughty little dagger—and black fishnet hose to make the boys look around



International Newsreel



Above is the sheik, flanked on each side by the beauties of two hemispheres. The lady on the left is Vilma Banky, from Budapest—Rudy's leading woman—and the little lady on the right is Yacko Mizatani, the "Mary Pickford of Japan"

Gwen Lee, on the right, created a mild sensation when she appeared with this giant sombrero, a gift from some Mexican admirer. It's one of the biggest hats in captivity, but Gwen uses it for a parasol, umbrella, bath-house, dog-kennel, or what have you





Just to show how the girls obey that impulse to dab their faces with rouge and powder, here are Betty Byrd and Thelma Daniels, from the Christie playground, wading knee-deep, and forgetting the fishes in order to put over a snappy appearance

REG the REGULAR

OF all the host of young men who have passed in review across the silver-screen this past dozen years, two stand out as symbols of high-spirited American youth.

The first was Wallace Reid, whom a pitiful death immortalized.

The second is Reginald Denny, whose star is still in its ascendancy.

There are those in Hollywood and elsewhere who believe that Denny's popularity in five years will be even greater than was ever Wally Reid's. There are still others who believe that Denny would already be a greater figure than was Reid at his prime, had Denny been given Wally's opportunities of story, direction and exhibition.



These however, must always remain matters of conjecture. They are interesting to the men who make pictures and display them. They are questions for the fans to debate. But they have no bearing on the personality of Reginald Denny himself.

Judged by His Nickname

I THINK the best barometer of Denny's personal popularity is his nickname. In the opinion of low-brow America, of which this writer claims to be the greatest living example, Reginald is not much of a name. It smacks of cutaway coats and pink teas. It borders on the effeminate. It is very easy for a man named Reginald to be called "Reggy," in which case he is invariably pictured as wearing a silk hat and nursing a lap-dog.

So far as I know, nobody ever thought of calling Denny, "Reggy." His nickname is Reg, the last letter slurred as in "George." It is an honest name, a blunt, straightforward sort of name; a man's name. It is typical of Denny.

It must have been five years since I first met Reg Denny. Engineered by that splendid actor and intrepid sportsman, Ben Hendricks, a group of us had planned a trip to lonely Santa Cruz Islands off the California Coast, where there were rumored to be mountain sheep and wild boars.

We gathered before dawn of a cold, foggy, miserable morning, on a long pier that stretches into the sea from the town of Santa Monica. A few early-rising gulls screamed overhead, unseen, wraiths in the mist. The heavy rollers of the changing tide thundered against the pilings and cascaded on the beach. Eventually we tired of waiting and dropped gingerly from a rickety ladder to the deck of a fishing-boat that rode the swells like a water-logged cork, one hawser carelessly looped about a barnacled piling.

A Good Sport

WHEN Denny appeared with his duffel; dropping to the deck as the little boat lifted on the crest of a twelve-foot ground-swell, there was a little altercation. Plainly, a storm was making. Some of the more timid souls argued for postponement. Not so Denny. His spirit rode down all objections. We went.

An hour at sea and the gale struck. Thereafter



Reginald Denny is one of the most popular actors in pictures. He believes in doing favors for everyone who comes in contact with him—that is, if they play the game on the square. His home life is particularly happy. On the left he appears with his wife and daughter Barbara

It Speaks Volumes for a Man's Character When He Is Known by His Nickname. Reginald Denny Is One of Those Rare True Sports Who Believes in Walking on Your Side of the Street and Shaking Hands With the Whole Wide World

By Don Eddy



until late in the afternoon we rode thru mountainous seas, the unscuppered decks constantly awash, the duffel and rifles soaked, the food a soggy mess. If there was talk of running back to port, who talked it down? Reg Denny! If spirits were low, who was always on hand with the cheery wise crack, the booming laugh? Denny!

I wish I could picture him as he was then, standing straddle-legged on the plunging deck of the little craft, his clothing plastered to his body, his hair soaked and rumpled; roaring high-spirited sea songs, shouting badinage, manufacturing puns, holding up the morale of a pleasure crew that wasn't so pleasant.



The Reg Denny that all of us know on the screen is a vibrant personality — a man with the spirit and enthusiasm of a boy. The two gentlemen grouped with him are the two mighty moguls of the screen and the baseball world, Will Hays and Judge Landis

Well, we sighted the islands in the late afternoon, and still later located a deceptive cove on the lee side. The cove looked quiet from the sea. We transferred the sodden duffel, dropped into the dingey and started ashore. The cove, as I say, was deceptive. On the beach the rollers were running ten feet high, white-capped, murderous. Our oarsman let the dingey slip broadside into one of those enormous troughs. The following sea dumped us onto the beach like drowned rats, the dingey upside down.

And who, forgetting his own discomfort, was the first to rustle firewood and build a roaring fire before which we danced like naked Indians

(*Continued on page 78*)



Being English, it is natural that Denny would go in for sports. One of his favorite pastimes is golf. On the right the Missus and Barbara are smiling their prettiest for the head of the family and you



Freulich

THE CELLULOID CRITIC



Bebe Daniels has many rollicking moments in "The Palm Beach Girl." She plays an Ioway girl in Florida



A FITTING companion picture to "The Last Laugh" in point of masterly direction, masterly acting and the compelling power of its story, is "Variety." As with the other, it comes straight from the UFA workshop—a finished piece of cinematic art. It tells a sordid triangle that shatters the lives of its tragic figures. These three—a dominating, brutish showman, his mistress and the philanderer, who is taken into the confidence of the others—touch the dregs of life.

Yet so completely fascinating, so absorbing and embracing are its eventful situations that the characters seem to step right out of the frame and confront you with their personalities.

Truly Lifelike

I HAVE never seen a picture which carried a more lifelike touch. I have never seen a picture which brought forth so much titanic force in the logical sequence of its scenes. There have been triangle dramas before, but somehow they have an artificial ring compared with "Variety."

The rough-and-ready showman is content in his wagon home — content with his dowdy wife and their sprawling babe until a sensuous woman enters and seeks shelter. With soft, limpid eyes and rounded curves of figure she conquers him.



Milton Sills has an interesting picture in "Puppets." Here we find him treating one of his dolls to a flow of melody

Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti have many dramatic and emotional moments in that superb picture, "Variety"

He would become the aerialist again — the strong anchor man who catches the lighter acrobat in his flights from the trapeze. And so he runs away with the girl. He is happy, but he is ignorant of the girl's passion for men. And she invites the more attractive member of the troupe with the sex light of her eyes.

Power and Suspense

I GIVE this brief outline of the plot to indicate the motivation.

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays



Lon Chaney scores another point for realism by his uncanny disguise and performance in "The Road to Mandalay." The gentleman in the garb of the cleric is none other than Henry B. Walthall

Mind you, it is a triangle—and tremendously simple of design. Yet it grips you completely. The suspense is terrific as you wonder what will happen. You know that the Germans are as thoro in their plays as they are in war. There is no sugar-coating here. Does the big playboy run afoul of some gossiping friend who would inform him of the undue passion that his partners have for each other? No indeed, it isn't done so obviously. Instead, the most malicious method is used—a method which strikes deep. A caricaturist sketches the triangle in vivid terms. The hatred is engendered in the outraged heart of the anchor man. And he makes his rival pay the supreme penalty.

That's all there is to "Variety." But how graphically it is depicted. The story, told in narrative style, with the protagonist confessing the crime to the magistrate after his long sojourn in prison, builds evenly and logically to its destined climax.

Cinematic Quality

I must pay the highest tribute to the superb direction. It is manifested in the lighting, the staging, the grouping and the handling of the various characters and situations. The Wintergarten in Berlin is shown in a kaleidoscopic display—with the several acts dissolving into one another. There is keen suspense as the aerialists go thru their routine high up over the heads of the audience. And the pulse quickens indeed, as you wonder if the anchor man will permit his rival to fall.

The outraged playboy, forgetful of the fact that he is suffering as he permitted his wife to suffer, hesitates whether he should catch his false friend. But he is the showman, after all. And he dearly loves applause.



Jack Holt decorates the backgrounds of the vast open country in "Born to the West," an up-and-at-'em Western

Which is a tribute to the lifelike touch of the picture. So he goes on with the act and metes out sterner justice.

Splendid Acting

As in "The Last Laugh" I find Emil Jannings again living his character to the life. He is brutal, playful, boastful, cunning, in turn—and he pretends to be nothing else than what he represents. It is a magnificent performance—a performance which adds new laurels. Lya de Putti is also quite perfect in her rendition of the sex-crazed woman—shading her rôle with true femirine moods and impulses.

Chaney in a New Disguise

There is a sordid drama of the East—of primitive passions of Singapore on view in "The Road to Mandalay." As its story unfolds, it presents nothing that can be called enlightened or original. And it took no inspiration to conceive it. What merit it has rests solely with its characterization. In order to effect this Lon Chaney resorts to another of his uncanny disguises. He appears a one-eyed bad man—whose only redeeming virtue is his love for his daughter reared in ignorance of her paternal relative.

Chaney must have suffered to bring about this one-eye effect. It is rumored that he employed some chemical which could only be used two hours at a time—so painful was the task. But that accounts for Chaney, the realist. Anyway, he holds the attention—and gives a vivid performance.

Mostly Atmosphere

Otherwise there is no tug at the emotions, spiritual or what you will. Lois Moran doesn't look like the type of girl that would be mixed up in such a plot—a plot that doesn't approximate anything

(*Continued on page* 90)



Nace

BETTY BRONSON

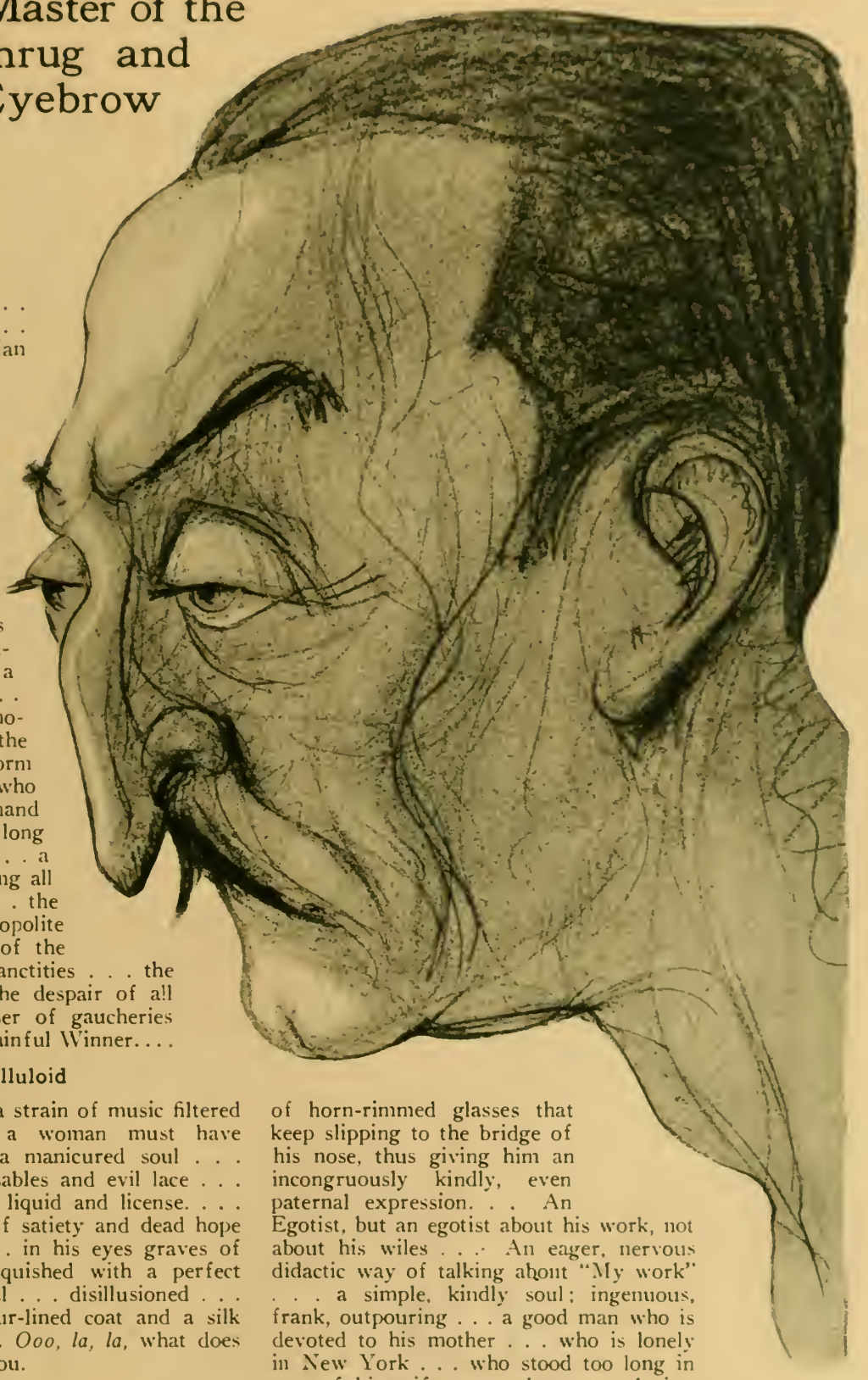
The clock has struck three in the morning for *Cinderella*. The little girl grows older—which means that she is privileged to wear her dresses higher. The ballet costume well becomes Betty and all the boys are hoping she loses her slipper at the ball

ADOLPHE the ELEGANT

An Impressionistic Pen Picture of Menjou, the Master of the Sophisticated Shrug and the Emotional Eyebrow

By GLADYS HALL

Caricature by John Decker



FIRST stage:
Adolphe on the Screen. . . . The suave Sophisticate . . . the risque dilettante . . . the Man About Town with whom Little Mabel would be safe only as far as the corner and under guard of the Mounted Police . . . dangerous . . . débonair . . . tonsorially perfect . . . an Elegant . . . a sipper of wine, women and song, when and where wine, women and song are most consummate, most costly . . . a dropper-in at night clubs where night clubs are most exclusive, most inaccessible . . . a white gardenia in a buttonhole . . . a butterfly alighting for the moment . . . a Last Word . . . the sort of perfection that hides a worm at its heart . . . the Exquisite who bends over a fair and tapering hand just long enough . . . never too long . . . a Philosopher of Passion . . . a Psychologist of Love . . . doubting all things . . . believing nothing . . . the Eternal *Lothario* . . . the cosmopolite *Don Juan* . . . An incapable of the profondities . . . a scoffer at sanctities . . . the envy of all average men . . . the despair of all average women . . . the despiser of gaucheries . . . the casual Wooer . . . the disdainful Winner. . . .

He Is So in Celluloid

FOR Adolphe a woman must be a strain of music filtered thru mid-night jade . . . a woman must have mother-of-pearl finger-tips and a manicured soul . . . She must be clad in satin and sables and evil lace . . . She must speak with accents of liquid and license. . . .

In his eyes all the weariness of satiety and dead hope . . . hope forever unfulfilled . . . in his eyes graves of dead dreams . . . dreams relinquished with a perfect shrug . . . tired eyes . . . cynical . . . disillusioned . . . mocking . . . mocking . . . a fur-lined coat and a silk hat . . . a gesture that says . . . *Ooo, la, la,* what does it *not* say . . . ? Thus the Menjou.

Second Stage

ADOLPHE Himself . . .
A tired looking man of medium height . . . A careless bow tie . . . a slight tendency to unshavedness . . . a pair of horn-rimmed glasses that keep slipping to the bridge of his nose, thus giving him an incongruously kindly, even paternal expression. . . An Egotist, but an egotist about his work, not about his wiles . . . An eager, nervous didactic way of talking about "My work" . . . a simple, kindly soul; ingenuous, frank, outpouring . . . a good man who is devoted to his mother . . . who is lonely in New York . . . who stood too long in awe of his wife . . . who never during his marital career went out of an evening . . . who never looked at another woman . . . who says of himself "I am really harmless, perfectly harmless . . .

(*Continued on page* 87)

NO further proof is needed that the Germans produce pictures to make people think than their supreme effort, "Variety." Like "The Last Laugh," it asks you to pay strict attention, which you unconsciously do while you find real stimulation from its drama.

With no attempt at belittling the American product, the truth must prevail. It prevails in the painstaking effort to get away from the banalities, the artificialities which too often saturate our pictures. The serious minded Teuton is out to record life stripped of all its gloss. And "Variety" is typical of the race.

Belongs Among the Best

SOME critics have declared it the best film ever made. Well, if it isn't, it cant be disputed that it belongs among the screen's few masterpieces. Certainly there is no room for argument that it marks the furthest advance in picture technique. Why, even a spectator who never saw over a dozen films in his life can appreciate the difference in the manner of its conception and execution from the standards which have been placed before him. He would appreciate true motion photography—the type of photography that becomes a living force. Consequently he is able to feel that the picture is speaking right out to him in its own incomparable language. Incidentally, it is a language which can be understood in any country, since it establishes perfect pantomime brought forth from a perfect motivation of plot.

Cinematic Art At Its Highest Peak

SO "Variety" expresses cinematic art at its highest development. The film audience outside of the circle of "fans" will be able to understand its top standard of technique. The *intelligentsia* may come to scoff but they will depart highly respectful over the depth of understanding it conveys.

The picture hasn't a weakness. It is especially well handled in regard to its camera angles. It, moreover, contains an interest and appeal for every type of patron everywhere. Its difference from our mass of pictures lies in its superb construction, plus its painstakingly clever presentation, told in terms of life-like pantomime.



Impression of James Kirkwood by Curzon

FLASH

By L. R.

Jannings is Present

MOST everyone is familiar with the name of Emil Jannings. But he isn't "ballyhoo-ed" in Germany as he is here. The advertising medium which is the backbone of selling the picture to the public, has made our star system what it is. The Germans have placed him in their picture because they knew he represented the best man for the part. And the Americans have capitalized his talent. So here he is giving another memorable study which contains all the emotions that a human being could possibly express and still belong on our planet. Lya de Putti is another who contributes a most intelligent performance—a performance of a dozen moods and shadings. She is now in this country and Jannings is on his way. Truly, America may welcome them.

It Was Coming to Him

A TESTIMONY of the high esteem that F. W. Murnau is held in America was proved recently when Fox Films tendered a dinner for the director of "The Last Laugh." Highly paid editorial writers, justices, admirals, generals, professors, bankers—all fared forth to pay homage to the genius who produced one of the greatest (if not the greatest) pictures of the screen. It was a tribute to an artist and his art—that representative men from various walks of life responded with such deep regard and enthusiasm.

Herr Murnau registered a humility befitting of all men who have accomplished something worth while. He paid modest tribute to the culture of Europe, but admitted that the energy, the youth and the vital freshness of America had awakened in him a keen desire to catch its indomitable spirit.

The German has qualified as a thinker with real ideas. Let us hope that he continues to give them the highest expression. Unfettered, he should do it.

BACKS

About Pictures and People

The James Boy

NOT since the days of the memorable Jesse has a James carried on with such high pressure as Gardner. Jesse's exploits made history—and many of them have been recorded on the screen. Gardner James—no relation—is forging ahead in quite a different way. Possessing a plastic expression of countenance and endowed with a full share of emotional talent, he seized his opportunity to demonstrate some high-class pantomime in "Hell Bent fer Heaven."

The picture could not be called anything extraordinary in plot or treatment, but among those who contributed its points of appeal was Gardner James, playing the rôle of a cracked-brained youth. It was a sympathetic rôle—and this young actor extracted every ounce of sympathy from it. As a result of his work, it was perfectly natural that he should begin to scale the ladder. Barthelmess engaged him for an important part in "The Amateur Gentleman," and thru continuing his histrionic gifts Inspiration has signed him to a five-year contract.

This is one instance where true merit has been appreciated. He had to work hard—did Gardner, but when his chance arrived he seized it and put himself over. To prove that romance isn't entirely dead, the young Irishman reached Hollywood just a year ago after a most adventurous life at sea. At one time in his eventful career he was a juvenile actor, but the gods of Thespia didn't smile kindly on him. So he sailed the seven seas—and while he sailed he absorbed life. He left the rolling decks with the necessary poise and confidence to take him along anywhere. In our opinion he is the most promising celluloid "find" that has stalked across the silversheet in a couple of seasons. He should be allowed to develop gradually and not thrust into stardom too quickly.



Impression of Lon Chaney by Taskey

Types Have Changed

TYPES have truly changed in the movies. Not so very long ago—well not any farther than the last mauve decade—it was the logical plan among producers to select an Adonis to play some character rôle. Tradition had it that the audience would never countenance a player whose face might violate the best standards of the sculptor. It might pass muster if the owner was slated for some comic relief.

Then look what happened? Along came some realistic dramas calling for realistic types. And Wallace Beery, "Bull" Montana, Jack Curtis, Kalla Pasha, Lon Chaney—to say nothing of a host of others—popped up to show Mr. Adonis that they "belonged."

Which is by way of introducing the latest entry, Edward I. "Gunboat" Smith, the former pugilist. Famous Players have given him a contract in view of his colorful performance in "Say It Again," the Richard Dix picture in which the "Gunboat" demonstrated his talented "dukes." Smith's income is said now to compare favorably with his prize-fight earnings.

According to all reports, the contract carries the unusual clause whereby the document is void if "Gunboat" improves his looks in any way.

This extract reads: "It is mutually understood and agreed that the artist's engagement hereunder is based upon his unique and individual features and the appearance and condition upon a continuance thereof and the artist hereby agrees that he will not cause or permit any of his features to be altered by plastic surgery or otherwise."

The "unique and individual features and appearance" which the company's production officials prize so highly that they wish them kept intact are the Gunner's broken and flattened nose, beetling brows that overhang deepset eyes, a wide mouth and jaws that have been walloped out of the alignment intended by nature in some of the most memorable encounters with Jess Willard, Frank Moran, Tommy Burns and Battling Levinsky.

Anita's Royalties

PICTUREGOERS are all acquainted with the name of Anita Loos. For

(*Continued on page* 81)

HORSES, HORSES,

The Latest Song—Which Inspired This Title and Prince of Wales in Mind. But He Is Not Nags. There Is a Group Among Who Delight in Flirting Take the



International Newsreel



Of course, everyone looks up to the Prince when the horse is brought out of the stable. That's just what Irene Rich is doing in her effort to see how he stays in the saddle



Fred R. Morgan

The Prince is unquestionably the most famous horseman in the world. And everyone knows he is simply crazy over horses—even when he pitches over their heads. To give him credit, however, he takes his falls for a reason. He is usually in the van and galloping at top speed—and the horse may stumble, y' know. On the right, Trixie Friganza shows the Prince how to fall off a horse. She declares the next horse she rides on she's going to be tied on

Crazy Over HORSES

Display—Was Apparently Written With the the Only One Who Is Nutty Over the the "Horsy" Set of the Screen With a Fall As They Bridle-Path



At the upper right is Pauline Starke, mounted on Billy—a prize piece of horse-flesh out Hollywood way. When not galloping over the open road, Pauline loves to gallop into a close-up

In the circle is Bebe Daniels, who can sit a mount with all the grace and abandon of a cowboy. She enjoys cantering in a well-shaded bridle-path. The fair-haired rider, below, is Allene Ray, who also exercises in the saddle. She gathered plenty of experience in taking the barriers thru her work in serials







Lilyan Tashman, right, boasts some smart riding-habits. She's as crazy over them as she is over her horse



The director sometimes fails to find Seena Owen, below, when he cries "Camera!" She is usually out trying the Hollywood bridle-paths



May McAvoy, below, isn't any bigger than a jockey, but place her in the saddle and she can do a jockey's work





© Mack Sennett

HALE-FELLOW-WELL-MET

BUT I cant take fifteen hundred words to write: "She has nothing she considers sufficiently important to say."

What's the matter when a lady wont talk?—and for publicity, at that! Is it because she's simply dumb, and really has nothing to say? Perhaps—but I am one of those peculiar people who thought "The Salvation Hunters" a fine picture, and Georgia Hale's acting excellent. And, again, one who sneered in a sophisticated—or disillusioned—way when the critics failed to appreciate her work in "The Gold Rush." No, she cant be dumb, for then my judgment would be wrong—better the world should end than that! Maybe. . . .

Dig a little deeper, Dunham.

For, when polite maneuvering fails to maneuver, and leading questions fail to lead beyond a "yes" or "no," one must try another tack—*must,* if he is of that tribe for whom eating is a better builder-up than fasting.

If, when one asks, "What part are you going to play in 'The Great Gatsby'?" the lady answers: "I dont know yet," and intimates that, furthermore, it doesn't worry her much; what is one to do? Dig!—perhaps even deep enough to find out *why* she doesn't worry.

If one can!

Yes one can if one will be patient and try to coax her into relating her experiences and philosophy of life.

Emotions Run Deep

IN "The Salvation Hunters" Miss Hale's emotions were not a pretty, prim, and precious flower—as are those of the elder Gish—rather, she grasped the roots and, controlling them, let grow whatever would—straight and tall or stunted and gnarled, as was decided by the sun and wind of its environment. And she has continued in this way.

From earliest childhood, she has been as she is now. In the years of her schooling, for instance, she got along very well—tho she never did her homework. She never did her homework for the thoroly sufficient reason that, at the moment, she had other interests, and would not waste her time on any single thing that did not fit in with them.

But, in case the same thing held in the opposite direction! Here, the main interest wrought by her environment was to learn. And she threw herself into the work of the moment with sufficient vigor more than to make up for the lack of interest when other influences were working on her.

She Lives the Moment

AND here we have it! "Live the moment" is the key to which all her life is pitched. When the moment arrives, act as you see fit; not as you planned at some other time, when you could not be aware of just what this moment would contain.



Georgia thoroly lives the moment. It is the key to which all her life is pitched. She has prepared herself to be natural. As a result, everyone hails her as a regular fellow

Georgia Hale Lives the Moment by Being Natural and Accepting Gracefully What Life Has to Offer

By Dunham Thorp

"If you plan beforehand, you see what you thought, *and then decided*, you would see; rather than what actually exists."

Nor does she think it much more profitable to look back, and try to fit in your present actions with your past—to try to be consistent to an idea at the expense of that truer consistency—the fact that nothing an individual does can possibly be inconsistent with him who does it, even tho at times it may *seem* inconsistent with the *general trend* of his actions.

"I always act as the actions of the other actors, and the environment in general, make me think natural.

"What I mean is this: I never stop in the midst of a scene to think that I am not using the same twist of the hand that I used two weeks ago. That wouldn't be *life;* the actions of any moment are made by the feelings of that moment.

No Mannerisms

"No villain always scowls and heroines sometimes do."

"Then you dont believe in mannerisms?"

"No, no!—not at all! Certainly people have them, but no actor should ever put his own into the character of another person."

That's a fine observation, and one made by very few of those who tread the boards and screen—in fact, most of them act as tho this were an edict of the devil. But it should be modified enough to allow for certain quirks and traits in the character presented, so that the character will have individuality, and as a sort of cord to bind its other, and more diverse, manifestations.

I know she does this, but how does it fit in with her theory?

"But you gave a solid and consistent performance in 'The Salvation Hunters'—you always smoked a cigaret in the same way, and your sneer was never different."

"Certainly! I study my character sufficiently to be at home in it—so as not to have to *think* what she should do.

"But I didn't always sneer in that picture. I laughed often enough, and in many ways—not only in derision.

"If you study your character well enough to understand it, rather than study the actions of the different scenes she is to appear in, you stand a much better chance of really living her life.

"For, after all, if you are living the moment—and that moment is one in the life of another person—you are acting as that person would, rather than working out a preconceived and rigid plan."



Richee

Georgia Hale came into recognition thru her performance in "The Salvation Hunters," and she lived her character so realistically that Chaplin engaged her for "The Gold Rush." Her next appearance will be in "The Great Gatsby"

The Business of Being Natural

"Then you never plan your scenes ahead of time?"

"Never! I simply study my character until I feel I have mastered it, and then act as circumstances move me."

And as it is in one facet of her life, so it must be—and is—in all. When she was a ballad-singer in Chicago, Chicago was the world, and ballad-singing the world's only occupation. And when she moved to Hollywood, it seemed Chicago had never existed—the world now

(*Continued on page* 82)



Just to prove that Antonio Moreno is no slouch as a knife-thrower he has coaxed Virginia Brown Faire to make herself useful as a target while he executes his deadly shots



The latest vaudeville clowns to be recruited for the movies are Al Brendel and his feathery friend, "Bozo," the goose

The Screen Observer

A Director's Whims

MAL ST. CLAIR has become so capricious that Famous Players can hardly keep up with his whims and heart changes. He is admittedly their most promising director, and yet as this is written he is not scheduled for any picture. For months Mal had expected to do "The Ace of Cads" with Adolphe Menjou, but when the moment arrived he was so immersed in other things that the picture was given to Luther Reed. Mal at once decided to direct Thomas Meighan in "The Canadian." He waited until the press-agents had blared forth the news, and then coyly changed his mind, necessitating a flood of denials. Now I hear that Gloria Swanson is contemplating making one more picture for Famous Players, and if she does this, Mal St. Clair will direct her. It is all very uncertain—but, of course, a man as brilliant as St. Clair is privileged to act like a prima donna for awhile, while his success is still new.

A Real Uncle Tom

THE era of the negro in motion pictures has been inaugurated by Carl Laemmle. He has signed Charles Gilpin to play *Uncle Tom* in the new version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Gilpin is famous on the New York stage, especially as *The Emperor Jones,* and Universal has been angling for him for several months—ever since Harry Pollard started production on "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The picture has been greatly delayed by Pollard's illness, and in the meantime the effort to sign Gilpin has brought results, and he will leave for the Coast at once to begin work under Lois Weber. Miss Weber took time out from her work for a wedding and a brief honeymoon with Captain Harry Gantz, and is all ready now to complete "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as Harry Pollard's substitute.

To my knowledge, Charles Gilpin is the first of his race to be given an important rôle in pictures. But he will not be the last, for both Cecil De Mille and Monta Bell seem bent on making pictures of negro life, and Josef von Sternberg also yearns to direct a drama of the colored race.

Mrs. Cheyney in Celluloid

JESSE LASKY bought the screen rights to that clever comedy, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and then couldn't make up his mind whether to use it as a starring vehicle for one of the gentlemen or one of the ladies of his company—as it was equally appropriate for either. So he solved the difficulty by doing both. Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou are happily cast in the leading rôles, but production will not start until the stage version has finished its runs in New York, Chicago, and points west.

Meanwhile, both these stars have plenty to occupy them. Florence Vidor is starting work on "Captain Sazarac," and Adolphe Menjou tells me "The Ace of Cads" is about ready to go into production. He recently spent ten days, with his director and scenario writer, at Hot Springs, whence he returned with the script and a very becoming tan. Unless Mr. Menjou's famous enthusiasm has utterly carried him away, this is going to be a very good picture, and the memory of the departed Michael Arlen will be revived more honorably than it recently was by "The Dancer of Paris."

Take That and That and That

WILLIAM BOYD has been slashed with a razor blade—not in an attempt to commit suicide for love of Clara Bow, or anything like that. William eloped with Elinor Fair several months ago, and they might have lived happily ever after that if it hadn't been for Joseph, the Philipino boy who did the chores around their house. He disappeared about a month ago, and then William dis-



Here is how Norma Shearer will look when she appears as a woman lawyer in "The Waning Sex." She got her pointers from visiting a feminine judge's court



To play *Buffalo Bill* you've got to look and ride like him. That's why Jack Hoxie will play the part in "The Last Frontier." His horse, "Scout," is almost an exact counterpart of the one ridden by the noted Westerner

Has Her Say— By Elizabeth Greer

covered that he had forged about five-hundred-and-seventy-five dollars' worth of checks.

Naturally, when the Boyds and a friend of theirs saw Joseph on Wilshire Boulevard one day, they stopped to inquire politely what he had done with the money. Joseph resented it. He whipped out a knife and a razor and attacked the two men, inflicting a few minor cuts. Of course, after all William's fighting experience in the movies, he got the better of him in the end, and Joseph is now awaiting trial for forgery.

Two Bright Scholars

Two of Metro-Goldwyn's recent releases have brought good fortune to their players. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., that fine upstanding whole-wheat boy who played William Haines' rival in "Brown of Harvard," has been given a five-year contract by Metro as a result of his work in that picture, which will make him a most excellent provider for his wife and child.

Then Bessie Love, who has wandered a little aimlessly among the studios in the past few years, has been recognized for her fine work in "Lovey Mary," in which she out-Pickforded America's Sweetheart. Bessie is now considering long-term contracts with both Cecil De Mille and First National, I hear.

Flaming Youth Conquers

Another bit of news is that Clara Bow is to be starred by Paramount. Ever since Clara bobbed impertinently out of the stowaway's barrel in "Down to the Sea in Ships," she has never ceased to make an impression on the industry and on the public—even tho sometimes it has been a most disagreeable one. She has probably suffered more than any other girl on the screen from bad taste in clothes and in make-up, bad rôles, and lack of restraint. Yet her flaming personality has triumphed over all these drawbacks, and she has emerged as a really fine actress. Clara has an earthy quality that is rare among our screen luminaries. She has what in a man would be termed virility—and lately she has displayed another talent—a great comedy sense—which, Paramount realizes, makes her star material. Her latest performance is in "Mantrap."

Marital Murmurings

Hints drift in from the Coast that Bebe Daniels may succeed Marilyn Miller as Mrs. Jack Pickford. Everyone has known for a long time that Marilyn and Jack could hardly call their marriage one of those ideal ones that the film colony loves to boast of. And before Bebe went away to college to make "The Campus Flirt," she and Jack were together enough to cause comment. But that doesn't really prove a thing, for Bebe has been commented on so many times, and Jack is quite a beau in his way.

Other reports from the marriage marts this month reveal the approaching marriage of William De Mille to his scenarist, Clara Beranger. The wedding will be delayed for a time to allow both the bride and groom to take the necessary precaution of divorcing their current mates. They have been contemplating this move for some time, and I do hope they'll find it was worth all that trouble.

They're Calling It Barbara Worth

Imagine a piece of land about eighty miles long and twenty miles wide, almost as level as a billiard table, covered with light gray dirt with scarcely a blade of grass or other foliage except on the distant mountains that border this immense plain and you have the desert on which Samuel Goldwyn is filming "The Winning of Barbara Worth." There is not a drop of water anywhere

(*Continued on page* 91)

Jannings and *FAUST*





Ufa

Goethe's immortal tragedy, "Faust," has finally been visualized on the screen and its American première, which takes place in October, will be anxiously awaited by picturegoers who worship art in the movies. The Germans have approached the work with deep reverence as well as with characteristic fidelity to detail. The film achieves another fine honor for Ufa in its determination to create something distinctive and noteworthy in celluloid



With such dramatic opportunities available in "Faust," it was necessary to secure the finest talent. Naturally, Emil Jannings was selected to play *Mephisto,* a rôle which should win him further laurels. The eminent actor appears in characteristic poses at the top and at the left, while at the upper right he enacts a scene with Yvette Guilbert, long recognized as one of the most talented actresses in the world. Mme. Guilbert appears as *Martha.* At the lower right are Gosta Ekman and Camilla Horn as *Dieterle* and *Marguerite*



Ufa

FLIV' and Let *FLIV'*

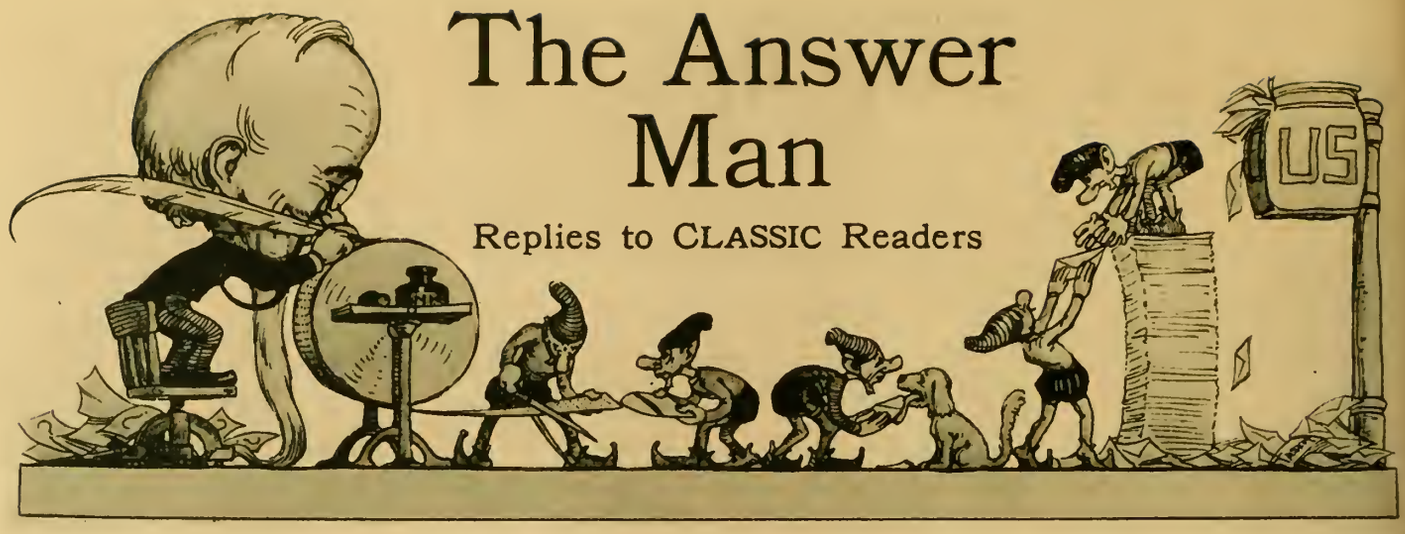
There were no traffic regulations in the early days of the flivver and the bike. When the boys trotted out their horseless carriages or their wheels and gave the girls a spin up and down the road you could depend on the idlers stepping out of the pool parlor to give them the once over. Transportation has surely progressed in the last twenty years, but the comedy gagmen must rely upon these goofy autos and bikes to bring the laughs

There are no laughs in the modern snappy car, so you must hand it to the gagmen for lugging out these weird contraptions. At the top Jimmie Adams takes Vera Steadman for a spin in his one-cylinder horseless carriage. At the left center Jimmie is trying his "darnedest" to stop the fliv' to avoid crashing into the gasoline buggy occupied by a petting party. On the bicycle built for five are Molly Malone, Kathleen Myers, Billy Bletcher, Jimmie Adams and Roy Weston



The Answer Man

Replies to CLASSIC Readers



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JEANNE M.—Here we are, right in the midst of the hot summer, and it sure is warm in New York. So you like Ramon Novarro best of all. Just be patient and you will see "Ben Hur." We had to wait a long time to . : it in New York.

FLORENCE H. — So it's Francis Bushman, Jr., that you like. He is married to Beatrice Dante — they were married July 10, 1924, and have one daughter, Betty. Address him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California.

PALMA B.—Just you wait until you see Rudolph Valentino in "The Firebrand," from the story of the life of Benvenuto Cellini. He was born in 1895. You want to know if Tom Mix and Ramon Novarro are Italian. I doubt it. I'll see what I can do about getting more on Ricardo Cortez in the CLASSIC for you.

VERNE H.—You refer to Clive Brook in "Three Faces East." Yes, Raquel Meller has been signed up by Chaplin to play the Empress Josephine to his Napoleon in a picture to be produced some time in 1927. And this is serious, too.

LILY N. P.—Well, I'm glad you did write to me. That's what I'm here for, and if you didn't write I wouldn't earn my $15.00 per. Yes, I still live in the little old hall-room. Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, New York, May 2, 1895. She is 5 feet 2, has dark hair and eyes. That was Jack Mulhall in "Within the Law."

MARY L.—You want to know who the banker's son was in "Headin' Home." Sorry, but I cannot help you this time.

ROYAL 17.—Well, it is easy to find fault if one is on the lookout; but some people would discover a far greater number if they were on the look-in. George Hackathorne was the son in "The Lady." Madge Bellamy and Edmund Lowe have the leads in "The Monkey Talks."

A. ELIZABETH S.—Well, I'm glad you like me. I like you, too. And now Cecil De Mille is trying to get Gloria Swanson to play the Magdalen in his film version of the story of the Christus.

MR. SHEAN'S PARTNER.—Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher. I'll have to go down to your house and rent that room, mine is pretty warm these days, even if I have so many fans. Well, to settle that argument, it was Constance Talmadge in "East Is West."

GLORIA, AUSTRALIA.—How are things down your way—pretty cold? No, Bebe Daniels is not married. Richard Dix in "The Quarterback."

JERRY A.—Various myself, I like all varieties, and therefore I like you. John Barrymore's first for United Artists will probably be "The Vagabond Lover," which is based on the life of Francois Villon, who is the subject of the play "If I Were King," from which the picture is derived. Write me again any time.

JUANA.—Well if you are 5 feet 8, and only 14, I wonder what you will be when you are 20. I'd give up the idea of pictures for some time yet. So you think William Boyd is adorable. He is 28 and married to Elinor Faire.

IMA FRADE.—So you have finally picked up courage to write me. You say your father is Heeza Frade, the big needle and thread man from so and so. And you dont care to ask about the number of teeth Lew Cody has filled, neither do you want to know whether Lloyd Hamilton wears double grip garters, but you do want to know if I am married. Well now, that's not such a very hard question to answer—I'm not. Milton Sills is playing in "The Legionnaire."

OLE.—It was Agnes Ayres who was once known as "The O. Henry Girl" because she played in 25 O. Henry stories for Vitagraph, and her first starring picture was "The Defeat of the City" in 1917. She is 5 feet 4½ inches, blonde hair and blue eyes.

BOB CUSTER FAN.—Wallace Beery was born in Kansas City and stayed there eighteen years, so perhaps you used to play marbles with him. He first played for Essanay, next Universal and then Keystone. He is 72 inches high and weighs about a tenth of a ton. Bob Custer has brown hair and hazel eyes, he is 6 feet and weighs 170 pounds.

EVELINE.—Well the highest praise for a man is to give him responsibility. Norma Talmadge was born in America as I have said up above. Edmund Lowe is married to Lilyan Tashman. Yes, Esther Ralston is married to George Frey. That was Walter Pigeon in "Mannequin." Dolores Costello was born in 1906. No, Dolores is not married. Betty Bronson in "The Wearing of the Green." She's a little early, or should I say late.

BEBE.—Opinions are largely formed from observation, but all observers stand upon different peaks. Your peak may be higher than mine, but I may see down into the valleys which your eyes have never scanned. Neil Hamilton is with Famous Players, Dolores Costello with Warner, and John Barrymore with United Artists. So long, Bebe.

IMA FLIRT.—You better not be. Your flatterer may love you some, but he probably loves himself more. So you like William Boyd. Conway Tearle is playing with Irene Rich in "My Official Wife."

BABE.—Greta Nissen, besides playing on the stage in "The Palm Beach Girl" for Zeigfeld, is to make three pictures for First National next fall. Not so bad. So you like Constance Bennett. So do I.

PAT.—Sure enough, Buster Keaton never smiles. He told us all about it in the June, 1926, issue. Claire Windsor in "Tin Hats."

BOBBY B. COLUMBUS.—Famous Players purchased the former United Studios at 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, and are producing there. First National has moved out and have their studio at Burbank, California. You can reach William Boyd at the Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California.

ENA A. BIRMINGHAM.—Yes, Ronald Colman is married and his wife is in England and John Gilbert was married to Leatrice Joy, but they aren't now. Norma Talmadge was married in 1917.

ELEANOR.—Could I make you become an actress? Certainly not, Eleanor. In other words, you want me to help you become an actress. Forget it, and stick to your studies this fall.

EDA R.—Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky have finally started work on "The Winning of Barbara Worth" to be released in the fall. Claire Windsor is 5 feet 6, and Dorothy Mackaill is 5 feet 4 and Mary Astor is 5 feet 5. Doris Kenyon's next will be "A Desperate Woman."

BEE FROM SCHURZ.—Ben Lyon was born February 6, 1900. He has dark brown hair and blue eyes. George Walsh's second picture for Excellent Pictures will be "His Rise to Fame."

MARIE M.—Twenty-eight years ago, on September 12, Alice Lake was born in this here little village of Brooklyn. Jane Novak is playing in "Lost at Sea" for Tiffany.

BOOTSY.—So this is your first offense at writing to an Answer Man. Why Tim McCoy is a new Westerner who is playing for Metro-Goldwyn.

LUCRETIA.—You say you are not going to give up wanting Richard Dix. I dont blame you. Yes, I am sure he will write to you. His mother has been very ill in California. Theodore Von Eltz has been added to the cast of "The Temptress" in which Greta Garbo stars.

Picture, Picture—Who Stole the Picture?

(Continued from page 23)

Despite the wonderful work of Belle Bennett and Ronald Colman in "Stella Dallas," seventeen-year-old Lois Moran, an utter newcomer to the American screen, very nearly stole the show. And Jean Hersholt took a very small part, that of *Ed Munn*, and made it something which will long be remembered.

Some Who Worry the Stars

In "A Social Celebrity," a Mal St. Clair picture starring Adolphe Menjou, that famous old comedian, Chester Conklin, comes close to stealing the picture—in a part that is more pathetic than it is funny. And speaking of Menjou, who doesn't recall the manner in which he sprang from obscurity to stardom by stealing "A Woman of Paris," Charlie Chaplin's directorial masterpiece, right from under Edna Purviance's nose?

J. Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson were billed as the stellar lights of "The Covered Wagon," but an actor who was comparatively unknown at the time, simply "wrapped up the picture and walked away with it." He was Ernest Torrence, and the rôle was that of *Bill Jackson*, the trapper. It won Torrence fame and fortune. He is one of the most beloved actors on the screen today—and one of the best paid.

Another recent sensational case of picture-stealing was that of George Bancroft in "The Pony Express." Despite competition from such veterans as Wallace Beery, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Ricardo Cortez, Bancroft, playing the character rôle of *Jack Slade*, the bad man of Julesburg, made the outstanding impression in the picture. From obscurity it raised him to the rôle of a big featured player, and won him a contract with Paramount which means many thousands of dollars a year to him. And it might be remarked that there aren't two tougher *hombres* to buck up against in this picture-stealing business than Wallace Beery and Ernest Torrence!

Noah Beery is no slouch, either. He walked away with honors in Pola Negri's starring vehicle, "The Crown of Lies," which also included Robert Ames in its cast, and reports are that he has simply wrapped up "Beau Geste," Paramount's stupendous story of the Foreign Legion in Algeria, and taken it home with him. His competition included Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, Ralph Forbes, Norman Trevor, George Rigas, and others.

Determined to find out the exact manner in which pictures are stolen, I went to one of the *veteranest* of veterans, Wallace Beery.

How Wally Does It

"The secret lies in making your performance outstanding," said Wally with a reminiscent chuckle. "You have to be a character, and you have to ring true. Your audience must feel that it knows you, intimately. You must produce a positive reaction. If you are a skunk, you must be a thorogoing one, with a stripe down your back—the kind of person one hates whole-heartedly. Yet they must understand why they hate you. Such a villain for example, was Roy D'Arcy in 'The Merry Widow.' If you are a bum, a happy-go-lucky character like *Rhode Island Red* in 'The Pony Express,' you must be a bum in every movement—not a gentleman masquerading in dilapidated clothes.



Chester Conklin almost stole "A Social Celebrity," and did steal "A Woman of the World" away from Pola Negri

"As to the tricks of the trade, there are many of them. One couldn't begin to enumerate them. One of the easiest is the old-fashioned upstage trick. The natural impulse of the inexperienced actor, whether on the stage or screen, is to get as far forward toward the audience as possible. The veteran will simply 'upstage' such a person.

"That is, if the two are in conversation, the veteran will stop a couple of steps behind the eager newcomer. Then when the newcomer has to talk to the old-timer, he will have to turn around to do it—and his back will be to the audience or the camera. You cant do very much acting with your back.

"The way to take a scene is to do something that will attract the eye. Motion of any sort is the thing that attracts the eye the quickest. If six people are standing up in a room and one person is moving about, or even fidgeting, you naturally watch him. If an emotional scene is going on in the foreground and an actor in the background waves his hand up and down, your eye will naturally be attracted to the motion. In this manner—when he is allowed to get away with it—an obscure actor often obtains attention for himself when otherwise he wouldn't be noticed any more than the paper on the wall.



Raymond Hatton is one of the champion picture thieves. With Wallace Beery he stole "Behind the Front"

"The principal thing is a bit of business. In other words, motion combined with humanness. If you can be human, if you can do some characteristic bit of acting which your audience instantly recognizes as something he has seen at home, at the club or at the sewing circle, he will be attracted to it and remember it, no matter what else is going on in the scene.

The Champion Picture Thieves

"Oh, there are a thousand tricks of the trade. My buddy, Raymond Hatton, who, I might say, is one of the smartest picture-stealers in the business, has a bright trick of his own in all still photographs. He always places himself at the extreme right of the group that is about to be photographed. When the picture is taken, the position is reversed, that is, in the printed photograph he is at the extreme left.

"The names in the caption under a printed photograph always read 'from left to right,' and hence the first name is always 'RAYMOND HATTON.' That's not very dumb of the little shrimp—not much!" And Wally gave a great chuckle.

Beery and Hatton are known as the greatest catch-as-catch-can picture-stealing team in the business. They are perfectly willing to take their chance with all comers—or with each other.

In "Behind the Front," the rivalry, if genial, was very keen, and these two veterans employed every gag in the business to take the various scenes away from each other. They even tried upstaging each other. For instance, just as the cameras would start grinding, Hatton would step back a step, to try to force Beery to turn around. Not to be outdone, Beery would link his arm thru Hatton's, and pull him forward. To put a stop to these antics, Charles Boyle, first cameraman on the picture, resorted to the practice of having a T-square nailed to the floor—where it didn't show—for the closeups. Then he made both Beery and Hatton toe the mark, one on each side of the T-square.

Razzing Ricardo

One of their stunts, which they laugh hardest about, occurred when they were playing in "In the Name of Love." Ricardo Cortez was the hero of the story, and naturally was the one most featured in the foreground. Beery and Hatton determined to get his goat. During a number of scenes they were supposed to be talking in the background. Hence as soon as the cameras started grinding, Beery would lean over to Hatton and say in a loud whisper:

"Now this guy Cortez, buzz . . . buzz . . . buzz——" and his voice would trail

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The HOLLYWOOD of FRANCE

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his character must be responsible For here you have a mere boy — thirty, or thereabouts—who has done picture after picture on a staggering scale and with superb mastery that has made motion picture history. Such contributions to the screen as "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Turn to the Right," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Scaramouche," "The Arab," "Mare Nostrum"!

Such achievements have brought fame and wealth at an early age. Let me add that he is something of an Adonis. Now a fellow like that should be spoiled by this time. But he isn't—and that is another big thing about him.

Ingram's Paradise

From my point of view, there are several more paradisiacal points about the Riviera than there are about Southern California, and that is saying a great deal. The Riviera has the climate, the flowers, the sea, the hills. The people there live a natural artificial life instead of the artificially natural life that one is compelled to live in California. By that, I mean that one has neither to break a law nor a pocketbook if one thinks one would like to serve one or more bottles of genuine spirit. If one wants to gamble—go to it, the Casino is just across the Promenade or in the Place Massena. The hotels are filled with real countesses, Russian princes, terrible Turks, British lords with a strong representation from Ioway and Walla Walla always on hand. There's the boardwalk just like Santa Monica, Venice and Long Beach, only on the Promenade des Anglais in Nice you will find the whole world that the motion picture world attempts to represent on the screen *come to life!* But in Nice it is all *the real thing!* You might think you could walk up to that gink with the Lawrence Dorsay mustache and yank it off, but you cant. Both he and the mustache are real. He's an actual Earl of Pawtucket, or something. That fellow with the long black whiskers who is a dead ringer for Charlie Chaplin's foil on the screen, is really some famous French *savant* and is dead in earnest about it too.



This is not a set, but the kitchen of Rex Ingram's studios over on the Riviera. The director has a chef who knows how to appeal to the inner man. He doesn't take orders from the cameraman but from the steward

An Arcadia for Artists

Nice, the Capital of the Riviera, is the Los Angeles of St. Augustin, the French Hollywood. The Riviera is the Mecca of the European world. Nice is like a miniature Paris with its multitude of brilliant shops, boulevards with the cafés spread all over the broad sidewalks with monocled men and chic foreign-looking women seated before the painted tables all day long sipping—do I disappoint you when I say, *café au lait,* mainly. And if one is really too bored, one may motor or bus, tram or train it over to Monte Carlo, only about fifteen miles away along one of the most glorious stretches of coast in the world! At Monte Carlo, as you know from the films, all sorts of things are done—including yourself. That is why people go there.

Finally, all that has been mentioned is either free or shockingly cheap. It costs five francs to enter the fashionable Casino. Five francs are about sixteen cents. This includes a free seat to a stunning musical show, or when the show *entr-actes,* to dancing. If you choose to drink—which one cant very well avoid, since the only seats you can find are before little round tables—you can get away with coffee, or tea, and a *brioche* and a liberal French tip and get back the change from a quarter. If you are going in for anything spirituous under champagne, by the glass, you can still use your quarter. If you want to visit the Gambling Hell on the right, as they always do in the stories sent in to picturize, it will cost you an additional seven cents to get in, but considerably more to get out, however.

I have mentioned these few facts in case you wondered why Rex Ingram and his faithful band seemed to be staying in such a God-forsaken place as Nice!

They Shall Not Pass

There is a great deal of ceremony attendant on a visit to the Rex Ingram Studios. This is due to two causes: first, nearly every American and a large per cent. of foreign visitors in Nice consider Rex Ingram and his studios a legitimate Baedeker attraction. Something had to be done about it. And second, Harry Lachmann, Rex Ingram's dynamic personal and Production Manager, who is perhaps one of the greatest red-tape artists in the world. It is easier for John D. Rockefeller to pass thru the eye of a needle than it is for anyone to enter the Rex Ingram domain.

The first time I went to the studios a limousine and chauffeur were sent to my hotel to take me. St. Augustin lies three miles north of Nice. Half the distance is along the Promenade des Anglais, the fashionable shore front where are all the big hotels and the villas of foreign nobility. The chauffeur they sent for me must have been a taxi driver in Paris at some time during his career, for he proceeded to drive madly and homicidally along the Promenade and head on at the traffic. His chief delight seemed to be in trying to maim pedestrians. Finally, when we did get out of town, he contented himself with trying to force the speedometer to exceed its limit. I sat watching it, fatally fascinated, as it mounted from 40 to 50, 50 to 60, 60 to 70, 70 to—I laid my hand on the maniac's arm and pleaded,

"Qu'est-ce que vous dèsirez, monsieur?"

He laughed with childish delight and told me that it only registered *kilometers,* not miles. I had forgotten that. Still, we were doing nearly 60 miles an hour at the moment, and I was in no hurry.

Fortunately, we left the main road and were going round sharp curves up into the hills. We passed the Gaumont Studio, crossed over the railroad tracks and the fast Paris-Rome Express going by at the time, and made a turn on two wheels and were brought before the gates of the studio. Instantly the French guards — three of them — sprang out of the little guardhouse and stood stolidly at the ends of the enormous chain that barred the way. A long and unduly excited conversation followed wherein I was being explained, almost unsuccessfully. It seemed I had no pass! However, I was admitted grudgingly. We drove up to the Administration Building.

In Splendid Isolation

There were swarms of people all rushing about on obviously important missions. Those who took notice of me glowered at me. I felt *de trop.* Finally, I asked someone where I could find Mr. Ingram.

"Ingram? You mean Lachmann!"

Still protesting that I did not want to see Lachmann, but Ingram, I was shown toward Lachmann's office. I was bent to it by this time and I said I would like to see Mr. Lachmann.

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FACING DEATH For a LAUGH

(*Continued from page* 31)

Harold had the narrowest escape from almost certain death of any time in his career.

At the completion of his climb up the side of a building, Lloyd was to crawl along a narrow ledge at the edge of the roof, where his feet were to become entangled in the rope of a flag-pole. Tripped by the rope, he was to fall over the edge and swing feet down. Needless to say, there was a small protecting net under him. Even as fearless a stunt comedian as Lloyd has no passion for deliberate suicide. The rope about his feet not only looked loosely knotted, but really was.

Lloyd miscalculated the strength of his swing, and was swept into space a full five feet beyond his protecting net. He felt the rope about his ankles begin to slip, and for one frightful moment he dangled there head downward, helpless to avert the disaster. Then, pendulum like, his body swung back over the net just as the ropes finally worked loose—and he dropped to safety, with less than a yard to spare.





Harold Lloyd, at the top, supplied a typical thrill in "Girl Shy." He grasped the tip of a trolley pole and was carried down hill at thirty miles an hour. The stunt was successful with luck and perfect timing. Below is Douglas MacLean who spent an entire afternoon crawling perilously around the wing surfaces of a plane—while he prevented Harry Earles, the midget who played the baby, from jumping overboard

The Sky Is His Limit

DOUGLAS MACLEAN has gone even sky-scrapers one better in two of his pictures—"Going Up" and "That's My Baby"—and has literally made the sky the limit in his laugh-making efforts by using air-planes for the thrill sequences.

A carefully staged crash furnished one of the best "gags" for "Going Up," a crash that was supposed to occur just as the plane was taking off. A large hole was dug across the runway and filled with soft mud. With MacLean in the back seat and a pilot in the front seat, both firmly strapped in, the plane taxied at full speed down the runway, struck the mud-filled hole, careened crazily for a moment like a rampant cyclone, then crashed with a thoroness even greater than had been anticipated. Thanks largely to Lady Luck's good offices, neither MacLean nor the pilot was seriously injured, but the way the camera caught them ruefully rubbing bruises as they crawled from the wreckage was not acting—it was the real thing.

In "That's My Baby," MacLean spent an entire afternoon crawling precariously around on the wing surfaces of a plane, supposedly in an effort to retrieve an overventuresome baby whose wandering complex had caused it to crawl from the cockpit. The fact that Harry Earles—the midget in "The Unholy Three"—played the rôle of the baby made it possible to have most of the scenes photographed in the air, some being made by a motor-driven camera attached to the wing, and others by a cameraman in the plane itself.

Denny's Risks

A BROKEN wire nearly caused Reginald Denny a broken neck in making "California Straight Ahead." One episode in this picture called for a big, unwieldy, Pullman-like auto trailer to break away from its convoy and rush at breakneck speed down a steep hill. At the time of its flight, the trailer contained Denny and half a dozen other masculine players.

Not caring to take any unnecessary risks, the director had a heavy wire, invisible in the picture, attached between the trailer and a windlass out of camera range. The arrangement worked beautifully until the windlass, with the usual ill-timed perversity of inanimate things, jammed just as the trailer was at the apex of its flight. Unequal to the sudden strain, the wire snapped like thread, and the runaway became the real thing.

Denny and the players with him hurriedly decided that, rather than court certain injury by jumping, they might as well stick with the plunging trailer and trust to a near-miracle to come out of the affair alive. The near-miracle happened and, tho the trailer was smashed into junk on a big boulder near the bottom of the hill, there was not a single serious casualty among its passengers.

Foxe Tells One

A WRECKED speed-boat gave Earle Foxe plenty of excitement and a fair amount of physical damage during the filming of one of the *Van Bibber* stories.

"We were rounding a buoy just off San Pedro," Foxe told me later, "and I was supposed to gain several yards on my pursuers in another speed-boat as we swung around the buoy. Any motor-boat racing enthusiast will tell you what a thrill it is to whirl past these markers, with one engine pounding straight ahead, and the other in reverse, and the craft making anywhere from twenty to thirty-five miles an hour. The water whizzes past, the spray burns your face, and the little boat trembles in every timber!

"We were making a number of shots and had no trouble until we made the third dash past the buoy. Then I thought I felt a sinister twist in the bottom of the boat. It was a faint grinding, as if something had crunched loose. Right then was when I should have told the pilot to stop,

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PAINTED PEOPLE

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that mama as *Camille* was all she could endure by way of memory.

In a sense, too, she was somewhat relieved about mama. She had looked so peaceful after she had stopped breathing. Yes, she was a little bit glad about it. Now she wouldn't ever have to feel that funny clutch at her throat when she woke in the mornings to see her mother standing before the mirror rubbing ice over her thin cheeks and muttering, "I've got to look better than this . . . I've *got to* . . ."

Or that same cold clutch when her mother and father would interview some new ingénue and her father would pinch the girl's arm, turn her and twist her around with hands that seemed to loiter stickily over the job . . . she hadn't been able to endure the sight of her mother's face at times like that.

Of course, she would miss her. She would miss her frightfully. Her mother had been sweet at times. Times when papa had been in the room every night and when no new ingénues had been forthcoming. At times like these she had really seemed to understand the afraid, hurt little heart that was Jonquil's . . . she would grab hold of her and kiss her all over her little heart-shaped face and say, "You poor little kid, you . . . you poor little kid . . ."

Or she would gather her up in her lap and rock her and tell her stories about when she was a little girl at home with Grandmother Rogers in a white house that smelt of lilacs outside and lavender inside . . . heaven-stories, Jonquil thought.

But, for the most part, Jonquil was glad that mama had gone, gone out of the sight of papa and the other things that hurt her. Jonquil guessed that there had been a lot of things . . .

. . . . . .

As for papa, she hated him with a sort of concentrated fury. She mixed him up with her hatred of grease-paint. She couldn't figure out whether papa was to blame for grease-paint or grease-paint was to blame for papa. She knew that she had always hated him.

Papa was known as a hail-fellow-well-met, whatever that might mean. He had a veinous, red face and curly, reddish hair and very white teeth, one of which was gold, and big paddy-shoulders, and he wore very splendid clothes of plaids and checks. He usually was to be seen biting on a very thick, black, moist cigar.

He had a loud voice, too, and louder laughter. He was always telling "funny stories," judging from the shouts of laughter that surrounded him when he was among men and the thin, knifey shrieks that surrounded him when he was among women, as he usually was. He always called women "little gull" or "darling" or "sweetheart," no matter how slightly he knew them and providing they wore sheer blouses and make-up.

In some way Jonquil connected her mother's deathly pallor with her father's veinous floridity. If papa hadn't been so red, mama wouldn't have been so pale.

She remembered her father as *Romeo*. And she often thought that if she had loved papa she would have felt sorrier for him as *Romeo* than she did for mama as *Camille*.

There were lots of things she knew and didn't know how she knew them.



Jonquil lived in a day-dream world—a world of whims and fancies. She longed to be understood

Papa as *Romeo* was still florid and loud and veinous. He would bellow forth in mighty tones, "Oh, wer-ould I were the ger-love upon that hand that I might ker-iss that fer-ace!"

She had always wanted to laugh and cry at the same moment. Papa going on like that, with such bulbous eyes and on his knees and everything, and mama standing over him on the balcony, looking so pale and loving. She knew that papa would tell mama to "Shut up, cant you?" in about ten minutes, and that mama would cry herself to sleep because of something connected with papa.

No wonder she hated it!

It always seemed too terrible to Jonquil that mama and papa should be *Romeo* and *Juliet*. So singularly terrible.

It didn't seem so bad when mama was *Camille* and papa was her lover. After all, when mama was dying as *Camille*, it was in some way connected with papa. That was as it should be. It was his fault. It wasn't quite so silly, even tho papa did put his head down on the yellow lace covering and pretend to cry by shaking the pads in his shoulders and sniffling thru his nose the same as he did when he was shaving.

Oh, well, papa . . .

There were lots of memories connected with papa . . . there was that character woman who had been with the company for five years. Just at first mama had hated the woman. She had called her "that Thing" and had cried whenever she saw papa with her. Then, toward the end, mama had become sort of friendly with her, and Jonquil had come on them once with their heads together, crying . . . sharing . . . something . . .

One dreadful night after the evening performance the character woman had come into their room and had shrieked dreadful things at papa. She had seemed to put herself in the same place with mama and had said something about both of them being "poor dupes" and "discards" and other strange, hideous names.

Miss del Riaz had been the woman's name. Jonquil had never liked her very much. She had always grabbed hold of her and kissed her, and her arms had been convulsive and her kisses sticky and thick. After that scene, Miss del Riaz had been seen no more, and mama had warned Jonquil not to mention her "in front of papa."

Jonquil knew that mama and papa hated one another and she often thought that mama was a very good actress indeed not to hit him across the face when he was trying to be *Romeo* and smirking at her so that his gold tooth glinted quite beautifully.

. . . . . .

Jonquil had had little parts to do, now and then. A child in "East Lynne" . . . *Little Eva* . . . pale, precocious little creatures. Mama had told her that she must always "enter into her characters," and she had tried hard. When she was *Little Eva*, she could never manage to die very sadly, because she couldn't seem to feel that there was anything so very sad about dying. One died and went away amidst a throng of fresh flowers and people dressed up in their Sunday best and was laid away in a field all neat and clean.

Papa always said, after a performance, "The kid's got no temperament . . . she takes after the Rogers, I guess."

Papa didn't know it, but when he said that, Jonquil came as near as she ever came to liking him. "Takes after the Rogers . . ." Oh, if she only did! If only . . . the smell of lilacs outside and lavender inside . . . heaven . . .

She usually had to cry on the stage and she felt that she did that very well. She was so frizzed and fussed and nagged before she went on that she felt like crying, anyway, and it was a real relief to be able to do so without having her ears boxed. Of course, the audiences usually laughed at her just in the wrong places, and that meant that papa would slap her when she came off, but she was so glad to *get* off that she didn't mind the slap. Mama usually said that she had "done fine." And mama was the best judge . . . having been a Rogers.

Mama often told her that she was getting "good training" and that some of these fine days she would play on Broadway and have her name up in electrics. Broadway, it would appear, was mama's idea of an earthly Paradise . . . well, she would like to see Broadway one of these days, but it wasn't Paradise . . . Paradise was where Grandmother Rogers was. . . .

(*Continued on page* 74)

The RISE of the LITTLE CINEMA

(*Continued from page 35*)

much to make that they have to be seen by a lot of people somehow.

Like the Little Theater Movement

"We are going to build up on the framework of the Little Theaters thruout the country. In scores of cities there are small groups which are seriously devoted to the stage and good drama. They have theaters and followings. We are interesting them in the better films with the plan of building them up into a distributing system on a small scale. Programs shown in our New York Theater will be shipped around this circuit. To pay the expenses there will be subscription showings. In this way, instead of being seen by a few hundreds, our programs will be seen by thousands."

Symon Gould believes that the work of the Film Guild will eventually be of great value to motion pictures as a whole. Revivals interfere in no way with the work of the big producers and exhibitors. In fact, a new market is created for films which have been rolled up and forgotten. In a way he is simply taking advantage of an awakening interest in movies on the part of another section of the public. Small exhibitors with their tiny financial risks can try new ideas and experiments that big organizations dare not attempt. The very bigness of the film companies has been against their making rapid progress with new ideas. Once there is a small public of say ten thousand with a developed appetite for new ideas in pictures, or for tragic or "serious" film works, it is possible that new talent may be encouraged along more adventurous lines. Men like young von Sternberg, who turned out the "Salvation Hunters" for a few thousand dollars, might get their chance for a public showing much more readily.

Would the "little films" and the "little cinemas" compete in any way with the field of the big companies?

New Ideas for the Big Producers

No, it was pointed out. No more than the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York competes with the Shubert Theaters. The one is interested in the art of the drama; the others in entertaining the public. The latter have a public ten-thousand times greater. But when the little theater has an actor or an idea that the public take up, the Shuberts will buy them.

So with the Little Cinemas. Their risks will cost little, and their discoveries of new ideas (which anyone who has the interest of the films at heart prays fervently for) will be common property for the motion picture industry and serve to liven up things.

In the meantime the taste of their high-brow public, if it may be called such, is very curious. Chaplin and Harold Lloyd slapsticks are mingled with German expressionist films, and are equally liked.

One of the most enjoyable programs was a showing of old pictures of a dozen or fifteen years back—"antiques" they had become by now. Nothing could have better illuminated the big strides which movies have taken since these old thrillers, nor the improvement in the taste of the general public itself. The directors were bright young men then, but their little tricks were so elementary! There were no "fadeouts." There were all sorts of funny skips and jumps. Titles took the place of action or scenery; everything was done in haste. A dummy instead of a man, is thrown from the train in "The Great Train Robbery" of fifteen years ago, and he is very much a dummy, altho the train is going at five miles an hour.



Here is an impressionistic setting in the French film, "The New Enchantment," with Jacques Catelain standing on the steps. The picture was directed by Marcel L'Herbier and is sponsored by Film Associates

It was delicious to see Mary Pickford and King Baggot, for instance, in "Going Straight" (1913). The pantomime was primitive. Mary Pickford very pretty, in one of those wide-sweeping skirts, or whenever you could see her face under a huge bonnet. King Baggot most touching as he claps his hand to his head or waves temptation away with his other hand in brisk gestures. That which was sad and tragic is all fun now!

If only some of these old thrillers could be revived with their titles touched up. They would be the most side-splitting farces.

It is only thru looking at these old pictures and comparing them with what we have done since that we will know the true nature of the moving picture. When we know this, there will be films that will never grow old.

Rhythmic Motion Essential

Dudley Murphy thinks that the chief character of the film is motion, or the rhythm of things in motion. I must stop and tell something about Dudley Murphy. He is one of the figures in the art-film movement. His revolutionary "Ballet of the Machine" was booed and hissed and laughed at. A lanky young man, soft spoken and visionary. He is home talent which has absorbed the ideas about modern art that are current in Europe. But some day he may come back from his wild exploits and experiments to give a vision of the great American scene.

"New York, in fact, the whole sweep of the American scene, fascinates me," he said. "Nobody realizes how strange the life that is going on right under our noses is. I am trying to get the fantastic speed and rythm of this jazz age into a film."

He is working now on a feature film of New York life. It has never been done yet, as Flaherty has done the Eskimos or the South Sea Islanders. Dudley Murphy, if he can work out his ideas, may be heard from in a big way.

His opinions are worth noting:

"One of the greatest films made here was James Cruze's 'Hollywood,' Cruze came closer to the very feeling of American life today than anybody I know. King Vidor is probably our greatest director right now. The first half of 'The Big Parade' had some of the finest motion picture technique ever done. The 'business' between Gilbert and Renée Adorée was marvelously carried out and conceived. Vidor has a miraculous sense of timing."

Worthy Revivals and New Ideas

The other "Little Cinema group," the Film Associates, is headed by a Mr. Montgomery Evans, 2nd. Also an outsider. A young man who likes to dabble with the arts, and finds more art in the films now than in anything else. The Film Associates do more in the way of introducing new pictures than revivals. On their programs have been some very curious French films, in fact, more French than German. The French have lots of ideas, and some great painters. Among the pictures shown here, "The New Enchantment," directed by l'Herbier, was a fake on a detective thriller and built along the crazy lines of "Dr. Caligari." It had the aid of one of France's greatest modern painters, Fernand Léger, in the making of the sets, which were often very jolly. It was received, however, with mixed feelings and its authors showed on the whole less natural genius for the film than the Ger-

(*Continued on page 82*)

GREAT ATHLETES of the SCREEN

(*Continued from page* 41)



Witzel

Richard Talmadge is one of the best go-getters after stunts in pictures. He is able to do his stuff because he's equipped with the necessary muscles

world can not make a plausible Sandow of a flabby-muscled parlor lizard. Rippling biceps and flashing athletic skill are things to be bought only by honest sweat, and plenty of it.

The leading athletic stars of the American screen include some of the greatest all-round athletes the world of sport has known in recent years.

An All-'round Champ

TAKE the case of Fred Thomson, for example. Thomson is one of those rare athletic marvels that appear only once in a generation, a natural athlete who excels in literally everything. Overflowing with vitality, and blessed with a perfect physique and almost uncanny powers of muscular co-ordination, Thomson first attracted notice in the athletic world while he was a student at Princeton University.

The next ten years brought him the highest honors that any amateur athlete can attain. He won the national ten events championship of the United States in 1910, and came back to win it again in 1911 and in 1913. Later, at the Inter-Allied Games in Paris, he attained the very peak when he again won the decathlon in competition with most of the world's best.

It is to this amazing all-round athletic ability that Thomson to a great extent owes the startling film success that, in a few short years, has advanced him from a comparative unknown to an action star rated in the five-thousand-dollars-a-week class, and well worth it. Only an expert with years of track and field work and gymnasium training could possibly attempt some of Thomson's film exploits, and live to tell about it. Feats that to the average athlete would be little short of impossible are mere routine incidents in the day's work to Fred Thomson.

"Lefty" from Yale

ANOTHER action star who won national fame before he ever thought of entering pictures is Maurice "Lefty" Flynn, once All-American fullback with Yale. Tall, rangy, hard, and fast, Flynn was one of the best Yale backs that ever flipped a forward pass or crashed off tackle thru a stubbornly fighting Harvard line when precious yards were needed.

Today Flynn still keeps in the pink of physical condition, not from a sense of duty, but for the sheer love of it. Slamming a medicine-ball around on the beach and swimming in the surf are daily features of his routine. He is also rated as one of the best hand-ball players in Southern California.

"Lefty" stands six feet two in his silk hosiery and weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds, nearly every ounce of which is solid bone and muscle. Not content with merely doing the physical feats called for by the scenario, one of "Lefty's" favorite recreations on location is to cause incipient heart failure to bystanders by adding little extemporaneous stunts of his own.



© Lumiere

George Walsh has long been recognized as one of the screen's best athletes. While at Fordham College he indulged in all kinds of sport activities, shining particularly well at baseball and football

A typical incident of this kind occurred recently while scenes were being filmed on a cable carrier suspended at a dizzy height over the rocky gorges of a mining camp in the high Sierras. "Lefty" and the villain engaged in a wrestling match in the frail little carriage a hundred and eighty feet above terra firma with a realism that would have raised gooseflesh on a cigar-store Indian. The director heaved a sigh of relief when the shot was over and the signal given for the carriage to be drawn in.

But the worst was yet to come. The wires jammed and the carriage stuck. Impelled with a sudden daredevil urge, "Lefty" decided not to wait till the tangle was cleared. Leaving the carriage, he calmly started hand-over-hand along the steel cable toward the platform fifty feet away. It was a feat more suited to a Japanese gymnast than to a two-hundred-pound American, but "Lefty" made it.

Grinning at the anguished warnings of the director, who saw visions of several thousand dollars' worth of high-priced picture star sailing thru space to imminent and permanent ruin, Flynn took his own sweet time on the journey and seemed almost sorry it was over when his dangling feet finally touched the platform and safety.

George Wins His Medals

GEORGE O'BRIEN is another prominent screen player who is a super-athlete in his own right. George has the physical build of a Greek Hercules, the lithe grace of a dancing master, and the hitting powers of a Missouri mule.

O'Brien is believed to be the only motion picture actor in this country now holding a membership card in the American Athletic Union. George's record, both before he came on the screen and after, is a genuinely impressive one. He starred as a halfback at Santa Clara University. He holds enough medals won in amateur basketball, track, field, and swimming contests to fill a sizable cabinet.

While in the Navy during the war, he won the middleweight boxing championship of the Pacific Fleet. Today, swimming and other aquatic sports are his favorites. He is rated as one of the best natators on the Pacific Coast, having beaten many of the fastest amateur swimmers in local meets, and having finished a close second to the celebrated Duke Kohanamoku on two occasions.

O'Brien trains as rigorously as any professional athlete. He is awake virtually every morning at five, and is on the road at six. He does three miles of road-work with his trainer, and then boxes from four to six rounds. Other items in his training include rope-jumping, short-distance running, shadow boxing, wrestling, and hand-ball.

For his weight, George has as magnificent a physique as any man in pictures. His muscles are flexible and

(*Continued on page* 84)



Norman Kerry is a six-footer with the powerful physique of the trained gymnast. He is rated as an expert on the parallel bars and flying rings


LILLIAN GISH
September 12th to 18th is
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Week
"More Stars than
there are in Heaven"
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MAE MURRAY
BUSTER KEATON
NORMA SHEARER
MARION DAVIES
JOHN GILBERT
LON CHANEY
JACKIE COOGAN
SEPT. 12TH — 18TH
THIS week
MORE people will see
METRO-Goldwyn-Mayer
PICTURES
THAN all other
MOTION pictures
PUT together.

Hollywood's Pet Extravagances

(*Continued from page* 19)

have overlooked one or two lesser cars parked somewhere in odd corners of the Mix establishment.

Milady's Hats and Shoes

Norma and Constance Talmadge have pet foibles that are about as widely separated as the human anatomy will permit. Norma's pet weakness is hats, and that of Constance is shoes.

Norma can no more resist the lure of a lovely hat than a kitten can a sprig of catnip. She may start out on a shopping trip with the avowed intention of buying anything from a spool of thread to a town car, but it is a moral certainty that somewhere along the line she will acquire at least one new hat before the afternoon is over.

Constance has a weakness fully as fatal for shoes. She has footwear for every conceivable occasion, and some for which she has never been able to find an occasion. Like Norma and her hats, Constance has yet to make a shopping tour without returning with at least one new pair of shoes. Her trips to Europe usually end in a veritable orgy of shoe buying from the bootmakers of England and the Continent.



John Ellis





Willard Louis, at the top, owns up to a weakness for plants and flowers. He buys rare bulbs and shrubs from all over the world—and frequently wins prizes at the floral shows. John Bowers' extravagance is an ambitious one. In the center he is building a $300,000 home on a Hollywood hill, which will be occupied by him and his bride, Marguerite de la Motte, when it is completed. At the left is Seena Owen who goes in for pajamas. Her many acquisitions are extremely exotic—and represent handwork from all parts of the world—including the Scandinavian

Shoes constitute a pet extravagance rather often found among theatrical and screen players. Two other passionate devotees of footwear in Hollywood are Olive Borden and Laura La Plante. In Olive's case, practically every shoe must be made to order, which adds appreciably to the expense involved.

It is inevitable that the various items of milady's wardrobe and jewel-box should rank as pet extravagances with many feminine players in filmdom.

The Fan and Fur Complex

Norma Shearer's pet foible is fans, and she has literally dozens of them. Shawls of elaborate hand-worked designs are things that Gertrude Olmstead can never pass by without making a purchase. Her favorites are two beautifully brocaded silk pieces which she had made in China to her special order. Kathleen Key became an addict to ear-rings while in Italy with the "Ben Hur" company, and is still adding to her extensive collection.

Helene Chadwick and Vera Reynolds have really expensive weaknesses along the wardrobe line, both being addicted to furs. Helene goes in rather heavily for fur coats, her present list including a beautiful Russian sable, an exquisite ermine, and a number of less expensive wraps. Vera finds fur pieces of every kind irresistible—neck pieces, jacquettes, coats—and plays no favorites in variety. Pearls, necklaces and rings made of them, are Aileen Pringle's big weakness. Perfumes are the pet extravagance of Jetta Goudal, Alma Rubens, and Lillian Tashman, while Esther Ralston is an insatiable flower lover.

Faithful to their Foibles

It is claimed that Lew Cody never wears the same neck-tie twice, and this pet foible contributes largely to the support of a certain worthy little tie shop in Los Angeles. Rod La Rocque is a "nut" on amateur photography, and spends prodigious sums on cameras, lenses, and high-priced printing paper.

Pajamas are the rather unique pet extravagance of Seena Owen. Many of Seena's acquisitions along this line are extremely exotic, and represent handwork from nearly all parts of the world. There is a practical side to this foible, as well. Miss Owen has several pajama outfits which are particularly adaptable to studio use, and it is not unusual to see her wearing one of them on the set or round her dressing-room while waiting for the director's call.

Dolls are Ruth Clifford's pet extravagance. I made a little census of the Clifford home not long ago; and counted exactly forty-seven dolls. Ruth has bought many times that number, but whenever they become too numerous she pays a visit to an orphans' home and makes several children happier. Other Hollywood doll devotees are Priscilla Dean and Claire Windsor. Miss Windsor has a really exquisite collection from all nations.

John Bowers has just one extravagance, but it is an ambitious one—a $300,000 home now being built on one of the hills overlooking Hollywood. Marguerite De La Motte is the prospective Mrs. Bowers who will share the home when it is completed.

Rudolph Valentino specializes in dogs and horses. He has five riding mounts, and eleven dogs, the latest addition to his kennels being an Irish wolfhound pup

(*Continued on page* 80)

Who Is the Best Dressed Woman on the Screen?

Three Famous Dressmakers Make Amazing Statements and Give Their Ideas on Dress

Madame Frances—Harry Collins—Maybelle Manning—

Those are names to reckon with in the world of fashion. A gown from their ateliers costs hundreds of dollars. They dress prominent women in stage, screen and society circles.

Whom do they name as the best dressed women on the screen?

Whom do they criticise?

What do they say about autumn styles?

And what do they advise?

Do not miss this remarkable and frank feature next month.

We Interview Gloria Swanson

By
GLADYS HALL and ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The double-interviewers, famous for their delightful one-act playlets in which they co-star with the star, talked with Gloria Swanson. They asked her all the questions you would like to ask her.

This is unquestionably the finest interview with Miss Swanson ever published—and the most interesting double interview on which G. H. and A. W. F. ever collaborated.

For Married Women Only

An amusing and at the same time interesting story on the way in which the wives of movie stars manage their finances.

Does your husband turn over his entire salary to you?

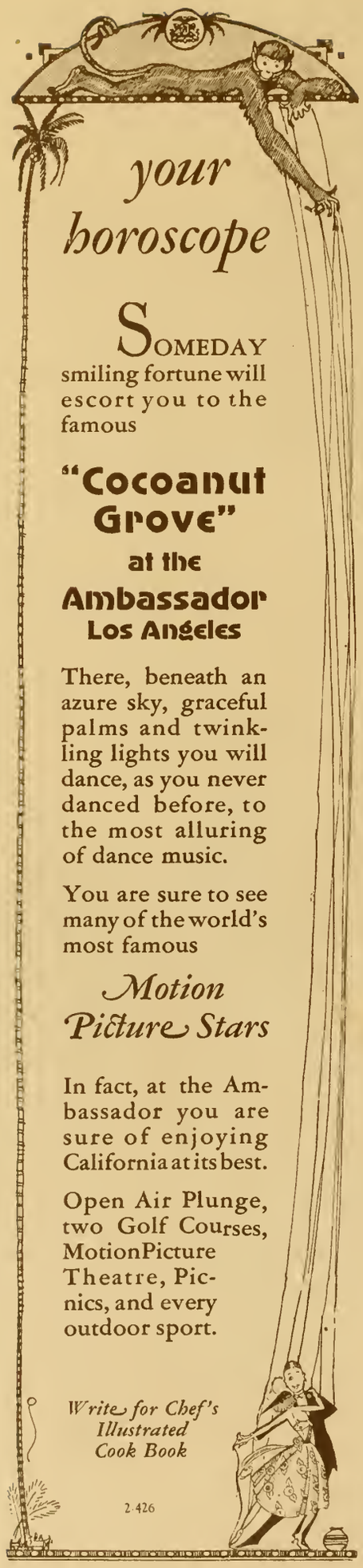
Do you pay the bills and keep the remainder of the weekly income for yourself?

Or does your husband pay the bills and give you an allowance?

Divorces frequently begin when there are family disputes about money. Read this story in which several wives explain their several arrangements regarding money matters and the reason why they believe their plan is best.

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Painted People

(*Continued from page* 68)

She loathed it for all these reasons and she loathed it because of other little girls and front porches.

This may seem incongruous and irrelevant, but it was definite to Jonquil.

When the company hit town in the morning and she did not have to be on in the evening, she spent the day wandering around the town. She strolled up and down shady residential streets where there were orderly houses with green lawns and flower beds and garden swings and front porches. Where were little girls of her own age playing dolls or games or something. Little girls dressed in clean gingham dresses and nice square-toed shoes.

Jonquil would walk along the sidewalks in her dark silk dress, a little spotted, and trimmed with lace ruffles, and envy the other little girls ferociously.

Their homes. Their front porches. Their mothers, in clean print dresses and shiny, neat hair and pleasant, cool-sounding voices. The smell of baking from an open kitchen window, the tinkle of a piano from an opened parlor window.

Jonquil connected elegance with a front porch. She took an infinite amount of pleasure imagining herself seated on one afternoons, dressed in crisp white, looking up from her book now and again to nod pleasantly at passers-by.

Sometimes the little girls would see her and stare at her, and once or twice they called to her, but before she could open their gates or set foot on their neat gravelly walks between the petunia borders, their mothers or elder sisters would call to them and they would turn away.

Once the company had stayed a week in one town, and she had actually managed to join two little girls at their play. They had called to her and she had gone in. Her heart and her hope had beat high. She felt quite sure that they would like her if they could get to know her. They would find out how nice she was, really. They would be amazed and delighted at all the make-believe things she knew how to do. They wouldn't need to know that her mother was an actress. She would tell them about her Grandmother Rogers and the house with the lilacs and the lavender. She had thought about it so much that she felt quite familiar with it.

They would surely like her when they came to know her. It was merely a matter of taking the first step. They would probably invite her for supper and she would see the inside of the pleasant house, the rooms where the crisp white curtains fluttered and the homey, happy sounds came from. Their mother might pat her head and call her a very nice child, indeed, and ask her to come again. Once she had made such a beginning, there was no knowing where it would end. It might lead to almost anything . . . being adopted, perhaps. . . .

She had gone up the path as swiftly as she could, walking against time. If she could get to them before their mother did. . . . She wished that she had on a gingham frock and clean white socks . . . at that moment she discovered the undesirability of silk . . . later on, much later on, the newspapers carried stories about her "fad" for wearing ginghams and linens and voiles even in winter . . . but once she began to talk to them everything would be all right. . . .

"Hulloa!"

"Hulloa!"

"What's your name?"

"Jonquil."

"Jonquil *what?*"

"I cant tell the rest. It's a secret." (They might know if she told them . . . they might know.)

"That's silly. It cant be a secret, a name cant. Anyway, it's your daddy's name first, not yours, so it cant be a secret."

"It is, tho. Mine is." (All little girls had secrets . . . she had seen them, in little groups, whispering, bright eyes glancing.)

"Is your daddy dead, then?"

"Yes." (What a lie! But to be dead would be to dispose of him, to put him out of the way, to throw them off the track.)

"Ohhh . . . is your mother dead, too?"

"Yes." (Another lie, but she had to stop them asking her questions. A few more questions and they would find out . . . Lillian de Vere . . . stock company . . . juvenile lead. . . .)

"Oh, that's awful . . . that's too bad . . . well, my name is Meg Travis, and this is my best friend, Harriet Barnes. Harriet's mother nearly died last year when the new baby came, but they saved her with instruments. That's a secret, so dont tell. Is that why you're dressed like you are, because your mother is dead?"

"Dressed like what?"

"In that silk dress. It's not refined to wear silk dresses in the morning. Your mother wouldn't have allowed you to."

(Impossible to say that mama had made the dress to wear mornings.)

"I guess so."

"Only Italian girls and colored girls wear silk dresses in the morning."

This was difficult going. Jonquil was dismayed to feel her eyes fill with tears.

Meg noticed, thought the mention of Jonquil's mother had been too much for her, and changed the subject.

"Where do you live?"

"I dont live any place. I *stay* places."

This ought to score! She felt, pleasantly, that that was rather neat. "Staying places" had a real air to it. . . .

"I dont know what you mean. Haven't you moved here? Dont you live in a house? Dont you go to school?"

"Oh, no, I never go to school. I have —I have teachers."

"Oh——"

The little girls looked at one another, considered, then they said, with notable respect, "Are you very rich?"

"Oh, not so very. We had quite a good season last year, but this year hasn't been so good. The movies are beginning to cut in on us very badly. Some say that the movies will be the ruination of stock, and the character women are asking for much more than they are worth."

Jonquil stopped short, bit her tongue until the smarting tears actually rolled down her cheeks. She had gone and done it! The patter of the theater, of her life, had overcome her again . . . the smell of grease-paint seemed to rise about her, a thick, malodorous screen, shutting her off from the little girls, hiding the pleasant house from view. Meg spoke first.

"Oh," she said, in a prunes-and-prism voice, "so you are an actress. . . . Well, goodness, I know mother wouldn't want you here. Will you please go away?"

Jonquil walked half-way down the walk. Her pulses were singing, her face was fever-hot. She turned abruptly, passionately, her voice was loud and shrill with sharp pin-pricks of agony. "Yes!" she screamed at them, "I'll go away . . . but some day you'll wish you could know me

(*Continued on page* 80)

Three More Writers Indict the Films

(Continued from pages 20 and 21)

from his book sales. The question is, Does he earn it? Or, again, Are the picture rights worth the great sums that are paid for them? Some are, without question.

It is my firm conviction, that it is possible to translate any given story—every mood and nuance, every essential emotion felt by the creator of it—from the printed page into pictured portrayal on the screen. That it is seldom done, is quite true. It is the superfine art in the whole range of motion picture production, that surpasses the art of the director by far. For the art of the director would become simplified if there were great interpreters in the scenario departments.

As it is so far, the directors are themselves the greatest interpreters—with a few exceptions—that the screen has. This is not as it should be, because the average director combines in himself the mechanical marshaling genius and aspires to artistic heights and usually ends in a muddle.

The director's present autocratic powers have been come by honestly on his part. From the earliest days he has been called upon to build a stout cable of entertainment from a thin worn thread of plot or story, and in the majority of cases he has proved himself a wizard for results. He has learned literally to make something out of nothing, so he and his colleagues have learned to depend on nothing—revel in their wizardry—until they have come almost to resent it when they are given "too much" to build on. They feel that it reflects on their prowess. They prefer to go it alone—to be handed a silk hat by the author, as it were, into which they break two of their own eggs and produce an omelette! However, too often, the poor author gets his hat handed back to him with the remains of a bad egg inside. The audience does not know this, but audiences are so gullible that the magician would get the credit while failure is blamed on the author and his hat.

And so I think that is where the difficulty lies in the main between author and director today. The director goes entirely too far in depending on both his powers of creation and interpretation. Nor does the average novel go far enough. A Middle Art is requisite in the writing of the Continuity. We need rare interpreters—such as June Mathis, let us say, and her exquisite interpretation of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Here is an instance in which everyone concerned gained thru mastery of the art of interpretation—author, director and producer.

I have come to the conclusion that there ought to be a school for the education of famous writers in the movies. Most of them have not the least conception of what they are driving at, what it is all about. They fail to get the big idea behind the motion picture, or to realize that the motion picture has gone ahead of all other forms of expression in reaching the hearts and the mind of all the peoples of the world, *simultaneously*. It sometimes makes me feel glad that I am not a Great Author after all.

E. V. LUCAS

At length I switched him over to the subject of the motion picture. "Oh, the films are not good enough. With all the money and other kinds of wealth expended on them they should be infinitely better. So, believing that, I go solely for idle recreation—and to laugh.

"I am of the opinion that the only film story that should be presented, or attempted, is the one invented for the film and never an adaptation and never a play.

"The best thing they do is the supernatural. For instance, Harold Lloyd driving a trolley car thru a crowded city gives me much pleasure to see. The films are the link between poor inadequate human nature and magic. 'Theatre of the Deaf,' I have called it somewhere. And that is really its greatest boon—one can see without having to hear what might be awful sometimes."

BARONESS ORCZY

tation would smash the play—and that really cant be thought of.

"Many of my Dutch war stories were done in the films; some very well, and others—well, I have reasons for feeling very much afraid of what might be done to a story like 'The Scarlet Pimpernel.' The plot is so complicated and the atmosphere so essential."

The Baroness told me this while sitting at tea in her splendid villa, located in the select section of Monte Carlo far up the heights above the madding crowd, the brilliant white hotels and the gambling Casino. Tho it was February, we were looking out the window of her study on her formal garden with all its wealth of tropical foliage reflected in the pool or seen thru the shimmering fountain playing in its center.

"'The Scarlet Pimpernel' was my second book," she went on. "It was refused by twelve, a round dozen, of publishers. When it was first published it sold exactly ninety copies. I was discouraged and decided to make a play of it. Julia Neilsen and Fred Terry liked it and bought it. And that is how Fred Terry came to have an interest in 'The Scarlet Pimpernel.'"

All of which should be potently interesting to the discouraged writer.

FORD MADOX FORD

them after what he had said about them.

We continued our talk that night when he gave a party—one of the sort of parties that are given only in the Latin Quartier of Paris, where a score or more of people drift in dressed as tho they were going to a nonchalant fancy-dress ball—only they mean it and dont mean to be grotesque about it at all. Paris is so amusing when it tries not to be.

Well, James Joyce was expected and didn't come. But Gertrude Stein, author of "Tender Buttons," did. And Gelette Burgess, who gave us "The Purple Cow," and Louis Bromfield, author of that cracking book of the year, "Possession," was there. And a great many artists and regular people and a good time was had by all, I can assure you.

ARE you keeping up with all the goings-on of the stars in Hollywood? Eugene V. Brewster, Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications, contributes every month in the CLASSIC, his impressions of the players and productions on the Coast.

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Resinol Soap



Reg the Regular

(*Continued from page* 49)

while our clothing dried? Denny, of course!

It was three days before we were able to run the dingey thru the surf and return to the fishing-boat. Three days during which we slept on the ground, subsisted on fresh lamb stew seasoned with lobsters and clams we dug at low tide, and a can of hardtack Denny had thoughtfully brought along.

All for the Fun of It

AND who invented games to keep our minds off our troubles, who led us on impossible treks over long-dead volcanoes in search of the elusive wild boar, who took his rifle and left his warm blankets in the biting chill before dawn to hunt the meat for our inevitable lamb stew? Nobody but Denny!

Ah, there's a man for you!

I think to Reg Denny, motion pictures must be just another thing to interfere with his fishing and shooting.

And it's hard for me, knowing the other side of the man, to reconcile myself to seeing him as I saw him on the set at Universal the other day, shooting his new picture, "Take It From Me." He wore a cutaway coat and striped trousers, a wing collar and an impeccable boiled shirt and patent-leather shoes.

He was the center of a massive set representing a fashion show. Beautiful women in all stages of dress and undress surrounded him. He was affable, courteous, polished, suave—yet bewildered in that amusing fashion that is particularly his own brand of comedy.

He watched while lovely models in gorgeous gowns paraded to the edge of a large tiled swimming pool, gave one vigorous wriggle and dropped their gowns to reveal themselves in bathing attire.

He obligingly registered astonishment when he perceived a skull and crossbones painted on the knee of petite Frances Dale, who is one of the most promising of the screen's new crop of actresses and has a leading rôle in the new picture.

Yes, he was quite the man-about-town on the set before the camera, was Reg Denny.

But who, I ask you, was the first to rip off the wing collar, tear off the boiled shirt and kick off the patent-leather shoes when the final scene was taken and he had reached the shelter of his bungalow dressing-room? You're right; it was nobody but Reg Denny!

Just Like a Pal

I THINK it also speaks volumes for Reg's character to relate that I found him sharing his own dressing-room with Ben Hendricks and Lee Moran. Not that there is any shortage of dressing-rooms at Universal City; there must be thousands. I have known quite a few stars in my day in Hollywood, but I never before saw one who would share his dressing-room with another player of less established standing.

He may be a product of merry old England, but I cast my vote for Reg Denny as the most democratic of the stars.

What we talked about while he was getting out of his furbelows and into good old rough tweeds doesn't matter very much. It wasn't a lot of bunk about his desire to make bigger and better pictures, nor about his sacrifices for his art, nor about his wife (Renée, a most charming and vivacious lady) being not only his pal but his severest critic, nor about the gorgeous set he had just quitted, nor about the pleasure he finds in his work, nor about any of the things that interviews are supposed to be about.

If you want to know the honest truth, we talked about the relative values of a Dowaigac minnow and a Shannon lure in snaring the wily bass, and whether a Blue Dragon or a good old Coachman was the best for salmon trout under given conditions, and if a Hispano-Suiza motor was really practical for a thirty-eight-foot cabin cruiser, and all such rot as that. Not interesting in the least, when you sit right down and analyze them.

But all the time I was thinking about other things.

Enjoys the Briny Deep

THERE was that other trip which ended disastrously. A couple of years ago, now; maybe three. Reg and Ben had been out on the sea a night and a day and a night, fishing. They were coming home in the dawn with three hundred pounds of fish in the tonneau of the car. A little girl ran into the street on the outskirts of Hollywood. To avoid hitting her, Reg threw the car headlong into a tree. There wasn't enough of the car left to warrant repairs, and not much more of Reg. It was ten days before they would let me see him, and then I found him smoking a cigaret and planning the sort of fishing-boat he would build when he got well.

Then there was that other trip, just last fall. Reg had, by that time, acquired his boat. It was a cabin cruiser with a fuel radius of three hundred miles. He notified me when he was leaving, but I couldn't go. Their objective, I knew, was a group of islands off the coast of Mexico, approximately three hundred miles south of Los Angeles harbor. They scheduled a stop at Ensenada, en route, for additional fuel.

The morning after their departure, the wind was blowing a gale. My home is twenty miles from the sea, yet the storm even there was terrific. It uprooted a great tree in my yard. We all worried about Reg, of course, but it is impossible to worry very long about him. You always have the feeling that he will bob up after a time, smiling.

A week went by, eight days, nine days—and no word from them. They were long overdue in port. Jim Mitchell, who writes pieces for the paper, was in my office one afternoon. He, too, was worried. "They're gone," he said. "Our wireless reports from the southern shipping say no small boat could live in that storm." An airplane was chartered by the Universal people and flew over the sea for miles with no result. At the end of ten days even the optimists conceded Reg and Ben and Hub Lloyd, their companion, were down with Davy Jones.

Then a couple of days later, or maybe three, the Mexican telegraph brought a laconic message. "Okay," it said simply, and was signed "Reg." They were back in port at Ensenada, and the storm had blown itself out.

Later Reg told the story in a couple of sentences:

"The storm held us back, and we ran out of gas. We made a little cove and anchored. A fisherman came by one day promised to bring us gasoline when he returned. He did, and that's all there was to it."

The Boy in the Man

So that's Reg Denny as nearly as I can picture him to you. It's the Reg Denny that I know, and that you know on the

(*Continued on page* 83)

Facing Death for a Laugh

(*Continued from page 67*)

but I didn't. I didn't know as much about racing boats then as I do now.

"When we lurched toward the buoy the fourth time, I found out what that grinding was—and I got it with a bang. We had sprung the calking, and the entire rear end of the craft dropped out from under me just as we shot fifteen feet in the wake of the buoy. I was abruptly parked there in the water squarely in front of the other speed-boat, which was hammering along toward me at thirty miles an hour. I had no time to get even partly out of the way. They tried their best to stop, and did succeed in slowing down, but the boat slammed me against that buoy so hard that when the rescue squad finally fished me out they found that I'd acquired a dislocated shoulder and two broken ribs."

Making You Shudder

REPOSING flat on his back on a steeply slanting board that projected several feet from the top of a towering oil derrick, and trying to appear nonchalantly indifferent to the yawning void just under his recumbent form, gave Jimmie Adams all the thrills any sane man could possibly desire, in the filming of a recent Christie comedy with an oil-field locale.

It is obviously impossible to rig a safety net on so skeleton a structure as an oil derrick, and the shots were taken at a near enough range to preclude the use of concealed wires or other similar appliances. Consequently, Jimmie had to spend the greater part of a memorable afternoon clowning on his precarious perch and hoping fervently that the property-man had been conscientious in nailing the board securely to the derrick scaffolding.

Eight years on the Mack Sennett lot have naturally given Billy Bevan enough thrills to fill a five-foot book-shelf.

"The nearest I ever came to death, tho," Billy told me one day, "was via the pneumonia route. When we were making 'Honeymoon Madness,' there were a lot of rain scenes to be shot. No fooling, I was dripping wet for three solid weeks! I couldn't even change to dry clothes during the lunch hour. Before the three weeks were over I felt like a cross between a water-lily and a drowned cat.

"Only last week I had to walk along a ledge on the sixth floor of a Hollywood bank building, with my eyes shut, and clad principally in a night-gown. I was supposed to be a somnambulist, who walked in his sleep, and tried to play golf on the ledge. I didn't mind the height, but I hated to wander around up there with my eyes shut.

Buster's Nerve

BUSTER KEATON has been called "the little iron man" because of the chances he invariably takes in his comedies. Height stuff is a little out of Buster's line, but when it comes to knockabout thrills, he will try practically everything.

Slugging toe to toe with an ex-pugilist in a ring, getting kicked from speeding trains, trying to ride a wild steer—they are all the same to the indomitable Buster so long as there is a possible laugh involved with the thrill. Keaton has been injured half a dozen times in the last few years, but the mishaps have shaken neither his nonchalance nor his nerve.

Incidentally, Buster gives the danger element as one of the possible reasons for his famous habit of never smiling on the screen. "How is a fellow going to smile," Keaton queries plaintively, "when he never knows whether he'll spend that night safe at home or in the casualty ward of the nearest hospital?"



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Painted People

(*Continued from page* 74)

. . . you'll try to know me, and I—*I wont let you*—there now!"

She heard a thin trickle of laughter following her . . . refined laughter.

. . . . . .

After her mother's death things were much worse. She no longer suffered slights and insults at the hands of "nice" little girls and their starched mothers, because she no longer permitted such opportunities. She had learned to be ashamed of herself and of what she was, and her instinct was to seek cover.

But there were other things. She traveled alone with her father now. The one advantage being that she was given a room apart from his. She usually shared it with the character woman; occasionally she had a cubby-hole alone.

Just at first she had slept in the room with her father and then there were always silly, giggly girls coming home and having supper with her father in their room, and if she didn't turn her face to the wall and pretend to be asleep he threatened to box her ears "then and there."

Of course, it didn't take much sense to pretend to be asleep once she understood what was expected of her. But it was always just pretend, and she couldn't help but hear him and his silly talk and silly stories and the little rushing noises and the high giggling of the girls in the room. There was always a great to-do about orange juice and cracked ice and a great deal of talk about "This is the stuff" and "Dont be a cold potato." At this stage of the game, Jonquil decided that, silly as papa was as *Romeo*, he was infinitely sillier as himself.

She hated it more and more all the time. She hated it so that she ached inside. She hated her father with his red face and white teeth. The one gold one. She hated the new character woman with her mascaroed eyes and thickly reddened lips. She hated the new leading lady, the one who had taken her mother's place, who was named Rosie and smelled of cheap rose perfume.

She hated, with a vast and ever-swelling hatred, the gritty little rooms in the gritty little hotels. She hated getting up early in the mornings and traveling late at night. She hated china toilet sets and soggy mashed potatoes and brown fried eggs and everything she had ever known in her whole life.

She was desperately unhappy. She prayed that she could die. She even hated her own face, pale, with little circles of sleeplessness under her eyes. She hated her frizzy hair and her silk dresses and her long, embarrassed legs.

When she was nearly thirteen, her father suddenly informed her that he was going to take her to Three Trees, Massachusetts, and "give" her to her grandmother. Her mother's mother. Grandmother Rogers.

Jonquil was conscious of a wild pang, first hot, then cold. First delight, then despair, then a commingling of the two. She said:

"Maybe she wont want me."

"Then you'll have to go to a Home," the man said. "I'm going to get married again, and Rosie wont want a kid tagging after her. I dont blame her. Why should she? Besides, you're getting too long and lanky to do kid parts and, if you can *do* anything, why should you stick around? If you turn out to look like anything in three or four years, you can join up with us again and earn your own bread and butter. Anyway, it wont hurt the old dame to do something for you. Aint you her own flesh and blood?"

Oh, she hoped so! She *hoped* so. . . .

Jonquil, that night, lay awake until dawn. And when the dawn came, it seemed faintly tinted with rose, for the first time in her memory.

She didn't honestly see why the "old dame" should do anything for her and she suspected that she wouldn't, but she agreed with her father that it wouldn't hurt to try. After all, even if it failed, there would be the Home and nothing could be worse than the life she was leading. Really, a "home" had a sweet-smelling sound. And it might have a front porch!

. . . . . .

Papa "laid off" for three days between towns, at great loss to himself, so he said, and they journeyed to Three Trees.

At once Jonquil loved the look of Three Trees. She felt passionately that she never wanted to step foot out of it again, not even to see the Leaning Tower of something or other or the Obelisks, about which the male "heavy" had tried to enlighten her when he had undertaken her education a year or so before.

She felt that she would die if Grandmother wouldn't let her stay. The streets were wide and shady. The houses were white and green and spandy clean. They were set far back on velvet lawns and there were old trees over them, faintly murmurous. There was no hotel, only an "Inn," a larger, whiter, shadier-looking place, and a little tablet tacked to a tree informed those who paused that General Washington had once laid his much-pillowed head in the best bedroom of the George Inn.

Papa inquired his way, and they walked along the peaceful New England streets, rather badly incongruous. Jonquil felt that they were, and the ache of fear and misery returned. Papa in his "shepherd's plaid," his Elk's tooth, his gold tooth glinting thru his moist red lips, his way of walking, so actory. . . . She, Jonquil, in the inevitable silk dress with lace ruffles, a "picture" hat, silk socks, silly slippers. Three Trees seemed to stand away from them . . . to draw back . . . to be preparing to eject them. . . .

The "old dame" lived in a white house with green shutters, also set far back from the street. It seemed heaven to Jonquil. Flowers in neat flower-beds. White swiss curtains swish-swishing in a lilac-burdened breeze against scrupulous window panes. *A front porch.* Geraniums along the rails in shiny green boxes. All orderly. A place to stay. A place to take root in, to call home. She thought desperately that this place would have none of papa and her. They didn't belong.

The old dame herself came to the door. Grandmother Rogers! Spare and trim and dressed in decent black. White hair folded like quiet wings on either side of her head. False teeth, of course, but a rosy skin and faded grey eyes.

Grandmother Rogers (how dared he call her "the old dame"?) looked at them, accusingly, Jonquil thought. It was as if she suspected who they were and was asking them with her steely eyes how they had dared. . . . Papa spoke first. In his best manner. Loudly, with gestures. Jonquil hung her head for shame of him.

Grandmother Rogers asked him to step inside. She asked it grudgingly, against her will. Jonquil found herself alone—on a front porch. She tip-toed over to a chair

(*Continued on page* 85)

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H. L. Mencken Breaks the Long Silence

(*Continued from page 17*)

The morals of the movie folk—the various scandals that are constantly upsetting public digestion?" I asked after a pause.

"I know very little about them, except for what I read in the papers," he replied.

"Some of them, getting too much money, seem to carry on like American business men at a trade convention. That is, they get drunk, fight, and disport themselves with harlots. But certainly the majority of them do nothing of the sort. They are hard-working people, and take their work very seriously.

"I can recall meeting two women stars of the films and one man star," he continued. "It would be hard to imagine more charming people, or decenter, I dont know anything about them professionally, save that they are of dignified position. I have never seen them on the screen."

"Have you ever seen yourself on the screen?" I asked.

"No." It was short and emphatic. "Why should anyone put me there?"

I admitted I was nonplussed, and tried again. (You know even the cleverest interviewer has to put his foot in it at least once during an interview.)

On Salaries

"WHAT do I think of movie salaries?" he asked.

"Well, I think an actor, like any other man, is worth whatever he can earn for his employer," and I marvelled at the keen judgment of the man, for not so long ago, Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, had given me the same cryptic answer when questioned concerning the fabulous salaries paid to stars like Gloria Swanson, John Barrymore, and so on. Now Mr. Zukor's job *is* the movies, and Mr. Mencken as you can tell from what he has said, is remotely interested in them, and yet he had hit upon the answer to the whole question in the twinkling of an eye.

Flash Backs

(*Continued from page 55*)

several years this bright young woman has been uplifting the movies with her witty subtitles or dressing up a plot or three in collaboration with her husband, John Emerson. Both of them have saved many a film story from going to a cold and friendless vault. As the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Anita Loos is on the way to becoming one of the richest royalty earners in the world.

A bright little idea and some recognizable characterizations were dovetailed together and the result is the wisest little book of the season—a book to while away an hour or two while the car is being repaired or when you want to restore your tired nerves.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is already being played on the stage—and it has become a cartoon strip—with Miss Loos furnishing the daily ideas for the cartoonist. And a film will be made of the story and play, and by the time you enter the department store trenches for Christmas you should have it on the screen.

When the idea finally outlives its usefulness and when the book-dealers finally stop from tumbling over themselves in wrapping it up for the customers, Miss Loos should have earned several hundred thousand dollars.



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The Rise of the Little Cinema

(*Continued from page* 69)

mans do. I have no doubt, tho, that American directors viewing this and other films of its like can derive some new ideas for their own work. That is, perhaps, one of the most valuable things about a group like the Film Associates. They too are counting on a bigger and more ambitious season, and will show "Rose Bernd," an Ufa picture, featuring Emil Jannings, Werner Kraus and Henny Porten, as their first offering.

Another group headed by Joseph Lawren and Robert A. Sanborn, have secured the tiny Fifth Avenue Playhouse at 66 Fifth Avenue. Lawren is a publisher, and Sanborn an old film hound, once associated with the scenario department of Universal. They have taken over a theater in Greenwich Village which was started with the idea of giving modern drama and will present in it only modern films. Exhibiting rights to the "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" have been secured, and they are counting on a long run.

It will be amazing if "Caligari" does draw the public. Three or four years ago it was a flop; but taste has changed and things that were impossible then are being tried now. "Caligari" has been referred to so many times by screen critics that it has become a by-word and the public knows much more about it than when it was first shown. Its revival in a theater of its own may have quite an effect.

Uplifting the Public Taste

THE Little Cinemas are doing a great deal of educational work among the public and I know that their efforts are being keenly watched by the big producers and distributors. The "top-price" features which Famous Players, Metro-Goldwyn and the others have developed have done much to raise the public taste. Their greatest worry has been the changing taste of the public; it has been a nightmare for them to spend millions catering to some new fad or craze which will be forgotten next season. Now it looks as if the really great films of the past few seasons have a permanent quality about them that will not be put out of date by some new fad. It is comforting to think that pictures like "The Big Parade," "The Merry Widow," "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," can be revived and exhibited successfully many years from now. The time is coming when certain feature films will so have mastered their art that they have the eternal value of, let us say, a play by Shakespeare. They will not have to be acted over again; merely taken off the shelves and revived.

The director of the International Film Arts Guild has devised a code for the appreciation of films. With this bright little measure-stick you may decide infallibly whether the movie you have just seen is a "classic" or a nuisance:

Suggested Code for Critics and Public

1. *Faithfulness to the individuality of the cinema art. To what degree does the film make use of the particular intrinsic character of this new art?*
2. *Story. Is it a mere transposition of a novel or a play, or does it attempt to create its tale in terms of true cinema?*
3. *Cast. Are they merely transposed from the stage with all the routine tricks of the stage, or have they developed the art of pantomime with a true and inspired talent?*
4. *Photography. Has the cameraman made full use of his instrument, extracting from situations and groupings of characters certain "angles" and "shots" which set off the scene and action most vividly?*
5. *Composition. Have the groupings, backgrounds, arrangement of objects, etc., been carefully composed to support the full significance of a situation? Do the scenes etch themselves in the memory, or are they merely stereotyped?*
6. *Direction. To what extent has the director utilized these suggestions in his work? To what extent does the picture bear the imprint of his individuality? To what degree does it differ from the work of any other directors?*

Hale-Fellow-Well-Met

(*Continued from page* 59)

revolved around the studio—or the very scene—in which she was working at the moment. And now that she has moved from West to East. . . .

"I feel as tho I had lived here all my life, and hadn't the slightest expectation of ever leaving."

If it is so with places, how about people. Does she strike up an acquaintanceship, become enthusiastic, and, riding it to death, drop all others—to drop it in turn when another comes along?

"No. If I once like a person, I like him always. I know when I first meet a person whether I will like him or not years from now."

"Then you believe in first impressions?"

"Absolutely!"

But I started out to learn why she seems never to worry about the parts that may be assigned to her, nor even as to what pictures they may be in.

"I have never been able to control events —simply able to make the best of them when they came along."

"But dont you become interested in some part, and hope you'll get it?"

"Not particularly. I've always been lucky when I've let things take their course without trying to meddle.

"The only time things ever went seriously wrong was the only time I ever tried to make events take the course I, rather than they, wanted."

"When was that?"

"When I tried to break into pictures. I went out and attempted to be a regular go-getter. I hung around, and pestered people, and pulled strings—and never got anything but the smallest 'bits'—and eight weeks on crutches!

"And that made me realize that I had been trying to work directly opposite to the way my whole life had been molding itself. So I brought up sharply, and ceased to worry."

Reg the Regular

(*Continued from page 78*)

screen so nearly as the celluloid can grasp that vibrant personality, that radiating vitality, that effervescence of spirits that will make him always just a boy grown up.

I think he knows how to play, now that success has come, because he knew how to suffer in the old days. There is one more story I feel it necessary to tell.

Reg, of course, was born in England and of theatrical stock. He toured the world as leading baritone with the Bandanan Opera Company, and was married, by the way, in Calcutta, India. Later he came to America and was to be starred for the first time in musical comedy in New York when the war broke out.

Naturally, he abandoned all his plans and went to England to enlist. But before he went his friend, the producer to whom he was under contract and who still functions in New York, patted him on the shoulder and cheered him on. "Your show will be waiting when you come back," said he with throaty heartiness.

So Reg went to war, enlisting in the Artists' Rifles, and later joined the Royal Air Force, from which he retired at the end of hostilities with an enviable record. He returned at once to New York to find disaster awaiting him.

A Tragedy and a Happy Ending

His wife had carried on with her stage career until illness came. She became desperately ill and, with her funds running low and no money except the meager allowance from Reg's army pay, was in desperate condition. When Reg reached New York, her life was in the balance and physicians conceded that only the greatest New York surgeon could save her.

Reg was penniless.

He went first, of course, to the manager who had cheered him on to war. He found the office boy hostile and the manager's door closed to him. He needed $1,000 for the surgeon's fee. For days he went up and down Broadway, to all those pals who had stayed at home and prospered, and met much sympathy but never a shekel.

He was desperate, mad. He forgot his pride, told his story everywhere he thought there might be a chance to raise funds. He offered to work for $50 a week if the manager, any manager, would advance him $1,000. In two days everyone on Broadway knew his plight, but he received no financial aid. And Renée, his wife, hourly neared the crisis of her illness.

As a last resort he stumbled one day up the steps to the office of Morris Gest, whom he did not know personally, but who knew of him. He was haggard, worn, on the verge of insanity. He has since told me that he had determined, that night, to do away with himself if his last chance failed. He could stand no more.

Morris Gest's office boy glanced at him indifferently, but carried in his card. He came back in a moment with a frown and a piece of paper. "Mr. Gest says he is sorry he is too busy to see you just now," he reported, "but he said to give you this."

He handed Reg the piece of paper. It was an envelope. Expecting some scribbled refusal, Reg tore it open. A check for $1,000 fluttered to the floor.

Is there any wonder that Reg was a committee of one to welcome Morris Gest when he came to California for a little holiday last fall? Or that he himself was Morris Gest's chauffeur at any hour of the day or night Morris Gest desired a car? Or that Morris Gest has only to command, and Reg Denny will obey?

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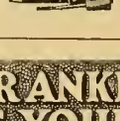
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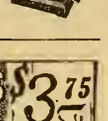


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Great Athletes of the Screen

(*Continued from page* 70)

rippling—never bunchy. He weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds stripped, and fills a sixteen and a half collar very snugly. His chest measurement is forty-four inches, and his waist thirty. He lives at the Hollywood Athletic Club, where he does most of his training.

A Struggle for Strength

FEW people know that Bill Russell, today one of the most powerfully built men on the screen, was given up as a hopeless cripple when he was a boy of sixteen, with one leg withered and useless and eight inches shorter than the other as the result of a bad fall. The story of his physical rejuvenation has earned for Russell the title of "The Miracle Man."

Discharged as incurable after four years in the hospital, young Russell refused to accept the doctors' verdict. Rigging up an improvised exercising machine from an old bicycle, he set himself to the task of rebuilding his maimed leg. Fighting thru weary hours, days and months with almost superhuman fortitude, he won his battle.

He succeeded so well in making his body whole again that seven years later he became amateur middleweight boxing champion of New York State. Some time after that, at a big sportsman's show in Madison Square Garden, New York City, he was voted second prize in a contest to determine the best-built man in America.

Today Bill's weight is around the two-hundred mark, and there is not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his magnificent body. He is a veritable "nut" on physical training, and works out for at least an hour daily in his own private gymnasium. Two or three times a week of late he has been sparring six fast rounds of an evening at the Hollywood Athletic Club with Gene Tunney, leading contender for Jack Dempsey's crown, and is usually able to give about as much as he receives.

Bill has proved himself a real-life hero on more than one occasion. His most famous act of heroism occurred at the *General Slocum* boat disaster in New York, in which twelve hundred lost their lives. Russell saved twelve people singlehanded by swimming to shore with them, one after the other, and then secured a rowboat and rescued a score of others. Even Bill's native modesty could not dodge the public attention that this thrilling exploit attracted, and he was shortly afterward awarded the coveted Carnegie Medal.

And Tyler, Too

TOM TYLER, Western star on the F. B. O. lot, is another screen athlete whose physical prowess is very distinctly not of the artificial variety. Tyler had a good build and very fair muscular co-ordination when he took out a membership in the Los Angeles Athletic Club, but no one expected that he would develop into a national champion in less than a year's time.

That, however, is just what young Tyler did. He was introduced to the weight-lifting game and he took to the sport like a sea-going codfish to salt water. He arrived at the top of the local heap in a few months, and then went after greater honors. He got them, and he has been adding steadily to his trophy collection ever since. So far this year, he has won four major weight-lifting medals, including the gold emblem of the grand national championship.

His best records include lifts of two hundred and two and a half pounds in the "one hand clean and jerk" method, and two hundred and seventy-three pounds in the "two hands clean and jerk." Both these lifts include raising the weight cleanly to the height of the shoulders, then jerking it to arm's length overhead and holding it in that position for two full seconds before returning it to the floor. Tom is now going after several new world's records, and will probably attain them before many more months have passed.

On the Athletic Roster

IT was his splendid physical build and boxing ability that brought Reginald Denny his first important picture rôle, that of the hero in H. C. Witwer's "Leather Pushers" series. Denny was well known as an all-round amateur athlete before his screen début. He was one of the crack fliers of the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and soon became boxing champion of the Corps.

Norman Kerry is another six-footer with the trim, powerful build of the trained gymnast. In his school and college days, Kerry starred in both football and basketball, and was rated as an expert on the parallel bars and flying rings.

Edmund Lowe also gained more than average fame as an athlete when a student at Santa Clara University. He was a member of one of the first varsity teams to play Rugby football in the West, and also played on one of the fastest collegiate baseball nines ever developed in this part of the country. Today he keeps in trim by playing a hard game of squash at the Hollywood Athletic Club regularly.

Raymond Keane, Universal's new juvenile "find," was a high-school track star in Denver, with a state-wide reputation. He has a record of ten seconds flat in the hundred-yard dash, and 24.4 seconds in the two-twenty.

George Lewis, another new juvenile, was regarded as one of the best all-round athletes ever developed by a California high school. While at Coronado High he was a three-letter man, captain of the football team, and high scorer of the Southern California basketball conference in 1923.

This list of real athletes of the screen might be continued almost indefinitely. It is obvious that physical prowess, while far from being the sole prerequisite to success in pictures, is a highly important asset.

For the American public, while it may occasionally raise a temporary furore over the sheik and other bizarre types, in the long run wants its heroes to be decidedly of the he-man variety, with the lithe muscles and the erect carriage of an athlete, and the training and ability to make those muscles really effective.

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BEFORE AFTER

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Picture, Picture—Who Stole the Picture?

(*Continued from page* 65)

off into an inaudible whisper. And Hatton would reply:

"It certainly is ridiculous, but he hasn't noticed it yet, so why tell him that . . . buzz . . . buzz . . . buzz . . ." and his voice would trail off.

Both knew the human weakness of everyone of wanting to hear what is being said about him. Cortez was no exception, and so strong was this desire that a dozen times he couldn't resist, even with the grinding cameras, and turned his head around to try to hear what they were saying. Just as soon as he did, they, Beery and Hatton, immediately threw in a "bit of business" which attracted attention to themselves. Cortez didn't tumble for several scenes, to the fact that this was an obvious game. Needless to say, he wont be the victim of this old trompers' trick again.

The Stars are Often Eclipsed

A STAR has less chance of having a picture stolen than anyone else, for a star predominates his or her production, and generally has much to say during the editing. But occasionally it does happen. Several examples have been cited. One of the most recent cases is that of a young man named Paul Kelly, who appears in Thomas Meighan's picture, "The New Klondyke." Critics thruout the country immediately hailed this newcomer as having come close to stealing many scenes from Meighan. That is, he is the one that leaves the most lasting impression.

Of course, the various bits of motion, and human-interest gags, vary greatly. Ernest Torrence often pulls his nose, scratches his chin, or purses up his mouth. Lewis Stone pats his lapel. Lew Cody pulls a white handkerchief out of his pocket. Adolphe Menjou has a little yawn of boredom, or a fascinating wink.

Dear old Theodore Roberts, who has just returned to the screen after a long illness, for years held the position of "daddy of 'em all" in the picture stealing business. His famous cigar was one of his greatest assets.

He toyed with the cigar, rolled it from one side of his mouth to the other, or otherwise manipulated it.

Painted People

(*Continued from page* 80)

and sat in it, rocking. Once or twice a neighbor strolled by, and Jonquil peeped at them, almost daring to nod pleasantly and casually—not quite daring. Not yet. Not until she knew. Her heart was thudding against her slender ribs. The way it did when she sat in the ante-room of the dentist. Soon she would know. Soon. . . . She could hear papa talking inside, very wordy, very bombastic, in his best stage voice. She could hear Grandmother Rogers, very quiet, saying very little. Papa would spoil it all . . . ruin it . . . he was saying something about "the loss of my child . . . all I have left now . . ." He was saying it in his sob-voice. Jonquil felt like screaming out, "He's a liar . . . he has Rosie!" but she didn't.

She sat quiet, tensed, a rigid strip of a girl. Now they were coming. They were coming out to tell her . . . by the time they reached her she would be dead if her heart did not stop its mad pounding . . . papa was speaking to her. . . .

(*To be continued*)



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Impressions of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 44)

just about finished "Bardelys the Magnificent" and expects to get a hair cut in about a week, and, what do you think?—he has promised me all the cuttings! Girls, what would you not give for a lock of John Gilbert's hair? Haven't decided yet what I shall do with it—it's quite a bunch, you know, and I dont need another hair mattress just now. Perhaps I shall auction it off and build a hospital with the proceeds.

Enjoys Jam

You might think that John Gilbert is ravenously fond of red meat, coarse bread, limburger cheese and all that sort of thing. I sat next him at table recently and I was soon convinced that he is nothing but a big overgrown boy—he ate nothing but bread and jam, mostly jam, and he ate several portions and not much else.

Not knowing that Jack was a real athlete in training, I foolishly challenged him to a jumping contest. Of course, he beat me, but only by an inch or two. Later he and I played together at tennis doubles, and we won easily. Jack can do anything well—even act.

Warner's Philosophy

"We have outgrown God," said H. B. Warner to me at the lunch table the other day. No, he is not blasphemous, and he explained the remark quite philosophically. H. B. is a thinker and a man of ideas. I asked him what was man's greatest asset that makes for happiness, and promptly came the answer — "Health." "And what next?" I asked and just as quickly came the answer—"A normal brain." Think it over—there's a lot of food for thought in that answer. I dont know what his normal complexion is, but on this occasion it was red. He had been out fishing, of which sport he is passionately fond, and the sun had certainly been making love to his nose and cheeks.

Everybody seems to like "Silence" except H. B. Warner, its star. He complained to me bitterly about the "happy ending" which, he says, does not belong.

The Busy Harry Carr

Harry Carr, who for the last four months has been the Chief Ambassador to the Court of von Stroheim, representing the Famous Players-Lasky monarchy, works all night and sleeps all day. Why this pair cant do their work by daylight, like other civilized people, I haven't yet learned, but I do know that they are working hard and expect to have something worth while to show for it. And when it's all over, Harry is again going to make his typewriter talk for Brewster Publications.

The Versatile Victor

Victor McLaglen's meteoric career reminds one of that of Carl Dane. He hits the bull's eye in "What Price Glory" and now he has written his autobiography. Very colorful, too — soldier, professional boxer, wrestler, prospector, Chief of Police of old Bagdad, circus performer, vaudeville artist, screen star and now an author.

Beatrice Signs

Beatrice Lillie made a big hit in "Charlot's Revue" which was recently playing here and on the strength of her personality she has been signed up by M. G. M. to do comedy features. Beatrice is far from beautiful, but she has personality and charm and a good figure —I saw it in Marion Davies' bathing pool.

A Real Western Star

Colonel Tim McCoy, famous as "The friend of the Indian" and one of the most colorful figures of the modern West, has left his Wyoming ranch and signed up with M. G. M. to play the lead in a series of Western pictures. From all accounts we are to expect something new in the way of Westerns—not the old-fashioned kind, but something artistic and high-class as well as stirring.

Items of Interest

Strictly confidential — dont breathe a word, but by the time you read this there will probably be a Lloyd Hughes, Jr., or a Gloria Hope, Jr., as the case may be.

Don Ryan, who is well known to our readers (particularly to Classic readers), is writing the titles for "Manon Lescaut," in which John Barrymore is starring for Warner Brothers.

Irene Rich certainly struck twelve in "Lady Windermere's Fan" and now (about July 1-20) she is playing a somewhat similar part in "My Official Wife," which Clara Kimball Young did a dozen years ago. She is fortunate in her leading man —Conway Tearle.

Anxious to repeat his great success in "The Ten Commandments," which he made for Paramount, and being deprived of the right to produce "The Deluge" because Warner Brothers had a prior claim, Cecil B. De Mille has selected "The King of Kings," which will center around the life of Christ. In spite of a remark I made in a previous paragraph I think H. B. Warner will be the Christus.

Warner Brothers think they have a real "find" in Myrna Loy. She is one of the most unusual types in pictures. You will soon see her as the half-caste girl in "Across the Pacific," in which Monte Blue is to star.

Jack Hoxie feels quite at home these days because he is playing the part of *Buffalo Bill* in "The Last Frontier" for De Mille. Here we have a real Westerner in a real Western, for Jack was once a snow-shoed mailman operating from Thunder Mountain to Pael Lake, Idaho.

Walter Long, they say, introduces a new style of villainy in "West of Broadway," in which Priscilla Dean is starring. Walter works his eyes instead of his muscles, recalling the most villainous eyes that ever were screened—those of Ernest Torrence in "Tol'able David."

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Adolphe the Elegant

(*Continued from page 53*)

I never would have looked at another woman had my home life been peaceful and restful . . . peace and rest are what I most desired. . . ." A Toiler at his Job . . . a peace-loving, law-abiding soul with whom Little Mabel aforementioned might have gone to Cairo and back. . . .

Third Stage

Adolphe on the Screen and in the Flesh. . . .

Some subtle chemical has been at work . . . a fusion has taken place . . . the suave sophisticate of the screen and the simple kindly man have become subtly and indefinably blent. . . . The one has become the other . . . Adolphe is to be seen off the screen as well as on, debonair, dangerous. . . . He is to be seen in a swanky car, a Follies girl at his side . . . that slight, suggestive smile upon his lips. . . . No longer does he huddle in hotel lobbies, the horn-rimmed glasses sliding comfortably down his nose. . . . At the studio, at Sherry's, at tea-time. Adolphe is become one and the same person . . . the Sorrows of Satan may have become Adolphe's sorrows now . . . a Man you would not permit Little Mabel to step out with lest she return with a bruised gardenia in lieu of a heart. . . .

Thus the Menjou.

The Hollywood of France

(*Continued from page 66*)

"Nobody can see Mr. Lachmann today, I'll show you where his secretary is."

"Oh, Mr. Phillips?" said the secretary's secretary. "Why, both Mr. Lachmann and Mr. Ingram waited nearly a half-hour for you. They have gone to Nice!"

I had been there all the time trying to get to them. However, another car was put at my disposal with an American chauffeur and we trailed Rex Ingram to Les Grandes Bleues, the bathing beach, where I chatted with him in his abbreviated bathing suit.

Making "The Magician"

"We are hard at work on a story of W. Somerset Maugham's, 'The Magician,'" he told me. "We did a scene last night that kept us at it until after three this morning. Naturally, we did not work this morning but are going to begin right after lunch. This bath is the thing that will take the sleep out of me."

He took a plunge into the Mediterranean. Later we went up and had lunch in the studio dining-room, where it is cooked by a French chef in hotel style and served by Italian women in a cozy dining-hall. None of your "Beef-and" hand-outs, but a delicious dinner. They charged about thirty cents for it. I forgot to say that this included wine.

The whole company had assembled for dinner prepared to work. Rex Ingram sat silent as usual with Alice Terry, his wife, talking to Petrovich, the leading man of the company, and said to be a remarkable dramatic discovery. Paul Wegener, the "heavy" of the cast, sat next to me on the left, with Lachmann.

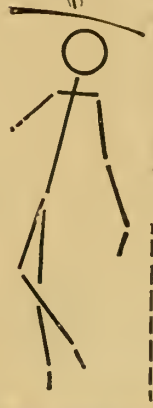
We had just lit cigarets when a gong rang. It was the signal to get on the set. Suddenly silence descended like a blanket—it was really Rex coming in, and everybody knew it. The entire attention was riveted on him. And that is the magic of Rex Ingram and his remarkable work.



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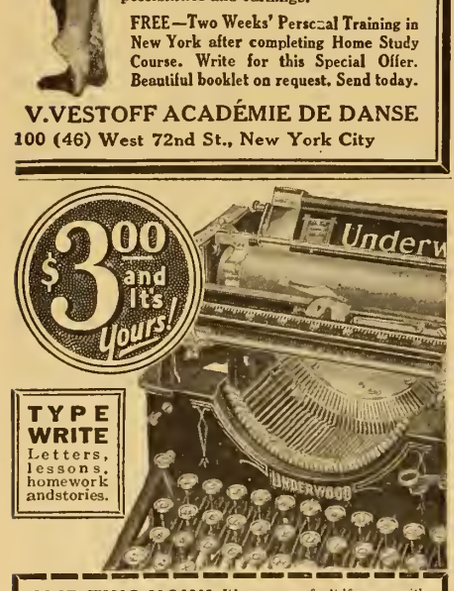
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Pigs run wild in Florida. W. C. Fields discovered the peregrinations of the porkies when he tried to stage an outdoor dinner at Ocala. They came right up to him and ate out of his hand

The Up-to-Date Old-Timer

(*Continued from page 39*)

he would have come in handy; and besides, you would have been building him up all the time.

Comedies Should be Built Like a House

"A COMEDIAN should be given a well-worked-out skeleton framework—and then told to add the bricks and ornaments as he goes along."

And "bricks and ornament" are of the greatest interest to Mr. Fields. Wild gags born in the midst of action; little traits and quirks of character, trivial in themselves, but whose sum is a definite and well-drawn character.

His next picture, "So's Your Old Man," is to be one such as this. A good skeleton—Julian Street's "Mr. Bisbee's Princess," the story that won the O. Henry prize—passed thru the hands of Tom Geraghty, whose wild Irish imagination should add something, and then to himself for more "bricks and ornament"—to emerge a tale of the tribulations of a well-defined character, a small-town *Babbit* jeweler.

But all these plans dont seem, to me, quite to fit in with the character of the typical screen comedian.

"Then you dont intend to do as Chaplin, Lloyd and Keaton—develop a certain character, with set make-up, and carry him thru different adventures?"

Will Submerge His Personality

"No—not at all. I intend to make the development of the character I'm playing more important than the registering of my own personality. But all the characters will probably be more or less related types.

"I might make an instant success if I were to continue making pictures in the make-up of *Eustace McGargle*, for instance—yet I might be just a fad, and die quickly as *they* always do. But the basic human types never become old and stale—no more than landscapes do.

"But then again, Chaplin and Lloyd are no fads—they'll never die. I wonder which the public prefers—I wish I knew."

Here we have the key to this man. All that has gone before is merely the effect of a cause. The alert old-timer; the user of past experiences; the reasoner—all these are merely the effect of a cause. And, of course, a cause is always of greater importance than its effects. So, the fact that he is one who wonders and puzzles things out is more important than that it has kept him progressing and looking forward beyond the point where others stop and look behind.

A Sound Philosophy

I AM not drawing the long-bow of exaggeration—*I mean it*. If a small boy had not wondered why steam made the lid of a tea-kettle dance, we would not have the locomotive; without the locomotive, we would still have had the boy. And he might have turned out other things.

Therefore:

"Why is it that small towns are always harder to please than the larger cities?"

"I didn't know they were."

"They are—very much so. And it isn't only myself—it's true of many other acts and pictures besides my own. Maybe it's because they're not so appreciative; they dont appreciate the differences between two *similar* things. And you cant do anything *new*—perhaps a difference in treatment but they dont notice that difference. If there's the slightest similarity, it's always: 'I've seen that before.'

"But, of course, some things are universal. I was in Southampton (perhaps the most 'ultra' of the Long Island resorts) last summer, and who do you think was the reigning screen idol? Tom Mix! *All classes*—he's universal."

There's no doubt of it!

His grey eyes twinkled.

In Search of New Ideas

"AND where under the sun am I to find a new idea for a chase?"

I murmured a few inarticulate "ers" and "ahs"—but no new idea was born.

"Everything's been done. Of course,

everyone who wants to do something new says that; but chases—Lord!

"I wish I knew."

It *is* a job, when one thinks of it. Airplanes, cops, boats, elephants, cows, even cripples—all have been used.

I could think of nothing and became uncomfortable. I murmured again and prayed to all the gods to exert their influence to have him change the subject. I prayed and waited.

And he did!

"Why is it that in two theaters in the same town one can be a dismal flop and a howling success?

"I once played in the Olympic—or Olympia, I forget now—in Liverpool and I think I came nearer to being an absolute flop than at any other time in my life.

"While I was there, a benefit performance was staged in another theater, and I was invited to participate. I did—and was a howling success, tho I didn't do a quarter of my stuff!

"I wonder why—I wish I knew."

And, on this note, we end.

Hollywoods' Pet Extravagances

(*Continued from page 72*)

that he purchased in London. If the pup continues his present remarkable growth, five years from now he will require very little disguise to pass for an elephant.

Pat O'Malley's pet foible is pipes, and his collection ranges from the native *dhudeen* of Ireland to Turkish and Persian *narghiles* and *hookahs*. Pat celebrated St. Patrick's day last March, by presenting a number of his friends with very doggy little brier pipes made especially to his order by a famous firm in Dublin.

Everyone to His Taste

Golf forms a real extravagance for Huntly Gordon, who spends enough on clothing and clubs to ransom a fairly valuable king. Horses and their trappings are now helping keep Edmund Lowe broke. Willard Louis has a home in Glendale that has all the horticultural attributes of an ancient Roman estate. Louis buys rare shrubs and plants from all over the world, and is a frequent winner in local horticultural and floral shows, as well as having a home that is a miniature Garden of Eden—without the snake.

Syd Chaplin goes in for aviation, being interested both in intricate little model planes and their big brothers. Syd is a veteran pilot, having headed one of the first commercial plane ventures in the West. Louise Fazenda is a genuine book-collector, and is an inveterate follower of all local auctions in which books are liable to be included. John Barrymore has an expensive craving for rare old first editions, and has a really fine collection. Hoot Gibson has a weakness for weapons of warfare, from the armor of the Middle Ages down to the six-gun of today. Jean Herscholt is an enthusiastic stamp-collector.

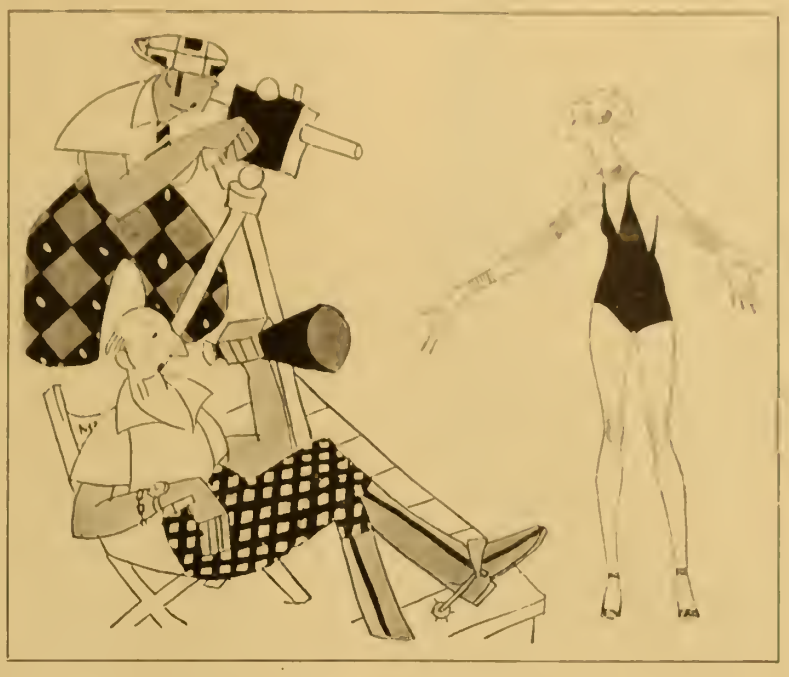
William Collier, Jr., has for his pet extravagance a valet.

"Sure, I know it's an extravagance," Collier grins when his friends kid him about his man servant.

"Sometimes I get the idea that my valet is the real boss of my household. Then he is a liability.

"Other times, when I have an early morning call for a location trip he becomes a real asset.

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will feature the first of a series of absorbing stories about the old days in the movies—entitled "Them Were the Happy Days." There will also be a highly entertaining article about the "Broken Hearts of Hollywood."

Henry Albert Phillips will conclude his series of interesting interviews with leading British and Continental authors on the subject of motion pictures. In the October CLASSIC you will find the opinions of John Galsworthy, Margaret Kennedy and Lord Dunsany.

Another striking feature will present an interview with F. W. Murnau, who has come to America to make pictures. And Mal St. Clair will tell you his impressions of the stars he has directed—together with his own caricatures of them.

And a dozen or so other big features, including the second instalment of Faith Service's interesting Serial Story, "Painted People."

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 51)

but theatrical melodrama. It contains a kick, nevertheless, since the action must paint the event in crude colors. The father refuses to allow his daughter to marry his erstwhile partner—a man who has found redemption thru love. In the end the girl plunges a knife into her parent's back, discovering too late that she is his daughter.

Italian Sentiment

A TOLERABLY neat little number is exposed in "Puppets," which tells a tale of Italian love, vengeance and sentiment. For half its length it never wavers in its story, but as it progresses it carries too great a burden—and fails to contain the appeal and charm of its early scenes.

There are some good situations in it, however. The central figure, an Italian from New York's East Side, runs a puppet show—and on the eve of his departure for France to fight in the Great War he gives due warning that his sweetheart belongs to him. When he returns he is afflicted with deafness—a touch which will remind you of a much better one in "The Dark Angel," wherein the hero came back, minus his eyesight.

A Wild Western

THERE have been Westerns and Westerns; but I truly believe that "Born to the West" bests them all for the assortment of crowded heroics, gunplay—and what not. This Zane Grey story simply defies all the realities in its approach to theatric melodrama. It spans several years in its plot, starting off with a boyish feud in the crinoline days and continuing the feud after its characters have reached maturity.

The hero is a mauve decade edition of Frank Merriwell. He bobs up everywhere to rescue the distressed heroine or to save his comic pal, played with breezy abandon and picturesque color by Raymond Hatton. Once he locates his erstwhile enemy—who is still pursuing the girl that innocently established the feud—no quarter is given. He escapes from his hand-cuffs by a ruse—and, almost single-handed, routs the conspirators who control and inhabit the honky-tonk. These venders of vice are hopping mad over the strike of gold up there in Nevada's hills. So the climax represents a gun battle between the lucky miners and the idlers who remained behind.

Bebe Daniels Has Adventure

A PRETTY large order was given Bebe Daniels when she was cast for "The Palm Beach Girl," a picture which presents a series of adventurous episodes spiced with hokum humor. Coming from the corn belt to Florida, she starts off on one of Mack Sennett's earliest tricks. Her face is blackened thru looking out of the car window and catching the soot from some smoke-stack. Which isn't a very neat way of introducing oneself to Palm Beach.

The film is pleasant enough and is shot with enough humor to while away anybody's time. Bebe gets into one tight jam after another—and while she is deserving of something more substantial, this particular number should make her feel fairly contented with her lot.

Not So Bright

W. C. FIELDS has reached stardom and "It's the Old Army Game" which starts him off on the high road, cannot be called a masterpiece of comedy. In fact, it is quite inconsequential—and is forced to rely upon a series of gags and slapstick—ideas which formerly decorated the Follies when Fields was the star comedian.

Transplanted to the screen, the episodes are not so productive of laughs. And it may be that the director didn't time them correctly. Fields is one of the best of pantomimists—and he needs the camera all to himself to put him over. Moreover, he needs the camera up close enough so one can appreciate his tomfoolery.

They Say—

(*Continued from page* 8)

Chance" and "Womanhandled," and he will become even more popular in "The Quarterback."

F. R., Roosevelt, L. I.

THIRD PRIZE

Votes from Illinois

EDITOR, CLASSIC:

I have recently read that Warner Baxter is to play the leading rôle in Paramount's filming of Scott Fitzgerald's brilliant "The Great Gatsby," which should indeed, in the right hands, make a splendid picture. But Mr. Baxter as *Gatsby* is absolutely awful. Why buy the rights to the novel at all if he is the only actor they can think of to play *Gatsby?* I believe Ronald Colman would be the most satisfactory, and I would very much like to see Greta Nissen as *Daisy*.

Anyway, if Mr. Baxter plays *Gatsby*, I shall expect to see Warner Brothers present "The Green Hat" with the matronly Irene Rich as *Iris March*.

And this is the time to repeat what wise persons have already suggested: that Blanche Sweet is the one actress on the screen who could play the rôle of *Iris* as it should be played. Miss Sweet has the subtlety, the grace, the "tiger tawny" hair, and the mannerisms of Michael Arlen's famous lady. And what a picture it would be if some producer should make "The Green Hat" with Blanche Sweet, directed by George Fitzmaurice, and with Ronald Colman in the part of *Napier!* If Blanche and Ronald could lift a foolish story like "His Supreme Moment" to the distinction that they did, what couldn't they do to "The Green Hat"?

I think that Gloria Swanson has a legitimate grudge against the critics because of their comments. I'll admit that her performance as the mother in "The Coast of Folly" was bad; she made her much too aged, she exaggerated, she was unconvincing. Why not also admit that she had sincerity and force, and that her acting as the daughter was all that anyone has a right to expect? All that she received from the critics was verbal brickbats.

WARD D. SEIDLER,
207 State Street,
Calumet City, Ill.

The Screen Observer Has Her Say

(*Continued from page 61*)

and the nearest railroad station town is about twenty miles away, containing about four hundred inhabitants, but right here on this God-forsaken, desolate plain they are building a city for the sole purpose of making a movie.

From Denver, Reno, Sacramento and everywhere they brought men, women and children and in a night the city of Barbara Worth sprang up, and in ten days they had banks, saloons, churches, stores and dance halls with six or seven hundred people to patronize them. Carloads of ice, huge tanks of water, five thousand tons of food daily, and hundreds of horses, mules, oxen and cattle were brought hither, and all the while the cameras were grinding, and the actors were performing, Samuel Goldwyn was drawing huge checks—just to give you people a great picture. Henry King, who became immortal for having directed "Stella Dallas," the beautiful and charming Vilma Banky who has just finished a wonderfully colorful part in "Son of the Sheik," Ronald Colman, who has gradually gone to the top of the ladder of screen popularity, and a dozen more artists of equal merit in their particular lines are all doing their utmost to make "The Winning of Barbara Worth" an epoch-making picture.

All for the Sake of Realism

THE thermometer registered around 115 degrees in the shade, the sunlight is almost blinding, and the driving clouds of dust are often excruciatingly painful and dangerous to the eyes and ruinous to the complexion, and yet all these people endure it with a smile and without complaint. Yes, the wind blows occasionally, but it is a hot wind and with it comes clouds of dust and sand. The tents in which most of the inhabitants of this mushroom city live are large and comfortable, but in the daytime they are like ovens. During one of these sand storms it is like being in a square-rigger in a squall, so loud is the boom of the flapping canvas, and after it is over, everything, everywhere is covered with fine white sand. But after the sun goes down it is simply glorious, cool, refreshing, invigorating, and you never saw so much sky in your life, or so many stars, unless you have been on the desert. Everybody knows everybody, like one large family, and everybody is happy. And talk about types! When I sat in the one big common dining-room and watched the populace come in, fill up, and go out, I thought to myself that nowhere on earth could one find such a variety of human creatures—every nation, color, size, type and character were represented with no duplication. The exquisite Vilma and the hideous Indian squaw, the aristocratic Ronald and the uncouth mountaineer, negroes and Mexicans, grotesque cowboys and long bearded trappers, all mingle together and partake of the same rations, which, by the way, are far better than most of them ever had before or will ever have again.

Should Be Another Epic

AND in another ten days or so it will all be over. Half a million dollars will have changed hands, the city will have disappeared like Atlantis, or Pompeii, or a mushroom, but the world will have another epoch picture—something on the order of "The Covered Wagon," only covering a later period of our country's growth and development. Why Bancroft and Ridpath, when men like James Cruze, Samuel Goldwyn, Henry King and William Fox can write history in pictures that everybody can understand and enjoy and never forget, and that will make the kiddies scoot to school rather than play hooky? But dont think Sam Goldwyn is so philanthropic as all that—he will get his millions back again and more too, and he knows it. And yet he is one of the world's benefactors. Besides that, he is an awful good fellow and generous to a fault.

Arbuckle Out of Oblivion

IT will be very interesting to see what Roscoe Arbuckle has done with "The Red Mill," in which he has just finished directing Marion Davies. The expenses on this special piled up so that Metro-Goldwyn called in King Vidor and Ulrich Bush to help finish some of the minor scenes of the picture. But Fatty handled all those in which Marion Davies appears. The saving of money can have been the only object in rushing this picture to completion, because Marion's next production is not scheduled to start until September. She has caught the comic-strip fever, and will immortalize "Tillie the Toiler." Frances Marion is scenarioizing Russ Westover's epic of the beautiful dumbbell.

Wanted—A Job

MAURITZ STILLER is out of a job again. When he became too temperamental to linger within the broad walls of Metro-Goldwyn, Paramount welcomed him as the one man who could direct Pola Negri superbly. The idea was to match temperament with temperament, and everyone was sure Pola and Mr. Stiller would understand each other beautifully. It is not told which of them first found it impossible to understand the other—but Pola has a new director, and Mr. Stiller is without a picture. Altho he has been hailed by all the great foreign directors as the real genius among them, he has failed to give evidence of it since coming to America. The inference is that, like D. W. Griffith, he *was* a great genius. And his preoccupation with Greta Garbo, whom he considers the one superb actress, limits him still further.

Rudy Will Play Italy's Bad Boy

VALENTINO'S next picture seems to have a good chance of being another "Monsieur Beaucaire," which fans have been clamoring for. It will be a drama based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini, and the scenario will be written by Edwin Justus Mayer, author of "The Firebrand." Altho Joseph Schenck purchased the screen rights to "The Firebrand," that highly successful stage play was found to be quite censorable and unfit for the screen, so Mr. Mayer has been called upon to produce other incidents from the very full life of Benvenuto.

It is a spirited rôle Rudy will play, said to be ideally suited to his screen personality, altho it has never seemed to me that spirit was the dominant quality in Rudy's acting. The picture will be directed by Fred Niblo, who managed to make Valentino do some real acting in "Blood and Sand"—and what with the lavish production promised by Mr. Schenck, and the flock of beautiful women who must be in any faithful story of Signor Cellini, it bids fair to be at least an entertaining picture.



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To the person who writes the best answers to all the questions in this column, I will present—if it be one of the fair sex—the hand bag I use in "The Waning Sex" and a cash prize of $50. If a man is the lucky one, Buster Keaton will present and sign the boxing gloves he uses in "Battling Butler" together with a cash prize of $50.

To the next fifty lucky ones, I will send my personally autographed photograph finished in a sepia style suitable for framing.

Go to it and best of luck.

Yours cordially,

Norma Shearer

Norma's six questions

1 In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does a Mollusk play a prominent part? Who is the director?

2 Who plays Musette in La Boheme?

3 In what picture does Sally O'Neil fall for Buster Keaton and why?

4 In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does Lon Chaney play the part of Singapore Joe? Describe his "make-up" in not more than fifty words.

5 Where are the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios?

6 What animal is the King of Beasts and where is he most often seen?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **M-G-M, 1542 Broadway, New York.** All answers must reach us by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in value with that tied for.

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

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CLASSIC'S Late News PAGE

CLIVE BROOK has been signed to a long-term contract by Famous Players. His first rôle will be under the direction of Mal St. Clair in "The Popular Sin."

Incidentally, Famous Players have taken Ernst Lubitsch under their wing. His contract with Warner Brothers has been settled by mutual arrangement and hereafter with the single exception of one production he will handle the megaphone for the Paramount stars.

According to the Associated Press, the movie cowboys resent the use of Government troops in the films and have filed formal protest against it. They declare the troopers to be unfair competition.

Lou Tellegen, who has confined his screen work to acting before the camera, will now concentrate as a director. He will produce "His Wife's Honor" for Fox—with Dolores de Rio in the leading rôle.

Altho, Gloria Swanson has purchased "Eyes of Youth," an entirely new story is being written for her first United Artists production. The story once served Clara Kimball Young—and it is understood it was bought for its central theme.

George Jessel, the stage star, who makes his screen début in "Private Izzy Murphy," will appear in a screen version of his stage hit, "The Jazz Singer," which is soon to strike out on a tour of the principal cities.

Good old "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," is to take up her work in the movies. The Fox forces have bought the rights to the celebrated melodrama — and will present Madge Bellamy in the title rôle.

Which reminds us that another old-timer of the days of the high "bike" will soon reach the celluloid state. We introduce "McFadden's Row of Flats," which will fly the First National banner. Charlie Murray, who figured prominently in the stage-play, will have the same rôle on the screen.

"Hurry-Up" Yost, the famous football coach of the University of Michigan, has arrived in New York to handle some of the football sequences in Richard Dix's new picture, "The Quarterback."

The rôle of Jesus of Nazareth in the Cecil B. De Mille production—to be known as "The King of Kings," has been assigned to H. B. Warner.

Lois Weber, the only woman director in the movies, who divorced Phillips Smalley, has cast her former husband for an appearance in "The Sensation Seekers."

Raymond Hitchcock, the famous "Hitchy" of the stage, has returned to the silversheet after many years' absence. He will play one of the leading rôles in Marshall Neilan's new production, "Everybody's Acting."

The first Milton Sills picture, "Men of the Dawn," to be made on the Coast in over a year, is now in production.

Kathryn Menjou was awarded the largest amount of alimony ever given in Los Angeles courts when Judge Hollzer ordered Adolphe Menjou to pay $500 a week for his wife's support, pending trial of the husband's suit for divorce, set for October.

Famous aces of the A. E. F. will take part in "Wings," the film of the world-war air conflicts which is being produced by Famous on the Coast. Many Americans who flew over the German lines as well as French, British and other flyers will appear in the picture. Charles Farrell and Clara Bow have the leading rôles.

Greta Nissen has been signed to play in "The Popular Sin." She is now appearing in Ziegfeld's Revue.

Lupino Lane has returned from London to resume his comedy career in Hollywood—for Educational.

Production has started on "The Charleston Kid," which is the name for the screen version of "Even Stephen." In the cast are Dorothy Mackaill, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks and William Collier, Jr.

The w. k. song hit, "Valencia," is destined for the movies. It will be turned into a screen play for Mae Murray—carrying something of the same flavor as "The Merry Widow." Spain will be the locale.

"The Black White Sheep" is the title of Richard Barthelmess' next picture.

After "The Red Mill," Marion Davies will appear in "Tillie the Toiler."

LAST MINUTE REVIEW

"Don Juan"

THERE is an irresistible glamour about any costume picture which revolves around court intrigue, provided it concerns the adventurous amours of a great lover bent upon defying the powers behind the throne. Such a picture is "Don Juan"—which visualizes with great beauty and compelling sweep and power the sway of the Borgias—with the conflict and drama centering around the Spanish lover and his amours.

It is a far jump from "The Sea Beast"—but John Barrymore has negotiated it with plenty to spare. The film presents him in the type of rôle which is most adaptable to his talent and personality.

The profiled John "goes Valentino and Fairbanks" in the way he conquers the hearts of the ladies and rescues the distressed heroine. If he could restrain himself during a death scene, he would pass the examination without an error. As it is, we give him a mark of 98. From the moment that he, as the elder Don, surprises his faithless wife and commits himself to the pastime of "loving 'em and leaving 'em," the film carries the interest at a high pitch. He dresses the part and his sumptuous quarters are just made for romance.

And so it builds from one intrigue to another—saturated as it is with plot and counterplot. There is no let-down in interest. Barrymore makes the most of his amorous adventures—and the suspense becomes overwhelming as one wonders how he'll fare with *Lucretia*—who has set her cap for him. To defy a Borgia spells death—and death lurks constantly for the dashing Don. But he makes miraculous escapes and routs his playful enemies.

The duel scene is an exciting moment—and Barrymore and Montague Love are immense in their sword play. Estelle Taylor makes a fascinating Borgia, while the others are perfectly cast.

The film is handsomely mounted—the atmosphere suggesting perfectly the period of its settings.

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will be full of interesting things. There will be striking articles by the best writers of the films. B. F. Wilson will tell you about Anita Loos, who wrote "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Bert Ennis will acquaint you with the second of his series, "Them Were the Happy Days"—featuring the Keystone years. There will be highly illuminating articles covering a wide range of subjects by such authorities as Dunham Thorp, Gladys Hall, Robert Donaldson, Charles Adair, Helen Carlisle, Dorothy Manners and a host of others.

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"THEY SAY—"

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Fair Play

EDITOR, CLASSIC:

The "movies" no longer need anyone to defend them, but it doesn't hurt to point out occasionally the "real" in reels, and that is where I now enter the picture.

The world today runs in three gears: those who take it slow and digest a good movie once a month; those who travel at a steady gait of about two a week; and the real fans who take 'em as they come, thick and fast, good, bad and indifferent. They are the little depositors who have boosted the motion picture business until it is roosting right near the top of the ladder of Successful Business.

This baby of commerce was born about the time Henry Ford pointed his nose towards success and it has been a neck-and-neck race ever since to see which one could grow the faster. Both have had an abundance of ridicule, criticism and hard knocks, but both have proved the old saying that you "cant keep a good man down." Henry is now our richest man and gives work to thousands of men and women and the movies do the same and even makes millionaires of a few overnight, and any industry that can do that cant be all bad, as some people seem to think.

Aside from the three speeds spoken of, there are a few persons who have never seen a motion picture, or who have seen only one or two, "just to see if they were as wicked as they were painted." These are they who ask: "Can any good thing come out of Hollywood?" They think every actress is a cigaret-smoking vamp and every actor a drunken sheik. To them, moving pictures are an invention of the devil, designed to lead the present generation right home to Papa in Hades. And they are sure all films are designed to teach the young hopefuls how to hold up a stage, separate happily married couples and show the human figure *à la* natural, without going to jail for it. Well, after viewing some pictures one must admit that a life class in a Paris art school could go no further and once in a while the thing looks like a lesson in vamp-ology.

But I fail to recall a single picture that showed where immorality or villainy got away with it. And instructions to writers who hope to break thru the Golden Gate (which, by the way, has been moved from San Francisco to Hollywood), via a high-priced scenario are clear on one point. If you introduce a hold-up, a vamp, murder or immoral feature, dont let 'em get away with it! "The wages of sin is death" in a motion picture and anyone who really studies a movie will see that this is a fact.

Once in a while a character who starts out all wrong because of unfortunate circumstances or environment, may find happiness in the last few feet of film, but only after great suffering and atonement. The villain may "pursue her," and even catch her, but the stalwart hero generally overhauls the coward in the third reel and with well-manicured mitts and a two-by-four jaw firmly set, reduces the cringing cur to a kneeling position begging for his life.

Fair-minded people have to admit the movie is an educator in something besides crime. Now they know that the Esquimo and always-noble Mounted Police lie off to the north; that New York with its Statue of Liberty and its gilded restaurants is situated on our eastern boundary; they know what Mexico and Texas have to offer on the south, and they begin to suspect the Great Open Spaces beyond the Rockies of almost anything.

Movies have shown the dwellers of the cities how some of our big outdoor industries are carried on and the most ignorant New Yorker knows now that shingles dont grow in bunches nor do five-dollar gold pieces come out of the ground all ready to spend.

And manner! The most untrained hick has learned how to rise when a lady enters the room; how to give his sombrero and spurs to the butler and how to enter a lady's boudoir, either as a burglar or a casual caller. Tom Mix has taught every cow-puncher west of the Mississippi just how to treat a lady and if he doesn't look quite like Tom it is because the local tailor is short on style!

There are many pictures which children should not see. Yes, but there are many books in the library which a child should not read. That is one excuse for having parents—they are designed to act as shock absorbers to the youth of the land. The old Hebrew law used to forbid a young man under twenty-one from reading a certain book in the Bible and yet it would be absurd to forbid them the whole Bible on that account.

If young people hold up the stages, murder and go wrong because they saw it done in the motion pictures, they are likewise going to sacrifice themselves for right ideals, be brave and true and loving and kind, for there is a lot of that sort of thing to be seen, too!

Very truly yours,
NELLIE B. PARKER.
102 S. Vendome St.,
Los Angeles, California.

We Want to Know

What you think of the movies and the stars. This page is devoted to CLASSIC'S readers, who are invited to write about their impressions of the pictures and players. Be as brief as possible, as letters must not exceed 200 words. We also suggest that you be entirely fair in your views. In other words, CLASSIC would like to receive constructive criticism or arguments about the productions and performances.

Fifteen dollars will be paid each month for the best letter, ten dollars for the second and five dollars for the third. Besides these three prizes, we will also pay one dollar for any other letters printed. If one or more letters are found of equal merit, the full prize will go to each writer.

Anonymous letters will not be considered. They should be neat and bear the writer's full name and address. This is your department. We want you to take advantage of it. Letters must be addressed: The Letter Box, CLASSIC, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$10.00 LETTER
Not All Progress

EDITOR, CLASSIC:

In your July issue, Mr. Henry Albert Phillips struck the key-note of one serious trouble that threatens to retard motion picture production, both as an art and as a popular medium of entertainment. He tells us what we have long known, that in buying the works of noted authors for motion pictures, the producer is really "buying their name, not their story."

They *may* get a good picture story in the transaction, but in nine cases out of ten—perhaps oftener—they get merely a "skeleton," as Mr. Phillips calls it. This skeleton they hand over to their own scenarists, who obligingly reclothe it in suitable screen flesh. And so, the public is cheated, the producer is cheated (altho he seems not to realize it), while the author waxes fat on his reputation.

Now a man may be ever so good a writer of stories, yet be a failure on screen material. For a story may be supported mainly by its psy-

(*Continued on page* 91)

84 pieces-all for $1.00 Down



7 Pieces—Genuine Cut Glass FREE Extra special offer to those who hurry their order for the 77 piece combination outfit shown here:—7 pieces GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2-qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9-oz. capacity. Each piece is clear, thin and dainty; **hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Only a limited number—so act quick.

On Trial

Sensational offer—almost a year to pay! An outfit of 77 pieces—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE, if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town even for spot cash. We'll ship this complete outfit—84 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only $1.00 down. Examine the quality, the beauty, the durability of each piece. After trial, if you are not delighted with the bargain, send the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

$2.00 a Month

If you decide to keep the outfit, start paying only $2.00 a month until you've paid our rock bottom price—only $19.95, for the entire 77 piece outfit with the 7 piece Cut Glass Set FREE. 84 pieces in all—only $19.95—and almost a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and on such liberal terms?

Outfit Consists of:

77 pieces you need in your home every day. And, if you act at once, the 7 piece Genuine Cut Glass set is **free** besides—84 pieces in all!

44-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set

Has delicately tinted design of Bluebirds and foliage in natural colors. Each piece is twice fired and has a snow flake white glaze of great brilliancy which cannot craze. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 sancers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 5 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal nappies, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 1 meat platter, 10¼ in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher, 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 butter plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 pickle dish, 6 in. in diameter. Each piece has a dainty blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

26-Piece Silver Set

A silver service that will give you years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. Made for us by William Rogers, Ltd. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Packed in handy flannel roll.

7-Piece Table Cloth and Napkins

A large table cloth 60 x 60 in. and 6 napkins, 18x18 in., made of strong, durable linen finished cotton in pure snow flake white that will launder beautifully. All edges neatly scalloped with overlapped stitch in bins. Both tablecloth and napkins have hand painted design of Bluebirds and Apple Blossoms in their natural color, absolutely guaranteed fast colors. Harmonizes perfectly with dish set.

And remember: The 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set is FREE, if you send at once. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 60 lbs.

Order by No. G8741A. $1.00 with coupon; $2.00 monthly; Total price $19.95.

Send Coupon NOW

We have made up only a limited number of these combination outfits for this special sale. Send the coupon quick, while this offer lasts. Only $1.00 deposit brings the outfit on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (We do not ship C. O. D.)

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1527, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 77 piece Combination Outfit, with 7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you $2 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to **refund my money** and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ **77-piece Combination Outfit, No. G8741A, $19.95. 7-piece Genuine Cut Glass Set FREE.**

*Name*_____

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*Post Office*_____ *State*_____

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Straus & Schram,
Dept. 1527 Chicago, Ill.

". . . *to see oursels as others see us!*"—ROBERT BURNS

Suppose you could follow yourself up the street . . . . .



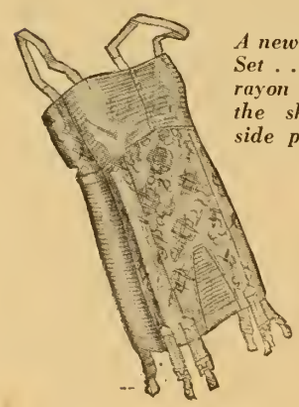
COULD you come home behind yourself from the bridge club some afternoon, what would you see? . . . A lady (a little larger than you thought you were) in the dress you gave so much time and effort to choosing. . . . But hardly the dress you expected you were wearing. This one rises up where it shouldn't, pulls in where it ought not to. Instead of being effective, its lines are—bad. Instead of curves, you can actually see ridges where your corsets end!

If this could happen to you, don't blame your dress or your figure. But do see that you have a foundation garment that fits you perfectly before you wear the dress again.

The new Bon Ton Foundation Garments are perfectly designed, perfectly cut, perfectly finished. They fit your figure and make certain that your clothes will fit. Absolutely smart and in the mode, they are planned each season to suit each season's fashions. Among the girdles and bandeaux, the Brassiere Cor-Sets and the Step-Ins; the Back-lace and Front-lace Models and the special styles is a type of garment for every type of figure.

You will be charmed with the appearance of the garments themselves, as well as their fit and comfort. And in keeping with the tradition of this famous old concern, prices are reasonable for highest quality merchandise. Royal Worcester Corset Company, Worcester, Mass.

Bon Ton
ROYAL WORCESTER



A new Bon Ton Brassiere Cor-Set . . . with the uplift top of rayon tricot. Elastic gore in the skirt front and elastic side panels. For all figures.



A new Bon Ton Girdle of Paisley effect brocade in a combination of peach and burnt orange, with knit silk elastic side panels. For the larger figure.



Muray

NORMA SHEARER

The favorite of the younger set—the carefree collegiates and their girls who wear the big chrysanthemums. From Princeton to Purdue Norma has captured them completely. With her perfect profile and her winning ways she has made them jump their geometry for Shearer sessions in celluloid

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
OCTOBER, 1926



HELENE COSTELLO

They had always played together—these Costello girls. They took Dolores away to illuminate the canopy of stars while Helene was left in the background. Youth and winsomeness have won and the younger sister is now coming along to decorate the starry kingdom.



Apeda

AILEEN PRINGLE

Ever since Elinor Glyn coined the two-letter word, "IT"—all of the celluloidians have been wondering where they stand on the personality question. The Pringle person was the first to be awarded with Personality's short synonym. Madame didn't guess wrong



Kenneth Alexander

LOIS MORAN

Like spying into an old-fashioned garden and seeing a slip of a girl in a crinoline dress. That's the impression that most everyone has formed of Lois Moran. She has a charm that weaves a pattern of lavender and old lace



Harold Dean Carsey

NEIL HAMILTON

A Griffith discovery is Neil Hamilton—which means that he was as good as over the minute D. W. shouted "Camera!" He has advanced steadily without any fanfare of trumpets—his personality and talent carrying him into the close-up of rôles worth while

F. W. MURNAU

The German Genius of the Films

By
MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

"SIMPLICITY! Greater and greater simplicity —that will be the keynote of the new films."

Murnau was speaking with ardor, gesticulating with his long limbs, whenever his English, altho correct and without foreign accent, failed him.

"Our whole effort," he went on, "must be bent toward ridding motion pictures of *all that does not belong to them,* of all that is unnecessary and trivial and drawn from other sources—all the tricks, gags, 'business' not of the cinema, but of the stage and the written book. That is what has been accomplished when certain films reached the level of great art. That is what I tried to do in 'The Last Laugh.' We must try for more and more simplicity and devotion to pure motion picture technique and material."

Exactly what I had longed to hear someone say here. Exactly what I hoped this giant of the moving pictures would say. But then Murnau went on to say something which gives his own spirit and personal style completely. Listen:



Caricature of Murnau by Leo Kober

"In the film you give a picture, for instance, of an object, a thing, and *it has drama for the eye;* because of the way it has been placed, or photographed, because of its relation to the other people or things in this film, it carries on the melody of the film."

This is Murnau, the man who created the most vivid drama we have ever seen out of the simplest and lowliest things in "The Last Laugh"; who made brass instruments ring with music on the screen, or lit up faces so that they were loud with speech; probably the finest director who has come to us from Germany.

His Influence Is Felt

WHAT will his influence be here, I wondered? It has been very great already. It is not as if we have been backward, for in the last year or two a number of film masterpieces made by American or American-trained directors follow the same tendencies as those of Murnau. They are simple to the utmost and built solidly on the resources of the cinema —pictures like Vidor's "Big Parade," Cruze's "Covered Wagon," Henry King's "Stella Dallas." And yet there are people who grumble at the inroads of foreign film stars and directors. How silly! If they could only see the mountains of inferior American celluloid that are shipped to foreign countries and blissfully consumed by the populace.

F. W. Murnau arrives at exactly the psychological moment, as we are on the verge of an era of truly great motion pictures. In his valise he brought with him a new epoch-making film, "Faust," which is to have its first showing in America. At the very moment, "Variety," a seriously inspired German picture, was playing to filled houses with the temperature at ninety. He is deeply interested in America; he has few false ideas about it; least of all that it is impossible to do anything fine over here. And he is here at the behest of the Fox Film Company, seldom noted hitherto for artistic films, but now going in for bigger things.

He is not merely a giant of the films as I have described him, but in stature towers some six feet and several inches. He is red haired; he has keen, steady eyes and quiet hands. He is a calm man, not easily ruffled or thrown into despair. His manner is unconventional, not at all formal or formidable as that of many Europeans. He is young, not much over thirty-five; his understanding and his knowledge are broad. I think that his abilities will make him respected, and his quiet, personal charm (so happily lacking in useless "temperament") will make him liked.

Murnau was born of good family in a small town of Westphalia. He was well educated. He became inter-

COMES to AMERICA

Talks of Movies and Men

ested in the theater a few years before the war, at a time when great things were being done in the theater by men like Gordon Craig, Max Reinhardt and Granville Barker. He worked under the wing of Max Reinhardt as an actor and stage director in the world-famous *Grosses Schauspielhaus* of Berlin. He was doing small things, but learning much under the brilliant Reinhardt, whose production, "The Miracle," has thrilled so many thousands of Americans. Another young German was working quietly with Murnau under Reinhardt. They became friends, and were destined to become masters of a new art. The other young fellow's name was Ernst Lubitsch.

When the Great War came, young Murnau found himself in the first line of infantry, in the Royal Guards. Then for a year he was an officer in the aviation corps. Like many of us, he was glad when it was all over, and he turned from the art of the theater to the budding motion picture industry.

Some of the most famous German actors, Emil Jannings, Werner Krauss, Paul Wegener, went into motion pictures.

Few Good Ones in Germany

WE talked about the German situation. What Murnau said will surprise many people.

"Contrary to the impression prevailing here, very few good pictures are being made in Germany. There are few good directors or actors; there are few people who know anything about the cinema. The big companies are loaded with deadwood, sheep. They follow the tide, just as it is followed here. When an interesting experiment turns out to be a hit, as 'Caligari' did over there, they all imitate it. Or 'Variety.' They are all doing circus pictures now. Those who have really been doing things, the talented, far-sighted men, have simply been feeling their way along. The artists who made 'Caligari' had no idea when they started out what their results would be. And yet they discovered some wonderful things, they were pioneers."

"Too much influence of the modern stage," I suggested.

"Exactly. I have had to forget everything I learned about the stage. We have had to throw overboard everything that suggests the theater."

Here, Murnau spoke with utmost feeling and reverence for Max Reinhardt.

"I feel unbounded admiration for him. He knows more about the theater than anybody living. I can never tell in words how much association with him meant to me. He seems to know everything, follow everything. He was the most inspiring of men to work under. He is an old man now and very tired; but he is deeply interested in what we are doing in the screen. What we need is a Max Reinhardt of the cinema."

"Most of the film stars in Europe, like Jannings, come from the stage?" I asked.

"Yes, but that isn't necessary," said Murnau. "We dont need trained stage actors for the movies. There is splendid material everywhere which directors must take over and mold for the purposes of the film."

Like most of the fine German directors, Murnau has a passion for perfecting each detail of his picture. That is one of the distinguishing features of the better importations. *In a pinch*, Murnau told me, *he would rather have a raw, untrained person, who had never played before, than a seasoned star.*

Working over his last picture, "Faust," he searched for many months before he found a young female apparition who suited the part of *Gretchen*; she is the beautiful Camilla Horn, a discovery he is particularly proud of. Her face had just the degree of innocence and child-like beauty he wanted. What a search it must have been in these times!



"In that way," said Murnau, "I get exactly the effect, the feeling I want into the picture. "For the character of *Faust* I found a truly old man, a Swede, Gösta Ekman, who had seldom played before on the screen."

"Simplicity will be the keynote of the new films.

"Pictures must be rid of stage tricks and gags.

"Very few good pictures are being made in Germany. There are few good directors or actors.

"What we need is a Max Reinhardt of the cinema.

"We dont need trained stage actors for the movies. There is splendid material everywhere which directors must take over and mold for the films.

"Few people really know how to play before the camera. Jannings is superb before it. The secret of his power is that he uses his whole body for suggestion.

"In 'The Last Laugh' I wanted a story that could be told in a sentence. The highest point of the drama was reached when Jannings removed his hotel uniform.

"Chaplin is the genius of the screen. He is always doing something absolutely fresh and unconscious."

High Praise for Jannings

"BUT Jannings is an amazing screen actor," I said.

"Yes, one of the finest in the world, and a dear friend of mine. Do not misunderstand me. Few people really know how to play before the camera. Jannings is superb before it. The secret of his power is that he uses his whole body for suggestion. He is like this —(Murnau was puffing out his chest and throwing up his shoulders) big as a mountain when he is playing a king. And when he

(*Continued on page* 84)

THEM WERE the

The Vitagraph Years

By
BERT ENNIS



Norma Talmadge did her first screen work for Vitagraph



John Bunny was immensely popular, the Chaplin of his time



Wally "Cutie" Van, the juvenile comedian, discovered the Sidney Drews



Mary Maurice was the first to play mother rôles

LEST the impression be created thru the title of these stories, together with the atmosphere of the dim movie past which flavors them, that the chronicler is a patriarch with flowing white beard and joints of Ford-like propensities for creaking, may he say now that he, thirty-five, is still recognized as an able-bodied press-agent and manages to cover the distance between his home and the offices of the Brewster magazines without the aid of a wheel-chair. So kaleidoscopic, so fast moving, so ever-changing, is this business of the movies and its personalities that sixteen years in the studios may encompass experiences and mark transitions which a normal industry could bring about only in a stretch of time twice the period set forth.

Looking back thru the years from 1910, the days of the Bunnys, the Costellos, the Turners, the Lawrences, the Johnsons, the Fullers, the Baggotts, the Blacktons, the Inces, the Sennetts, the Broncho Billys and Alkali Ikes, the single stage studio and the double lens camera, the split reel and the custard-pie comics, the cold finger of fact may point and point to the Moores, the Lloyds, the Langdons, the Negris, the Swansons, the Fairbanks, the Stroheims, the Coogans, the magnificent ten-stage studios, the great salaries, the stereoscopic cameras, the huge spectacles—point to it all in its immensity and its improvement. But to those who made the movies in 1910—"Them were the happy days."

Those Early Vitagraph Days

I WAS fortunate enough in that year to join the ranks of those pioneers, Blackton, Rock and Smith, in the capacity of publicity man for the aggregation of movie players known as the Vitagraph stock company. The word publicity then in connection with motion pictures meant simply the bare announcement of the title of the film, a brief synopsis of its story and at rare intervals the names of the players who appeared in it. To Sam Spedon, now dead, must go the credit for being one of the first men of the movies quick to recognize the tremendous public interest evinced in players of the screen and to gratify that interest by acquainting the early fans with the names of their favorite troupers and with information concerning their personalities. As Spedon's assistant, I had a hand in the work of "telling the world" about the early Vitagraph performers, a work which today involves the use of departments of specialized writers, artists and advertising men. Two of us did it then.



Wally Reid got his start with Vitagraph, playing atmosphere

The Vitagraph company in 1910 was located in what was then an obscure part of Flatbush, a suburb which existed only so that vaudeville monologists could pull wheezes about it. The studio was a one-stage affair, glassed in. Its entire lighting equipment would be hardly sufficient for the illumination of a single set in one of the average program films of today. Despite this fact I ran thru my fingers recently a strip of old Vitagraph negatives—one of the first pictures in which John Bunny appeared. The images were perfect, the photography clear and sharp, the film itself in excellent condition. The cameras were cumbersome affairs, made more so by the use of double lenses, which meant that two

HAPPY DAYS



Above, Kenneth Casey, the first child actor to appear on the screen. At the right is Clara Kimball Young, who rose to fame as an emotional actress

The First of a Series of Articles About the Pioneer Days of the Motion Picture —Before It Became a Highly Specialized Industry



Above, Maurice Costello, who did more to establish the star system than any other player on the screen. At the left is Florence Turner, one of the bulwarks of Vitagraph



negatives were made at the same time—one for release in this country and one for foreign consumption.

To the Vitagraph of the old days belongs the greatest credit for making American manufactured movies the most popular in the world. To strengthen the hold which their films were acquiring on the early fans of Great Britain and the Continent, Messrs. Blackton, Rock and Smith on various occasions sent John Bunny and Maurice Costello abroad. The personalities of the rollicking fat comic and the dashing leading man on these tours increased by many thousands the followers of Vitagraph movies in foreign lands.



Many Stars Discovered

AND what a parade of present-day celebrities passed before the lens of those old-fashioned double-action cameras, in many instances making up the meagre handful of extras who supplied the necessary background atmosphere for the work of Florence Turner, Costello, Bunny, Flora Finch, Lillian Walker, Earle Williams, Wally Van, Edith Storey and other former idols of screendom.

I have stood on the side lines of a set in the old days watching the late



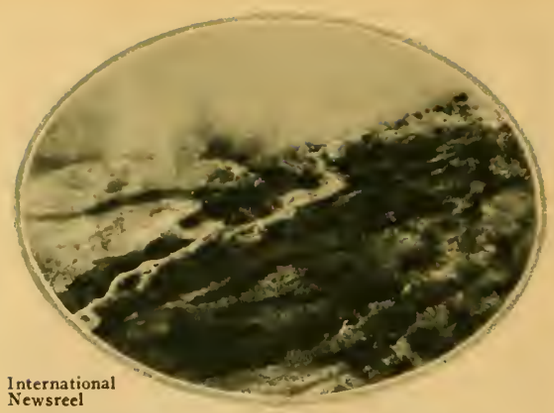
In the center is Flora Finch, who played opposite Bunny. Above is a scene from a Vitagraph comedy with Wally Van, Lillian Walker and Kate Price in the foreground

and much loved Wally Reid playing atmosphere, the present-day widely known Harry Morey appearing in three small, but distinct characters in the one film (because of his constant portrayal of a policeman Harry was familiarly known around the studio as "the Vitagraph cop"). I have seen Constance Talmadge third in a row of sweet young extras supporting Wally Van in one of his comedies while the then unknown Norma, her sister, was just beginning to attract the watchful eye of J. Stuart Blackton with her promise of dramatic ability in minor rôles.

I have seen Ralph Ince, later to be one of the screen's greatest delineators of Abraham Lincoln and among the present day's most competent directors, nonchalantly assisting in the erection of a set, hammer in belt, and afterwards playing a small rôle in support of Kenneth Casey, the first child artist, on the same set. The bright-eyed, trim little girl who filed her name for work with Harry Mayo, the first casting director of the production field, used a name which goes up regularly today in electric lights on the marquees of the world's biggest movie houses—Norma Shearer.

(*Continued on page* 65)

CHARMED Lives and RECKLESS



International Newsreel

An airplane view of the stream of white hot lava, from the side of Mauna Loa, pursuing the course of destruction



Willard Vanderveer and Robert Donahue of Pathé News. Vanderveer is holding the only picture camera that actually went to the North Pole. It was operated by Byrd, himself



Pathé

The newsreel boys were on the job when General Villa was cutting up didoes. They "shot" the Mexican bandit when he crossed the American border



Pathé

Remember the battles in Ireland? Here are the Irish Free State troops in a street fight with the rebels during the crisis of Erin's civil war struggle

THE newsreel cameraman. Let's give this little boy a hand, folks; Heaven knows he hardly ever gets it. Tho he travels in jungles with snakes trying to pierce his boots, tho he makes his tortuous way on chilblained feet in the north country, tho he climbs mountains, and penetrates fire and water for an unusual picture, nobody ever hears about him, and tho movie audiences sometimes wonder how a certain effect could be achieved in the face of evident danger, they seldom take their curiosity out of the theater with them.

A few months ago, film patrons were thrilled to behold the vast whiteness of the North Pole spread out before them upon the screen; lazy icebergs floating imperceptibly, masses of snow and ice with scarcely a break between, and, like a bee, a swift airplane that darted thru the frozen solitude to write a brilliant page in aerial history.

And a few weeks before that, on the same motion picture screens, a cataract of steaming lava was shown plunging its way down a Hawaiian countryside, sweeping before the terrible majesty of its power native huts and giant palm trees as if they were cardboard toys. Audiences were properly awed to see before them these distant phenomena while they themselves sat safely and comfortably in the upholstered chairs of their favorite theaters.

Always On the Job

WHY is a news cameraman? He, least of anyone, can tell you the reason. I asked half a dozen of the veterans and the only answer I got was, "I dont know. It sort of gets you and first thing you know, you cant get along without it." Anyone who has known the smell of newsprint, or that indefinable odor that exists only backstage, or the acrid aroma of tanbark in the circus, or the particular poignancy of any job that one loves, knows just how the cameraman feels.

Money? The news picture man is well paid, but not exorbitantly. Comfort? Dont make him laugh by mentioning it. Stability? Except to the topnotchers, work is an intermittent affair. Meeting



Pathé

On the left the news-reelers succeeded in capturing the high spots of the famous evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee. On the right is a close-up of the surrender of Abd-el-Krim

On Life's Big Sets the Newsreel Photographers Set Up Their Cameras. With Undaunted Courage They Scoop the Facts That Make the World a Stage of Unceasing Drama

By Selma Robinson

celebrities? Being a part of a mad, mad chase for adventure? Variety? Romance? Wanderlust? Not any of these things and yet a mixture of all of them keeps the news photographer on his job in winter or summer, day or night, sun or storm, in all the extremities you can name.

A cat may look at a king, but a cameraman may give him orders. When titled personages visit our shores, they are told how to stand, how to sit, how to smile, to talk and to walk for the benefit of the movie camera. What is more, most of them obey. The cameraman must know not only how to work his machine; he must be able to sell an idea to the person he wants to photograph, for some people are notoriously camera shy.

"Smile, your Majesty," a cameraman told the King of Belgium when he visited Manhattan, and the King smiled. Another directed the Prince of Wales to look up at the Woolworth Building in amazement. You probably remember the shot of his royal shyness doing exactly that. He takes personalities like Gloria Swanson and Suzanne Lenglen, known for their temperament, and makes them do what he wishes by suavely whispered words of advice.

Goes Everywhere, Sees Everything

To attempt to count all the newsreel men in this country would be a pretty hopeless job. The corps of photographers needed by a news film agency spreads like a network over the face of the whole nation, the whole world. A good picture may happen anywhere. A fire, a parade of negro children, a Chinese wedding festival, the birth of quadruplets—if you go to the movies at all, you know that the news camera goes everywhere and sees everything.

Since it would be beyond the power of even million-dollar concerns to employ regularly this immense army of photographers, the newsreel works in much the same way that a newspaper does. A metropolitan newspaper has a staff of reporters who are given assignments in their own city and occasionally sent out of town to "cover" a story. In addition to the regular staff there are district men whose duty it is to keep watch over their particular fields, the police courts, the suburbs and so on. But besides all these men, there are the space writers who are scattered all over the country to report any

(*Continued on page 70*)



Pathe

George A. Allison, left, International Newsreel's European manager, flew from Stockholm to Southampton with the polar films. On the right is a scene that's always good "copy." It shows the coronation ceremonies for King George and Queen Mary at Bombay, India



International Newsreel

The polar ship, *Chantier*, and the Byrd polar plane are shown here just before the start of the Byrd expedition over the North Pole



Pathé

The news cameramen caught the Russian Revolution in 1917. The view shows Trotzky addressing thousands of persons at the national capital



International Newsreel

A photo taken by a daring cameraman who felt the heat of the lava as he clicked his shutter. The eruption wiped out the village of Hoopuloa



International-Newsreel

The big airship, *Norge*, which carried Amundsen to the North Pole, is "shot" by the cameraman as she arrives at Spitzbergen

MORE INSIDE FACTS

By PERCY KNIGHTON

Drawings by Seymour Ball

THE CLASSIC of the April issue contained an article, "Inside Facts About the Extra." That story covered a portion of the problems of the extra, not all the troubles and trials were mentioned. This is a sequel story.

Since the publication of the article already mentioned, a new method of getting work has been established, it is more difficult now to break down the barriers which lead to even an ordinary day's work. Here goes the blow!

For the first time in the last century I managed to corner a very well-known and attractive young lady who does the greater part of the casting for a large production unit. She was chosen because she handles a great army, an army that outnumbers the World War forces in action and desire, and, after telling her of my purpose, she sighed and said, "Oh, I would like to write a book about the movies and Hollywood!" She sighed again and added, "There is so much, so much, I wonder why people kid themselves, I wonder?"

In case you are in doubt about her deep sigh and her intense desire to write volumes about Hollywood, then, take a few moments and read on, read this artless tale which is written for your guidance, providing of course, you are planning a picture career. And if you are not bent upon the movie profession, if you do not intend to board the movie train, then, read it to see "why people kid themselves!"

The Day of Reckoning

EVIDENTLY, Mr. Will Hays had the same thought, and, the same question to solve. For not very long ago an organization was born overnight. It was The Central Casting Bureau. It is now The Central Casting Bureau. This baby of the movies is owned and operated by the world's largest producers. And it had to be done! Why?

So far, many hundreds of good, intelligent people who hitherto had worked in pictures for a long time, and, those who were fairly successful, now find it almost impossible to get work anywhere. A passport to Heaven would be an easy task in comparison to getting a job, direct or indirect, or thru the Central Office. Herein lies a story—one, which may add insult to indigestion. But I shall tell the truth and go on playing faithfully my rôle—the jackass.

During the "old days" when most of us were doing fairly well, averaging a meal every other day or so, there was in full force and existence a firm known as Screen Service of Los Angeles. This body of classic gentlemen handled an enormous business which seemed legitimate, popular and efficient. Ah! 'twas many a slice of bread Dear Old Screen Service passed the professional extra who knew his or her business. (They couldn't be registrants of "Screen" unless they knew their stuff.)

And Screen Service took seven per cent. (7%) of your salary for getting the job for you. Merely a crumb from the whole loaf. And so far as the eagle eye could see, everybody seemed happy, prosperous and pure. With the exception of a few "favorites" whom screen service officers boosted and kept busy most of the time, there was little reason for kick or complaint from any person. Everything, as the song writer said, is hotsy totsy now—only it was *then*. You could get work at the studio casting offices then. In exceptional cases some get work that way now. But most every person is gotten from The Great Central Office.

Now there crept thruout the United States a monster serpent of desire among other jackasses who well deserve their title because they wanted "to go to Hollywood and become famous overnight and send Ma and Pa a thousand silver seed the next morning after arrival."

From Every Walk of Life

THE hour of reckoning came when Old Screen Service's files bulged from a burden of thousands of names; names of people who made a list ranging from a Podunk graduate of some dramatic school to a model for neckties and hats. Yes, names! names! names making a crossword puzzle look flimsy. There was the beautiful, golden-curled, perfect stage child, the fancy-vested swain who could tell you the price of butter and eggs.

Indeed, there were the big chicken dealers, hobos, farmhands, cowboys, swindlers, consumptives, tired business men seeking adventure, cripples, safe crackers, weak-minded and brilliant, the society damsel and the dollar divers, the wets and drys, Republicans and Democrats, radicals, black and white, pale and pink, short and long, blondes and brunettes, soldiers, sailors and slackers, prize-fighters, wrestlers, barbers and boiler-makers, and, assuredly, ladies and gentlemen! Ah! ladies and gentlemen. It is true that each of us will believe ourselves the latter. But it will be best for you to take the pair of shoes that fits and take a walk—a walk back home to old trails and past efforts. And you'll succeed, get along in the world.

The tidal-wave brought the thousands from all parts demanding their share of movie fame and fortune.



ABOUT the EXTRA

A Remarkable Real Life Document of the Many Who Call and the Few Who Are Chosen

And some of those thousands descended upon Old Screen Service like a cloudburst. "Why do they kid themselves, I wonder?"

And along came Mr. Will Hays to make the thousandth and *one!* He left behind a wonderful job (can you beat it?) in Washington, D. C., to join the rest of us. But he came to be the Great Leader. That's different. And he has done well. Not long was it until the people—all those mentioned, made a plea to Mr. Hays to help them. He did, too. He sent a mob "back home and broke." But those who refused lingered on still hoping, still demanding, something which never existed for them. And they had to pick on Screen Service as their objective of Trouble and Turmoil. Why should there be an organization to take from us a percentage of our salaries? (Most of them never drew a dollar from motion pictures.)

Trouble brewed and stewed worse than your home-made beer. Finally, such pressure was brought to surface that only one outlet seemed available; only one avenue of escape or relief seemed near or possible. Yes! kill Screen Service! Ah! there is the Shiver in Screenland; the Shake in the Service; the "nigger" in the wildwood; the odor in Smellville. Or the decomposed nicotine in Copenhagen!—Hollywood. Do away with such graft! We appeal to you, Mr. Hays, to help us. Great problems came to Mr. Hays, greater than some of those in his past affiliations with the Government. Before and After.

Still Kidding Themselves

But he did the trick, he gave the poor fools what they wanted—and they're still kicking, crying and belly-aching, and, flocking to Hollywood. Nay, I say unto you, fair little casting director or "directress," "Why do they kid themselves, I wonder?"

On several occasions I have given little talks to people in the movies. In one instance it was a group of aspirants who had never worked a day in pictures. In the other instance it was a group of "old timers" with whom I have worked at different times. And be it known that I really thought these people wanted the truth. Did they? NO!

My popularity probably fell below sea level when I told them that their own predicament was due to their own shortsightedness and stupidity; that their food supply (they do not need coal in California) was diminished because, as that song writer said, they forget to remember. And those who, apparently, have been left in the rain without umbrellas forgot to take a peep at the black sky made that way by means and manners already stated, plus that same complex which daily finances Hollywood-bound trains. They forgot to remember!

When the big day dawned, came reveille tragically spreading its weird note of defeat for those now in hopeless combat with their enemy. And if this is mutely demonstrated, then, it is certainly obvious to those who could help in a way, that to shun an act of "getting them in" is only indicative of a decision in the negative because of the silly, foolish methods of past activities. And on the parts of those mentioned.

It is true that many clubs have been organized, studio-actors-uplift-civic clubs they are

(*Cont'd on page 67*)



They come from every walk of life—these extras, and their names would make a cross-word puzzle look flimsy. A passport to Heaven would be an easy task in comparison to getting a job in the movies

A BETTER MAN than GUNGA DIN



Ball



Ball

Ben Lyon has advanced and given the countersign. It is Bigger and Better Pictures. Safely in the First National encampment, he will execute some military maneuvers in "The Great Deception." This is a picture in which the blithesome Ben clicks his heels as a student of Heidelberg and takes the air as an aviator in the Royal Flying Corps of England. The top photograph shows Ben in the gay uniform of student days—and the bottom photo shows him in the uniform of an English lieutenant of aviation. As the dual rôle is the most substantial he has ever had, there is no question but his public will Lyonize him



By
ELLISON HOOVER

THE CHARGE OF THE ALIEN ARMY ON FORT HOLLYWOOD

Three More Authors



Keystone View Co.

John Galsworthy



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page Co.

Margaret Kennedy

By Henry Albert Phillips

JOHN GALSWORTHY is considered one of England's greatest novelists and playwrights. Without thinking at all, one would think that the whole "rotten" condition of the Movies could be rectified in a twinkling by this biggest-calibred English dramatist of the day. Here was the Hercules who takes the whole movie earth on his shoulders and walks off with it.

For the man who had written novels like "The Forsyte Saga" and "The Patrician," and plays like "Loyalties" and "Justice," surely the writing of a little photoplay would be less than child's play. I determined to run up and have a little chat with Galsworthy about it, since I happened to be in London at the time.

John Galsworthy lives in one of the most charming as well as select suburbs of London, Hampstead. It is a zig-zag journey out there, altho Hampstead is actually in London. You take the Underground at Piccadilly, change at Oxford Circus for the Central London where you ride to Tottenham Court Road and change again for the City and South London Line that takes you straight to Hampstead. But when

MARGARET KENNEDY is one of the newcomers among the novelists. By the single stroke of writing "The Constant Nymph" she has sprung into enviable fame. To reach her I climbed five flights of stairs to the top floor of one of those grim-looking houses that front on Cornwall Gardens in Kensington.

I found Miss Kennedy just as retiring and reserved as her book had been forward and loquacious. She confessed almost in the first words that she liked the films.

Weren't they going to film the "Nymph," I asked.

"It cant be filmed—in America, where I believe that practically all of the filming is being done, I understand. You see the book has been censored and therefore cant be done. I cant see what they object to. The children in the story were too young, or something of that sort. Fancy! When I look about and see what they are doing!"

"What? Who?" I asked. "The children or the films?"

"Both," she smiled. "The Film Company has

(*Continued on page* 77)

Consider the Films

"What I resent in the films is that you get thoroly emotionalized sitting there for two or three hours waiting for something worthwhile to happen—and then you find that you have been scuffered. It isn't that they dont try to give you something. They do, and fail!"—John Galsworthy.

"The movies are always making a mistake by writing down, and I dont think anything is ever accomplished by writing down, to the public. It is a backward step to be always underestimating the calibre of the public mind."—Margaret Kennedy.

"Motion pictures are intricacies—and intricacies are concerned with the mind and not the emotions. It is my theory that a good player or story is bound to hold a house full of human people—and human people are bound to be held thruout the portrayal of any great emotion."—Lord Dunsany.



Keystone View Co.

Lord Dunsany

The Sixth and Concluding Talk About Motion Pictures With Famous English and Continental Writers

ALL said and done, the successful production of a gratifying photodrama is a work of Art. In this Anno Domini, this film Art reaches, entertains and moves more people than all the other Arts put together. Finally, the Movies is the simplest of the Arts by far. Neither a special nor even a general education is necessary in order either to understand or be entertained by it. The only equipment requisite for an audience seems to be a normal heart, a set of healthy emotions, a smattering of human interest and a wee bit of imagination. Being gifted with too many brains will often spoil the show.

The above does not sound like a definition of an Art at all. It might be a calisthenic exercise, or an international kindergarten formula. It all seems too low-brow and too easy for an Art thesis. Wherein lies any glory for "artistic" people who are always seeing things in Art works that the common herd never can see—or never want to? Art has always been "difficult," both to make and to understand. Therefore, calling this new upstart of an entertainment an

LORD DUNSANY'S plays lend themselves admirably to film translation. "The Gods of the Mountains," "The Golden Doom," and "The Glittering Gate," are gossamer sort of works to which only a "drama of silence and shadows" can do full justice. We have not begun to see and feel the wonders that the screen conceals in its power to portray mysterious, ghostly, far-off things such as Lord Dunsany writes.

I asked Lord Dunsany to explain to me why he always sought out ancient and mysterious problems.

"I portray them because the oldest emotions are the deepest. Things that concern New York and London are no older than New York and London. The whole world is filled with intricacies and intricacies are concerned with the mind and not the emotions."

Among the intricacies I knew that he numbered the motion picture, for he is not sold on the motion picture idea, altho he goes to see them.

"It is my theory that a good play or story is

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"We Respectfully

By Ken Chamberlain



To First National. Anthony lightly tossed away an empire and Cleopatra must have had plenty of "IT" to win the toss, hence we suggest Harry Langdon and Colleen Moore for the rôles, just to be different



To Warner Brothers. Wont you loan Dolores Costello to United Artists and let them use her with Buster Keaton in that w. k. tragedy of love, "Romeo and Juliet"? Buster has the most tragic face in the films, and we haven't seen Miss Costello smile much either



To William Fox. Tom Mix falling off his horse would be a novelty. Why not have him do "The Life of the Prince of Wales"?



To United Artists. We hope that you will encourage John Barrymore to continue in juvenile rôles such as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, for instance

SUGGEST"—

If the Producers Are Really Serious in Giving the Public Something New, Classic Is Willing to Aid Them With These Suggestions



To Cecil De Mille. While on Biblical subjects, why not start at the beginning? The Creation of the World might be a bit beyond you, but you could give a real Garden of Eden at last—with Wally Beery as Adam, some gal from Mack Sennett's as Eve, and Lon Chaney as the snake



To Universal. Now that the North Pole has become a tourist resort and there is a screen star from practically every other country, why not let Laura La Plante and Reginald Denny double for the Eskimos until they have a beauty contest and produce a star



To Metro-Goldwyn. "Hamlet" has been staged in modern dress and settings. Why didn't you do the same with "Ben-Hur"? Novarro in a tin chariot and plus fours might have been even more interesting than in a tin helmet and minus most everything else



Jonquil loved the Bible readings on Sunday evenings. She and Grandmother Rogers would sit under the lamp in the parlor and Grandmother would read brimstony passages in her ice-cold trickle of a voice

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

JONQUIL is a child of the theater. With parents associated with a traveling repertoire company, the little girl is thrown constantly into a shabby make-believe world that jars her sensibilities. She loathes everything connected with the lives of show people—the ill-smelling dressing-rooms, the grease-paint, the shoddy hotel rooms, the badly cooked meals—and, above all, she cannot take her parents seriously, especially when they play tragic rôles.

Jonquil longs for the things of life associated with velvet lawns and shady trees. She wants to be like other little girls—play with dolls and wear becoming dresses. She has no place she can call home. Her life is spent between watching her parents or playing child rôles—or crying herself to sleep in an unkempt room.

After her mother's death, Jonquil grew out of child rôles and her father, frankly disappointed with her, takes her to her grandmother's country home. He is determined to be rid of her and advises her that if her grandmother doesn't want her, she will have to be sent to an orphanage.

Jonquil's joy at leaving the stage is mixed with sadness. She anticipates an aloofness on the part of the grandmother, whose idea of stage people is something not to be encouraged. Tremblingly she proceeds to make herself at home and wonders over her reception.

Now you can begin with the current instalment.

PAINTED PEOPLE

By Faith Service

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

Stories of the theater are ever fascinating. They become particularly fascinating when they depict a highly sensitized character determined to escape the tinsel of the show world. Such a character is the heroine of Faith Service's story, "Painted People." The author has written an absorbing tale of a girl reared in the atmosphere of the theater—who tries to find expression in the things that count in life. Readers of the CLASSIC will find in Faith Service's serial story all the elements that enliven the imagination.

PAPA was speaking in his most sonorous, most portentous voice. He was clearing his throat a great deal and breaking out into little husky silences. It was just as if he were delivering an oration or one of those curtain speeches he made whenever there was, or was not, the faintest opportunity. It did seem as if papa might know that this was the supremely one time NOT to talk like this. It did seem that he might sense that this was not the way to talk in Three Trees, on Grandmother Roger's cleanly swept front porch, in front of Grandmother Rogers herself. It came to Jonquil as a faint far instinct that this was the reason papa had not got very far in his profession. He didn't ever *sense* anything.

Funny that he didn't see the look of contempt on Grandmother Roger's face—when it was so painfully evident.

Grandmother Roger's face was thinner than the face Jonquil had dreamed of. It had sharp little angles, like pin-pricky places. She had dreamed of a rosier face, more comfy. . . . Oh; well, you cant have everything and after all, it was a great deal to have a Grandmother Rogers with a white and green house in a white and green New England town . . . with nice people . . . particularly a great deal when you happened to be the child of Percival de Vere. . . .

. Grandmother Rogers might have called out to you and told you to "run along" when she saw you advancing so fantastically up her garden path. That garden path . . . those glimpses of wallflowers and zinnias and petunias and quaint stiff sweet-william and droopy asters, rosy and violet and white . . . perhaps they would let her help take care of the flowers . . . oh, but what was she thinking? Why did she run on the way she did? When Grandmother might not even be going to let her stay? Her face did look forbidding. Cold. Edged. Her lips a little blue and drawn like a taut thread across the tombiness of her teeth.

Papa was saying, "Well, daughter . . ." (he had never called her daughter before in his life) "Well, daughter . . . ahem . . . your grandmother has very kindly consented to . . . ahem . . . take charge of you for the . . . ahem . . . trial period of one year. Very kindly. Very. She makes the stipulation that you . . . ahem . . . behave yourself like the . . . ahem . . . little lady your poor dear mother and . . . ahem . . . and I have always trained you to be to the best of our . . . ahem . . . poor powers . . . I have told your grandmother that this is the . . . ahem . . . final sacrifice for me . . . the final . . . well, shall we say giving up? But a father's duty . . . paternal protectiveness . . . all those considerations enter in . . . the separation will cut my . . . ahem . . . heart strings . . . will leave me very much alone . . . sadly desolate . . . but I feel it to be the . . . ahem . . . best thing for you . . . I . . ."

It was Grandmother Rogers who finally cut the declamation short. Just in time, too, Jonquil felt. Her father seemed to be working himself up to a bigger "scene" than she had ever seen him portray upon the stage. He seemed to be throwing himself into this suddenly conceived and fantastically executed part with a gusto that was really alarming. The veins on his forehead stood out alarmingly. The pulses in his thick throat seemed to be tiny hammers of horrid force. Again Jonquil had the uncanny intuition that he was doing all this so dramatically because he so much *didn't* want her, not because he so much did.

She felt an almost unbearable scorn of him. Did he feel that he was deceiving anyone? Did he think that they *believed* him?

Grandmother Roger's voice when it broke in was like the tinkle of thin ice . . . those long blue slivers of ice that can cut your hands so abominably.

"It isn't necessary, Mr. de Vere," she said, "to draw this preposterous scene out any longer. I have told you that I will take the child. If she is quiet and well behaved she may remain with me—because she is a child, not because she belonged to—your wife. It seems to be my duty. The ways of Almighty God are inscrutable and no one knows this so well as myself. The child may remain—my one stipulation is that you do not put in another appearance unless sent for."

Percival made a gesture intended to be a compound of finally bitter resignation, despair and martyrdom. It was a masterly effort. It occurred to Jonquil that he was playing all this much more professionally than many scenes she had watched him blunder thru behind the footlights. It was because it meant so much to him—to get rid of her. It was so that he could be alone with Rosie, with the girls who smelled of rank perfume and giggled and sent for orange juice. . . .

His footsteps resounded as they departed down the trim garden path. Jonquil supposed that the old-fashioned flowers, the murmurous trees had never seen such another spectacle.

She and Grandmother Rogers were left alone. She felt a sort of yearning well up in her thinly rounding breasts. It wasn't homesickness for her father. Not that. She hoped passionately that she need never see him

again. It wasn't anything to do with the old life. . . . It was, rather, the simple craving for human contact. If Grandmother Rogers would open her arms to her . . . fold her against her breast . . . comfort all the little wounds . . . the little insulting wounds that were not little to her . . . the terrible little wounds of childhood. . . .

She felt heavy tears pressing against her throat and at the backs of her eyes. She knew that they mustn't come thru. That same fine sensitiveness to what was expected of her that was to make her shadow performances such delicate etchings in the years to come restrained her, made her know that Grandmother Rogers would not be tender to heavy, thuddy tears . . . the bursty kind. . . .

She wanted to sob out, "I'm going to stay . . . I'm going to *stay*. . . ." She wanted to run down and kiss the trim door-step, the tiny bluets, the comforting small faces of the pansies . . . but she felt, surely, that Grandmother Rogers would despise such theatricalism.

You would have to hold yourself in with Grandmother Rogers. You would have to cut a little pattern for yourself. You would have to fit into it and stay fitted into it. Neatly. Nicely.

She looked at her Grandmother with eyes that were clouded densely with the held-back tears.

She went over to her and slipped her hand thru her arm. She couldn't help that one little gesture. She had to allow herself that. She needed human contact so.

"You needn't worry, Grandma," she said, *"he* wont ever come back."

He never did.

. . . . . .

THERE were whole days and weeks and months when Jonquil loved it.

She loved it so that she wanted to take the whole neat green and white town, including the George Inn where General Washington had slept, to her eager little breast.

She loved her Grandmother's house especially. She felt, at first, that it would be enough for her, always, that it would satisfy her, that she would be able to live and dream in it, alone.

The parlor with the dully shining floor and the oval braided rugs and the lovely pieces of old mahogany, dulled, too, to an everlasting polish. Beautiful sheen to them, beautiful to pass your fingers over them, softly. Beautiful dignity, because they had stood just there for so many years, had been so carefully tended.

She loved the white winding stairway and the flowered wall-papers and the tall four-poster beds with their gay patchwork quilts. She could amuse herself for hours figuring over one of the patchwork quilts. That bit of gay damask, that bit of cherry taffeta, that incongruous triangle of percale. . . .

Clean . . . clean . . . the fresh smell of matting and soap-suds and beeswax . . . the fresh swish of laundered curtains in the breeze. . . .

The old attic. Old trunks and chests and corded boxes and piles of magazines. Hoarded things. Things that people had lived with and loved and kept.

She loved the food. The fresh eggs, the homemade bread and pickle and preserve, the smell of cake and pie on baking days. Even the boiled New England dinners.

She took a personal pride in the vegetables, because she often picked them herself from the kitchen garden; because she had helped old Elijah, the hired man, hoe them and weed them. Old Elijah told her stories about her mother when she was a little girl . . . her mother had helped in the garden, too, had planted flower seeds and tended bulbs . . . how could she ever have gone away with Percival de Vere, red-faced, bulbous?

She loved helping Grandmother Rogers in the sunny kitchen in the mornings, wiping the old willow dishes to a shining freshness, laying them away in piles in the white-papered cabinets. Oh, everything was so *clean* . . . so shiny and sudsy and fresh . . . how could, how *could* her mother have left such a heaven-life for Percival de Vere with his cheap, silly suits, his loud, put-on voice?



Jonquil never quite knew how it all happened, but she got the stench of dark unhappy things in the gossip that went on among the old ladies. It was cruel gossip that flayed pretty young things and hurt and stung like whip lashes

And How a Girl Solves Her Destiny

She even loved the Bible readings Sunday evenings when she and Grandmother Rogers would sit under the lamp in the parlor and Grandmother would read brimstony passages in her ice-cold trickle of a voice.

Now and again when Grandmother was reading the Bible aloud to her, there came the thin little thread of the thought that Grandmother hated her. But that, of course, was absurd. Grandmothers never hate their grandchildren. It was just Grandmother Roger's way. It was because she was neat and precise and cool and had always looked on peaceful, shiny things. It was because she, Jonquil, had been used to hot greasy kisses, fierce sudden embraces, the smotheration of pet names, and lollipops and gewgawy presents.

Grandmother Rogers took her to church every Sunday, too. It was a long service, but Jonquil didn't mind. She was doing now, what all nice little girls with nice houses and front porches and decent gingham dresses did. Even the sermons didn't seem too dull to her. She could sit very erect in the pew, feel elegant and nice. Some of the other little girls stared at her, but they couldn't stare at her as little girls in other towns had done, because now she was Grandmother Roger's child and had nothing to do with the stock company or Percival de Vere. She wished that her Grandmother would introduce her to some of the little girls. It would be fun to have little girl friends, to go off on berrying parties as she had seen some of the town children doing, on picnics in the woods and to the lakes where there was wading and swimming. But, of course, you cant have everything . . . no doubt Grandmother was waiting to see that she behaved herself like a little lady and then all the rest would follow. . . . Besides, in the fall, she would go to school and then she would get to know the girls . . . there would be little clubs and things. . . .

She didn't like to say anything to Grandmother about little girls, for fear Grandmother would think she was lonely, complaining . . . when she wasn't—very.

. . . . . .



How she came to hate it!

Was she always to hate everything? Was there nothing for her to love? No one?

But this hate was worse, if possible, than the hate of the grease-paint and the leading women and her father and the smell of back-stage. This hate was cold and thin like knives running into you. It was frightful because it was love turned to hate and there is no hate quite so frightful as that.

The very things she had loved so . . . the flowers . . . petunias and gladioli and stock and marigold . . . lovely fragrant names turned to gall on her lips . . . smug things that she could not touch, that she was not allowed to touch. . . . "What do you know about flowers, Miss?"

How she hated the house, too. The furniture with its smug self-assurance, its air of being invincibly right, beyond reproach. The priggy clean sheets smelling, self-consciously, of lavender. The smugger little bedroom which was hers, the smell of the matting on the floor, the fresh wall-paper on the wall, the beeswax on the floor. The dampish odor that exuded from it all when it rained out of doors. The plain, wholesome, now-savourless food eaten with that holy air of beneficence and a false air of humility and gratitude. The front porch where you sat and rocked and rocked and then rocked some more and watched the other girls in the town go by, arms locked, in twos and threes and fours, pretending not to see you there when you knew so painfully well that they did see you, that they were talking about you. . . .

The "nice" girls of the town. Too nice for Percival de Vere's daughter. Their sideway glances, their giggles, their titterings.

Their little mean, scimped ways. The ways they were nice to you in school when the teacher was around, when she was looking, the ways they waited to show you that you were an outsider and always would be when they were unobserved.

The insulting way you got invited to some of the bigger parties in town, the school and community parties to which everyone was invited, even the factory girls in the class. The way you were omitted from the small informal gatherings where all the good times were held.

That bold brassy girl, Hilda Helm, who had said to you one day, "Well, you needn't look at us as tho we are crucifiers . . . your own grandmother told our

(*Continued on page* 66)



Chester Conklin

The Keystone Kop Who Became a DIRECTOR

By Peter Milne



Pola Negri

IT appears to be a popular illusion among magazine editors that motion picture directors are not interesting enough to be brought before the public in a close-up.

As Jesse Lasky would say, let us proceed to debunk this theory.

I hold that Erich von Stroheim is as interesting as Rudolph Valentino; that D. W. Griffith is as interesting as Charles Ray and that Charles Chaplin, the director, is every whit as interesting as Charles Chaplin, the comedian.

In rare instances only do players have the ascendency of interest over directors. To your own favorite stars add Ben Turpin and you have a complete list.

At present the most interesting director on this side of the horizon is Malcolm St. Clair, the stormy petrel of the Famous Players-Lasky studios.

As one who knew him when he recurrently fell into Echo Park Lake in Los Angeles, dressed up as a Keystone Kop, it's rather hard to call him anything else but Mal. But in the light of "The Show Off," "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," "A Woman of the World," and "Are Parents People?" I suppose the "I knew him when" stuff should be put aside and the formal Malcolm adopted. Having decided this, I shall continue to call him Mal.

The Keystone Kop Is Hired

A SCANT two years ago Mal was pleading, almost tearfully, for Jesse Lasky to give him a chance directing a Paramount picture. Today only Lubitsch and von Stroheim are ranked above him by photoplay critics voting in a national poll of newspapers and magazines.

A big accomplishment for a man on whom his thirtieth year has not yet set.

And today also he chooses what stories he will direct and what stars. This is because he is pleasantly tyrannical in his directorial method. He will not adapt his style to that of some set star. He has made his high mark by breaking thru old barriers. For a time he followed the revolutionary Lubitsch. Now he follows no one and has his own disciples.

Ten years ago Mal St. Clair was a member of the art department of the old Los Angeles *Express*. He perpetrated a sport cartoon now and then. But he was a movie fan and, being at the seat of production, naturally yearned to become associated with pictures.

He knew Lige Conley, a present-day comedy star, who was at the time one of Mack Sennett's Keystone Kops.

"Lige told me to come out to the Keystone studio," Mal says. "I went out but Lige couldn't get me beyond the studio gate. He appealed to Owen Moore who was then playing opposite Mabel Normand. Owen got me in and got me in to Sennett. Lige must have sold me good and proper, for Owen said to Sennett: 'Here's a second Rube Goldberg.'

The First "Gag Man"

"IN the words of the ads, I got the job. Sennett was making 'My Valet' then in which Raymond Hitchcock starred and in which Sennett himself played an important part. Sennett took me out to the location in his automobile. I was then what today is known as 'gag man.' I guess I was the first. I was supposed to suggest funny business to Sennett. Because I rode out to location in his car everybody else in the company thought I was made. They went to location by trolley.

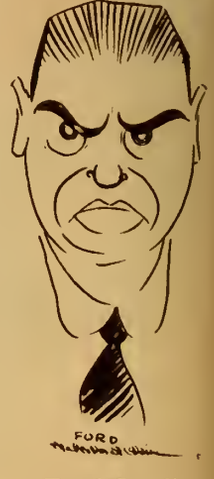


Louise Brooks

"I was a kid then and didn't know much. All day long, whenever Sennett worked before the camera I burst my sides laughing. When Hitchcock or somebody else did their stuff, I was silent. I wanted to get in right with Sennett.

"When the day's work was done, Sennett rode home without me. He didn't speak to me for six months. He hates 'yes men.' He had me figured out as one. And that's how I learned not to be one. Instead of a glorified gag man, riding in the boss' car, I was a member of the Keystone Kops and fell into the lake at the end of every picture.

"Still, I was in good company. The other Kops, at that time, were Chaplin, Eddie Cline, Al St. John and Conley. We were permanent. Others came and went."



Ford Sterling

Mal St. Clair Has Made Big Strides Since His Keystone and Cartoon Days. Here Is a Cameo of His Film Career and Some Impressions of the Players Who Have Worked for Him



Mal Himself

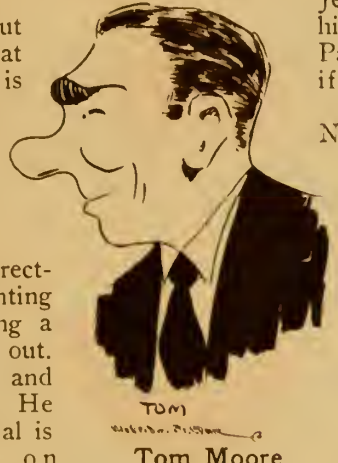
Drawings by Mal St. Clair

He Elevated Chester and Ford

As a Kop, Mal St. Clair supported all the comedy stars of the day, notably Chester Conklin and Ford Sterling. And now that he is a feature director he has taken Conklin and Sterling out of the two-reel comedy class and made featured players and stars of them.

Conklin was sick of pictures and about to retire from them to devote all his time to his bean ranch in California when Mal put him in "The Woman of the World" with Pola Negri. Conklin's stock went skyrocketing. Today he is under a feature contract with Paramount and probably will star soon.

Mal insisted that Sterling play the title-rôle in "The Show Off." He is starred in it. He has an abiding faith in the old Keystone players. Incidentally, he told me that Chester Conklin's father looks just like him, only his mustache is real.



Tom Moore

Mal is a native Californian but he has so much Irish in him that there's almost a brogue. He is very tall. I dont think anyone has ever measured his full height. He must have snow on his head the year round.

He used to come stooping into my apartment out in Hollywood after the day's work in directing George O'Hara in the "Fighting Blood" series, for after becoming a Sennett director, he branched out. That was only three years ago and he'd never been to New York. He liked to hear about it. Today Mal is known on Park Avenue and Broadway. He draws an enormous salary and gets full value out of it. Yet some of his fondest memories are of the times that Mabel Normand used to buy the entire Keystone company lunch because the rest didn't have the price and because she was—and is—the most generous girl in the world.



Adolphe Menjou

Tried His Talents on the Dog

When Mal started directing features, he was given Rin-Tin-Tin as a star. He made two pictures with the dog and then thought it would be nice to have a two-legged star. He got one and made a picture but the company thought it was so bad that he was fired. Later the film was picked as one of the six best of the month in which it was released.

It was after this that Mal started his campaign on Jesse Lasky. To get this extremely high person out of his way at the studio Lasky finally gave him "Are Parents People?" to direct. The understanding was that if it was good he was to receive a year's contract.

Following the picture's completion, Mal was at liberty. Naturally, no one knew until the picture was released whether or not it was a success. Fans and critics hailed it when it glittered on the silver screens of the nation's theaters.

And then, helter-skelter, came the rush for the director's services. Lasky reached him first, waving his year's contract, but close behind him were the production heads of other companies.

Today Mal St. Clair can write his own ticket with Lasky or with anyone else.

In his directing Mal always takes the unusual angle. Not the unreal. But the refreshing and original way to tell the real. And he sees the unusual angle, the unusual side of people.

What Mal Says About Them

I asked him to name the outstanding characteristics of the various stars and players he has directed.

"What about Adolphe Menjou?" I asked.

"Menjou? His enthusiasm and his naïveté are outstanding," Mal said.

The suave and sophisticated Menjou naïve! I almost collapsed.

"Then who is the most sophisticated star you've directed?" I asked, "Pola Negri?"

"Never!" he said. "Pola Negri is the supreme optimist. Every part that Pola gets it's a case of 'Ach, this is the greatest performance of my life!' No, not Pola, the most sophisticated is Betty Bronson."

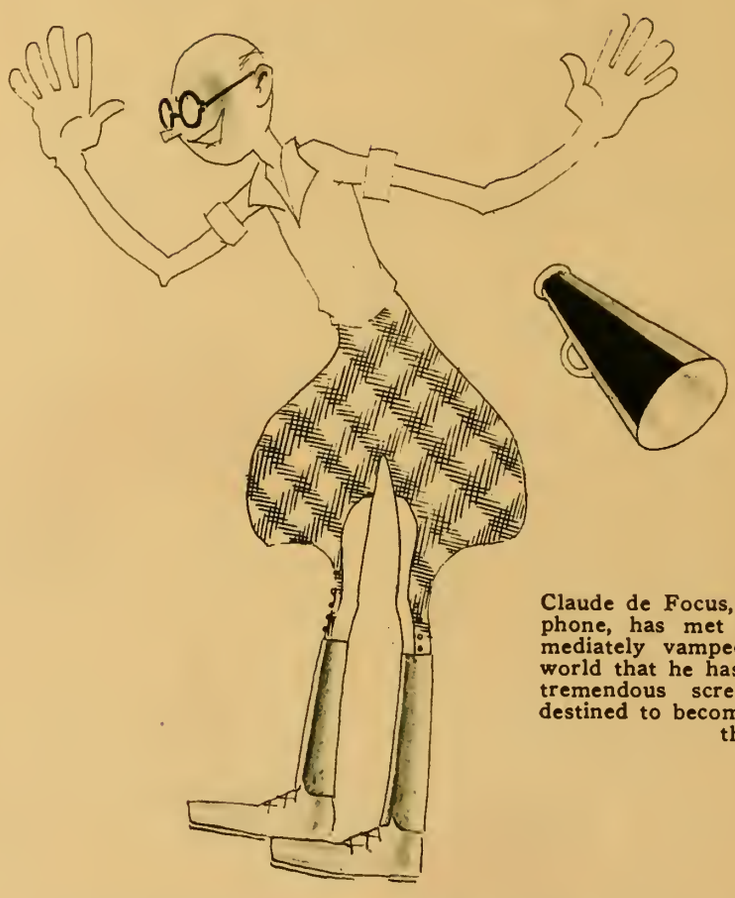
Menjou naïve! Bronson sophisticated!

Add two more wonders of the world!

(*Continued on page* 81)

CELLA LLOYD VAMPS



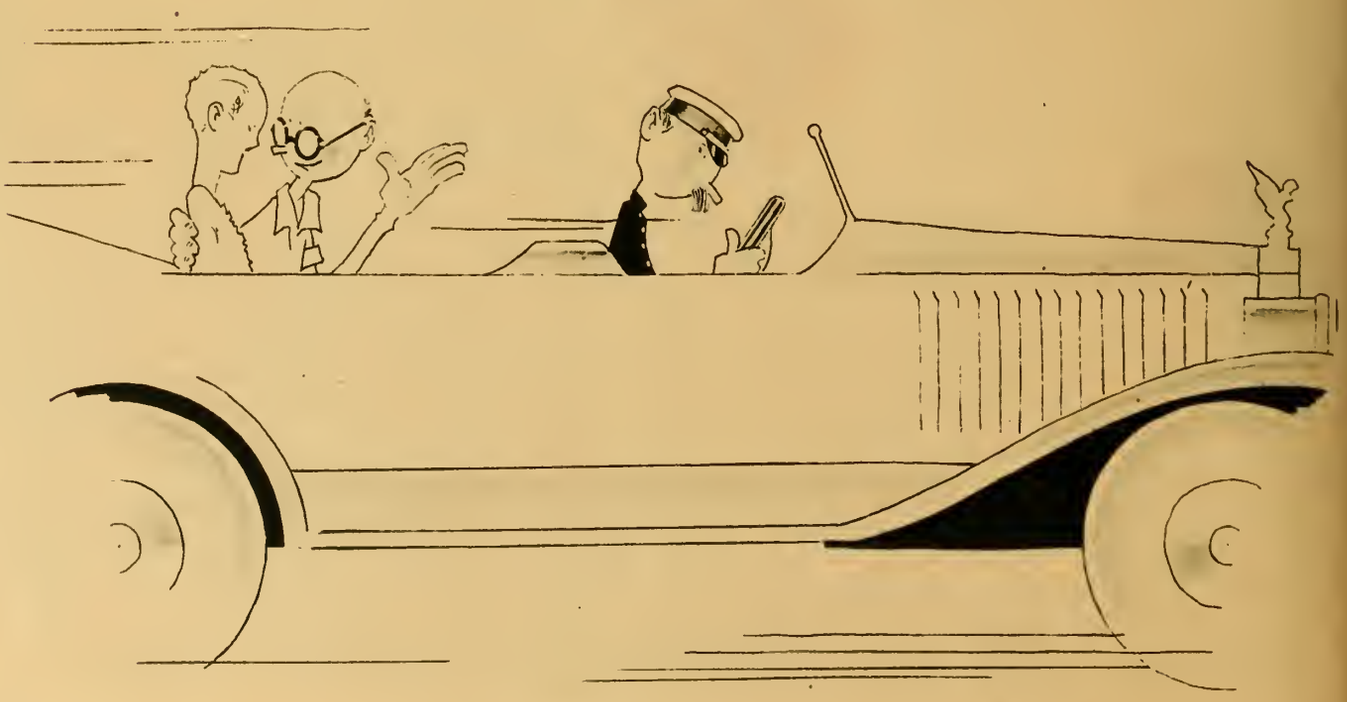


Claude de Focus, the master of the megaphone, has met Cella Lloyd and is immediately vamped. He tells the waiting world that he has "discovered" a girl with tremendous screen possibilities who is destined to become the only real artiste of the movies

WHAT'S GONE ON BEFORE

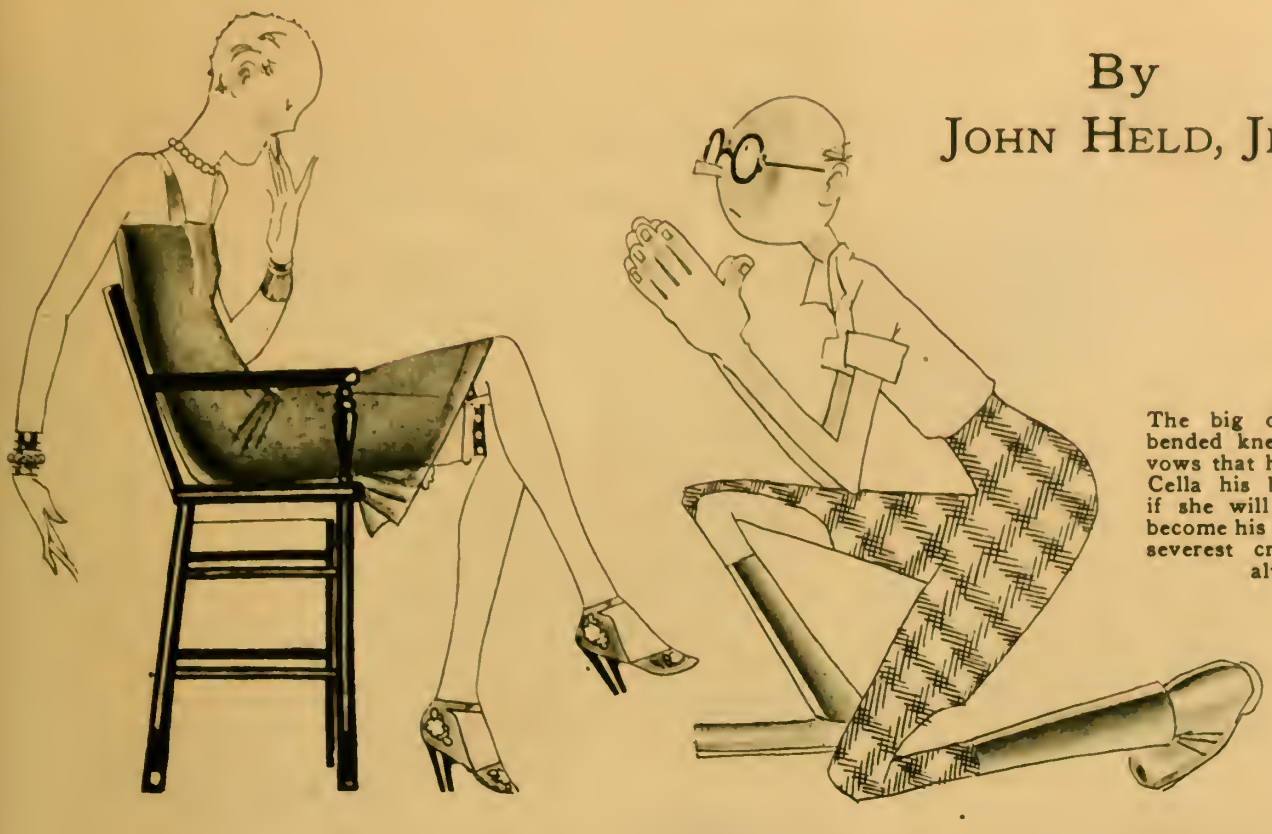
Cella Lloyd has always blamed her lack of good pictures on bad direction. She feels that Claude de Focus, the Big Director, could bring out all her hidden charms and talent. But how to attract his attention? Ah, she will vamp him in her one-piece bathing suit. Now read on!

Like any good butter-and-egg man, de Focus promises Cella all kinds of luxuries—even a Pullman car named for her. He will give her the big part in his big picture, tho there's a "joker" in his promise



THE BIG DIRECTOR

By
JOHN HELD, JR.



The big director, on bended knee, solemnly vows that he can make Cella his biggest star if she will consent to become his best pal and severest critic at the altar

But zounds and odsbodkins! No sooner does de Focus declare his ardent love for Cella than his wife turns up—the one he married when she was a strong young thing in vaudeville



HOLLYWOOD'S

WHEN IT'S AFTERNOON TEA

By Cedric Belfrage



Kate Price



H. B. Warner

"WHAT ho!" chant the despised and rejected of the British stage, as from the windows of the *Golden State Limited* their eyes fasten greedily on the rustic hamlet of Hollywood.

"Desist!" bellow the wrathful gods of Ellis Island, as ship after ship disgorges a fresh horde of deep-chested, fair-haired, clean-limbed, blue-eyed, freckle-faced, broad-thewed, well-knit, Oxford-bagged he-men to swell the ranks of Hollywood's Union Jack Club.

And while, armed with long-term contracts and disarming smiles, the invaders sit calmly around imbibing tea and munching muffins in the secluded loggias of Beverly Hills, the immigration officers champ the bit in their island kingdom. Dare they stem this ever-growing tide of male pulchritude from the bleak shores of Britain and the outposts of her empire? What will those impressionable people, the movie fans, have to say about it, anyway?



Gibson Gowland

Dorothy Mackaill





Pauline Garon



Percy Marmont

All the King's Horses

THE list of British leading men in Hollywood has grown to alarming proportions, and it's still growing. Of Londoners alone there are five among the most prominent in screendom—Ronald Colman, Reginald Denny, Clive Brook, Percy Marmont, and H. B. Warner. The English provinces swell the list with Conway Tearle, Victor McLaglen, T. Roy Barnes, House Peters and Herbert Rawlinson.





Herbert Rawlinson



Holmes Herbert

Marc MacDermott

Nor is that all. The Dominions which bow the hypothetical knee to His Majesty, the Fifth of the Georges, add their quota with Jack Pickford (Canada), Marc McDermott (Australia) and Montagu Love (India).

Then, on top of that, there's Ireland. Whatever the peppery Irish may have thought

UNION JACK CLUB

TIME IN BEVERLY HILLS

Drawings by George Annand

about it, their green and pleasant land used to be part of Great Britain. So we have to add to our list the distinguished names of Tommy Meighan, Holmes Herbert, Creighton Hale, the three Moore boys and Pat O'Malley.

Altho they are many, and their passports are in anything but proper order, there's no denying that they form



Charlie Chaplin

Emily Fitzroy



an imposing and pulchritudinous array. If it's true that the law contemplates a drive, then the law wont have everything its own way. Some of us may adore Valentino with an adoration that is akin to worship, but if all the Britishers in Hollywood were placed end to end—I cant say where they would reach to, but you wouldn't be able to see the female adorers for dust. Adoration is one thing, and dust in the eyes is another.

True Origin of the Sheik

AN entirely erroneous impression used to be current that Miss Hull based her famous





Ernest Torrence

Mary Pickford

Sheik on an Arabian type. This, however, I am glad to see, is now being dispelled. Miss Hull, who for all her literary faults was careful to see her own country first, last, and all the time, met Ronald Colman at Richmond, Surrey, and from that day she never looked back. The only reason why she didn't call her magnus opus "The Sheik of Richmond Hill" is that Araby sounds so much more romantic. In point of fact, the Arab has the whiskers but the Englishman has the technique.





Reginald Denny

Norma Shearer

While doing such a remarkably heavy export trade in masculine sex-appeal, England has provided curiously few of Hollywood's female players. What the British feminine export lacked in quantity it made up in quality, altho indeed neither Emily Fitzroy (from London) nor Kate Price (from Cork) can be accused of being

(*Continued on page 68*)





Ralph Forbes

Creighton Hale

Wyndham Standing

The Forward Fall



The left leg leaves the ground



Both feet take the air



The hands take the impact



The right shoulder takes the shock of the fall

The FINE ART

By Hal K. Wells



The left leg used as a pendulum



The body lurches forward

EVER since the well-known serpent in the equally well-known Garden served that famous and disastrous dish of applesauce, the Fall of Man has been the one great predominating theme of all broad comedy.

Falls have come to be regarded as the funniest sights life can offer—so long as it is the other fellow who does the falling, of course.

The grotesquely falling comedian has been the mainstay alike of old-time minstrels and modern circus and vaudeville acts. The advent of slapstick moving pictures raised the trick fall to almost the dignity of an institution.



Midway in the swing

Custard-pies that crash with charming messiness into the heavy's scowling features, bulldogs which, with pertinacity worthy of a better cause, cling to the seat of the hero's pants, grisly skeletons which cause colored servants to tremble and bleach like a coal-pile in a snow-storm—all these time-honored comedy props have an unfailing appeal to the risibilities but, in the last analysis, it is the trick fall that is the real king of the comedy realm.

A film comedian unable to do funny falls would be almost as much of an anachronism as a tongue-tied auctioneer.

Simple If You Know the Trick

FALLING looks like a superbly easy stunt to do. Yet in reality, when done rightly, it is one of the hardest feats in the repertoire of a professional tumbler.

The mere falling is a simple enough matter. One has merely to remove both feet from the ground at the same time and, with an immediate and whole-hearted co-operation, the law of gravity will step in and very promptly take care of the rest of it. But to fall and survive the feat in reasonably good health is another, and more difficult, matter.

It is in seeming to fall hard, yet at the last moment cunningly taking most of the shock of actual contact with the shoulders or hands, that the real art of the "fall comic" lies.

High falls are frowned upon by most successful comedians, and with excellent reason. Too much indulgence in high falls brings a condition much like taking too many wallops in the face during a prize-ring career. A "punch drunk" fighter has his brains so thoroly shaken up that they eventually become about as efficient intellectually as an overdone omelette. In a similar fashion, the shock of too many high falls usually results in making a permanent "goof" of the luckless victim.

How Bevan Does It

THAT was one of the warnings that Billy Bevan stressed to me the other day over on the Mack Sennett lot, while we were discussing some of the sidelights on the fine art of falling. Billy gave me a number of really

of FALLING

The Trick Fall Has Replaced the Custard Pie as the King of the Comedy Realm. In Order to Execute It the Comedian Must Remove Both Feet from the Ground and Come Down With a Painful Expression

interesting pointers. Eight years in slapstick comedy have not only made Bevan a past master in the actual art, but have given him a firm grasp of the fundamental theories involved as well.

"A fall must not look acrobatic in any way," Billy explained, "or its laugh-getting value is lost. When a comedian takes a graceful run, leaps nimbly into the air and spins thru two perfect flips before coming down, he may get a gasp of admiration from his audience, but he'll get very few laughs. In order to be funny, a fall must look natural.

"And, in order to look natural, a fall must be sprawling and awkward. Loss of dignity must go hand in hand with loss of balance. The comedian must kiss the dirt with a thoroness that leaves little to the imagination. Yet the fall must not be too violent, or it becomes brutal and excites sympathy instead of mirth."

Then, as it happened to be only two o'clock in the afternoon and Director Del Lord had just shot the last scene in the current Bevan comedy, Billy offered to pose for some special shots in order to illustrate the exact technique of some of the better known falls. Accordingly, we borrowed a speed camera, a cameraman, and two assistants, and selected the grassy lawn in front of a bungalow set for our scene of operations.



According to Slow Motion

A SPEED camera, better known outside of studio circles as a "slow motion picture camera," shoots a subject something like eight times faster than normal, with the result that catching accurate shots of a man in mid-air is a comparatively simple feat for it. After the film was developed we would have merely to select the exact "frames" we wanted, and enlarge them to illustrate the various steps in each fall.

The hands take the impact



The feet fly over

While the camera crew was setting up, Billy continued his brief exposition on the technique of falls in general.

"If you ever played football," he explained,

(*Continued on page 82*)

The fall illustrated in sequence across the pages is known among acrobats and tumblers as the "Hundred - and - Eight." The comedian depicted taking this fall, together with the Forward and Backward flips, is Billy Bevan. These poses are exclusive and were illustrated before a slow motion picture camera.

The end of the fall is eased by the left foot and hip



The Backward Fall



The hands spread for balance



The hands ready to take impact



The feet leave the ground



The shoulders take the impact from the hands



Ball

RICHARD DIX

There's the signal—16-7-49-25—and there goes Dix, the pigskin under his arm, for a run around the end. The dashing Dick has been scoring box-office touchdowns for some time. His new film, "The Quarterback," should find him still at the top of his game—which is one good picture after another

What It Costs to Be a Well-Dressed Clubman

(Evening Edition)

By Warren Dow

THE male of the species is prone to tear his hair, moan in a loud tone of voice and otherwise register grief in large quantities when his wife's bills for millinery and evening gowns come rolling in about the first of the month.

Yet, when the masculine fashion plate steps forth correctly attired for an evening at the opera or other formal functions, the combined cost of the various parts of his costume will easily equal the price tag on a new flivver coupé.

RAMON NOVARRO is noted in Hollywood for being correctly garbed on every conceivable occasion. It costs the star about $430 to be outfitted as he is here—and the end is far from reached. Studs and links remain to be secured to complete the costume. The exact cost of these is a matter of individual preference ranging from a possible minimum of $25 or $50 to well into the thousands.



C. S. Bull

High silk hat, familiarly known as a "topper," $10

Custom-tailored suit of black broadcloth, including trousers and swallow-tailed coat, $175

Vest, or waistcoat, of white silk material, $25

Gloves, also of white silk, $5

Patent leather pumps, $15

Opera top coat, of black broadcloth, $75

White silk tie and bat-wing collar, $2.50

Stiff-bosom shirt, of linen, $5

White silk handkerchief, $3

Socks, plain black and of heavy silk, $2.50

Walking stick, $12

Total cost of outfit, minus studs and links is $430

The Editor-in-Chief of the Brewster Publications Gathers More Notes on the Busy Activities of the Stars on the Coast

Impressions of HOLLYWOOD

By Eugene V. Brewster

I DROVE over to Westwood the other day and watched the Fox people filming "What Price Glory." Westwood is about ten miles from Hollywood, and it should be called Foxwood, because it is all Fox and their Hollywood studio will eventually move there. Westwood consists of several hundred acres of fields and hills, all of which is owned by Fox, but most of it has been converted into foreign villages. The first I came to was a Spanish city and it was hard to believe that I was not actually in Spain, altho it was devoid of people because nothing was being filmed there just then. The next place was a complete French village with hundreds of dwellings, hotels, churches, saloons, etc., and thousands of French peasants, shop-keepers, children, and soldiers in uniform.

Hurly-Burly Excitement

RAOUL WALSH was directing a scene in "What Price Glory," which, from all accounts, is to excel even "The Big Parade," and those who have seen the gorgeous picture, "The Wanderer," will be inclined to believe that Walsh has the ability to do anything he sets out to do. The soldiers were real veterans of the World War and hence required very little drilling, but not so with the women, children, horses and ducks—the ducks, in particular. A large flock of geese persisted in getting in the way of the marching troops, and some of the girls often failed to wave to the soldiers at just the right moment and to embrace their sweethearts with sufficient ardor.

Just imagine a director standing near the cameras on a platform shouting orders to a thousand people who were scattered about in every nook and corner of a scene that extended nearly half a mile distant! There was the keeper of the geese, the men in charge of the horses and mules, the girls in the windows, the captains and corporals, the men who were letting water from tanks into the stream, the women who were doing their laundry on the banks of the river, the principal players in the cast, and I dont know how many others who had to know just what to do and when to do it.

Yet, in a short while this vast human machine moved like clockwork, the cameras clicked, the regiment marched down the hill thru the village, the populace waved, the geese quacked and scampered to cover, Dolores Del Rio ran along the street in search of her sweetheart soldier, and before I realized it the cameras stopped grinding and the scene was finished.

I had been standing alongside Walsh the while, and I had seen villages in France so near like this one that for the life of me I could not make myself realize that I was not actually in France. It was indeed a masterpiece of composition, assembling and mob-handling, and my hat is off to Director Walsh.



"The Amateur Gentleman" will not lack for fine acting—not with Richard Barthelmess as the star and Gardner James, the "find" of the year, supporting him

That "It"

ONE of the principal topics for humorous conversation around Hollywood is IT. Elinor Glyn invented this word, and in time *it* will find a place in the dictionaries with a brand-new meaning. What is *It?* I really dont know. But if you ask Madame Glyn if you have *It,* she will tell you frankly whether you have or not. Some think it means what is commonly called sex-appeal, and others think it means something like charm, winsomeness, personality, etc.

At a Marion Davies dinner party the other night Samuel Goldwyn stuck a large gladiolus in his buttonhole, strutted humorously over to Madame Glyn and said: "Have I got It, Madame?" To which the madame gravely replied: "I am sorry, Mr. Goldwyn, you are a very charming man but you haven't—*It.*"

I asked W. R. Hearst what *it* was and if he thought he had it. He laughed and said he didn't know, and would like to know, but did not dare ask Madame Glyn, for fear she would tell him he did not have it. I felt the same way about it, so I did not ask her, either.

A Tender Hostess

THERE were only two candles in the cake at Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd's last Friday afternoon, for it was the second birthday of their kiddie. About two dozen other youngsters and their mothers and nurses joined in the celebration out in the Lloyd backyard — or should

(*Cont'd on page 79*)

Our OWN NEWS CAMERA



International Newsreel

When one is in Pago-Pago, one has to dress like the natives. That is why Myrna Loy is wearing a sarong so she may become a Pago-Pago flapper. The dress isn't calculated to keep the mosquitos away, but then Myrna is not the kind of girl who encourages mosquitos



Lon Chaney has played every imaginable rôle in his active screen life, but that of a hard-boiled marine. Here he is, the first civilian in history to feed a big gun on a battleship so as to bring realism to "Tell It to the Marines"

Underwood & Underwood



Charlie Paddock is just as rapid in courtship as he is on the cinder path. With a running start, he captured Bebe Daniels' heart in five weeks. In company with his ardent attentions, he is showing Bebe how to make a fast getaway



Nothing so simple as a rowboat or canoe for Frances Lee—no-sirree! Frances is one of those girls who wants to get the full splash of the waves as she sails the deep on a Christie cruiser



Underwood & Underwood

Alice Terry is back from a long stay on the Riviera, whither she went with her husband, Rex Ingram, to appear in "The Magician." The photo shows her on the deck of the *Homeric*



Douglas MacLean, right, is looking over the latest invention in golf clubs—an iron which can be adjusted for all shots from putting to lofting. The club is invented by Joe Novak, w. k. San Francisco "pro"



Eddie Cantor, left, is up to his comedy tricks. He has buried all feelings of jealousy while he pronounces the benediction over the heads of Billie Dove and Lawrence Gray —who appear with him in "Kid Boots"



The close embrace and the lingering kiss—that's how Gloria Swanson and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, put it over when they bade farewell. The location? The deck of the *S. S. Paris* which carried Henry back to his dear France

Underwood & Underwood



International Newsreel

Betty Blythe is back after nearly two years in Germany and adjacent nations—during which she completed three pictures. She is sporting the latest thing in Parisian models



Underwood & Underwood

"Good-by Girls, I'm Thru!" That's what "Red" Grange shouted to the girls when the choo-choo cars carried him away from Hollywood. "Red" has completed his first and only picture and is now back on his beloved ice-wagon in Wheaton, Illinois



Harold Lloyd is certainly in fast company when he takes George von Elm on for a game of golf. George tied with Walter Hagen for third place in the British open. He is showing Harold how to sink the putt



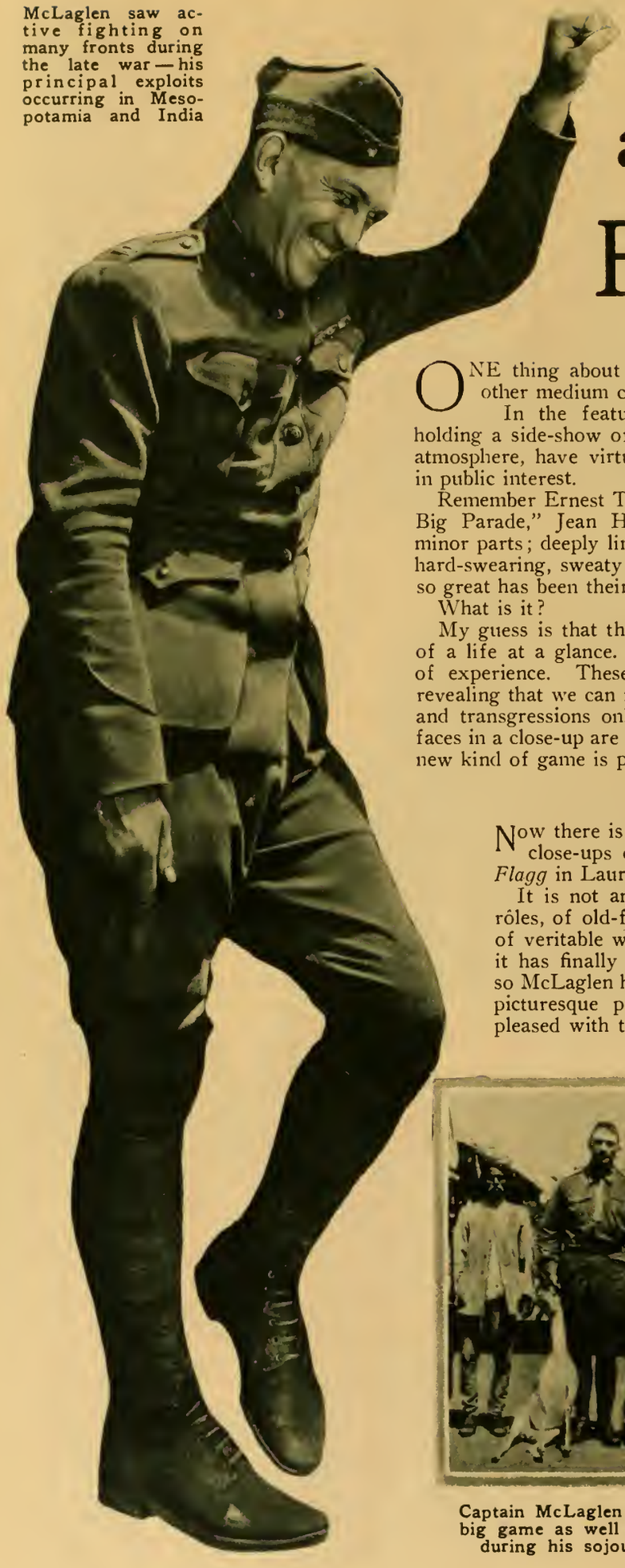
Ben Turpin, the cross-eyed comedian of the movies, has taken a new bride, the former Babette Elizabeth Dietz. Ben has been a widower less than a year



When it comes to making sour faces, Ned Sparks and Raymond Hitchcock are in a class by themselves. Ned is casting aspersions on "Hitchy's" gray derby while "Hitchy" is telling Ned that his Western panama doesn't belong

International Newsreel

Big VIC a Soldier of FORTUNE



McLaglen saw active fighting on many fronts during the late war — his principal exploits occurring in Mesopotamia and India

ONE thing about the kleigs: they tell the story of a personality as no other medium can.

In the feature films of recent vintage "characters" have been holding a side-show of their own; scowling "heavies," homely purveyors of atmosphere, have virtually been outbidding their sweeter-looking colleagues in public interest.

Remember Ernest Torrence in "The Covered Wagon," Karl Dane in "The Big Parade," Jean Hersholt in "Stella Dallas"—all "characters," playing minor parts; deeply lined, ugly, warted faces, gum-chewing, tobacco-spitting, hard-swearing, sweaty males. They are no longer held down to minor rôles, so great has been their appeal.

What is it?

My guess is that these expressive and scarred countenances tell the story of a life at a glance. They are not adolescents trembling at the threshold of experience. These ruggedly hewn and chiseled physiognomies are so revealing that we can read the record of their sufferings, joys, misadventures and transgressions only too plainly and draw up the balance. When their faces in a close-up are spread over some 320 square feet of screen, an entirely new kind of game is provided for devotees of the cinema.

A Man of Many Parts

Now there is another face whose deep shadows will loom big in the close-ups of a film—that of Victor McLaglen, playing *Captain Flagg* in Laurence Stallings' war play, "What Price Glory."

It is not an awfully pleasant face; confined hitherto in "heavy" rôles, of old-fashioned Fox pictures, it has often given us the thrill of veritable wickedness. By the most rigorous possible screen tests it has finally been pronounced to be charged with "character" and so McLaglen has been handed over the most colorful rôle of Stallings' picturesque play. The difficult Stallings declared himself highly pleased with the choice.

Captain McLaglen brought down big game as well as the enemy during his sojourn in India



No country was forgotten by McLaglen. Here he is on an East African estate

Victor McLaglen Has Led the Most Colorful Existence of Any Man in Pictures. His Crazy-Quilt Career Has Carried Him as Miner, Adventurer, Fighter, Soldier and Actor Into All the Far-Off Places of the Globe

By Joseph Mattern

Small wonder! For Victor McLaglen *is a character*. He is one of the strangest birds that has come into the movies in many a season. His screen face does not lie, for his life has been a veritable Odyssey of adventure, ranging far wider than that of old Ulysses of the Ægean Sea, since it has traversed the seven seas and girded the globe several times. McLaglen has been a plain British Tommy, a gold-miner, a circus performer, a prize-fighter, an army officer, a ruler over Oriental cities—in short, a real soldier of fortune for a quarter of a century. Now his adventuresome instincts are constricted to the range of the kleigs and the borders of movie lots. At the urgence of friends interested in his colorful career he has finished writing an autobiography of some six hundred pages which the world will some day read with astonishment.



McLaglen has done considerable prize-fighting. His experience with the gloves enabled him to mix it up with George O'Brien in "The Fighting Heart"

Adventures Everywhere

What is the adventure of stardom in Hollywood, if not an anti-climax, after you have starved in the hinterlands of Australia and Africa, fought the heathens and Germans with guns, Jack Johnson in the squared ring with your fists, been a tyrant over the cities of the Arabian Nights, a companion of princes and waifs, after you have been to Hell and back?

It is one more case of fitting the man to the rôle snugly. Only this one is somewhat exceptional. *Captain Flagg* in the war play is a hard-boiled weathered veteran; many-sided, because he is a leader of men, his experiences have made him bitter and philosophical; his views on women, for instance, are, to say the least—interesting. But in a pinch during the great crisis, when the moment no longer calls for the iron front, *Flagg* turns out human, human to the core! That, of course, is McLaglen.

It is not easy to get the man to talk. The scope of his life story is beyond the fancy of the most artistic press-agent. He has felt much, learned much, thought much. He doesn't wear his heart on his shirt cuff. *There are things that can never be told.* But for the rest, his autobiography, boiled down, runs like this:

(*Continued on page 72*)



One of McLaglen's best friends is the Rajah of Alcacot at Poona, India. He spent many weeks with him before going to the front



Vic served on all the Far Eastern fronts during the war and was Chief of Police of Bagdad



Being an officer, Victor found occasion to wear "civies." Here he is enjoying a quiet spin in Zanzibar

THE CELLULOID CRITIC



Richee

Florence Vidor has been elevated to stardom. In her first stellar rôle she appears as a Russian dancer in "You Never Know Women"



Clara Bow and Ernest Torrence make "Mantrap" a picture of enjoyable moments



"Padlocked" is one of the most forceful and honest pictures that has graced the screen this season. These players, Charles Lane and Louise Dresser, are members of a strong and well-balanced cast

THAT the Germans can dance as well to the tune of light opera as they can weep over tragedy is proved with "The Waltz Dream." If memory serves correctly, this is the first time that something light and amusing has emerged from the UFA studios. Heretofore, heavy drama has stalked across their sets. This new opus is an adaptation of an operatic piece that was presented on the American stage several years ago.

As plots go, it doesn't get away from a familiar pattern—in that it is nothing more or less than the ugly duckling theme. The mythical kingdom background is employed—and against it a Graustarkian type of princess indulges in romantic flights and is made over into a queen of beauty. This occurs after she has tasted a bit of Viennese life.

Sophisticated Touches

THE piece has a sophisticated flavor—noticeable in the scenes prior to and immediately following the marriage ceremony. The princess (played with creditable spirit by Mady Christians) has her heart set on the Archduke. But this discriminating son of royalty catalogs her as impossible. As a result, he wishes her off on his friend, a gay young count.

The latter, however, unconsciously brings out the best in the girl. Under the influence of wine the princess displays some personality. But she reverts to her impossible ways when she marries the youth. He is forced into the ceremony because his kisses are as sacred as an engagement ring.

Laurence Reid Reviews the New Photoplays

The marital episodes are richly amusing—and contain a deal of subtle touches. Rejected by the bride, the husband starts cutting up didoes with a fair Viennese who plays the violin. Which, of course, piques the bride. In order to win him back she ferrets out the blond fiddler and takes lessons in deportment. In the end the princess shows her consort that she can stand out in any crowd.

Well Staged and Acted

THE Germans have kept the spirit of Vienna intact—the atmosphere and incident being thoroly in character. As for the acting—well there are other troupers in the Rhine country besides Emil Jannings. Willy Fritsch, as the gay Viennese, gives a performance that fairly sparkles. It is one of the most adaptable and easy character studies that has ever graced the screen.

Something tells me that Fritsch will soon display his talents out Hollywood way. He is sorely needed in this country. I can think of no one who could have handled the sequence of the wine festival and the subsequent marital episodes with more grace, abandon and polish.

All in all, "The Waltz Dream" spells a most pleasant hour in anyone's nickelodion.

The German Influence

THE German influence in so far as camera technique is concerned is reflected in "You Never Know Women." Here is a picture which shows something new in photography. Like "Variety" it tells a story of the theater, tho the plot doesn't carry the same direct treatment, nor is it so sound in its construction. Where "Variety" progressed straightforward to its inevitable climax, "You Never Know Women" loses its strength before it is half over and the finish is saturated with hokum.



Rudolph Valentino returns to his favorite rôle in "Son of the Sheik"—and reaps new laurels. The woman responding to his ardent advances is Vilma Banky



A drama of one of America's greatest industries presents Milton Sills as a steel worker. "Men of Steel" was photographed at the Ensley Mills in Birmingham, Alabama

What merits it has rests with its camera work and the acting by Florence Vidor (her first starring film), Lowell Sherman, El Brendel (who contributes an excellent sample of pantomime) and Clive Brook.

It has been said that Director Wellman had not seen "Variety." If not, he has seen other German pictures. His camera never misses a thing and catches the story from all kinds of angles.



Ufa

A pleasant and amusing romance is "The Waltz Dream"—from the UFA workshop. Here are Willy Fritsch and Mady Christians showing how they make love at a wine garden in Vienna

A Weak Plot

UNFORTUNATELY the film is burdened with a plot which has gone to the movie mill many, many times. It presents the theme of unrequited love—with the central characters the principal performers in a Russian ballet—a ballet modeled after the lines of the *Chauve Souris* which created a sensation when touring America. The heroine is swept off her feet by the ardent attentions of a monocled American (played by Lowell Sherman in his best monocled fashion). The Russian lover with a movieish impulse of self-sacrifice is willing to step out of her life via the suicide route.

This is a weak gesture which is anything but convincing. But the most unconvincing touch enters when he returns from his watery grave to chase the American bounder all over a theater and torture him with knives which he hurls with deadly accuracy.

The spectator must find the appeal of the picture in

(*Continued on page* 80)

Holland in Hollywood



The dikes, canals, windmills and cheese barges of Holland have been reproduced out Hollywood way

Marion Davies offers a Dutch treat of Volendam in her next picture, "The Red Mill"

THE GENTLE GYPSY

Carol Dempster Has the Soul of a Vagabond—and Like a Vagabond, She Would Live a Hardy Life, Adventuresome and Free

By GLADYS HALL



Caricature by Armando

"THE Perfect Life . . ." we said to Carol, "what is your idea of it? The life above all other lives you would like to live if you could wave a magic wand, say Abracadabra and presto, have it *so?*"

"If I had been a boy," said Carol, "and I wish I *had* been a boy . . . I should like to have been a vagabond. A gypsy. A sailor sailing the Seven Seas. I should like to have tramped the earth, to have slept under sun and stars. I should like to have touched at strange ports . . . to have stayed in them just so long as I found color there, Romance, Adventure . . . then sailed on again . . . questing . . . seeking . . . working my way, if necessary . . . with just enough money to get from place to place. . . . It seems to me that that would be living at the quick of life. *Really* living, you know.

"So few people really live. So very few really live their own lives. They live the lives of dozens of other people. They are circumscribed by this and that, caged, hemmed in, forced to do the thing they really dont want to do, doing it gracefully or ungracefully as they happen to be. Poor things, most of them do it all gracefully. After awhile they dont care. After awhile they become superficially content. That is the saddest time of all.

"For me, the Perfect Life would be the life of a vagabond . . . roving . . . roaming . . ."

Would Live a Man's Life

THE place was Sherry's. The hour was the tea-hour. The atmosphere was one of head-waitered and hushed conventionality. Well-groomed women sat to left and to right of us, imbibing lemon-tinted tea and nibbling at pastried flakes with well-bred indifference. Carol herself, in dove gray, her gentle face musing, her clear eyes fired with dreams of the venturesome Might-Have-Been . . . if she had been a boy, with the heart of a vagabond. . . .

We feel, now, that we did Carol some sort of injustice. We dont know what kind of injustice, but some kind, we are sure. For we thought that she would say, demurely, "I should like a little rose-vined cottage in the country, with baby faces at the windows and a cow browsing in an adjacent meadow. . . ." Or that she would say, intelligently, as her contemporaries have impressively said before her, "I should like best of all a life of study and meditation . . . a life among my books." Or, possibly, "I live but for my Art . . . I wish to give to the world a Masterpiece. . . ."

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Harold Dean Carsey

WALTER PIDGEON

Just a young fellow who will bear watching—that's Walter Pidgeon, who has come along fast since the boys demanded a new deal in leading men. Norma Talmadge has confidence that he can deliver the goods. He has signed to play opposite her in "Son of the Montmartre"

Pity the Assistant Director!

By Irene Burns

The Assistant Directors Are the Stepchildren of the Screen. They Are he Most Abused Men of the Studios

Their Day Begins With the Rising Sun and Usually Ends at Midnight. They Receive Poor Pay and Little Credit







At the top is Daniel Keefe, who has been in the business a good many years. He is assistant to Raoul Walsh, the director of "What Price Glory." At the left is Charles Dorian, who has been associated as assistant to Clarence Brown for several seasons. He hopes to become a full-fledged director in the near future. On the right is Victor Schertzinger's assistant, Billie Tummel, who is considered invaluable by his boss

WHO is the most abused man in the studio? The assistant director! He admits it himself—but, what is more important, his director agrees with him.

The assistant director bears most of the responsibility in making a picture—yet he receives poor pay and no credit. His job consists of handling most of the details of the company—he helps choose the cast, arranges for costumes, orders the sets, studies the script, handles mob scenes, takes care of the extras' troubles and that's only the half of it. He has a hundred and one other things to attend to and often saves the producer thousands of dollars by hurrying up the picture.

Assistant directing is a field of its own. There are good and bad assistants just as there are excellent and poor directors. The assistants draw from $50 to $250 a week while most of the directors' salaries run into four figures.

We interviewed a number of the more prominent assistants, chatted with their directors, and watched them work. After that we agreed that the assistant is really to be pitied. He arrives at the studio at 7:30 A. M., sometimes earlier, to begin rounding up his work for the day. Perhaps two members of the cast have sent word they are ill—if they are extras, the assistant gets in touch with the casting director and suggests two suitable ones to take their place.

It is necessary that he be familiar with the extras and also with their wardrobes. If the missing ones happen to be important members of the cast, the assistant plans to shoot scenes in which they are not needed. Then he makes out his reports—in most cases he keeps typewritten records of everyone employed on the set and every scene taken. He puts in a busy day and about 6 P. M. returns home, where he is usually deluged with phone calls pertaining to his job. He spends many of the evenings when he is not working at the studio in conference with the director. We know of one assistant who lost his job because he refused to live at the home of a prominent director where they could confer constantly.

Stepchildren of the Screen

MANY of the assistants came to Hollywood with the idea of being a movie actor. After a long struggle as extras they realized they could never succeed and secured odd jobs about the studios. Then eventually directors noticed them and made them assistants.

The work is most difficult, but they realize that some day if they make good they may become directors. Several of the studios have recently made directors of a few assistants and it is believed that the assistants of today are the big directors of tomorrow.

Clarence Brown, who recently finished directing Norma Talmadge in "Kiki," has had his assistant, Charles Dorian, with him a number of years. Mr. Brown says, "I just could not get along without Charlie—he is as much responsible for the success of my pictures as I am." Incidentally, Mr. Dorian is known as the best assistant in the business and it is thought the time is not far distant

(*Continued on page* 85)





These two photographs show Noah Beery as he is and when he plays one of those villainous heavies. He is one of many who are glad they are making the villain human

VILLAINY

The Leering Heavy Who Crashed Into a Scene Like a Rampant Cyclone Has Faded Out of the Picture

By Scott Pierce

THE past year in Hollywood has produced a film phenomenon so startling and unorthodox that literally reams have been written in efforts to explain the whyfore and the wherefore of it all.

I refer, of course, to the "Renaissance of Villainy"—the startling movement that has, apparently almost overnight, so imbued our leading screen villains with worthy and even likable traits that they seem almost like normal human beings.

As a matter of fact, the causes underlying this "humanizing" of villainy are both simple and inevitable.

The whole thing means merely that the public has become tired of seeing lunatics, and accordingly, for the first time in screen history, has endowed the villain with a brain.



George Siegmann, left, is one of the veteran heavies of the screen. He is also glad to see the villain emerge as a man of brains. Lou Tellegen, right, a polished "menace," declares audiences will soon be rooting for the villain

Freulich

The change is a welcome one. Lunatics, while admittedly spectacular, have certain deficiencies as a steady, dramatic diet.

And, by no stretch of the imagination, could the old-time screen or stage villain be regarded as anything else than a stark, raving lunatic. In sheer reasoning power, he would have run a poor second to a three-weeks-old calf.

The stage edition of the "menace" was bad enough—the suave, bemustached cur who, in the second act, snarled, "Give meh the papers-s-s-s, or I'll tear up the chee-ild!" or words to that general effect; and who sneered heartlessly in the third act as the heartbroken old father quavered pathetically, "Stranger—yuh ain't done right by our little Nell!"

Desperate Desmonds

THEN the movies came along and proceeded to remove what few faint glimmerings of common sense the villain still possessed.

For years there were only two standard types of screen "heavies," and both were lunatics.

The first was the parlor snake, the effeminate degenerate who smoked perfumed cigarets, affected spats and a tiny waxed mustache, and whose sole aim in life was apparently to lead astray as many innocent young women as could be conveniently crowded into a normal working day.

The second was the hairy ape, the hulking moron with the muscular development of a gorilla, who drank nitric acid for a tonic and used kerosene for a chaser, and who beat his brawny chest and furiously engaged in mortal combat anything that came his way, whether it happened to be a stray kitten or a troop of U. S. Cavalry.

The last reel usually found the first type of "heavy" in the penitentiary, and the second type in the cemetery. Both should have been placed in padded cells before the picture even started, and turned over to psychiatrists for a much-needed mental overhauling.

Becoming Human Beings

BUT now the Era of Lunacy has passed. The screen "menace" has become a rational, thinking,



versus LUNACY

No Longer Is He the Menace of Melodrama. He Has Been Polished Up to Think and Act Like a Human Being

human being, and the result is that he is at last coming into his own in popular favor.

The change is proving as welcome a one to the villains themselves as to their screen audiences.

"No self-respecting actor wants to spend his professional life portraying prospective candidates for an insane asylum," Noah Beery explained succinctly. "And that is just what most of us had to do for years. When I was called on to play one of the old-time 'menace' rôles, I realized that the part was that of a lunatic, and that was exactly the way I played it—portraying a brainless, vindictive sort of idiot whose heinous activities were devoid alike of intelligence, motives, human traits.

"Today everyone realizes that that sort of thing is all wrong. In order to have interest and drama, your audience must have sympathy for the characters. The old-time villain destroyed that quality for both himself and the hero. There's no particular credit due any hero for outwitting a lunatic. The thinking villain is the dangerous villain. His actions can not be foreseen with the mechanical certainty of a phonograph record, and he is thus made a really worthy antagonist for the hero.

"And the fact that he is allowed to be a thinking human being, with motives for his deeds, gives the audience a new insight into his character. They can understand him, even feel a bit of sympathy for him, and the play is lifted from the realm of mere puppets to a flesh-and-blood creation of life itself."



Woodbury



Walter Long is one of the pioneers among the heavies. He always exaggerates the villain to bring a laugh. These photos show him as he is and as *Chang Fang* in "Eve's Leaves"

A New Era Has Dawned

A HEARTY second to these sentiments is voiced by George Bancroft, whose *Smiling Slade* in "The Pony Express" was one of the outstanding pioneer rôles in the new era of villainy.

"Not only was the old-time heavy a lunatic," Bancroft told me one day, "but he was a strictly type variety of lunatic as well. He was about as original as a derby hat. The mere fact, for example, that he was hated by dogs and disliked by children made him automatically a scoundrel of the deepest dye. All of which is the bunk and truly false.

"In 'Devil Horses' my rôle of the hard-drinking, uncouth bucko mate would have shattered every tradition of the old-time heavy, because it happened to be both human and true to life. The mate terrified the tiny girl on shipboard in every one of his clumsy efforts to amuse her, and she screamed in terror at his very approach. Yet it was that same mate who died laughing as he held the natives at bay for the few precious seconds needed to save the life of the rest of the party.

"The old screen tradition of the 'killer'

(*Continued on page 90*)





Walter Long has played all types of heavies—and he makes them just a bit too bad to be true. On the right is George Bancroft, another character actor who has humanized the scoundrel. He should perform wonders for "Old Ironsides" as he did for "The Pony Express"

Richee

Standing PAT with O'MALLEY



John Ellis

PAT O'MALLEY gives new proof of the interesting fact that one of the best indications of a man's real character is found in the way he wears a straw hat.

As a real indicator of masculine character, the humble hay derby has the Herr Freud and his little playmates looking like a bunch of bungling amateurs. The Panama hat serves as a suave mask for its wearer, but the stiff straw hat, with its rigid, unyielding lines and unbending demeanor, is a veritable sign-board of character.

If worn with geometrical exactness on a line paralleling the ground, and without so much as tilting a millimeter either way, it is a reasonably safe bet that its wearer also affects tortoise-shell glasses, votes a straight party ticket, and regards three games of chess as a really exciting evening.

If worn belligerently tilted forward over a brow, that brow is very apt to be somewhat beetling, and its owner is somewhat inclined to go into fistic action on rather slight provocation.

But it is when the straw hat is tilted to the side that it really becomes most revealing. If it is slanted askew with a sort of half-ashamed bravado, its owner is a four-flusher—he is trying to assume a jauntiness that is really as far from his nature as feathers from an eel.

But if the hat rests rakishly on one ear and its owner is sublimely unconscious of the fact, then that gentleman is very apt to be not only interesting and colorful, but mighty good company, and the kind of citizen upon whom you can safely rely in a pinch.



Freulich

Pat has played plumbers, pikers and politicians—and all types of rôles. At the top he is all set to get his man—in the rôle of a Northwest Mounted Policeman

Irish Thru and Thru

AND that is the way that Pat O'Malley wears his hat, starting just over his left ear and proceeding on a steep slant in a direction about north by northeast; and that is the kind of citizen that Pat O'Malley is—blithe, carefree, natural, generous to a fault, friendly, and independent.

With a name like O'Malley, it should hardly be necessary to add that Pat's eyes are Irish blue, that there is a tinge of red in his hair and a hint of freckles on his face and hands, that his chin has a solid and determined look, and that Pat usually gets just about what he goes after.

An incident that occurred last March 17 is typical of Pat O'Malley. On that particular morning a number of Pat's masculine friends in Hollywood were pleasantly surprised when the postman delivered to them small oblong packages adorned with a weird stamp which closer inspection revealed to be the official postage emblem of Ireland. Inside was a little card: "St. Patrick's Day is Christmas for all good Irishmen. Hope you like the pipe.—Pat."

The pipe in question was a small, exquisitely made brier creation, especially manufactured for Pat by a famous old pipe firm in Dublin, a chummy little pipe of the kind that delights the soul of any normal man, whether or not he happens to read the advertisements regarding the unholy joy that great actresses take in seeing men with such adornments parked amid their classic features.

They Called Him a Type Actor, But Being Irish, He's Showing 'Em How

By Ralph Sutter

Much has been written in recent years of Pat O'Malley, the man, yet, strangely enough, little has ever been said of Pat O'Malley, the artist. This oversight seems all the stranger when it is realized that O'Malley is one of the foremost creative workers in pictures.

He's a "Rough Diamond"

O'Malley first made a hit on the screen in types of the "diamond in the rough" variety, playing the rôles of plumbers, East Side toughs, drummers, and Tammany Hall henchmen. In the language of the picture world, he was a "natural" in such parts. He could have continued them almost indefinitely, and have built up an enormous fan following in so doing.

But O'Malley had other ideas in mind. He has an overwhelming dread of getting in a rut, of establishing a type of screen character as standardized as one of Detroit's more famous products. Accordingly, he proceeded to prove to the world in general, and Hollywood in particular, that he was capable of somewhat more ambitious things.

In "My Old Dutch," he essayed one of the most difficult character rôles of recent years, one that took a character almost literally from young manhood to old age and the grave, and did it superbly. Then, to prove that this success was no fluke, he took the part of the *Grand Duke* in Dimitri Buchowetski's "The Midnight Sun."



Back in the good old days Pat was a slack-wire performer. Here we find him demonstrating his talent for the benefit of Marion Mixon



Freulich



This opened a gold-mine of material for the Film Colony's wise-crackers, the fact that a player with so Irish a face as Pat O'Malley's dared to essay a heavy Russian rôle. One wit suggested that Nazimova might next stage a return to the screen in the title-rôle of "Mother Machree." Pat let them laugh. Dyeing his hair black and donning a dark mustache, he proceeded to play the exacting rôle of the *Duke Boris* in a manner that won him the plaudits of nearly every big film critic in the country, even tho the picture itself was rated as far from a masterpiece.

While we were lunching together in the big restaurant on the Universal lot

(*Continued on page 87*)



The O'Malley man leads a very happy home life. He has three kids and they all have sandy hair like Pop



Pat also finds time to pal around with his pups. Between the kids and the dogs he has no chance to register loneliness



International Newsreel

When it comes to making up like *Old Bill*, Mabel Normand is there forty ways. Back with Sennett, she will soon appear in a war comedy, "One Hour Married"



Harrison Ford is making quite a reputation as a light comedian. Here he is as the hypochondriac in "The Nervous Wreck"

The Screen Observer

That Song Hit

ADAPTING that seductive song, "Valencia," to the screen is a task that requires almost too much creative effort in this hot weather. But Alice Duer Miller is bravely undertaking it, for the sake of Mae Murray. "Valencia" was so popular that Mae decided she just must have it for her next picture. Of course, it will be a very Spanish story in which Mae can wear a shawl and a rose in her teeth. Dimitri Buchowetski, the Russian director, who has just returned from a trip to Europe, will begin his Metro-Goldwyn contract with this picture.

Wales Meets Connie

THE film colony is proud that one of its members has broken into the honest-to-goodness society columns. There are reports from London that Constance Talmadge, as the wife of Captain Alastair Mackintosh, has become one of the most important of the younger hostesses there. She has been there only a few weeks, but has already lured the Prince of Wales to one of her interesting dinner parties. In the fall, after she has completely dazzled London society, she will return to make another picture in Hollywood. "The Duchess of Buffalo," her latest effort, has been lately released.

An Uplift Movement

WHEN the young people start reforming, it looks pretty bad for vice and sin. Wickedness is not going to have a chance to rear its head in Hollywood, now that the Thalians have organized, fifty strong. The Thalians are a club, composed of our youngest and purest film stars, who want to keep clean and think they can fight temptation better in groups than singly. All members must be unmarried, about twenty-one years old, identified with the picture industry, and the possessors of spotless reputations.

Raymond Keane was elected president, of course—being very young and very spotless and utterly devoted to noble thoughts and good books and flowers. Jobyna Ralston is vice-president, which probably makes the meetings quite thrilling for Raymond. And the other officers are Virginia Brown Faire, treasurer; Joan Meredith, secretary; and Joan Crawford, corresponding secretary. Charles Farrell, George Lewis, Cleve Moore (brother of Colleen), and Lincoln Stedman are some of the other members.

It is to be hoped that the Thalians will not only clean up the younger generation of screen stars, but will also set a good example to the youth of the nation. Try this in your home town.

A Sister Act

THE Duncan Sisters, who became famous from coast to coast in "Topsy and Eva," have been negotiating with First National for weeks to appear in a screen version of their show. And just when everyone thought the contract was going to be signed, Hime and Jake got capricious and decided to go to United Artists instead. No contract has been signed yet, but they have agreed to join United Artists thru Feature Productions, which produces the Barrymore and Valentino pictures. John Considine, Jr., who is president of Feature Productions, will supervise "Topsy and Eva," scheduled to begin in about eight weeks.

A Secret Marriage

NO one suspected that Louise Fazenda was married until they found out that she was going to be married again. Louise is as clever off the screen as she is on, and cagey as well, and even to her close friends her life is more or less of a mystery. So it was quite a surprise to Hollywood when she filed suit for divorce under the name of Louise Smith, with the intention of marrying Hal Wallis as soon as she was free. Hal Wallis is the head of Warner Brothers' publicity department, and almost as nice as



John Barrymore is a skipper as well as an actor. He recently competed in a Los Angeles to Honolulu yacht race



Lewis Stone doesn't take a back seat as a romancer. He is the great lover to Shirley Mason and others in "Don Juan's Three Nights"

Has Her Say—

By Elizabeth Greer

Louise, and his devotion to her wasn't much of a secret. But nobody knew that Noel Smith, a director working right under her nose on the Warner lot, was even casually connected with Louise's past. Even he and Louise seemed to forget that he was her husband.

While all this divorcing and remarrying is going on, Louise wends her hilarious way thru picture after picture. Her latest rôle is a puritanical spinster in the First National picture, "Ladies at Play."

Ziegfeld Loses Another

EVERY week there has been a new candidate for the ingénue rôle in Adolphe Menjou's picture, "The Ace of Cads." Even after production had got under way, no one was quite sure whether Lois Moran, or perhaps Clara Bow, would get the part. Well, it's settled at last. Susan Fleming, a graduate of the Ziegfeld chorus, is the lucky lady. She has plenty of pulchritude but no acting experience, but Mr. Menjou seems to have great confidence in her. He personally picked her from a group of Ziegfeld beauties who visited the studio, and he confided to me that she is refined as well as beautiful. And as that is an even rarer quality than acting ability, she was signed up at once.

Is Jackie Becoming Temperamental?

JACKIE COOGAN is having almost as much trouble with his directors as Gloria Swanson had on "Fine Manners." Three men have taken turns wielding Jackie's megaphone, and several thousand feet of film have been shot and thrown away as a result of the changes. King Baggot started out to make "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut," but was scheduled for another picture and had to retire in favor of Millard Webb.

Mr. Webb is one of the youngest directors in the business, and made a great success of "The Sea Beast" for John Barrymore. Just what happened on the Coogan set is not quite clear, but Jack Coogan, Sr., won the battle, whatever it was. Mr. Webb is out, and production is beginning all over again under the direction of Archie Mayo.

Back With Uncle Tom

HARRY POLLARD has at last recovered from the illness which held up the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for many months. Universal had despaired of his recovery and had assigned Lois Weber to finish the picture, when Pollard unexpectedly got better, and he is now back on the job. That leaves Miss Weber free to start work on "Egypt," an adaptation of Ernest Pascal's novel, which will be retitled "The Sensation Seekers."

The Final Fade-Out

THE career of Willard Louis was ended, late in July, when he died of typhoid-pneumonia after a long illness. Mr. Louis had been in pictures for twelve years, and was forty years old, but he was just at the height of his popularity as a comedian. Since his performance as *The Prince of Wales* in John Barrymore's production, "Beau Brummel," brought him into prominence several years ago, he has been playing steadily and jovially in a great variety of pictures for Warner Brothers, to whom he was under contract, and various other companies. His last picture, "The Door Mat," has not yet been released.

And So It Goes

THE final decree divorcing King and Florence Vidor has been granted, giving them a chance to marry, respectively, Eleanor Boardman and George Fitzmaurice, if they so desire. We will soon know the truth of all the lively rumors that have been going on ever since Florence took the plunge and sued King on the grounds of desertion.

MARY ASTOR has disqualified herself for membership in the Thalians Club. Be it known that Mary easily meets all the requirements except one, for she has long

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PAGING MR. RINGLING



Hold your horses, park your autos, and dont crowd. Here comes "The Circus" and Charlie Chaplin, the world's greatest clown







Circuses come and go. The soul of America is the soul of the sawdust and the big top. When the big show goes into winter quarters the summer season is over, but it's always balmy weather when Charlie Chaplin comes to town. "The Circus," his newest achievement, should turn 'em away. "Allez Oop"—and keep in line





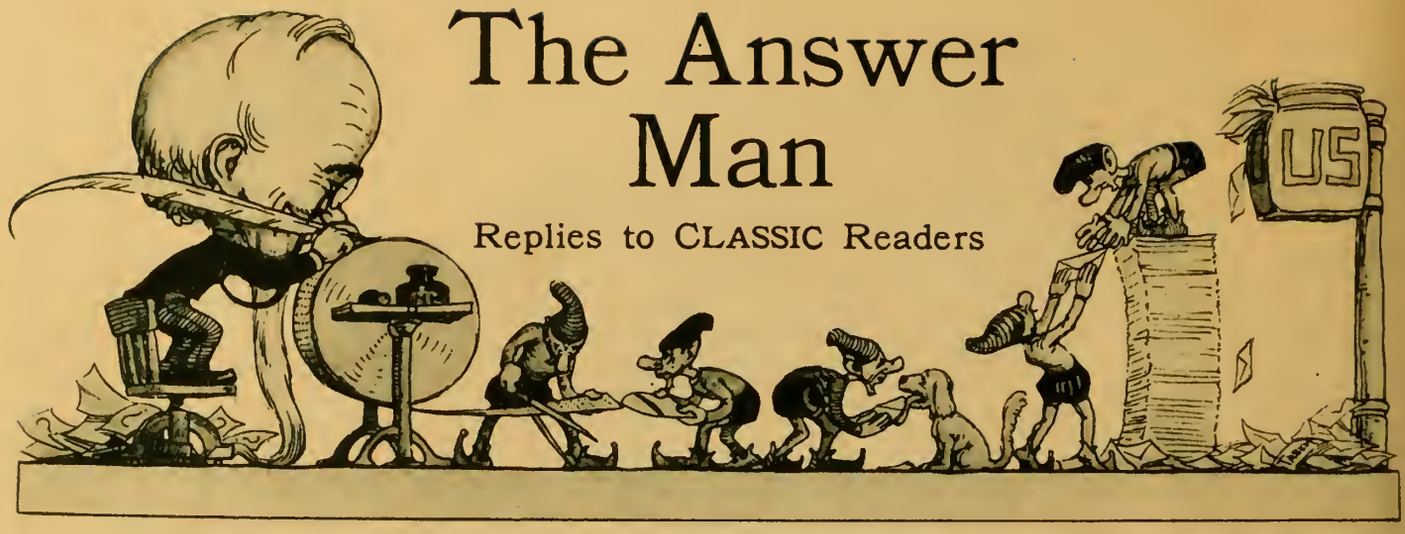
Ruth Harriet Louise

CHARLES RAY

Up there on that bright-colored fire cart where men wear helmets and red suspenders Charlie Ray will do his stuff in "The Fire Brigade." We bet a fireman's badge against a hook and ladder truck that he saves the GIRL from perishing in the flames

The Answer Man

Replies to CLASSIC Readers



THE ANSWER MAN is at your service. If you want an answer by mail, enclose a stamped addressed envelope. If you wish the answer to appear in THE CLASSIC, write at the top of your letter the name you want printed, and at the bottom your full name and address. Address: The Answer Man, Motion Picture Classic, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BETSY.—School days are on again. Why, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is about nineteen years old and Sally O'Neill about eighteen. Thomas Meighan was born April 9, 1884.

JUSTINE M. S.—Well, now, I know a few things, but I dont happen to know just when Richard Dix will be in Little Rock, Arkansas. He was born July 18, 1894. You want to know if I think a girl thirteen would have a chance to get into the movies. A very slim one.

MAX E.—Kenneth Harlan is playing opposite Colleen Moore in "Twinkletoes." When is money damp? When it is due in the morning and missed at night. It's not only damp, but always scarce with me.

RUTH DE O.—Oh, you always want to enclose twenty-five cents in two-cent stamps when asking for a photograph. Bessie Love is playing in "Going Crooked" for Fox, and Edmund Burns and Anita Stewart in "Whispering Wires" for Fox.

SACKS.—Thank you, but a man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything. William Russell, Virginia B. Faire and Reed Howes in "Wings of the Storm" for Fox.

MARION A.—No, I have never been in an aeroplane. I guess my species likes to have all fours on the ground. You say, "An authority on words holds that an airplane should always be referred to as she." Does this also apply to mail planes? Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Brimmer. Thanks for the picture you drew of me.

MARTHA U. K.—Speaking of women generally, they are generally speaking. Why, William Boyd was born in 1898. Agnes Ayres was born in Carbondale, Illinois, April 4, 1901.

CLASSIC CRAZY.—William Boyd is playing in "Her Man o' War," with Jetta Goudal. Florence Vidor is playing in "Wings," with Clara Bow and Charles Emmett Mack. Yes, just write to me any time you feel like it.

MARY C.—You refer to Tullio Carminati.

MOLLYKA.—No, I haven't read "The Man Nobody Knows," but you think H. B. Warner would be splendid in it. Warner Baxter in "The Runway," with Clara Bow.

BOBBY.—You say you have red hair and brown eyes—seventeen. I have no hair, blue eyes, and am past eighty. Are we sufficiently acquainted? Yes, Clive Brook is married and has a daughter, Faith.

A GEORGE O'BRIEN ADMIRER.—Well, you are going to see another von Stroheim picture, "The Wedding March," and Fay Wray is to play the lead. Von Stroheim will also play in it, as well as Zasu Pitts, George Fawcett and Maude George. George O'Brien attended Santa Clara College in California, and he has blue eyes. "The Iron Horse" was released September, 1924.

MILLIE U.—Yes, go ahead, write to me any time you feel like it. Yes, of course I'm eighty years old. Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland.

BOBBIE.—Well, that's hard telling whether you will see Roscoe Arbuckle in pictures again. He's directing now. Greta Nissen and Clive Brook are playing in Malcolm St. Clair's "The Popular Sin."

WILLIE.—I should say I do drink plenty of buttermilk in this warm weather. That's a wonderful trip you have planned. You know, in India, 3,263 people were killed by wild animals last year. Snake bites were responsible for the deaths of 20,000. Well, they do say that Jobyna Ralston is to marry Richard Arlen, and that Ena Gregory is to marry Al Rogers, a director.

BEVERLY J.—Where did you get the green paper? No, Clara Bow is not married. She was born August 8, 1905. Donald Keith is twenty-three years old. Red Grange's "The Half Back" is to be released as "One Minute to Play."

BERTHA P.—Well, you ask a question, then answer it yourself. There are two things that indicate a weak mind—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent. Mildred Harris is to play opposite Rod La Rocque in "Cruise of the Jasper B."

IRENE R.—You sure are a film fan. Well, you know Mabel Normand was known as Mabel Fortesque when she was with Biograph in 1911. She is playing in Hal Roach comedies right now. Your letter was most interesting, and I hope you write me soon again.

BETTY B.—Dont be so impatient. Hasty climbers usually have sudden falls. So you are fond of Ramon Novarro. He was born September 20, 1899, at Durango, Mexico. No, Mr. Novarro does not go to all the parties, dances and affairs in Hollywood. He rather likes his home.

EVELYN M.—Why, Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia. That is his real name. Alberta Vaughn is playing in "The Adorable Deceiver." Billy Sullivan in "Speed Crazed."

BONYA.—You're right; clothes dont make the man, but they make the impression. Colleen Moore is five feet four inches and is married to John McCormick. No, they have no children, and she was born August 9, 1902. Why, James Hall is a newcomer to the screen, and he has an important part in Bebe Daniels' "The Campus Flirt," also the male lead in Pola's "Hotel Imperial."

ELEANOR F.—So you think I am a good listener. You'd be surprised. A bird is known by its notes, and a man by his talk. William Boyd has blue eyes and light hair. He certainly is getting enough mention in this department.

STANLEY H.—Well, it's too late to have my beard shaved now—next December I will have good use for it. You say, after seeing "The Plastic Age" and "Brown of Harvard," you would like to go to college. Why dont you?

ELIZABETH M.—Well, do all you can to be good, and you'll be so. Rudolph Valentino was born May 6, 1895. Hobart Bosworth is about sixty years young, and his birthday was August 11. He is a descendant of Miles Standish.

GRACE K.—You only want the home addresses of about fifteen players. That's out!

MITZI.—What is the most dangerous time of the year to visit the country? When the bull-rushes out, and the cow-slips about, and the little sprigs are shooting all around. Irene Rich did not have her hair bobbed—she wore a wig in "Lady Windermere's Fan." You think Corinne Griffith is the most beautiful actress on the screen. She is very popular. You think I could get a large salary if I came to Kentucky. All right, that's a go.

ELSIE McN.—Hoot Gibson is with Universal, Universal City, California, and Harrison Ford is at the Metropolitan Studio, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

O. G.—Well, if a dime with a hole in it is worth five cents, a dime with two holes in it ought to be worth ten cents. Right? Lewis Stone is playing in "Midnight Lovers." Virginia Valli was married to George Lamson.

PALMA M.—You want to know if I thought it would be a good thing for you to become an actress. Well, now, that is a broad question, in view of the fact that I have never met you. My advice would be for you to stay in school a little longer. Adolphe Menjou in "The Angel Passes." Estelle Taylor is to play opposite Valentino in the life of Cellini. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1895,

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Them Were the Happy Days

(*Continued from page* 19)

Norma and her sister were both trying for screen honors in those happy days.

Watching John Bunny nightly on the screens of Flatbush, a Brooklyn undertaker of similar huge proportions, felt the urge to act before the camera. He was the Vitagraph extra whose size dominated every scene in which he appeared. His name was Hughie Mack. It still is, except that today he holds the foreground when he "does his stuff."

I remember also watching with interest the work of a trimly clothed, dapper young man selected by Wally Van to a dance bit in a Vitagraph film, "The Man Behind the Door." His poise was perfect and his work won for him a small part in "The Scarlet Runner," a serial which Van later made. The dapper young man's name was Adolphe Menjou.

The Favorites of Yesteryear

I HAVE stood in the huge courtyard which served for the location of many kinds of exterior scenes for Vitagraph productions, listening patiently while a well-known stage actor poured forth his lament. "Why wouldn't they give him a chance? Why didn't they let him act or direct? Hadn't he appeared in leading rôles of Broadway successes? Wasn't he a recognized exponent of the Shakespearian drama? His wife was a member of the Vitagraph stock company—what was wrong with him? The complainer was James Young, the same James Young who afterwards scored as an actor and director for Vitagraph and other leading companies. His wife was Clara Kimball Young. Yes, them were the happy days. In this same courtyard I have watched Florence Turner, greatest star of her day, paying off extra players.

To the Vitagraph of the misty past belongs the distinction of having introduced the first "vamp" of the screen. Long before Theda Bara essayed her "bad, bad woman" parts, Helen Gardner had established a new type of screen rôle thru her sirenic efforts as *Cleopatra* and other characters with a vampish tinge. To the credit of this company also must be chalked up the first presentation of the appealing "mother" character, a character which has played an important part in the success of many later day important productions and the introduction of a child player as the leading figure of a picture play.

Them were the happy days indeed when the benevolent white-haired person of sweet-faced Mary Maurice, the Vitagraph mother, held the screen in stories of honest, homely sentiment—when the precursor of Jackie Coogan, little Kenneth Casey, one of the best known and widely admired figures of the silversheet, opened up a field for the exploitation of juvenile talent on the screen which proved far more lucrative to those who followed him than it did to "the first boy of the films."

Little Money, But Lots of Fun

THE old saying "we dont make much money but we have a lot of fun" applied to the actors and directors of 1910. If memory serves, the celebrated John Bunny began his movie career at $40 per week and at the height of his career, when death cut short his brilliant comedy achievements, he was receiving $500 per week. Nowadays, this salary is regarded as a nominal one in the movies and is received by countless of the lesser lights whose names mean little or nothing at the box-office.



This building at Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, Hollywood, was taken over from the Salvation Army by David Horsley, who used it as a studio to make his first motion picture

Those bulwarks of the Vitagraph program, Maurice Costello and Florence Turner, who with Bunny helped to establish the fortune which Vitagraph productions earned for Blackton, Rock and Smith thru their countless performances, received correspondingly slim pay envelopes for their efforts. This same trio today would be in the earning class of a Chaplin, a Meighan and a Pickford.

Supplying the "side line" music for these stars of other days was a slight, blond-haired boy who, in between turns at playing his fiddle, did small acting bits in innumerable pictures. His brother was one of the first if not the first "stunt men" in studio work, doubling for the players who appeared in the various epics of the West which Vitagraph turned out in "Arizona," a peaceful Flatbush location. The musician-extra was Dick Rosson, who recently completed the direction of Gloria Swanson's latest picture. The stunt man, his brother Arthur, has to his credit the direction of Douglas Fairbanks and several other top-notchers in the stars' league.

They All Made Good

THEM were the happy days indeed when Ralph Ince, elevated to the post of director, decided that a young player known as Rex Hitchkock was not competent enough to interpret the insignificant part of a bank clerk in one of Ince's two-reelers. The rejected actor pulled himself together sufficently later on to turn out such masterpieces as "The Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum" under the name of Rex Ingram.

No chronicle of the old days dealing with Vitagraph would be complete without reference to Fred "Bing" Thompson, the first director to introduce the present well-known element of "temperament" in the work of movie production. Thompson, who has since passed on, and incidentally, was the first man to use wild animals in photoplays, was quickly irritated when things did not run smoothly under the lights. He had a penchant for breaking derby hats, one of which was always perched on his head. The number of broken derbies at the end of a two-reeler under Bing's direction was indicative of the storm or calm which accompanied its making.

In these days of sumptuously furnished players' dressing-rooms and specially built bungalows for the use of high-salaried stars in preparing for their studio appearances, it is amusing to learn that three such big-timers of the old days as John Bunny, Sidney Drew and Wally Van, comedy aces of the pre-Chaplin era, all shared the same small room together.

In any story of the old days the name of Van looms large. A well-known civil engineer of New York, he was induced to take a fling at film work by J. Stuart Blackton, with whom he was socially intimate. The horrible appellation of "Cutie" wished on Van at the height of his comedy career had its full share in spoiling a promising future. It was this same Van who was responsible for the introduction of Mrs. Sidney Drew to the films. Under the name of Jane Morrow she received considerable extra work thru Van's good offices until Vitagraph officials saw the possibilities of the Drews as the most delightful pair of comedians that ever shook an audience into whole-souled laughter.

Stories Were Cheap

WHEN we read today of the trifling sums paid for the rights to various plays and novels, ranging from $5,000 to $100,000, according to the gullibility of the producer-purchaser, and the insistence of the star that the particular play or novel be secured for the exploitation of his or her screen talents, it is illuminating to consider the manner in which scenario requirements were handled in the old days.

Under the direction of one of the industry's first scenario editors, Beta Brueil, assisted by Rollin Sturgeon and Hal Reid, father of Wally, story after story was purchased for sums ranging from $5.00 to

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PAINTED PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 33*)

mothers that it would be just as well to keep us away from you."

Her grandmother had done that! Her Grandmother Rogers with her little blue, drawn thread of a mouth!

The little scimped ways of them all. Scimped and mean like her grandmother's mouth, always shut so tightly as tho she were biting back acid words she wanted to say, wanted to say to Jonquil.

The gossip that went on among the old ladies; cruel gossip that flayed soft pretty young things and hurt and stung like whip lashes. That young minister who had taken over the Congregational Church. Earnest eyes he had had and a flame in his voice . . . he had taken tea with young and pretty Mrs. Fielder in her rose garden one afternoon too many . . . Jonquil never quite knew how it all happened, but she got the stench of dark unhappy things in an undercurrent and then the young flame-like man was gone and pretty little Mrs. Fielder went about with a bewildered expression on her child-like face and a streak of gray across her hair and people said that her husband had used to be kind and tender to her but that now he misused her and made her unhappy. . . .

The unkindnesses . . . the thin, lash-like unkindnesses. . . .

Once, once only she had dared to ask her grandmother why the girls in town treated her as they did . . . what was the matter with her . . . what it was all about. . . .

Jonquil never ceased to think that what her grandmother said was horrible. It wasn't so much that she condemned her, that she told her her life had ruined her for "nice" people, that she was a stage child and had lived "Dear knew" what kind of a life and that decent folk have to be particular about the kind of girls their girls go with . . . she could have forgiven her all that. It was the way she talked about Jonquil's mother. About her own daughter. About the girl who had been her little girl, bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh, suckled at her breast. It was the cruel bitter things she said about her. It was the way she took that dead memory and stained it and maimed it.

. . . . . .

Sad years.

Solitary. After a time Jonquil ceased to think much about it, came to accept it. She reached the point when, on rare occasions, some girl, some compassionate warm woman, did make some friendly overture to her, she drew away, resented it. She was afraid of it. She was afraid of hurt.

She just knew that she was solitary. That she was a misfit. She went solitary to school and she came solitary home. She helped with the spring cleaning, the mending, the canning and pickling, the general sewing, whatever happened to be in process of work. And there was always something. There was never leisure, never dalliance.

After awhile they didn't hurt any more, the pin-pricks. After a time they lost their power.

She noticed that her Grandmother's nose and mouth seemed to be bending over to meet one another; she thought, amusedly, that she looked rather like the pictures of the Witch of Endor . . . maybe she was. . . .

She thought, now and again, of the things she had planned to do when she had first come to Three Trees. The



Jonquil never ceased to think that what her grandmother said was horrible. She talked so bitterly about her own daughter

splendid games she would teach to some of the girls she would particularly like . . . most little girls, she found, didn't imagine many things . . . they played such gummy little games . . . but she would teach them to imagine and they would see that she was really a very splendid sort of person . . . they would see what she really was and would tell their mothers and their mothers would say to Grandmother Rogers, "What an unusual child . . . a darling . . . I love to have my little girl play with her, she thinks such beautiful thoughts. . . ."

Once, passionately, Jonquil had told her Grandmother that she knew she would never "get away from it" and her Grandmother had got out the Bible and had read her about "the sins of the fathers" until Jonquil had cringed in reluctant terror.

After all, Lillian de Vere *had* loved her little girl . . . she had seized her and held her against her cheaply perfumed breast and there had been the warm blood feel of a heart throbbing there . . . she had wanted her to be happy, forlornly, but really and passionately . . . and they hadn't had threads for mouths, those grease-painty people back-stage . . . they had wept generously over their erring dead and they had forgiven their erring living with shrugs of the shoulders and an "Oh, well . . . poor chap . . ."

But of course she hated them. They had marked her so that "nice" girls and their mothers drew aside their skirts and wouldn't speak to her unless it might be to say "Gooday, Jonquil, how is your poor Gran'ma?" It was always as if they pitied Grandmother because of her.

It was as if they *hated* her.

Funny.

On the stage they hadn't hated her. That much was certain. That had seemed, then, to be the trouble. They had loved her in their slobbery fashions. Ugh. Like that character woman who was forever kissing her hotly all over her face as if she had never kissed a little girl before and was trying to get all the times she had missed into that one time.

Of course, now, the nice girls would never know how she had wanted a front porch and a nice, thin-lipped Grandma—and them.

No, when she cared so dreadfully, during the time she cared so much, when the pin pricks drew little drops of blood, she wouldn't have told them.

And then, later on, she didn't care any more. It was all too much trouble. It was easier to go home, slip into her own room on the pretext of home-work, slip off her stiff prissy clothes, slip into a wrapper, stretch across the bed reading the fiction stories in the old magazines Elijah's wife gave her from time to time. Love stories. *There* was a door . . . a channel . . . love might come some day . . . slip in one of the narrow crevices of her life . . . set her free . . . ring out her laughter . . . fill her with roses and sunshine. In lots of the stories love came in the most improbable places, to the most improbable people. There was even a saying . . . something about love laughing at bolts and bars. . . . If love came, how supreme it would make her, how triumphant she could be. . . .

But she was growing prettier. She knew that. Even she could see the gentle rhythm, the soft poetry of her own rounding breasts and lilting thighs. Her hair was amber colored, too, with the hue of dark honey . . . her skin was soft and in the twilight her face drifted like a flower's face . . . her mouth was clean-cut by day but in the evening it became a soft blur . . . a promise. . . .

. . . . . .

When Jonquil was seventeen, all of Three Trees had narrowed and compressed to her vision. It was as if it had shrivelled and shrunk. Funny, but when she walked down the shaded streets she seemed to be walking down prickly, sharp-pronged aisles that closed in upon her at either side, hideously.

Oh, how could love find an entering wedge here . . . here where no sap flowed . . . where no blood ran . . . where people were pale and chalky and streets were narrow and hurt you. . . .

But love did get a foothold . . . in the spring. . . .

(*End of Part Two*)

More Inside Facts About the Extra

(*Continued from page 23*)

named. These frail, pitiful fast-dying institutions probably furnish keen amusement for the Great Powers. Of course, a jungle flea may annoy an elephant for a time! But the aim of these little clubs is good. The policy is purely civic and for so-called community welfare work among motion picture people. But their only aim in the end is to secure work for their members, regardless of what is said to the contrary. But it is thought that the efforts of such clubs, in some instances, is so much apple dumpling to the producers whose troubles exceed in a minute ten times that of an actor in a week. As a matter of fact, the producer is the maker, the creator of The Central Casting Bureau, and, no doubt these same producers grew damn sick and tired of the rumpus constantly being excavated by groups of radical extras. I know, I am one of them.

But Few Are Chosen

Now comes the great joke!

When Old Screen Service was laid away in rosemary and The Central Casting Bureau made its first move in its cradle, what had happened? The same man and officers of the former Screen Service are now the Big Guns of The Central. Laugh that down. And the names! names! and files went along with the rest of the outfit. When you go to a studio for work, you are generally but firmly referred to The Central; when you go to The Central, you are assuredly and roughly and crudely told to go to the studio and get your papers—a letter stating that that certain studio wishes you to work for it. Try and get it! Do they kid themselves?

There are exceptions to the rule, many get work as of old, but they are well known and have been "regulars" for a long time. And of course, when a great boiling mob is used, there are generally the same number who form another line which is called "Spec!" Meaning those who go on speculation, hoping that most all the people who are on regular call will not be there to get their tickets or checks. It is funny, too, most every "spec" believes that he will get a job, get another's ticket, he likes to kid himself.

The system for getting work now is all done by the telephone. You call into the office and give your name! name! and the operator repeats it to the long line of casting directors. If you are properly registered and have good standing in all ways, then, you may get a job. But most of the time it is, "Nothing in yet!" Sometimes it is "Line's busy!" It is stated that an average of over six thousand (6,000) calls go into The Central Office daily. Can you imagine the magnitude, the problems and difficulties arising *under* and *over* such sad conditions?

To the person planning a picture career via the extra train, I would say that it is almost impossible to become registered at The Central Office, where the greater part of work is obtained. In fact, a registration may be had, but that does not give you work—you can be killed in the files!

This is not because officials want it that way, or because it is their choice. But it is purely a matter of statistical, business necessity. It is said that if every person worked in pictures who is registered, or who desires to work, then, there would be less than fifty dollars ($50.00) made annually per capita. And the answer is that the desirable list of people, those who are really depending on pictures for a living, must be assorted and given the greater proportion. Yes, to those who are constituted and equipped to fill most any demand made in picture work.



This young girl is disillusioned. She forgot to remember

And Still They Come

Despite all this, the fifty thousand folk still march on to nowhere, *over* this road or *under* that bridge—bridge of sighs! And each trial, each effort to break thru, only inspires those behind the scenes (the powers that are) to fasten more securely the doors that lead to fame and future and fortune; to shut more coldly the gates wherein the world seems bent upon seeking—the studio. No doubt if studio gates were thrown open to the public, it would take one half the world to escort the other half around the lots and sets, the studio ground with its quaint-looking, half-shelled outbuildings and ruins. I believe all progress would cease.

Not long ago, near Washington Boulevard, just inside a certain studio fence, there were some scenes to be made—"shot." This set could be seen clearly from the boulevard. Would you believe that in less than an hour about one thousand automobiles had stopped, and, people were going mob-mad to get a peep? The police were called to clear the traffic which was piling up like a foreign debt. Just one thimbleful of human ants!

But back to the other truths again.

Perhaps much could be said about the present system of casting people for pictures, extra talent, I mean. Some people would never be pleased with anything, any system or device. But I must repeat, stay away from pictures; the movie has all the help it needs and that much over. And if you care to go contrary to that advice, do not forget that you were told not to forget to remember.

They Forget to Remember

It seems best to await developments on the new angle of The Great Central Casting Bureau. It is only a baby now. With proper nursing and kidding it may grow up and prove a wonderful thing. So far, the organization has done some good. The officials are trying hard to do their best. And if it is a bad thing, an improper way to handle the future situation, only strict and rigid enforcement of that present method will either eliminate it or keep it in force. But it might be said that if The Great Central Office is ever discontinued, then, many, many agents will enter the business of getting jobs for extra talent. Yes, they'll probably hang a sign on their doors reading something like this: "We guarantee you a job when you register with us! If we fail to get a job for you—we'll pay one thousand dollars!" It sounds good, but sound is all. In the old days, however, Screen Service was the ruling monarch in getting work for extra talent. It was a power. It will never be that power again.

Indeed, it is highly improbable that The Central Office will be discontinued. And if it were, there would be castes, clubs and "societies" which would turn the extra talent forces into a red revolution, yes, even more so than they are now. And this is the TRUTH.

Nothing But the Truth

The Brewster Publications are, of course, world-renowned for their policy of strictly and rigidly following the roads of Truth. And there is a certain trade journal published in the vicinity of Hollywood which also has the same policy. And not very long ago this trade journal published an editorial which struck the "extra" squarely in the guts. It is so truthful, so good, therefore it is necessary to quote it. As follows:

"THE QUITTER"

"A piece of news has just reached us to the effect that an 'extra' is quitting the movies. This fact in itself is insignificant, since many extras starve out daily and sink back into that oblivion from which they sprung. But behind this surrender lurks a story, a story which embodies a moral for every boy and girl entering the game.

"The extra mentioned typifies the highest standard of American manhood. He is an upstanding, two-fisted chap in the prime of youth; one who followed his own barrage into the jaw of hell upon the firing line; he is a graduate of our best universities, a student of law, a legitimate actor and a journalist of merit. A year ago he joined the ranks of extras, being told that picture producers were ever on the lookout for talent and ability—that the man on the bridge could detect a mile away the periscope of genius.

"Well! He joined the movie ranks, has spent a year weltering and poking up his periscope. Now, he is quitting. Not

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HOLLYWOOD'S UNION JACK CLUB

(*Continued from page* 39)



George K. Arthur

a lightweight. At the same time it can be said of Pauline Garon and Marie Prevost (Canada), Eileen Percy (Ireland) and Flora le Breton (England), that they rarely fail to come up to the scratch.

Scions of the Empire

In addition to Mary Pickford, most famous daughter of the historic family of Smiths, Canada sponsored the birth of Norma Shearer and Claire Adams; while Australia, not content with its mustachioed masterpiece, Marc McDermott, freehandedly threw in Louise Lovely and Enid Bennett. England's quota, in addition to those whose names have been mentioned, includes players of every conceivable type, notably Charlie Chaplin, George K. Arthur, Henry Vibart, Flora Finch, Gibson Gowland, the late David Powell, the brothers Torrence, and Dorothy Mackaill.

Charlie, of course, received the best education in the world—in the tough school of life—but most of the British-born stars prefer to keep the secret of where they picked up the ABC and any other smatterings of knowledge they may have acquired. Only four confess to an education at the great English Public Schools, which as everybody knows are so-called owing to the exclusive and aristocratic nature of their clientele. The four are Alec Francis (Uppingham School), Cyril Chadwick (Brighton College), Wyndham Standing (St. Paul's, London) and Ralph Forbes (Denstone). And with these carefully nurtured beings we can write "finis" to the long tale of Hollywood's Union Jack Club.



Victor McLaglen

Their Early Vicissitudes

Most of the British picture players in Hollywood are now generally regarded as thoroly successful people, but some interesting stories could be told of the years many of them spent in their native land, struggling for the recognition that would not come. England, which has provided far more stars and featured players of Hollywood than any other country except America, easily takes bottom place among all the nations for ability to pick the winners. For years the British film industry, which has never flourished since the war, has been trying to lay the blame for its failure on the lack of stars. In actual fact the number of Britishers who have succeeded in America points to there being more star material in proportion to the population of England than to that of any other country.



Ronald Colman

Thomas Meighan, who for years has ranked among the highest-paid stars in the world, spent his early days walking on and playing bits in the west end of London. But no manager ever took any notice of him, so he gave up trying to establish himself in England and came to New York, where he made good. Ronald Colman is another who strove in vain for a chance in London, until Henry King chose him to play in "The White Sister" in Italy, when he immediately scored a hit with the American public.

Another similar case is Percy Marmont, who, with a style all his own, has found his services in constant demand since he became known in Hollywood. Altho he did much valuable work in connection with repertory theaters in England, he never met with any degree of financial success. Finally, in desperation to earn some money, he came to New York to try his luck.

There, however, he still found fortune unfavorable for some months. He could get no work, but succeeded in arousing the interest of Small, the casting agent, whose faith in him was so great that he paid his fare to Hollywood. Marmont was chosen to play *Mark Sabre* in "If Winter Comes," and he returned to England to make some scenes for this picture, having developed in a few months from an unknown repertory actor to a miniature star.



David Torrence

Stars of Two Countries

The story of these men is the story of many another Englishman who has found success here after years of vain attempts in his own country. Tho it is a highly difficult task to obtain recognition in this country on stage or screen, it is a hundred times as difficult in London, where impresarios are, as a rule, constitutionally opposed to taking a gamble on a new discovery.

On the other hand, in a few cases English players, who have migrated to Hollywood, were already well known and successful in England. Clive Brook, for instance, was probably the most popular male star in England two or three years ago. Originally intended for the army, he succumbed to the lure of movie acting and has never met with any serious reverses in his chosen career. He played leading rôles in England for years, but never faltered in his determination to come to America as soon as an opportunity presented itself. In his unhindered progress he bears comparison with his namesake of the famous Tennysonian poem.

Fortune was on his side, for he was chosen to play opposite Betty Compson in the big British picture, "Woman to Woman," and on the strength of his per-

(*Continued on page* 85)



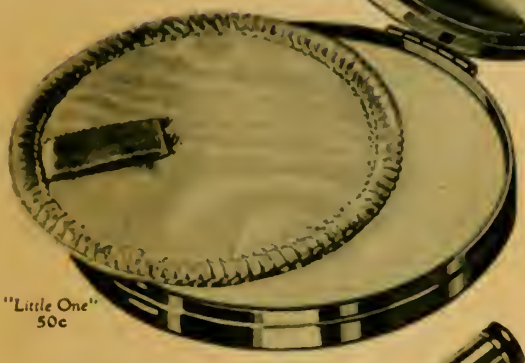
Clive Brook



UNKNOWN BEAUTY

The Girl Who Lives Next Door

You do not know her name. She is not known to fame. Yet thousands as lovely as she—grace the homes of America. For this is the land of beauty—beauty famed—beauty unknown—and this is the land of Tre-Jur—the helpmate to true charm



"Little One" 50c

And now it's been done~ a Tre-Jur compact at 50¢

We once said that *when a greater value in quality compacts could be found—Tre-Jur would show the way* . . . . . Meet—

"The Little One"—

Your heart's desire in Beauty Aids!



Tre-Jur Lipstick 50c

To make its acquaintance is to make a lifelong friend!



"Thinest" Single $1.00 Double $1.50

Light and slim, and two inches in girth, is its lovely silver-finished case. Slipping handily into the smallest purse—the social equal of the finest bag. An aristocrat in its quality of powder—an inspiration in its delightful scent. Ample in its contents—*amazing* in its price of 50c (Refills 35c).

And may we introduce two more Style notes in compact fashions for Fall? TRE-JUR's "THINEST"—truly the *thinnest* Compact ever designed. Gracefully convexed in rich, gunmetal finish—a large mirror and a bountiful measure of powder. Single, $1—Double, $1.50. The "PURSE SIZE TWIN"—in friendly size for the little purse—contains powder and rouge at the price of $1. . . . *Each brings you the quality of cosmetic for which Tre-Jur is famed—scented with that exquisite perfume, Joli Memoire.*



Face Powder, 50c

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, INC., 19 West 18th Street, N. Y.

TRE-JUR

The name Tre-Jur in toiletries is your promise of money's most



"Twin" $1



CHARMED LIVES and RECKLESS

(*Continued from page* 21)

unusual happening in their locality. They do not receive a regular salary, but instead they are paid space rates—so much per word or per column of space they fill.

Newsreels are similarly organized. They have their regulars, their district men, and their "correspondents," the latter paid by the foot only for pictures which are used. Main offices are in New York, but there are branch offices, with regular local staffs in Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, St. Louis and other large cities. In the important centers of Europe, offices are also maintained.

In the foreign offices, natives are employed, tho an American is usually in charge to receive directions from the central office. Thus in China, Chinese cameramen are employed; in Rome, Romans are used, because a native, knowing his own country best, is always awake to any novelty that might appeal to the discriminating tastes of film goers.

Speed and Accuracy Are the Watchwords

THE pictures of the eruption of Mauna Loa, the Hawaiian volcano, are a striking example of what this remarkable organization accomplishes. When Mauna Loa first began to rumble, the International Newsreel cabled its correspondents, Walter J. Tominaga and John F. Stone in Honolulu, and Frank K. Cody in Hilo, to proceed to the island, more than three hundred miles away, where the volcano is located. But it was several days before the eruption took place. Meanwhile, the New York office had arranged for a seaplane to go from Honolulu to Hilo on the Island of Hawaii whence it afterward flew overland to Kona, across the Island.

There have been few sights more impressive in pictures than the view of Mauna Loa in action, a mountain more than thirteen thousand feet high, its top torn away and clouds of dense smoke and flame rising from its peak. As the great flaming river of lava, some three miles wide and one hundred feet high, rolled over the mountain side, inhabitants fled before it, and whole towns were wiped out.

But the news cameramen pushed closer up the mountainside down which the lava poured. At Hoopuloa they stopped to photograph the mighty spectacle. At one point the lava stream, more than forty feet high, advanced with such rapidity that the men were forced to flee for their lives and tho they all escaped death, one man was severely burned. A convincing proof of the grimness of the scene was the picture that one of the photographers caught showing his colleagues running from the flames, each weighed down by a sixty-pound camera.

The precious film, after it was sent by plane from Kona to Honolulu, was placed aboard the steamer *Matsonia* for San Francisco. The prints were made there from one of the negatives for distribution on the Pacific Coast while the other was placed aboard an airplane and flown to the International studio in New York.

Early in his career a newsreel photographer is impressed with two important facts, one, that he must get his picture, and secondly, that he must rush the negative back with all possible speed. I compared the organization of the newsreel with that of the newspaper, but there the comparison ends. Tho the reporter can get his information from people who have been on the scene of an accident, the photographer must actually be there when it occurs. He cant tell about it; he must have it on the film. If there is gun firing in military operations, he must be close enough to get a picture of it. And after the picture is taken, he cannot, as the reporter can, telephone or wire the news. He must send the film itself.



Pathé

The newsreel cameraman was "Johnny-on-the-spot" during the great Dayton flood in 1913. More than seven hundred lives were lost and millions of dollars in property destroyed

Spare No Expense

THE cameramen are instructed that no expense must be spared in rushing pictures. When they leave for an important assignment they are given enough money to cover all expenses. When Robert Donahue, a Pathé photographer, was sent to northern Ontario to get pictures of newly discovered gold mines, he engaged an airplane for $400 to shoot scenes from the air. "If there is an obstacle that money can overcome, pay for it," seems to be a slogan.

It is obvious, from all this, that newsreels must cost a great deal of money. And they do, tho the scenery is free, and no actors are required. Emanuel Cohen, editor of the Pathé Newsreel, explained why.

"A modern feature picture shows its cost, but the cost of production of a newsreel is not always apparent from the results," Mr. Cohen said. "We use only about ten per cent. of the material we go after. Ninety per cent. represents stories covered in all parts of the world that seem big when they happen, tho they dwindle immediately and are not worthy of release, or they are less important than other events that may happen in the meantime. When you see the newsreel in your theater, it is not the production of that reel you have to consider, but the material that has not even been included in it. A newsreel that is an accurate record of world events costs big sums of money to produce."

Three Types of Pictures

NEWS pictures are of three types —the accidental, the anticipated and the scheduled, Mr. Cohen pointed out. In the first class belongs sudden news like the Santa Barbara earthquake, or the *Shenandoah* disaster. In the second are those events which occur as a natural result of preceding events. Mr. Cohen suggested that the Smyrna fire in 1922 was such an event, for tho no one could have predicted the fire, anyone who had kept track of the war between the Turks and the Greeks knew that some tragic occurrence would be the outcome.

In the class of scheduled events are the inauguration of a president, the opening of a World's Series, the Yale-Harvard football game, the Scopes trial, the arrival of a steamer, beauty parades and the like. Since these events occur in all parts of the world, it is imperative that the news film have representatives stationed everywhere.

No matter where an event occurs, be sure there is some news photographer within reach of that place. Film editors have in their offices extensive maps, showing in detail the tiniest town in the most remote corner of the earth and the photographer stationed near there. No one knows where the next picture will break.

Besides the maps, the editor's offices are equipped with charts showing the transportation resources; the railroads, the airplanes available, power boats, automobiles, steamers and their sailing dates. That is how it is possible to show within twenty-four or forty-eight hours after they occur events of national and international importance. Sometimes the film travels in laboratory trains or ships where it can be developed while it is being shipped.

When Robert E. Peary discovered the North Pole in 1909, it took five months for the news of his achievement to reach this country. But when Byrd hopped off on May 9, 1926, the world knew about it

(*Continued on page* 74)

Natural-Looking Complexions

are the result of using Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is scientifically blended to match the shade of your skin.



WHENEVER you are out-of-doors you should be especially careful to select the correct shade of powder and to apply it evenly.



The type of beauty that combines reddish brown hair with sea-gray eyes requires the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What *is* the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She *does*, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that the shade of powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly. Select this shade from the directions in the shade chart.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its exceptional consistency, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades.

SHADE CHART

for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.

Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have dark hair and eyes. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade to match its rich tones.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use the *Flesh* shade.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you should use *White* powder in the daytime.

In case of doubt about the shade you require, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is 60c a box. Also comes in compact form in a dainty, hinge-cover box with mirror and puff. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

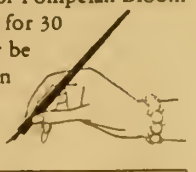
Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

P. S. I also suggest that you use Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Send for Liberal Samples

DO you not agree with me about matching your skin tones with the correct powder shade? Then I urge you to act on this advice, and see with your own eyes how much more beautiful Pompeian Powder will make your complexion.

It is so easy to make this test. Just fill in the coupon and send it to me with 10c. In return, I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder (enough for several weeks' use) and in addition a sample of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications. It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.



Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
2305 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame:

I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Shade of powder wanted? .....

BIG VIC a Soldier of Fortune

(*Continued from page* 49)



A scene from "The Fighting Heart" in which McLaglen played the rôle of a prize-fighter

A Crazy-Quilt Career

"I WAS born in England, the son of an Anglican Bishop, whose see was in South Africa. I was one of five brothers, all close to me in age, nearly as big as myself. When I was fourteen, the Boer War broke out in Africa. I was nearly six feet tall then. I was crazy to go in, and I ran away and enlisted in the Queen's Guards at Windsor. I suppose you might say I have been an adventurer ever since. That was my first big thrill. My last, nearly a quarter of a century later, occurred when I met Commodore J. Stuart Blackton in a London club after the Great War, and he started me in the motion pictures. There were many great adventures during that long interval. Many far stranger than any I have gone thru for the camera. Too many almost to tell. . . ."

With the Royal Guards in Africa, the boy McLaglen served thru several stubbornly fought campaigns. He got the hard schooling of the British Tommy. He had no real direction except the desire of his whole powerful body for danger and chance. It is a life described best in the verses of Kipling or A. E. Housman:

I will go where I am wanted, for the sergeant does not mind;
He may be sick to see me, but he treats me very kind....
I will go where I am wanted, where there's room for one or two,
And the men are none too many for the work there is to do,
Where the standing line wears thinner and the dropping dead lie thick,
And the enemies of England, they shall see me and be sick.

When he had served out his enlistment, Victor set out for Canada and during his knockabout life in the Dominion joined the wild rush to the Cobalt silver mines. Wandering, the lure of precious metal, the changing fortunes of each new day, the life in the frontier lands — this was all the strapping youth cared for in a prosaic age. In the rough company of the mining camps, he, with his herculean size and strength, could always care for himself in a fair fight and hew his own way toward a quick fortune. But with neither gold nor silver was he rewarded. Starving, the youth wandered back to the fringes of civilization, and with his *wanderlust* still unabated, he hooked up with a traveling circus troupe known as the J. W. Parker Carnival Company.



Another scene from "The Fighting Heart." Note how big Vic towers over the others

Fights Jack Johnson

HERE began one of the most colorful episodes of McLaglen's crazy-quilted career. You must remember that he weighed over two-hundred pounds and in his soldiering and mining life he had learned much about how to handle his fists and put the other man down. Well, his jobs with the circus consisted of rising each night from the audience and challenging the professional boxer and wrestler, one "Monsieur Duval," and giving him the scrap of his life. The sight of the hulking beetle-browed young stranger rising from the crowd to dare on the professional always provided excitement, if not always deception. McLaglen developed as a professional athlete and, taking an engagement with his partner, toured Canada in those rough and tumble days from coast to coast.

One day in Tacoma, Washington, a group of sporting people became interested in him and urged him to be the White Hope against Jack Johnson. He trained and took on the Black soon after for a six-round, no-decision affair. Victor stayed, but he did not stay as a prize-fighter. He took a fling at professional wrestling and managed to pin the celebrated Dr. Roller of Seattle for a fall.

Victor felt the call of the road again and soon he was *en tour*, this time with his brother Arthur, across the Pacific, stopping for professional performances in Hawaii, the South Sea Islands, finally in Australia.

Adventures In and Out of War

THERE he ran full tilt into another young gold-rush. He threw over his vaudeville engagement and joined the race for the interior to Kalgoorlie, in the general excitement. Another chance to hew out a quick fortune! He came out of this wiser and poorer, after months of harrowing experiences, in rags, his tongue hanging out. He had nearly died of starvation in the desert; he had nearly been murdered by the savage Bushmen.



Captain McLaglen presents himself and his favorite mount on duty in Mesopotamia during the great war

Back to the vaudeville tour and the nightly strong-man act! His route took him round the world thru the East Indies, Ceylon, India and then to South Africa.

"The wanderlust was still strong in me," said McLaglen. "Some men never get over it. I had nearly had my fill of hardships and adventures, when another break came. It was August, 1914, when we landed in Capetown. We learned that a great war had broken out in Europe."

McLaglen took to sea at once for England. There was one of those solemn family reunions of the five McLaglen

(*Continued on page* 78)

More Inside Facts About the Extra

(*Continued from page 67*)

because he is beaten! Ah, no! The men who blazed our trails across the Mississippi, broke the backbone of a continent and carved an empire from the wilderness; the men whose sons cleared the Argonne and stamped success upon the flag of failure, could not, and can't be beaten. This boy is not whipped, but he is turning his back upon a profession which is sucking the heart's blood from the best boys and girls in America. He has watched them come, buoyed up with hope, and stay to drink the dregs of black despair. He has seen them step down from their high estate and, hollow-eyed and hungry hearted, choose the path which promised easy conquest.

"Now, he is quitting—while he still has it in him to quit. He is returning to the old home town, to the toil-scarred loom of life upon which so many great Americans have woven their Master's plan of destiny. It may not sound heroic, but it takes a strong man to turn his back while *the siren* beckons forward. This boy is going back, only one of the thirty thousand extras who are searing their wings in the golden dawn of a screen career. And it's a pity to see him cross the mountains alone. Twenty-five thousand other extras might follow him, back to the farm and the old home comforts, and the industry would be better for it."

Personally, I would like to meet this fellow and shake his hand. He is about the first person I've heard about who shows absolute signs of human intelligence. I wish I could quit. Maybe, some day, somewhere, somehow, I will quit this extra game—to play a better one.

An illustration of fact is, of course, the only method upon which we can base any certified result. And so far as the Great Central Office is concerned, it seems that the best known casting directors for the different studios have said that the Central Casting Bureau is the greatest and best way yet realized. The Central can handle two or three enormous sets daily. Not long ago there were several big companies that required from three to six hundred people each—and the Central Office put those two thousand people, more or less, on call within the prescribed few hours. And it was done with remarkable speed and accuracy. It is like a big machine.

You would marvel at the greatness and magnitude of the Central Casting Bureau—which is a baby. And from the best and most authentic reports every person connected with motion pictures, and, especially those who have the duty to cast people for the studios, say that the Central Office has won their hearty approval.

A Tremendous Battle

THEN, it reverts back again to our original topic. If you are planning a picture career, it is best for you to go to Hollywood prepared to make the sacrifice and fight your battle with CHANCE without any assistance; take your turn on the wheel of fortune and be satisfied with whatever lot is given you. On the other hand, it is difficult, it is rather strange and unusual to tell you to stay away from Hollywood. It is hard for me to say to you, "stay away from pictures! You mustn't go to Hollywood and try to get in the movies!"

That statement appears as tho one were

(*Continued on page 79*)

In three words...

NOT too much Turkish, not too little Turkish; neither over-rich nor commonplace . . . But *just enough Turkish* . . . there, in three words, is the secret of Fatima's extraordinary delicacy



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

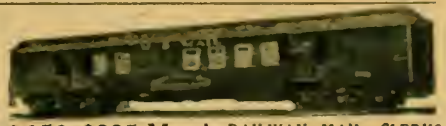
Peel Off Your Skin

If you don't like it, and have a beautiful new skin.

Youth-Ami Liquid Skin Peel

A Scientific Discovery, harmlessly and painlessly peels off the old skin and removes surface blemishes; tan, discoloration, sunburn, blackheads, whiteheads, large pores, pimples, freckles, etc. Not a clay or cream but a liquid free from acids and mercury. Booklet, "The Magic of a New Skin" sent free in plain sealed envelope.

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. 12-A 30 E. 20th St., New York



$158-$225 Month—*RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS* Work for "Uncle Sam." Men, 18 up. Travel—See your country. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free 32 page book with sample coaching lessons and full particulars. Do it today sure.

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ART CAREER

—thru the *only* school operated as a department of a large art organization. Commercial Artists trained the *"Meyer Both Way"* earn as high as $10,000 per year. We today have hundreds of students who had previously studied in other art schools. Why? Because your instruction is based upon our everyday experience in meeting the art needs of leading advertisers. Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

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And They Thought He'd Never Marry



So many charming girls had failed to attract him, that people thought he'd never marry. Then he met this girl. She had read "Fascinating Womanhood," a remarkable new book which shows how any woman can multiply her attractiveness by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. She could just as easily have fascinated any *other* man. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10 cents. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today. THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, 3320 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 12K



ARTISTIC TALENT
+Perseverance
=Success

Compare the small drawing at the left made by George Halman Ray before studying with us and the Cover Design at the right, which was made recently. Note the wonderful improvement brought about by the right kind of training.

His is an interesting story. When eighteen, he was employed as Indian interpreter and storekeeper at Hudson's Bay, one hundred miles beyond the railroad. In summer his mail was carried in by canoe; in winter by dog sledge.

Perseverance—Then Success

He says, "My cousin sent me a magazine which contained an advertisement telling about the Federal Course. I was fortunate enough to get several foxes in trapping I was doing with an old Indian. I used the money to start the course. I had absolutely no other art training except the Federal lessons.

"Upon completing the course I got an art job in Winnipeg, then to the St. Paul Dispatch and now I am here in Chicago operating a studio of my own. I owe my start in illustrating entirely to the Federal Course. I am still studying and find Federal text books and co-operation as valuable as ever."

Get Busy

Compare your opportunity with the difficulties under which Ray worked, consider how much easier you can gain success equal to his by studying under Federal tutors, sixty leading artists, such as Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Fontaine Fox, Charles Livingston Bull, Clare Briggs and many others.

Five thousand publishers are looking for skilled artists at big pay. Step out boldly into the "ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS," like dozens of others have done under Federal tutoring. Just write your name, age and address on the margin, mail it to us and we will send you a copy of the book free. Do it right now while you're thinking about it.

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NEW INVENTION and NEW KNOWLEDGE of the EYE MAKE IT POSSIBLE

THE BARRETT EYE NORMALIZER is the new invention which makes it practicable for you to use this NEW KNOWLEDGE in your own home and thereby retain or regain normal eyesight.

The beautiful illustrated booklet on "Better Eyesight—Unhampered by Glasses" will be mailed FREE upon request. It may answer your question: "What Shall I Do For My Eyes?" Send for it today.

THE BARRETT INSTITUTE
1367 Pershing Square Building Los Angeles, California

Charmed Lives and Reckless

(*Continued from page 70*)

on the following day, and twenty days later, *motion pictures of his feat were being shown on Broadway.* In these days of speedy accomplishment, twenty days may sound like a long time, but not when one considers the distance covered and the difficulties overcome. And this is how the pictures were rushed to New York: representatives waited at various Norwegian ports and the film was relayed by chartered boats and planes from man to man until they were safely conveyed to Southampton in time to reach a steamer sailing for New York, and at noon, Friday, May 27, the pictures arrived at quarantine!

Endured Hardships

THAT'S the story, told in as few words as possible. But if you wanted to know as I did, the more personal side of it, this is what you would be told: our American photographers were exposed to the same biting frosts, the identical conditions that Commander Byrd endured—but they weren't made national heroes. Tho the crew of the *Chantier,* the official boat of the North Pole expedition, was permitted to land at Spitzbergen, the cameramen were not allowed to photograph the landing of Byrd from the shore. But that was what they had come all the way from New York to get. Something had to be done and done quickly. So Robert Donahue, Leslie Wyand and Willard Vanderveer, Pathé cameramen, lashed an iceberg and took pictures from that vantage point! These men lived for twenty-one days in the perpetual daylight of the Arctic summer. They were not only photographers, they became members of the crew. They helped assemble the Fokker and shifted coal like anyone else. At any hour they had to be ready to work, tho their fingers were numb and their cameras frozen. In their little plane nicknamed *Yellow Peril* they took shots of Byrd's plane from the air. (The actual pictures of the Pole were taken for Pathé only by Commander Byrd, of course.) Once Donahue barely escaped death when the radiator of the *Yellow Peril* broke and froze in mid-air.

Donahue deserves a story all to himself. A little, wiry Irishman, he is given the toughest news assignments in the Pathé organization. Even a wife and children cant keep him from skimming all over the world in search of pictures. He has been to Iceland, Greenland, Labrador and all points north, east, south and west. Donahue had just returned from the gold discovery at Ontario when he was told to get himself some heavy clothing for the North Pole trip. Within two days he was ready to sail. He tells this story about himself with great relish. He breezed into town one day, having been away on a five months' assignment, and telephoned his wife that he would be home shortly. His family was overjoyed to hear from him. Two hours later he telephoned again.

"I'm sorry I won't be able to come," he said, "but I have to leave right away for Scotland."

Last year Donahue had a vacation, the first in two years. Anyone would expect him to spend it lolling around and doing nothing. No. He packed Mrs. Donahue and the children into an automobile, and they rode into Canada and back, a trip of fourteen hundred miles.

Insured by Lloyd's

WHEN the American news cameramen left for the North Pole, they were insured by Lloyd's of London. *No American insurance firm would take the risk.* However, most of the newsreel firms have an understanding when it comes to caring for their photographers. One official admitted to me that insurance companies preferred not to insure the lives of cameramen, but when I questioned him further, he told me bluntly that he did not wish to discuss the subject.

"It is clear," he said, "that the cameraman must take great risks to obtain a picture. Occasionally one is killed or severely injured, but most of the men seem to have charmed lives. They expose themselves to all sorts of dangers and get away with it. I dont believe the death rate is any higher than among men of any other profession. And no matter what the attitude the insurance companies take toward them, the film companies feel a personal responsibility for the men in their employ."

Dangers Everywhere

"CHARMED lives." Most assuredly, else how could they take the chances they do? There was the photographer, who just for an exclusive stunt, flew an airplane thru the Grand Canyon a few years ago, in the face of a certain and terrible death, thousands of feet below, should any part of his machine so much as brush up against the walls of stone that closed in upon him.

And there was the cameraman who flew with an Italian airman into the very crater of the smoking Mount Etna for pictures of its seething interior. And the man who photographed the Japanese earthquake. And the fellow who caught some magnificent shots of a tornado in action.

There is also John A. Bockhorst, whose own bravery as a cameraman was as distinguished as that of the man he photographed. When Sergeant Randall Bose, in order to make a scientific experiment, dropped eighteen hundred feet before opening his parachute, Bockhorst, seated on a wooden bar with nothing but space before him leaned forward to catch the spectacular fall, as oblivious of his own precarious position as if he sat in an armchair by a fireside.

This same Bockhorst was once covering the war maneuvers of the Naval Air Force sixty miles off Nicaragua when something went wrong with his craft and he found himself thrown into the water. He remained afloat for twelve and a half hours until, at midnight, a destroyer came along and picked him up. To Bockhorst also is ascribed the honor of discovering where the S-51 sank after it was rammed by the *City of Rome.* He flew in his seaplane until he caught sight of the air bubbles and oil on the surface of the water below which the submarine was buried.

And there are Donahue and Vanderveer, mentioned previously, who as members of Commander Byrd's expedition helped to clear a path for the pontoons bearing the *Josephine Ford* thru cakes of ice that broke the sides of steel lifeboats.

And there are those countless others who brave the dangers of firing lines, of storms, of uprisings among foreign tribes and crossing oceans by airplane in order that some priceless picture may flicker for a few moments.

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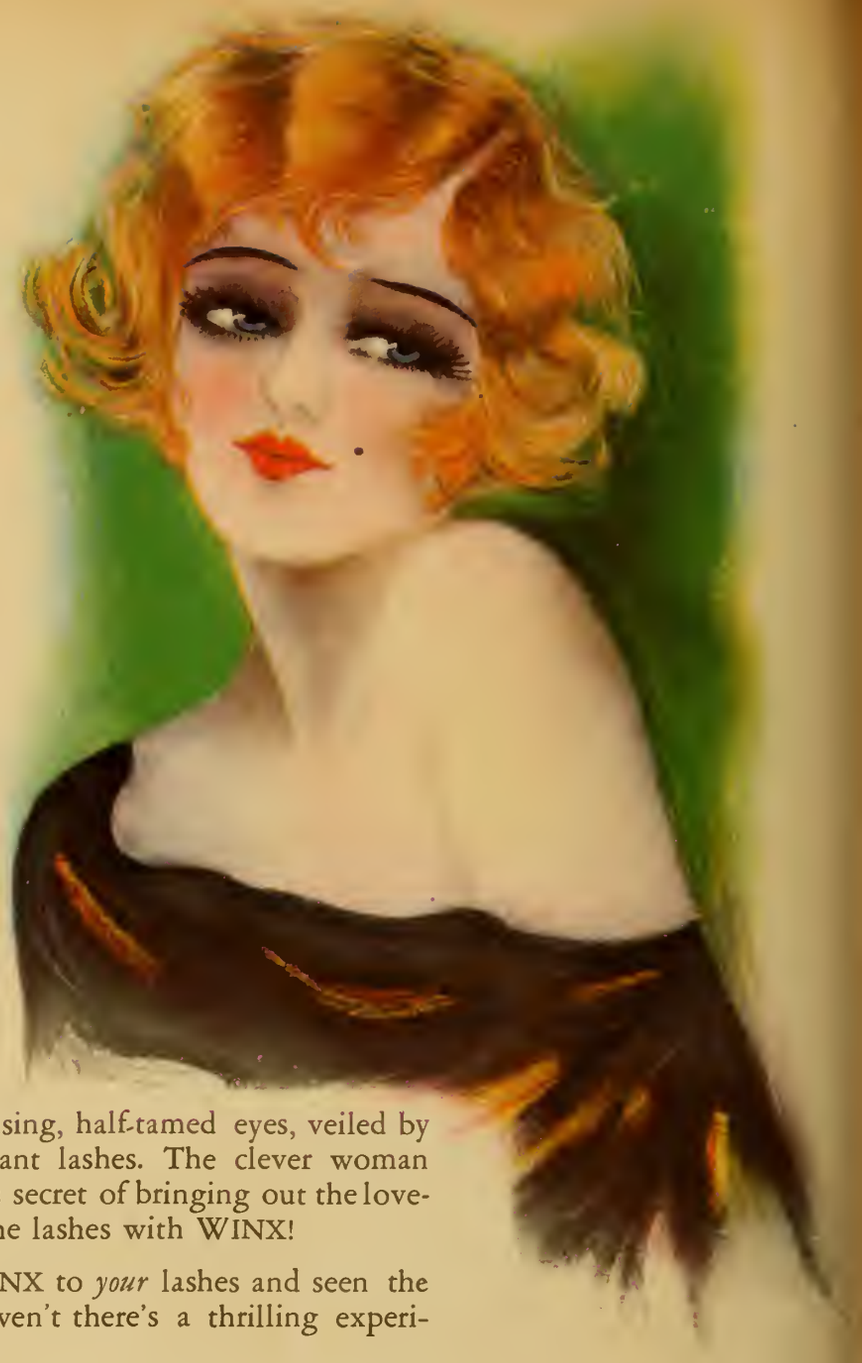
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Three Writers Consider the Films

(Continued from pages 26 and 27)

Art is looked upon as a sacrilegious utterance by those in the know. It is too disgustingly simple!

Eventually, one by one, acknowledged artists in all the other Arts become impatient over the childishness, the inefficacy and the rottenness of the Movies, and decide to pitch in and spend a few weeks or a few months and just put them in their place as a near-Art. You have read about them—well-known Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Interior Decorators, Singers, Dancers, Poets, Short Story Writers, Novelists, Composers, Dramatists and so on—entraining for Los Angeles. Later on, your theater emblazoned as a special feature what one of these bona-fide Artists had done for the Movies. You bought tickets and took the family all keyed up with expectation. "Now!" you told people. "We shall have a real motion picture play, the way it ought to be!"

And what did they all turn out to be? From the artistic point of view, they attempted to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, actually they succeeded in doing the reverse, making a sow's ear out of a silk purse! With a sigh of relief, you went back to your Movies unhampered by real Artists.

Motion picture plays seen on the screen *seem* so simple. And they are. They should be! That is the secret of their appeal, their success. That is the secret of all Art appeal. It would seem to argue that the Art of the motion picture has come nearer to approximating pure Art than any other form of esthetic appeal. "But it is a 'mechanical' art!" protests the artistic soul. For answer, I should advise this protestor to try to make a motion picture himself; we will lend him the best mechanical aid in the world. Then he will discover, as they all discover sooner or later, that photodrama is perhaps the most baffling of the Arts. They will learn that the mechanics are as incidental as the sculptor's chisel and the painter's pigments, and that the "picture" differs only in terminology from all other artistic visions and it too is born—surrounded with all the unsolved mystery of Birth—in the soul of the Artist. He will discover that in transmuting the vision into screen pictures there is a technique as hard as the carving of stone and as delicate as the drawing of an eyelash.

Yes, this producing of good motion pictures is most baffling—even to those who do produce them. They know how to do it, but actually they do not know how they do it. That is, they can go on producing pictures and plays but they cannot tell you how to do it, any more than any other kind of Artist can tell you how he does it. You are either born with the talent or you are not.

So, now that I have tried to answer the question, I will now ask it. Why can we not take the most talented authors, for instance, in the world today and turn them loose in the studios and on the lot and expect Masterpieces of screen creations from them? What we need are stories, is the cry. Now here are the greatest living story tellers. Let them solve the problem of the Movies!

I can sum up my findings among the finest talent in the literary world in a few words. So far as the movies are concerned, they are people of the past. There is neither hope nor promise in them. The progress of the Motion Picture is dependent on its own self taught, self-made Talent!

JOHN GALSWORTHY

you arrive at Hampstead you are not at Galsworthy's by a longshot. You must walk up Hollybush Hill, past the old Inn that has done service for three hundred years, by the chimney-sweep's cottage with the rat-catcher next door and finally to the Admiral's House, alongside of which the Galsworthy mansion is tucked in. You peep at it thru an iron gate in which is set a bell that you ring. Then a much-aproned, white-capped maid opens the gate and lets you in as far as the hallway where you stand and gaze at the Galsworthy hat, overcoat and stick on the rack. Then you are shown upstairs and into a pleasant room.

Mr. Galsworthy was not there, but Mrs. Galsworthy was and we had nearly finished our tea before he came in.

Mr. Galsworthy is an extremely quiet sort of man. When he does speak, it is in a low voice and with a half smile.

"I have just come from America," he informed me. "We spent the winter in Arizona."

What a pity! I thought. He might have run over to Los Angeles and fixed up the movies while he was right there in the vicinity.

"The films?"

I fancied he almost turned up his nose at the mention of them.

"I'm pretty well known to be indifferent to the films."

I asked him if anything of his had been screened, hoping perhaps to discover in that, the cause of his distaste.

"Oh, yes, a number of my things have been done in the films—'Justice,' for one thing. Very well done, so far as they can do it. 'The Skin Game,' too, was done. The same company that played it on the stage did it for the films, by the way. I arranged the scenario and we all kept faith with the stage play. Even then it was anything but satisfactory!"

Ah, so that was it! I thought, and would like to have said something about it.

But Mr. Galsworthy continued: "What I object most to in the films—not the real-life films that photographs the facts of life, I like them and approve of them—but the others, films that are made from plays, novels or attempt original stories—those are the kinds I resent! And what I resent is that you get thoroly emotionalized sitting there for two or three hours waiting for something worth while to happen—and then you find that you have been scuffered! For when you come out of one of their theaters, you take nothing with you. It isn't that they dont try to give you something. They do, and fail!"

There is no use trying to do anything with John Galsworthy then, is there?

It is my opinion that he must insist upon a photoplay being a stage play; which it is not, by a jugful. That is why his self-scenarioized "Skin Game" was a failure.

MARGARET KENNEDY

sent up a book to the powers that be, I understand. But there are so many conferences and strings to pull.

"Every now and then I see a film that is good," she said naively, "fearfully good. I have just seen 'Rosenkavalier.'

(Continued on page 83)

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Big Vic a Soldier of Fortune

(*Continued from page 72*)

brothers, Victor, Arthur, both back from their world tour, Fred from Winnipeg, Leo from China, and Clifford from Africa. All but Fred, who was killed in East Africa, survived to hold another reunion.

Victor was given a commission as first lieutenant in a crack regiment, the "Diehards." Altho an old soldier, he underwent training again for the new type of trench warfare. The regiment was not up to full war strength and there were weeks of waiting. Then McLaglen was sent down to London to act as recruiting officer. In one week he enlisted six-hundred men.

Excitement in India

ANOTHER turn of the wheel found him switched to special duty in Mesopotamia under a special commission. He crossed the seas again for Bombay on the way to the Near-Eastern front, where he was assigned to the Royal Irish Fusileers. At Mawabeeschwa, India, McLaglen had to halt and wait again, dividing his time between hunting and preparing to go to the front. At Poona he made the acquaintance of a great prince, the Rajah of Alcacot. They became fast friends, the Indian potentate admiring the gigantic Englishman. McLaglen remained as a guest at the palace of the young prince. There were strange days and nights in the land of the Brahmans. Some terrible, some funny.

"I was the only white man in a radius of six hundred square miles, and some inhabitants had never seen a white man before," he tells. "One evening I wanted to take a walk, after returning from an antelope hunt with the prince. I had never seen the old Indian town alone by night.

"'I'll send an escort with you,' the Rajah proposed.

"'Pooh,' I retorted. 'I don't need an escort.' I strode off the verandah without looking back.

"I was enjoying my stroll immensely, to the great interest of the inhabitants who stared at me from dimly lighted doors and windows. Then behind me I caught sight of a white-clad figure following me in the darkness. Quite close at my heels, keeping a respectful distance behind me, but nevertheless unmistakably following me, there was a native. I dodged behind a corner and waited for him to come up. I called to him:

"'What are you doing?' I had forgotten all about the Rajah's remark.

"He made me a low salaam. 'I am following the Sahib,' he said humbly.

"'Follow the Sahib,' I said impatiently. 'Well, the Sahib doesn't want to be followed. Stop it.'

"'Very sorry, Sahib,' he salaamed again. 'His Highness the Rajah orders it.'

"'Oh!' Light broke on me, 'all right then, but dont follow so closely.'

"Soon after, walking on some distance, I nearly stumbled on another man who was dogging me. I turned on him. I was getting jumpy.

"'Very sorry, Sahib. His Highness the Rajah say to follow the Sahib.'

"Doubling on my tracks I almost stepped on two natives who scurried hastily out of the way. They seemed to be all about in the darkness.

"They salaamed: 'His Highness said not to take our eyes off your honored person.'

"'How many did he tell to follow me, anyway? Step up all of you.'

"They popped up from all around me. One, two, three, four—from all directions—when I had got them all lined up in front of me I had twelve guardsmen, big and little. I looked them over and burst out laughing. Twelve small and apprehensive natives to guard a husky Englishman who could make any three of them.

"'Come on,' I cried, 'if you're going to be my guard of honor you've got to do it up in style.' I formed them into squads and marched them after me around the town, snapping orders they hardly understood, like a drill sergeant. When I got back to the palace I called for my camera.

"'The first guard of honor I ever had.' It wasn't my last, but it was by far the most impressive."

Tough Assignments

MCLAGLEN was promoted to the rank of Captain and Provost-Marshal, over Sheik Saad, on reaching his detachment. There was an advance against the Turk and furious fighting before Kut-el-Amara in an effort to save the beleaguered forces of General Townsend. The city fell, and they pushed on to Bagdad, which fell after bitter fighting. Here McLaglen became keeper of the peace of the city of the Thousand and One Nights.

"It was one of the strangest and hardest jobs of my whole life as a soldier," he remarked, "to restore the semblance of law and order after the long siege. There were nights when we, after all only a handful of men, waited up hour after hour, expecting the fanatical hordes within the walls to break loose against us. We lingered there for nearly a year, holding a line against the enemy, amid the heat and filth and fever of the war-torn Orient. I got so used to it, that it was a shock to come back to civilization when the war ended."

Back in London again, Victor took part in the boxing tournament of the British Army. He won the heavyweight championship with ease. This prompted him to take up prize-fighting again, engaging in several bouts at the London Sporting Club. But they didn't pan out well and he soon swore off. It was at this time that he met Commodore Blackton and was prompted to try the movies. His first picture, "The Call of the Road," was a success, and before long the erstwhile globetrotter and soldier of fortune found gold in a new kind of adventure. His rise to leading rôles since coming to America has been unusually rapid.

You have come to know his scowling face and violent frame in "The Hunted Woman," "The Fighting Heart," and latterly in "Men of Steel," with Milton Sills.

It is a placid and world-weary adventurer that you see now around the hills of Hollywood in his big car. Recently there was a call from the old days. In his claim-staking period he had clung to a piece of ground in the Mojave Desert. Word was flashed to him that gold had been struck there. But Victor is world-wise now, and stuck right to Fox Hills while he had his partner work the claim.

More Inside Facts About the Extra

(*Continued from page 73*)

trying to infringe on another's American right as a citizen. Every person has a legal and moral right to choose a vocation. But there are a great many more CHANCES in the movies than there are in any other businesses or professions. But not the *chances* of opportunity. And you very seldom hear people say such a thing to other people who wish to follow other lines of work. You never hear a person telling another to stay away from Los Angeles or Hollywood because that other person intends to open a barber shop or a lawyer's office or a doctor's office. Or a dentist. Or anything, in fact, except the movies. There are a great many more certainties and assurances in other professions. And if you disbelieve this, then, try the movies—and report in a year from now!

Impressions of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 44*)

I say garden?—and the long dining-table about eighteen inches from the grass certainly was cleverly arranged and decorated. As I stood and watched the hungry little chaps and girlies sail into the dainties, I felt like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. Mildred Davis was, of course, the hostess, and a very charming one.

She Likes Him

THERE seems to be no doubt of the fact that the heart of Pola Negri is very warm for Valentino, and that he is her first choice of all men, but there is considerable doubt about the reciprocal relations. Rudy had many admirers among those he admires, but he is apparently heart-free, which does not at all please Pola, who proves it by slapping his face occasionally.

Long Live the King

HENRY KING is long, lean and lanky, and with his present bronze complexion and seated on his horse he looks like a farmer, in spite of his horn-rimmed glasses and immaculate Panama. And he talks something like one, being a Virginian. But he certainly can direct! "The White Sister," "Tol'able David" and "Stella Dallas" are the Derbies he has won, and now it looks as if "Barbara Worth" will be another. And yet, this same man did "Romola," which apparently lowers the average considerably in spite of the wonderful atmosphere and art in that picture. I asked Henry about that and he proved a perfect alibi. It seems there was a lawsuit on at the finish and poor Henry was not let in on the final editing, titling and cutting, which, as we all know, practically ruined the picture.

Prize Love Scenes

AMONG the best love scenes we have seen during the past year might be mentioned those between Colman and Banky in "The Dark Angel," Valentino and Banky in "The Eagle," and Valentino and Banky in "The Son of the Sheik," which indicates that Vilma is holding her own among the American sweethearts, altho we must not forget Gilbert and Murray in "The Merry Widow," Gilbert and Adorée in "The Big Parade," Lyon and Sweet in "The New Commandment," Nagel and Boardman in "The Only Thing," and Gilbert and Gish in "La Bohême." Gilbert seems to have the best batting average among the great lovers.

Telephoning over a ray of light



Building on the Telephone Principle

FIFTY years ago Alexander Graham Bell discovered the principle of the telephone. His first telephone employed wire as the connecting path over which words passed. Four years later he used a beam of light instead of wire to carry speech between telephone instruments.

Today, both wire and wireless telephony are employed on every hand in the service of the nation. Wire telephony, with its thousands of central offices, its complex switchboards and millions of miles of wire, envelops the country, carrying for the American people 70,000,000 conversations every day. Wireless telephony is broadcasting entertainment and carrying important information to the remotest regions.

But new applications of the telephone principle are still being found. In the loud speaker, in the deaf set, the electrical stethoscope, the improved phonograph, the telephone principle has been adapted by the Bell Telephone Laboratories to the uses of the physician, the public speaker and the musician. The scientific research and engineering skill, which enable America to lead the world in telephone service, are also bringing forth from the telephone principle other devices of great usefulness.

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The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 51)

its early theater scenes—with the various acts dissolving into one another. I anticipated a healthy plot, but it is soon dissipated. It degenerates into a large slice of hokum—when the girl appreciates that her Tartar lover is a diamond out of the rough.

Valentino Comes Back

All doubt about Rudolph Valentino failing to get back upon his erstwhile pedestal evaporates when under the spell of his personality in "Son of the Sheik." This is a true chip of the old block—and the Italian star knew what he was about when he decided to return to his favorite and most adaptable rôle.

It is a vivid performance he gives—a spirited, carefully wrought performance. Once more he rides recklessly over the landscapes—once more he makes passionate love, balanced with passionate hate toward the object of his devotion. And, to add spice to the seasoning, he even doubles as the original sheik who has become full of years.

Plenty of Action and Color

No one can deny that the picture has animation and color. There is a "snap and go" about it the minute the sheik gets into the clutches of the desert pirates. He believes his beloved has betrayed him to the enemy. Consequently, he metes out revenge upon her. After kidnaping her he discovers that she has played on the level with him. So his anger gives way to avowals of undying love.

Valentino "goes Fairbanks and Mix" in the manner which he conducts himself. Any editor who imagines he is of the powder-puff species need look no further than this film to realize that the star carries on like a he-man. He mixes up in fights—and is agile and athletic enough to pass muster with an audience of lumberjacks.

The plot is not so much, but it never fails to keep one interested. It is well timed, the scenes racing along with the necessary punch. As for the atmosphere—well, it comes up to requirements, the desert backgrounds and detail suggesting the real thing.

A First-Rate Take-Off

There's a first-rate take-off on the romance of primitive love in the open spaces in "Mantrap," adapted from Sinclair Lewis' novel of the same name. It shows right smart imagination on the part of the director in getting away from the stereotyped conventions. There is no lurking villain, nor any vengeful husband. Indeed, the big backwoodsman accepts his wife's flirtations as something a part of her nature—something which cannot be remedied.

This is an "about face" for such a type of story. It could have reeked with melodrama—with the hokum generating a deal of hectic action. Instead, it is treated with humanities—and more than a sparkle of humor.

It serves in bringing Clara Bow right up into the spotlight. She has never been so happily cast. She flavors her rôle with all the whims and fancies of the irrepressible flapper. Not far behind her in the realism of his acting is Ernest Torrence as the backwoods husband. He once again relies upon his inimitable gestures and expressions to humanize the character.

The Drama of Molten Metal

Since his "Sea Hawk" days, Milton Sills has been developing in histrionic stature. In "Men of Steel" he has a rugged drama—which sings an elemental song of capital and labor, of strife and love, of raw ore—and men in the raw. It is a rambling plot—one quite involved, yet the spectator must look beyond its ramifications and search for the theme—which concerns the making of a man.

There's a fine background of steel mills, the picture having been "shot" around Birmingham, Alabama, in order to capture a realistic atmosphere. As the Southern city is another Pittsburgh, one must pay credit to the authenticity of its scenes.

A Character Study

Molten metal is the moving spirit, tho the onlooker will doubtless discover the broad symbol behind it—which presents the inarticulate but forceful steel work going thru the crucible of a refining process as it concerns his soul.

The melodramatic leanings of the plot emphasize the atmospheric backgrounds. These include vivid close-ups of giant cranes, furnaces, flaming ore and mighty shovels. One could not help but appreciate that this is something of a titanic drama—which offers life in the raw—life which gives much and takes little.

If it is artificial, it is in those scenes of the steel worker's abrupt change when he becomes affluent. It hardly seems likely that he would become so immaculate without some experience in deportment. Yet this is an insignificant trifle in the virile acting by Sills.

"The Sea Hawk" gave him the necessary confidence in himself to strike out for big things. He is now making good in a type of rôle that is right up his street. Other good performances are rendered by Doris Kenyon, Victor McLaglen and George Fawcett.

Intelligent Treatment

Once in a while a picture bobs up which is seemingly treated as if its audience is intelligent. Such a picture is "Padlocked," a rugged, honest piece of celluloid drama. The theme of parental misunderstanding of a child is worked out with real humanities and realities. If it stresses things a bit for melodramatic conveniences, this stressing does not hinder the logical development of the plot.

One will see the daughter of a stern and hypocritical bigot—a man whose heart is padlocked against her tender sentiment and emotions as the central figure. Her mother understands her, but upon the latter's death her new stepmother helps her father in making her cross an exceptionally heavy one to carry.

It is not a tale of sweetness and light—and thus it departs from pictury standards. True, it introduces a happy ending, but this finish is reached in a compact and reasonable manner.

The film surely serves in establishing Lois Moran as an actress who must be reckoned with in the future. She conveys in splendid fashion the baffled and bitter girl fighting to win a freedom of expression. And sympathy is engendered from the start for her.

A well-balanced cast aids in no small way in whipping this plot into something approaching a slice of life.

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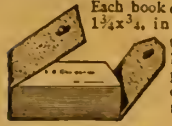
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The Keystone Kop Who Became a Director

(*Continued from page 35*)

"Menjou's enthusiasm is irresistible," he continued, "it's infectious. Every member of the cast gets it. And you know sophistication and enthusiasm dont go together.

"Betty Bronson is a sweet girl. But with the sweetness there's a firmness and resolution that cant but help come under the head of sophistication."

Ford Sterling, the director sets down as the world's most charming Baron Munchausen since the original character.

Tom Moore is an Irish playboy. He walks on clouds floating over an Emerald Isle and whether he lets you know it or not there's a song in his heart and poetry on his lips.

Florence Vidor is the sweetest, sincerest and most amiable actress that he has directed. And on the male side he says the same thing of Chester Conklin.

Esther Ralston must prefer strange combinations, he says. One day she brought two books to the set: "Science and Health" and "Jurgen."

Louise Brooks, the ex-Follies girl from the corn belt, Mal believes, will be a real star—when she changes the style of her haircut. She has a beautiful profile but she hides it with a sharp square bob.

A Man of Many Gifts

INCIDENTAL to the man's ability as a director, he has developed his art until he may be set down as something of a caricaturist. Not a picture does he make without jotting down his impressions of his casts, as the illustrations on these pages prove.

Mal St. Clair writes a story now and then and works along with his writer, Pierre Collings, on his scenarios. He directs, he draws, he writes, in a pinch he acts! He is, undeniably, an artist. His urge for expression is so strong that it bursts out in those various channels.

I've never asked him whether he was musical, but I wouldn't be surprised if this channel of expression were open to him also.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 64*)

and he is five feet ten, weighs 160 pounds. His real name is John Pringle. No, I have never been married. Just an old, forlorn bachelor of eighty years.

MARJORIE D.—Well, it's best always to tell the truth. Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all. You refer to Arthur Rankin as the blond *Vasili*, in "The Volga Boatman." You say that some Russians you know saw the picture and said it was perfect in every detail.

RICK.—What are you doing in Florida? You know, Colton says, "Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say." Yes, Mary Astor is engaged to Irving Asher. Norman Kerry in "Too Many Women." Blanche Sweet is to play the lead in "Seventh Heaven."

HELARY G.—You may send me your picture, but you will have to be content with the picture at the top of the page of me. Doris Kenyon is playing in "A Lady at Play." Ben Lyon in "The Butter and Egg

(*Continued on page 83*)



A fact no woman can afford to overlook

THE vital importance of keeping their pores open and active is an accepted and well known fact to most of the intelligent women of today. They know that a sick body and a blemished skin usually result from pores that are clogged and unable to function properly.

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The Fine Art of Falling

(*Continued from page* 41)

"you learned to let your body go limp the minute you were tackled. It's the same in taking a fall. Never have your muscles taut. That means almost certain injury. Relax as you fall, and you're in little danger.

"Break the shock of the fall with either your hands, your shoulders, or your hips. Be careful not to let your elbows or knees slam against the ground or you'll get some mighty painful bruises. And, above all things, guard your spine! That is the one big danger spot, and failure to guard it thoroly can easily result in very serious injury."

Standard Falls

THEN, the preparations completed, Billy went thru three standard falls while the speed camera clattered away at a break-neck pace, and vibrated so strongly that it took both assistants to hold it firmly in place on its tripod. The three falls were the "Forward," the "Backward," and the "Hundred-and-Eight." The illustrations show each of the three in detail.

THE BACKWARD. This is one of the most used falls in comedy work, serving as the aftermath of a wallop on the jaw, a brick on the skull, and other similar impulses. (1) The hands are spread for balance, and the left foot is thrown back to start a swift pendulum swing forward. (2) As the body falls backward, the hands prepare to take the impact. (3) The hands and wrists strike the ground as the feet leave it; the left foot has nearly completed its forward swing. (4) At the end of the fall, the shoulders take the impact from the hands, and the feet fly high in the air, preparatory to the final sprawl.

THE FORWARD. Again the left leg is used as a pendulum, starting from well in front of the body this time. (1) As the left leg swings back, the body is thrown forward. (2) For an instant, as the left leg completes its swing, the right foot leaves the ground and the entire body is in the air. (3) The hands take the impact. (4) The body goes limp and the right shoulder takes the shock of the remainder of the fall, while the face meets the sod harmlessly.

THE "HUNDRED-AND-EIGHT." This is the most spectacular and famous of all comedy falls. It is so old and traditional a stunt that no one even remembers where it got its unique name, tho one Hollywood wag claims that it was named in honor of the first hundred and eight comedians who broke their necks trying to do it.

The left leg is again used as a pendulum, being swung far back first, then (1) far forward. (2) As the leg swings back a second time, the body lurches forward. (3) Midway in its swing, the body is almost exactly parallel to the ground. (4) The hands take the impact for a second. (5) The head is tucked under, the feet fly over, and the full shock is taken on the shoulders. (6) The end of the fall is eased by the left foot and hip.

Al and Lupino

TWO other master craftsmen among Hollywood's "fall comics" are found over on the Educational Studio lot in the persons of Al St. John and Lupino Lane. St. John is a capable exponent of the American style, Lane of the English.

Lane comes from a long line of circus and theatrical performers and his art has literally been handed down to him from his ancestors. Lane's act on the English music hall and American vaudeville stages consisted of an amazing number of "traps," as they are called in England—falls, dives thru "breakaways," etc.—and he had acquired a wonderful proficiency in his work. Al St. John is a natural born tumbler. Much of his prowess is due to the amazing strength in his arms, shoulders, and legs, and his great agility.

"The secret of the successful fall, successful in the sense that the comedian escapes without broken bones or serious bruises," St. John explains, "is the same as that of the successful magician—the hand is quicker than the eye. It is the hands and arms of a tumbler which take the jolt, in the same way that springs and shock-absorbers function on an automobile.

"The fall is broken by the hands and the strain comes upon the arms and shoulder muscles while they are checking the descent of the body. In reality, the body does not hit the floor as hard as it appears to, but it hits plenty hard, at that! The arms and shoulders in a successful fall have checked the force enough that there are no casualties among the bones. But muscles must be hard and in excellent condition, or bruises and stiffness are the lot of the 'bumper.'

Watch Your Neck

"REPEATED falls, checked by the hands, soon make the wrists very sore. I have worked when my wrists were so tender that it was less painful to take the bump full force than to try to check it with my sore wrists and hands. Then it was just a case of gritting my teeth and taking it, depending on well-conditioned muscles and well-cushioned bones to escape injury."

Lane's instructions to the would-be "bumper" contain the same general technical directions—to check the fall with the hands, arms, or shoulders. Lane is also an advocate of the "rolling fall," well known to acrobats, for falling when running.

The "rolling fall" is merely tucking the head down, rounding the shoulders and back, and keeping the knees, elbows, and feet well out of the way while rolling and tumbling. Lane is so expert at this type of fall that he can dive thru a hoop held at the level of his chin, land on his neck or shoulders, roll like a hoop and come up standing, all without disturbing an item of his immaculate clothing, or even losing his hat.

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Three Writers Consider the Films

(*Continued from page 77*)

But all of Hoffmannstahl's wit is gone out of it. It's a pity! And they call it Strauss' play, which is a very quaint idea, since Strauss had nothing to do with it except to set it to music many years after it appeared as a story and a play.

"The movies are always making a mistake by writing down, and I dont think anything is ever accomplished by writing down, to the public. It is a backward step to be always underestimating the calibre of the public mind.

"'Victory,' which I saw recently, is one of the finest things I've seen. As an actor, I like Jack Holt. He is rather quiet—and very fine."

LORD DUNSANY

bound to hold a house full of human people, and human people are bound to be held thruout the portrayal of any great human emotion. We are getting over here bright dialog instead of Art. Bright dialog never yet made a work of Art!"

There is a promise for the motion picture, which need never have a word of dialog in it.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 81)

Man." When does a chair dislike you? I dont know—when it cant bear you. Awful!

MARY A.—Well, the difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong wont. You can address the Our Gang comedies at Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California. Anna Mae Wong was born in 1905. Dorothy Hughes, famous beauty, signed a contract with Famous Players because of her splendid acting in "Sorrows of Satan." She is playing in "The Quarterback," with Richard Dix and Esther Ralston.

ETHEL F.—You might write him at the Famous Players Studio. Buck Jones and Kathryn Perry in "Desert Valley." George Lewis in "The Old Soak." Charles Ray in "The Fire Brigade."

MARION F.—I should say I did like meeting Leatrice Joy. She is a very likable girl, and I know she has many friends here at the office. Corinne Griffith was born November 24, 1897. Norma Shearer was born August 10, 1903. Oh, you know, Rockliffe Fellowes was badly hurt in an automobile accident.

MARIE M.—When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When? When it runs down and strikes one. Time, please. William Boyd was born in 1898; he is six feet tall, 175 pounds, and has light hair and blue eyes. So there.

SYLVIA M. S.—Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring. You refer to the Lee children, Katherine and Jane, who used to play for Fox. They were in vaudeville last I heard of them.

WILMA C.—Harry Earle is about twenty-five years old. Tell your family and convince them.

LEATRICE JOY FAN.—Well, I should say your question is a puzzler. "How high is up?" That's as bad as how can you eat a square meal on a round table. I should say you were about eighteen. Yes? You can reach Leatrice Joy at Cecil De Mille Studio, Culver City, California. Lewis

(*Continued on page* 89)

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F. W. Murnau Comes to America

(*Continued from page* 17)

is a clown or beggar, he is able to shrink and quiver like the lowest toad. He is absolutely unique. But generally we can train players ourselves."

Murnau is convinced that there is great material for the screen here to work with in his own way. To find new "types" fills him with pleasure. What a chance for some of our film-struck children! Perhaps new life for some of our fading stars, even, under the whip of a brilliant directorial genius, as Irene Rich, for instance, was glorified again under Lubitsch in "Lady Windermere."

The first picture he will work on will be based on "A Trip to Tilsit," a novel by the daring Herman Sudermann, with many interesting situations. This will be done for Fox. Murnau should distinguish himself; everything he does will have his own stamp, his own touch.

Screen authorities, who seldom come near being in agreement, were almost unanimous in pronouncing "The Last Laugh" the "greatest film ever made." Credit for this and for Jannings' superb acting belong almost wholly to Murnau. He spoke of it with unconscious pride:

Talks of "The Last Laugh"

"I wanted to try a story that you could really tell in five words, an exceedingly simple idea or situation; but the range, the feeling of the film which gave this story was to be limitless in its power of understanding and dramatizing ideas. You can tell the story of 'The Last Laugh' in a sentence, but I wanted the emotions of its central character to become something beyond the power of words to express. I wanted the camera to picture shades of feeling that were totally new and unexpected; *in all of us there is a subconscious self* which in a crisis may break out in the strangest ways, and this picture at times reached the subconscious man under his hotel livery.

"The whole action of the thing pointed, for instance, to the moment where Jannings takes off his hotel uniform, so that as he removed his coat with its brass buttons the highest point of the drama was reached, a drama that was purely *visual*. The type of lighting and architecture we used helped a great deal toward this effect; everything superfluous that did not help to carry on the main idea was suppressed and thrown out of the picture."

For his work here Murnau has brought over his own architect, a young man named Rochus Gliese, who has collaborated with him in several pictures toward getting the tripled intensity and directness that he goes for.

"Faust," the large feature film over which Murnau has been working for several years, is to be distributed by Metro-Goldwyn soon. It differs widely from "The Last Laugh." It may be another milestone in the progress of the cinema. For one thing, it is drenched with atmosphere and color. It has been justly heralded as having the most beautiful photography. Murnau has handled his camera as if it were a great Renaissance painter, a Leonardo or an El Greco. For another thing, it is a great story, a universal theme, handled with great originality.

Every red-blooded German has had a yearning to do "Faust." It is part of the native atmosphere; it is somewhere in the flavor of the good beer every German drinks. It is the rollicking legend of a bright, bold, bad man carrying out all his wicked dreams, that has gripped the imagination for centuries. Those who know their Goethe, or the opera of "Faust," will find that Murnau has gone back to the original sources of the legend to create something particularly for the cinema.

"In this film," he said, "what interested me most was the relation between each scene or sequence. Every single shot has an inevitable part in the movement of the whole picture."

We were driving down-town now, toward lunches, banquets, greetings of the Mayor.

Issuing from the quiet, middle-class halls of the great hostelry on Fifth Avenue where Murnau seemed such an odd if good-humored-looking giant, he had shown only a single flash of temperament. This was his demand for a certain luxurious make of American car such as he owned in Berlin. We suggested that it must only be made in Germany.

We still talked movies. His views were of unfailing interest.

Of Pictures and People

What did he think of "Variety"—the hit of the moment, to the happy surprise of all?

"Beautifully done. Photography, playing, direction. The vaudeville stuff is delightful. It was really planned with the hope of an American success, and I am very happy that it is going so well. Not because it is a German film. I dont really think that it marked a step forward for the cinema. But it will improve the taste of the public, arouse them and interest them in this type of work."

"Caligari"? "It was frankly an experiment. It was *aufregend* (stimulating), aroused wider interest in motion pictures, showed what might be done."

Lubitsch? "A brilliant man. A most interesting director. But I dont think he has entirely cast off the influence of the stage that we both got under Max Reinhardt. Many of his films give you the feeling of watching action on a stage."

Chaplin? "The genius of the screen. His comedies have the most profound appeal. He is always doing something absolutely fresh and unconscious. There were things in 'The Gold Rush' that were revelations; he is a fountain of cinematic ideas. 'A Woman of Paris' was extremely interesting; but, of course, it was in the European tradition."

This reminded me of something I had almost passed up.

"And what do you think of—of—America? I really had to squeeze that in, you know."

"Thoroly exciting," he laughed. "My second visit, you know, but I am like a child about it. There are wonderful types here, wonderful faces. Tremendous energy. The whole tradition here suggests speed, lightness, wild rhythms. Everything is novel. Sensational. I was in Childs' Restaurant last night. It was an amazing place to me. Tonight I am going to Coney Island. It must be barbarous there. I would like to do a wild picture about Alaska. What was that book they were considering? Something like 'Frozen Nights' or 'Frozen Lights.' It has wonderful possibilities. Wonderful. Wonderful . . ." he murmured as he drove on along the winding road that led thru banquets, receptions, Coney Island, to Hollywood, ultimately.



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THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

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Hollywood's Union Jack Club

(*Continued from page 68*)

formance in it he was given a contract with Warner Brothers. He is an isolated case of a British player being given a contract by an American company before crossing the Atlantic.

Bishop's Son a Star

HENRY VIBART was quite famous in England for his interpretation of doctor and priest roles; while Victor McLaglen was a well-known featured player for years before he took the plunge and came to Hollywood, because he was dissatisfied with the small salary he received. His father was a South African bishop, but he himself shone more as athlete and performer than as pious churchman, and he graduated to pictures from an acrobatic vaudeville act. His virile features and fine physique brought him quick recognition on this side.

George K. Arthur, who now has a generous contract with Metro-Goldwyn as a stock featured player, first became known in England when he created the rôle of H. G. Wells' *Kipps* on the screen. Subsequently he played small parts in pictures and various Shakespearian clown rôles on the stage. It was not until he came to Hollywood, and then only after a desperate struggle which culminated in the notorious "Salvation Hunters," that he succeeded in making a real name for himself.

Ralph Forbes, on the other hand, was a well-known juvenile lead in London, both on the stage and in pictures, and was rapidly becoming famous when Fate altered his life by sending him with an English company to play on the stage in New York. Only a few weeks later he married Ruth Chatterton, and since then has been playing on the stage with her, until a short time ago he was allotted a prominent rôle in Brenon's "Beau Geste."

Pity the Assistant Director!

(*Continued from page 55*)

when he himself will be a prominent director. Mr. Dorian is one of the assistants who first came to Hollywood to be an actor.

Victor Schertzinger has had his assistant, Billie Tummel, with him for a long time and says he is invaluable. Billie Tummel also came to the film capital hoping to become a great actor, but after a bitter struggle as an extra he became discouraged.

Bunnie Dull, who was formerly assistant to Frank Borzage on the Fox lot, has recently been made a director.

Howard Hawks, Fox director, says he could not get along without Jimmie Tingling, his assistant. "Jimmie does most of the real work," he says, "a good assistant director can make a picture."

Danny Keefe, assistant to Raoul Walsh, has been in the business for years and is also recognized as one of the best.

"What makes a good assistant?" we asked some of the leading directors. It's something they could not definitely explain, but the main qualifications seem to be ability to work, thoro knowledge of the motion picture industry, a good business head and ambition.

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Them Were the Happy Days

(*Continued from page* 65)

$50. In this connection it may be recorded that Vitagraph paid the unheard-of price of $750 many years ago for a story from the pen of Monte Katterjohn called "The Flame of the Yukon." Not so long ago, Vitagraph, which filmed the story but still retains all screen rights, turned down an offer from Katterjohn of $65,000 to resell him this story.

In those days it was open season for the great American writing public, every member of which cherishes the idea that the story of the average film play can be dashed off casually between meals. A brief synopsis was purchased from the amateur writer for five or ten dollars. A few hours' work served to whip it into shape as a vehicle for Florence Turner, John Bunny and Flora Finch or the famous Costello. The public was encouraged to write directly for the screen by means of a sample scenario which the Vitagraph, as well as other leading film companies of the same period, issued as a guide to its contributors.

What are the methods in vogue today? Why, one highly paid writer makes a treatment (in reality a comprehensive synopsis) from the original play or story, another well-paid writer sets down in scene form from this treatment the continuity of the picture play and the combined efforts of these two writers is turned over to the producer, director and star for emasculation or addition, according to the whims of the latter trio.

They Doubled in Brass

IN these days of specialization in the business of producing and exploiting films, it is interesting to note the many-sided aspects which the duties of a publicity man took on in the days when illustrated songs were the spice of the movie program and producing companies had a habit of firmly affixing to the walls of a set in a most prominent position the trade-mark of the organization. In the ordinary routine of a day's work, the late Sam Spedon thought nothing of acting as technical director in confirming the accuracy of costumes and furniture, placing in effect a crude method of registering applicants for studio work, turning out a special song in honor of the Vitagraph girl, and arranging for the personal appearances of Vitagraph stars at local movie houses.

Incidentally, the casting system employed was a most simple one but productive of the proper results for those days. The applicant was queried as to whether or not he or she were the owner of evening clothes. If the answer was in the affirmative, the lucky one was pretty certain of immediate work in the innumerable pictures produced in which gentlemen, as well as ladies of the evening, were used.

Today film fans may follow the doings of their favorites in countless magazines, newspapers and trade papers. Even the voice of the radio joins in the chorus of informative data on the doings of the stars. In 1910 the publicity department of the Vitagraph Company issued its publicity material, such as it was, to exactly six papers. Not magazines or newspapers, but those papers confined strictly to the use of the exhibitor.

Remember When——?

AND yet—those were the happy days. Days when audiences received the polite information via a slide that "no pipe smoking, stamping of feet or whistling was allowed," when the film would break just as the villain was about to "get his," when each shot in the scenario was measured before the scene was filmed, in order not to waste footage, when the effect of rain was achieved thru the simple expedient of pin scratches on the surface of the film, when Francis Ford and Grace Cunard were king and queen of the serial field, when Alice Joyce and Guy Coombs were the "perfect lovers" of the screen, when Lillian Walker was known as "Dimples," when Mabel Normand was the first bathing beauty, when comedies were made to be laughed at and dramatic films were taken seriously, when the brands familiar to screen devotees were Kalem, Selig, Lubin, Essanay, when "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" was made in six hundred feet by Vitagraph, when "Treasure Island" was filmed and advertised as "a feature nearly in three reels," when Mack Sennett, Ford Sterling, Charley Murray, Mabel Normand and Charley Chaplin appeared on the same screen.

The next issue will deal with the Keystone era and the days when Thomas H. Ince brought to the screen Charley Ray, William S. Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, Harold Lockwood,—when Mack Sennett established a school for custard-pie graduates and the inimitable personality of Charley Chaplin made a fortune for those pioneer producers, Kessel and Baumann.

The Gentle Gypsy

(*Continued from page* 53)

But she didn't. The gentle gypsy, toying with lobster salad, and fresh from "The Sorrows of Satan," bespoke a life of vagabondage, a gypsy life, a man's life . . . hardy and adventuresome and free. . . .

"But, as you were *not* born a boy," we persisted, never knowing when to let well enough alone, "as you have got to be a girl, in this incarnation at any rate, what then?"

"I'd still like best of all to be a vagabond," smiled Carol. "I suppose I'm not inherently domestic. Not yet, at any rate. I wouldn't want to do anything unconventional, however, being a girl. I'm not an admirer of unconventionality. It's usually a pose—or worse. But if I could, even being a girl, I'd love to be a vagabond. . . .

Just a Care-Free Girl

"I SEEM to have no possessive instinct. I mean, I dont care a bit about *having* things. I hear girls say, 'Oh, I'd give my life to have this . . . or that. . . .' I never feel like that. I'm not crazy about clothes. I dont care a bit about jewels. I haven't the slightest desire to own cars or houses or anything concrete. That may be a part of my vagabonding instinct. Perhaps it is. The thought of owning things, possessing things, tires me. Bores me. The fewer possessions I have to

(*Continued on page* 88)



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The Screen Observer Has His Say

(*Continued from page 61*)

been famous for her sensible and old fashioned views on perfect behavior for young ladies. Just a home girl was Mary, and proud of it. But there's that marriage clause—Mary cant be a Thalian because she has just announced her engagement to Irving Asher of the First National Studios. Mr. Asher is business manager of the B. P. Fineman unit. They haven't set any date for the wedding yet, but Mary heartily believes in marriage and all its responsibilities, and proved it by announcing her engagement just at the completion of her latest picture, "Forever After."

Standing Pat with O'Malley

(*Continued from page 59*)

the other day, I asked Pat how he did it, where he acquired the ability to play such exacting character roles.

Studies Parts by Studying Life

"THRU hard work and plenty of it," he answered simply. "I've been in pictures ever since I was eighteen, and I've always taken the work seriously enough to give it everything I've got. One of the first things I learned was to study every bit of business, every gesture, I made on the screen, and to note their effect on an audience. Those that went over, I jotted down in a note-book. Those that flopped I discarded forever.

"I've practised for hours at home, trying to work out the most effective way of doing a little bit of business that would take less than a minute on the screen. Another thing that I learned was the value of restraint. Dont weep and rave in sad scenes; play the thing in such a way that the audience will do the weeping.

"And, above all things, dont ape other players. What is excellent for Barrymore, for example, may be poison for O'Malley. The only way to play a character so that it will gain conviction in the minds of your audience is to play it naturally, and the only way to know how to play it naturally is to study people.

"There are times between pictures when I disappear for weeks at a time, only returning home at night to eat and sleep. Several months ago, I worked for six weeks as a mechanic in a garage. It wasn't a publicity stunt. No one ever found it out, except the fellows who worked with me, and they kept their promise not to tell. I got more real knowledge of people out of that six weeks than I could have gotten in six years of ordinary living."

Shop Talk Is Out

THE O'Malley home is one of the few places in Hollywood where "shop talk" is absolutely *tabu*. Pat believes that if a man is forever listening to the professional opinions of others, in time he finds himself unconsciously influenced by those opinions, and sacrifices his own individuality to just that extent.

When Pat has a problem to solve, he usually locks himself up in the garage at his home, gets out a blow-torch and some tools, and proceeds to thresh the matter out while his hands are busy at some mechanical stunt.



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The Gentle Gypsy

(*Continued from page* 86)

think about, the more care-free I feel. I never want to have anything really desperately. The instinct of possession is simply left out of me. . . .

Romantic Musings

"I THINK 'The Sorrows of Satan' will be a great picture. I've seen some of the rushes and it looks wonderful. I'm extremely grateful that I had the opportunity to play in it. Ricardo Cortez does the most splendid work . . . I dont think he's ever touched this standard before . . . and Mr. Menjou is marvelous, of course. He is, too, very lovely to work with."

"What do you think about Platonic friendship?" we asked. "We talked to John Gilbert on the subject quite awhile ago, and he said that such a state is not possible between an attractive, unattached man and an equally attractive, unattached woman."

"I'm not qualified to speak in the way Mr. Gilbert is," Carol said. "I never like to make a definite answer to any broad question, because I feel that *I dont know.*

"Life changes so. People change so. What is true for you today is not true for you tomorrow.

"Besides, I've had so very little experience in the—well, the romantic way. I really feel unable to speak on that subject. But I dont know why there shouldn't be Platonic friendships between men and women. I cant imagine any good reason why not. After all, every man doesn't fall in love with every woman, nor every woman with every man. That element doesn't always enter in, I'm sure. I know quite a few men I enjoy talking with, but wouldn't even think of falling in love with. I'll have to wait, tho, to deliver my final pronunciamento on that score.

Her Secret of Happiness

"I'VE bought a little farm up in the country . . . outside of Brewster, New York. It's an old house with old things in it . . . big trees . . . a swimming hole . . . I'm going up to it when I'm not working. When I am working I'll live in hotels. . . . Perhaps when I retire from the screen I'll live there permanently . . . unless I go a-vagabonding. . . . I'd rather like to retire in about two years. I know that no one ever has retired when they have said they would—but I hope I do. I think it's such a sad mistake to linger on after your pinnacle is reached. It's a form of death and I am too keen about living. . . .

"Then, perhaps, I might marry . . . have children. . . . I realize that, for a woman, is the only real life, the only satisfactory life, especially after your first youth is gone. It's a matter of making choices, always, isn't it? We usually want two things very much. To do two things. We've got to take one or the other, never both. Alternatives. I think I'm a bit of a fatalist. I believe in living each day as it comes along . . . doing the best you can . . . waiting for the next day to turn up. It seems to me that that is about all a person can do, really. If we plan—well, most of us know what becomes of *plans.*

Obeys Her Hunches

"IF I have one talent above another, it's that of being instinctive. Or, in the vernacular, I have 'hunches.' If I obey my hunches I come out all right. If I dont—the reverse. Even in the smallest matters. . . . I've come to trust my hunches. . . ."



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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 83*)

Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson are playing in "Midnight Lovers." Can you imagine it?

Miss Nomody.—Cheer up, a sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud. Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, September 19, 1889, and he is six feet one and weighs 175 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. He is married to Alma Rubens. Why, he was a shipping broker before he entered the movies, and he also danced in cabarets under the name of Jack Crane.

Ruth L.—Mae Murray in "Altars of Desire." Yes, Sinclair Lewis' "New York" is being produced with Lois Wilson and Ricardo Cortez.

Pee Wee Wilson.—Hello, there. So you think I ought to earn much more than $15 a week. I do too. Why, Bill Hart was born December 6, 1872. Yes, Universal are producing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Charles Gilpin, the noted negro actor, as *Uncle Tom*. I used to go to see that play every season when I was a child. Do you remember it?

E. A.—So this is your first letter. The more the merrier. Why, "jitney" was a term formerly used by Mexicans in referring to small coins and was introduced into the United States by gamblers from across the Rio Grande as a term of derision for the five-cent piece. Lois Wilson had to bob her hair for her rôle in "The Great Gatsby," in which Georgia Hale, Warner Baxter and Neil Hamilton also appear.

Harriet D.—Well, I dont know who Duffield Street was named after, but it is one of the old streets of Brooklyn. Bryant Washburn is playing in "Young April."

Pierre Gendron Fan.—So you think Pierre Gendron is the handsomest man on the screen. He is not playing right now. Yes, Colleen Moore in "It Must Be Love." You're right; misery loves company, but company does not love misery.

The Missing Link.—Well, if it wasn't for our sense of humor, it would be a pretty dry world. So you didn't care for Mary Astor in "The Fighting Coward." Carol Dempster was born January 16, 1902. I'll be waiting to hear that you have been assigned a part in pictures. Alyce Mills is in "The Romance of a Million Dollars."

Felix.—Do I drink? Well, now—buttermilk. Hudson Maxim says, "Drinking races have always dominated the world and will always do so." We shall see. Lillian Gish weighs 112 pounds. Yes, Pola Negri speaks with a foreign accent, and Alberta Vaughn has naturally curly hair. Yes, do write me again.

Shortie.—Well, I'll do all I can to keep you from being lonesome. Theda Bara says: "Vamping requires no artistry whatever. For me, henceforth, high comedy." So she is playing Hal Roach comedies.

Le Roy.—Yes, I believe Joan Crawford was a Follies girl—and one of Mr. Ziegfeld's. As to Mae Murray, she was born May 10, 1893.

Burklurnett Girlie.—Wherever that is. So you think I am a very mysterious person. Yes, Malcolm McGregor is married and has a daughter. He attended Yale, you know. Sally O'Neil was born October 28, 1908, and she is five feet two and a half and weighs 105. She has black hair and dark-blue eyes. Her first picture was "Mike."

Marion.—Well, if you are so much in love with Richard Dix, there is nothing I can do for you. You can reach him at the Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, Long Island.



Ignorance of physical facts
never brought happiness

UNLESS there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment on a subject such as feminine hygiene. The recent advances in this branch of hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the *evil of poisonous antiseptics*. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient and true surgical cleanliness.

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Villainy Versus Lunacy

(*Continued from page* 57)

was another utter fallacy," Bancroft continued. "Killers are not mere maniacs who snarl as continuously and meaninglessly as a dyspeptic bull pup. They may be men who are normal and even likable in every other respect.

"I have known men in real life who were like *Smiling Slade*—men who could be chatting pleasantly with you one moment, excuse themselves smilingly, step outside the door, shoot an enemy in cold blood, then come nonchalantly back to you and continue their conversation with never a hint that anything in the least out of the way had happened."

He Laughs as Well as Scowls

THE "humanizing" of villainy has brought with it another unique development to the silverscreen—the appearance of the "comedy villain." This humorous individual is nothing more than the orthodox "menace" of several seasons ago, but with just the slightest bit of burlesque added to make him ridiculous.

Walter Long was one of the pioneers in this type of heavy and, strangely enough, he first got the idea in a visit to San Quentin penitentiary, probably the most humorless spot in all California.

"The occasion was an amateur theatrical entertainment given by the prisoners," Long related. "As I sat there watching the performance, the thought suddenly struck me that I had been all wrong in my conceptions of what a villain ought to be.

"Then and there I decided to stage a reform. Since then I've played the heavy for laughs, and got them because of the fact that I'm burlesquing the rôle. Overaccentuated make-up, a hard-boiled attitude just a little too adamant to be quite true—these mark the border line between the triteness of the old-time heavy and the humorous freshness of the new."

One of the most interesting phases in the "comedy villain" line has been the transition of Wallace Beery, once one of the most reliable of all screen "menaces."

Wears a Think Tank Now

GEORGE SEIGMAN, veteran heavy of both stage and screen, believes that the introduction of finesse into the arts of the villain has been one of the most marked phases since that sinister individual has been given both a brain and the privilege of using it.

"No longer does the heavy come crashing into the scene like a rampant cyclone," Seigman explained, "slap the heroine down, and bind her husband in the path of the buzz-saw. Those lunatic methods have been abandoned in favor of more sane and diplomatic means."

Lou Tellegen, polished and efficient "menace" of several years' standing, whimsically forecasts the day when the audience may be rooting for the villain and giving the hero the Bronx cheer.

"His villainous rôle has been so adroitly changed and humanized that it is sometimes hard to tell where the hero leaves off and the heavy begins.

"And this may possibly bring about a strange state of affairs. If the hero continues to be the impossibly good, dummy sort of lay figure that he has so often been in the past, the future may find the audience not only sympathizing with the infinitely more human and understandable villain, but actually rooting for him."

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IN

Motion Picture Magazine

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They Say—

(*Continued from page 8*)

chologic values—an important thing in a story, but which producers tell us cannot be reproduced on the screen, tho we doubt the statement—or it may "get across" on account of the fine literary ability of its author, and this is more often than not the case. Yet such types of stories, stripped of all *real* merit, are continually being imposed upon the public, merely because of their authors' fame.

Nor are we even able to view the original story. It is remade, distorted, twisted, until it becomes something altogether different. What author would be able to recognize his own brain child after it had passed thru a dozen or so reincarnations? The result is a mongrel, a monstrosity: and the public, in the end, pays for it.

I wonder how many times the "Graustark" stories have been done in pictures. A great many others, "Stella Maris," for instance, have been done twice or more. Do they think that we are so fond of these stories that we want to be surfeited with them? Why not give us something different for a change?

Yours for progress,

MRS. F. P. DEVENPORT,
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$5.00 LETTER

A "Reel" Indoor Sport

EDITOR, CLASSIC:

"*What's at the Movies tonight?*" is a more important question in some homes than, "*What are we going to have for dinner?*" If the title of the picture sounds alluring, it means there will be a quick meal followed by a grand rush to the motion-picture house. This is a "*Reel*" Indoor Sport, in which most of the public are contestants, and it is one that almost any one can afford. Motion Pictures are a real benefactor, by taking the public's mind off its troubles or cares, and there is usually enough variety to suit all tastes, viz: for the *flapper who worships the dashing Sheik with the glistening teeth*, the patron who is fond of comedies, so he *can let loose his "Hyena"-like laugh*, and the fan who dotes on the virile Western pictures, in which "*men are sometimes men*," but are *often just "lazy galoots."*

For the morbid individual, some enterprising movie producer might adopt the Chicago lawyer's suggestion that hangings be shown in motion pictures as a deterrent to crime, and go a step further and first picturize a scene of the crime. What excellent entertainment it would make to see a picture of a murderer killing and then sawing up his victim in a half-dozen pieces and in the next scene witness the murderer dangling on the end of a rope.

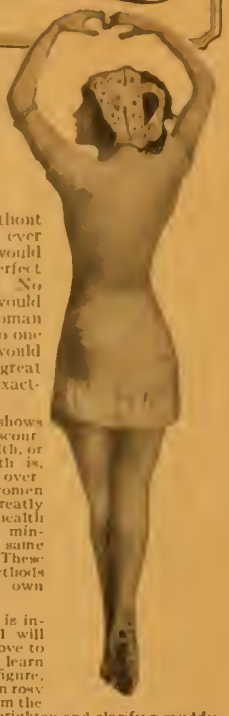
Such a picture could be recommended to any motion picture producer or theater owner, who has a surplus of patronage and would like to see his box-office receipts fall off about 75 per cent.

With the present craze for breaking into the movies it is not at all unlikely that such scenes as mentioned above might awaken a desire in a would-be criminal's mind that here lies his chance to become a star performer in motion pictures, even tho he would not be able to witness the showing or presentation of the picture in person.

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Among the delights of using Cashmere Bouquet is its lasting, dainty fragrance, the result of essences that have been a Colgate secret for generations. It is this fragrance which prompts so many to lay a cake of Cashmere Bouquet among their choicest silks and other fabric treasures.

But let's get back to the subject of Cashmere Bouquet and your skin.

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Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel. If the skin is inclined to be dry, run in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.

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